

# The Journal of Ron Boehme - 2013

## Port Orchard, Washington

*January 17, 2013 – 21,476 – 9,235*

A new year has begun, and it will be an unusual and vital one for me.

One of my big assignments this year from God is to “build an ark” for the next chapter of our lives. I am convinced that the world is going to change greatly in a short time—matter of months or years—and with that will come economic hardship, testing and an explosion of the Gospel that is unprecedented in history. I am building my ark to prepare my family for it.

In some ways this is like 1989—when we built our home as a place of stability to care for and raise our children. That era is now over and a new one has become. Though I will turn sixty this year—very hard to believe—I am excited about selling our home and transforming the YWAM property into our new place of family and ministry. I believe it is a wise step to take. This year I want to get our personal and family finances in order.

On January 6 I had the privilege of speaking on *The Fourth Wave* at Bayview Community Church in Kingston. God blessed the message and I sold a lot of books. I need to continue to trumpet God’s tsunami of love that is developing on planet earth.

But my main priority is to ready our house for sale, develop the YWAM property across the street, the our wonderful home, pay off all debts, and set up our family in God’s ark to save us from the stormy days that lie ahead.

We did the first concrete pour across the street today--putting a large slab underneath the bus barn and finishing off the porch arenas on the lower floor. It was very cold, and we put plastic on top of the slabs along with straw to keep them from freezing. Next, we will build the storage room, do the second pour, and finish off the new carport. This is the third time we have renovated this God-given property. I’m very grateful that it will be become the new tool of blessing for our latter years—along with Jason.

Lord – the book of my life is yours and each chapter and every sentence. I give this new chapter to you and ask that you would guide every detail and continue to make me more like yourself. You are an amazing God,

*March 4, 2013 - 21,522 - 9,189*

The past few weeks have been strenuous as we have been working twelve-to-thirteen-hour days as a part of the move into the YWAM House. I met with the Tim and Ruth Roth a few

times during this period and desire to sell the house to them. They have all looked at it and like it very much—but their principles of “no debt” do not give them many options. After some back and forth, we have expressed a desire to discount the house to \$270,000, so at this point they are praying for a miracle. May the Lord guide and provide.

In the meantime, we have been working hard on the lower floor and out-buildings before we begin packing up our own home. We are very nostalgic at times—our home has meant a great deal to us and contains 24 years of memories—but in the end, we are confident we are moving wisely in the word of the Lord and are willing to make this sacrifice for future blessing. No pain, no gain.

I am very tired—the work has been strenuous, but we know we are doing God’s will and that is all that matters. We hope to finish up the lower floor soon, then the upper, then begin transferring things across the street. Lord—especially strengthen Shirley’s heart as she lets go of this earthly nest to build another one at 6831 Arlington Place.

Tonight, we also celebrated dad’s 93<sup>rd</sup> birthday. What a joy to have all these years with him. He has been such a blessing throughout my lifetime. I have learned so much from him and benefitted from his generosity in supporting our ministry to the hilt. He is frail and struggling—but we thank God for every day in his presence. It is a gift from our Heavenly Father.

## Washington, D.C.

*March 10, 2013 - 21,528 - 9,183*

I am now on my way home from a very fruitful time in the nation’s capital. This was my spring trip as I will be with YWAM in Panama in May.

Here are the highlights.

It was a blessing to stay with Dick Simmons at 117 2<sup>nd</sup> Street right behind the Supreme Court. Dick has been caring for his wife Barbara now for seven years as she suffers from Alzheimers. That is quite a price to pay for love. Calls it their “second honeymoon.” Amazing commitment.

On Wednesday and Thursday, I met with the board of the NAE. Our first day of meetings was in the Russell Building just a block away. The DC briefing included Sen. Lindsay Graham, Janet Napolitano, and Sen. John McCain whom I was able to greet. The second day we met at Catholic University in their Bishops Conference Center. Was a good time of mixing with our Catholic brethren and realizing that God has brought us together on many issues “for such a time as this.” I had some opportunity to speak into the meetings in small

ways. The NAE leans liberal on some issues and I want to be faithful to call them into biblical balance.

Friday YWAM had a “Breakthrough” gathering on the steps of the Supreme Court and in the evening, ended 45 days of worship at Embassy Church. Was a good time of seeking God in praise and prayer and I was especially impressed to ask God for a double portion of his Spirit for this next chapter of my life. That double portion certainly requires a double measure of purity.

On Saturday I had good times of speaking into Jason Hershey’s life and met with Corinthia Boone. In the evening I was able to unite with the Cresswells and our son, Jason, who flew into town for a surprise birthday party for Jon. Great friendships all around.

This morning I met with Chris Craddock and then gave my testimony as The King’s Chapel. It was a precious time and many people were spoken to. I deeply appreciate the commitment of that church to Shirley and I and highly value my friendship with Bill Jeschke. He is one of the straightest shooting pastors I’ve ever known.

Now I am flying home to continue the “obedience project.” Lord, strengthen my heart and hands and bring the right buyer for 6830 Arlington Place. We live to love and obey you.

## Tyler, Texas

*March 23, 2013 - 21,541 - 9,170*

I am in the air again on my way back from a good week of ministry at Twin Oaks Ranch. God is truly blessing my renewed relationship there and used me to help train another good group of missionaries.

On Sunday evening I gave a new message on being “Radical” for Christ in this generation. God really enlightened me on the theme, and many said they were impacted and encouraged. I want to live up to it in my own life. During the week I spoke on Radical Godly Character and Conscience to a combined meeting of the Crossroads and younger DTS. God moved in some powerful ways—especially near the end. I also had very enjoyable times with Leland and Fran, Mark Brock, Rick Allegretto, Chris and Debbie Lacelle, Jeff Howie and others.

One evening highlight was having coffee at Mercy Ships with Bagi, my Mongol friend, and visiting the cemetery where Keith Green and Leonard Ravenhill are buried. They lie about twenty feet apart in the Garden Valley Baptist Cemetery. We talked about how God used them in many lives and thanked Him for their faithfulness.

I also took some walks, thinking and praying about our house move next week and possibly selling our old home to Tim and Ruth Roth on a multi-year contract. God has been

speaking to Shirley from some Scriptures—especially Proverbs 20:24 that “God guides our steps, so we really don’t have to understand the details of his ways.” We take this to mean that He is leading us to sell to them, even on multi-year terms.

As I prayed about the situation, I was also impressed to “count the cost” of that decision and ponder the Scripture that it is wise to “make friends through the use of money so that when it fails, they may receive you into eternal dwellings.” I take this to mean that deep friendships are more important than cash accumulation. Leland also encouraged me to lean this way, so at this point, we have made the Roths an offer that asks for \$100,000 within six months and then monthly payments for 11-13 years. We are following God’s leading and resting in faith.

When I get home, the move begins after 24 wonderful years at 6831 Arlington Place. There is gratefulness and sadness in our hearts as well as confidence in the future—and that we are obeying our Savior. And that is the bottom line—obedience to Jesus. May he help us through our tears.

## Port Orchard, Washington

**\*\* April 13, 2013 - was the *first night* we spent in our new home after living across the street for twenty-four years.**

*April 15, 2013 - 21,564 - 9,147*

**The past few months have physically and emotionally been some of the toughest of my life—especially on the physical side.** For months now we have been trying to obey the Lord in trying to set up the next phase of our lives by selling our family home and moving into the YWAM House. I have been working on the \$20,000 remodel of the house, and it has been exhausting. It’s different when you’re sixty than when we built our home and I was a robust 36. But God has been faithful, we got it done, and weeded out our things from 6830 Arlington Place.

Shirley had been sorting out things for months, and after we finished the Dullum House, and Jason and his buddies moved in, I could also turn my attention to sorting out and cleaning up the many rooms and areas that we have built, occupied, and enjoyed over nearly half a century.

There have been many days of sadness and tears in this project because there are dozens of memories everywhere we look—but we simply needed to bite our lower lip, thank God for the memories and continue to obey him in the move. I started with the

Garden Shed—such a wonderful place of peace for me. Then the chicken coop, work room, attics, and then we eventually we moved inside.

It was not easy to undo my office—with the Shelf of Remembrance—but it all came down during these weeks. Over about 15 days we put a third of our belongings in bags and boxes to give away to others, including Good Will. They made a real haul. There were also two dump runs of throw away items that simply needed to be tossed in the dump. And then we took the remaining third and began to transport it across the street.

At least it was easy moving one hundred yards. We did not need a moving truck, just our buff son and his friends on occasions and hundreds of shuttles in our Santa Fe. One problem during the weeks was dodging raindrops—the skies leaked a lot—but we found a way to avoid them, and by April 23, we had emptied our home and spent our first night in the new abode. We like it, we are excited about it, but it is still not home. That will take time. Across the street still sat the home we loved and built.

After we finished moving, Shirley and I needed to go straight to work to ready 6830—there was really no time to get out of boxes at 6831. Day by day we painted each room and cleaned out the massive amounts of dust left behind. It was painful, but necessary.

Rich did repairs in various rooms and Mike Heberling sheet rocked over the unused skylight caverns and fixed other areas of the walls. When we finished painting, we made the decision to re-carpet the whole house and that was amazingly accomplished by Floor Decorators in about three days. The newly painted walls and brand-new carpet gave the house a fresh and different look.

But then came the thing that really made the house seem as if we were really leaving it. Candace Stephenson and Bev Riedesel began hauling all kinds of modern furniture and paintings into the home to stage it for presentations. It was weird for Shirley and I and almost overdone—but in the end, it really spruced up the place and made it look very inviting.

I did the same to the yard and exteriors—and then we walked out for good one day. This was after Shirley and I spent one Sunday morning praying in every room of the house and thanking God for our kids, the many gatherings we shared there, and tearfully gave it all back to God.

And now the house is on the market, we can finish moving into and improving the property across the street, and we are looking for a buyer that can be blessed by this investment—this tool—the 6830 house that blessed us for 24 years. Here is the blog I wrote about the moving project which shares the sense of what we have gone through and how God is in it:

## *Offering Up Our Isaac and Moving on With God*

Due to our busy world, you may not have noticed that for the first time in five years, I did not send out a blog for the past two weeks. Of course, many things happened during that time--the Boston bombing with four dead, the Texas plant explosion with twelve being lost, and hundreds killed in China after a 6.6 earthquake.

Though not as serious as those happenings, during that time Shirley and I endured one of the busiest and grueling chapters of our lives--all of it revolving around "offering up our Isaac to God." We are selling our "miracle" house--6830 Arlington Place in Port Orchard--and **just this morning we did final touch-up, prayed our last on-site prayers, cried some final tears, and walked out the door for the last time.** It went on the market today. I hope this story encourages you to also offer up your Isaac and keep moving on with God.

First, let us be clear that giving up a home is not equivalent to being willing to sacrifice your one and only son. People are more important than things. But the willingness to sacrifice is the same though that sacrifice involves temporal things like wood and stone and not an immortal human being. None the less, it was very difficult to do because our special home on Arlington Place was the closest thing in our lives to having an Isaac. Here is why.

### *Our Miracle Home*

When Shirley and I were married in 1976, we wrote into our vows a complete commitment to obey and follow the Lord Jesus Christ and give up all earthly things in pursuit of His kingdom. In 1975 we had given away everything we owned --and I wondered during those early years if God would ever entrust us with a home to enjoy.

In 1988 we moved back to Port Orchard after a death of vision in Washington, D.C., and a sabbatical year in Hawaii in which I had the privilege of working as an assistant to Loren Cunningham, YWAM's founder. We were starting fresh, homeless, and asking God what to do about living once again in the Pacific Northwest.

**First up, we learned a lesson about homelessness. It's not a lack of housing or a job, but rather a breakdown in relationships where you have no friends to help you.** We didn't have that problem in the late eighties and though we had four children at the time, there were numerous friends in Kitsap County that were willing to take us in and help us start a new YWAM ministry.

We ended up staying with Shirley's parents in their 600 square foot apartment--for eighteen months. That is where we learned lesson number two: to get ahead in life

requires sacrifice. During that time, the Chuck and Margaret sacrificed their privacy, and we saved a lot of money that could be put toward future housing.

In January 1989, Larry and Kathy Dullum who had been long-term supporters, offered us a lot in a nine-acre development they were building. I remember taking our kids into the woods that year, walking the grounds and envisioning what would become our first family home. In the beginning there was nothing but trees--but soon a road was cut in and work began on the first house--6830 Arlington Place.

I took nearly six months off that year to help build the house with Larry's right-hand man, Bob Manning, whom I had led to Christ in high school. Fifty other friends helped us "barn-raise" from February to July. So many memories flood my thoughts as I think back nearly a quarter of a century to that season of sacrifice:

- Shoveling snow out of the unfinished top story on March 1, 1989 when a freak snowstorm plowed through the area.
- Using Larry's Dullum's "favorite plank" in our dining room because we desperately needed a board. I can still hear Larry asking, "Where's my plank?!" I sheepishly told him later that I "borrowed" it to enclose the heating ducts above the dining room table (it's still there).
- My dad and I sheet-rocking the house while he convalesced from quintuple bypass heart surgery. One day while working, he badly cut his leg and I told him he needed to go to the emergency room to get stitches. He said he was the doctor and we needed to finish (that's a good German for you). He won the argument, wrapped duct tape around his bleeding thigh, we finished the job and later that night he sewed himself up in his own bathroom.

With the help of many friends and tons of sweat equity, our miracle 3400 square foot home that sat on a beautiful 3/4 acre of ground was finished during the summer and we moved in on July 18th, 1989. Imbedded in the carport cement floor are the names and handprints of our four children at the time--Nathan 8, David and Bethany 6, and Megan 3--permanently enshrined.

The Boehme family had their first *home*--at the amazing cost of \$76,000. For the next 24 years it would be our haven of rest, the place of raising our family, and the center hub of our missionary lives. That is when the memories spread into the thousands.

We built the family room in the center of the house and on the main wall we hung a family heirloom which said: "Give Christ His Right Place." We tried to follow that path every day with family devotions, lots of love, and the training and growth of our children.

We named the street Arlington Place after our last place of residence in Arlington, Virginia. For the first year, the entire development was ours, but over the years, eight other houses were built including that of some YWAM friends.

The property developed every year including a sizable garden, playhouse for the kids, jungle gym area, chicken coop and run, well used lawns (badminton, football, swimming in a portable pool etc.), ivy banks, triple car carport, wood stove and shed, and lovely sweet gum and ornamental plum trees.

For decades, our home was the center of activity on the street and in our lives. Every Fourth of July we hosted King's Kids parties for up to 150 people; Kids stayed in every room of our house after outreaches; We celebrated numerous Thanksgivings and Christmases with both of our parents and many others; Jason, our sixth child, was even born in our master bedroom on March 26, 1994.

And with the help of friends, we paid off the house in 1999--never again to make a rent or mortgage payment for the rest of our lives.

6830 Arlington Place was a very special place for twenty-four years. We home-schooled our kids there, they grew from little ones into teenagers and eventually launched their lives from this place. Both Shirley and I thought that we would never move. Maybe one day one of our kids would take it over and we could spend our final years in a mother-in-law apartment that had been built into the spacious house.

### *God Speaks*

In November of this year, while I was taking a walk in Texas following the 2012 elections, God spoke very clearly into my heart that a time of testing was coming to America and that I needed to prepare my family and ministry for tumultuous days. His words to me were clear: "Sell your home."

When God speaks, he usually doesn't waste words. I had never entertained this thought before. When I arrived home, I timidly shared the idea with Shirley. After watching her jaw drop, she only confirmed what a willing woman of God she is by saying to me that she trusted me and if God had spoken then we needed to obey. God was asking us to give up our Isaac. But God gives and he takes away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

He was also leading us to make a very interesting and unusual move. We were not to leave the state or area--we were to **move across the street**. We were to go from 6830 Arlington Place SE to 6831--a one-digit adventure. Some of you know the story of that particular property.



6831 is the YWAM house that sits in the middle of the development. It was the second house built by Larry Dullum in 1990 and was committed to housing missionaries--beginning with the Levi Velasco family who were from the Philippines. In 1994, YWAM purchased the house for its ministry/King's Kids headquarters and sold it in 2001 to launch the Discovery Bay base. We thought we would never have it again.

But in 2008, the house went into foreclosure and by an amazing set of providential circumstances, YWAM got it back for \$40,000 less than we sold it for in 2001.

When God spoke to us to sell our own home, he also showed us to purchase and move into the YWAM House across the street. By now it contained three apartments, one for YWAM offices, one for Jason and some roommates (he is long-term committed to working with us), and the upstairs for Shirley and me. It also has 1200 square feet of out-buildings for storage, music studio, food pantry, etc.

In January we began renovating again--preparing a new home--and also an "ark" (storage, food etc.) to help us thrive during the coming difficult times we believe are coming to the United States. So for the past three months, we entered another season of sacrifice--renovating the YWAM House, sorting out and giving away two-thirds of our belongings (you collect a lot of stuff in 24 years), and then readying our 6830 home for sale.

It has been a blur for weeks--walking everything across the street. But today, it is finished, we said our goodbyes to our 6830 "miracle house," and began the next phase of our lives in obedience to God. For some of you who are MKs or military brats, moving is no big deal. You have lived in dozens of places and don't have much attachment to brick and mortar. But I lived in one house my entire growing up years. Shirley's parents have lived in one apartment for 62 years (every day of their marriage).

Moving after 24 years--even across the street--is a bigger deal for us. It's our Isaac, a sacrificial step that has come with much prayer and many tears. Especially giving up our "miracle." That is how Abraham also viewed Isaac. But he was willing to obey--and so are we.

What are the lessons to be learned?

1. *Sacrifice is critical to life and blessing.* No pain, no gain. This is a Kingdom principle that is at the heart of the Gospel and true of all our lives. You don't get ahead or experience God's blessings without making major sacrifices at critical junctures of life and laying everything on the altar of following hard after God.

2. *Life is a pilgrimage - we are headed to our only true home in Heaven.* Especially for people like Shirley and I who have had long-term stable housing arrangements, making this move is a great reminder that we have one ultimate home--with God one day in heaven.

Everything else is just "passing through." This reality helps us hold things lightly and give them up when our loving Father leads us.

3. *Treasure the memories - you will have them forever.* Shirley and I spent a recent Sunday morning praying and walking around our 6830 House thanking God for the zillions of wonderful memories that we experienced in that place. Some were painful. Most were wonderful and rewarding. We will treasure those memories for the rest of our lives--and also in eternity.

4. *Not all our plans come true - death of a vision is necessary for spiritual growth.* I thought we would never move. But God is wiser and is the only one who knows the future. When we "die" to a vision or desire, we can trust that He is allowing it for our good and to grow us in his ways.

5. *Understand and act decisively in the seasons of life.* A few times in our lifetime, we make big choices that can make or break our families and ministries. We must act with courage during those times knowing that the sacrifice and pain will ultimately give birth to God's glorious purposes in our lives.

6. *God gives, and He takes away - Blessed be the Name of the Lord.* The greatest theme of the past few wearying months has been a spirit of gratefulness to God for 24 years spent at 6830 Arlington Place. You can never go wrong with an attitude of thanks. In fact, the greatest joy and peace comes from gratefully doing God's will. "I delight to do your will, O Lord. I delight to do your will."

Tomorrow, I will get up in the morning and sit in my chair in our new house. The furniture is all the same. The pictures on the walls are familiar. We even painted the walls of our new home similar colors to the old one to make us feel at home. And, uncommon to most moves, I will look out two large picture windows across the street at our first family home--6830 Arlington Place. There is a panoramic view from our new living room of this beautiful property which we stewarded under God for nearly a quarter of a century.

The view reminds me of creation. God made it for his glory, and for others to enjoy. We also "created" our former home out of nothing to glorify the Lord. But we also created it for others to enjoy. Soon we will experience that same blessing when a new family moves in--and this will be another great lesson from our Heavenly Creator. The greatest lesson is that *it is always wise to offer up your Isaac--and keep moving forward in God toward your final heavenly home.*

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Lord Jesus – you ARE the Lord of our lives and that means that everything we have is from you, for you, and for your glory. You amazingly gave us the 6830 home for an important season of raising our family. It was a wonderful tool during those years that greatly blessed and served us well.

But now we are moving on in your will into the next season of our lives. Storm clouds are on the horizon; It is vital for us to get out of debt and prepare for the days to come; We have built an “Ark” across the street in obedience to you that we pray will be a haven of rest and salvation for our family. May you be glorified in all that we have done. “The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord.”

## **Panama City, Panama**

*May 3, 2012 - 21,582 - 9,129*

The day after we finished renovating, moving, and readying the two homes, I left for Panama for a five-day YWAM Americas Conference near the Panama Canal in Central America. Right now, I am on my way home from the incredible gathering. It was a great encouragement to my spirit and soul.

We had many amazing worship times—hour after hour—at the beautiful Gamboa Rainforest Resort ballroom where 300 YWAM leaders ministered to our King. It was another taste of Heaven as we prayed and praised in Spanish, Portuguese, and English.

I fellowshiped with many old friends and made many new ones. The YWAM family is a very special place of kindred hearts and souls. A couple afternoons I enjoyed some sun and rest around the beautiful pool that was set below the lodge built into the hillside. Had some nice conversations there with many.

One day we took a walking tour of the rainforest jungle. Didn't see animals that day, but the ant and termite colonies were abundant. (Also saw an Indian village. There are seven primary tribes in Panama. There was great teaching as usual on God's Kingdom—Our Dream, especially from Jim Stier.

During the North American meeting, I was commissioned and prayed over as the new Northwest director. It has been 27 years since I sat on the North American Council. In some ways, that has been my desert Bible School of character building and God's work in my life. But I am back, humbled by the experience, and wanting to do my very best in this next season of ministry.

We also had two days of District meetings and it was good to get to know those whom I will cover and pray for that are scattered through our region.

On the last afternoon, **five of us took a boat excursion up the Panama Canal**, and besides enjoying the breeze and seeing the cargo-laden ships, we also got a good look at some crocodiles (big and teeny-weeny), a monkey, some Iguanas, and many tropical birds. I enjoyed some great quiet time walks around the Resort. God was restoring my soul during this time.

And now I fly home once again to carry on Christ's Kingdom work. There is a house to sell, finances to set in order, a property to finish, books to publish, trips to take, new leadership responsibilities, and serving my family. Lord Jesus – **may the latter third of my life see more fruit than the first two-thirds**. Thank you for the privilege of the call. I am yours, bought by your precious blood. My life is in your very steady hands. May you use me to bring resurrection life to many others.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

*May 30, 2013 - 21,609 - 9,102*

We got all our hopes up about our first buyer for the house, and then after the inspection, they suddenly terminated the contract over some faulty ideas about the septic. Put me into a tailspin, but now I understand how the game is played, and so we have put the house back on the market and will trust God as we move forward.

Because of this and other factors, **I have decided that for only the third time in about forty years, I will not go out on outreach this summer** so that I can give priority to the upkeep and sale of the house--and also be here for my dad who continues to weaken. Also, to be here for the family as Uncle Donald is near death due to prostate cancer and Aunt Verla because of leukemia.

I will gladly stay home to do God's work here. Here or there--I am his.

## **Tyler & Fort Worth, Texas**

*June 9, 2013 - 21,619 - 9,092*

**Just returned from a fruitful trip to Texas where I spoke at the Spanish-Bilingual DTS at the Dayspring property and spoke in a Hispanic church on *The Cuarta Ola***. God is really moving among Hispanic folks both here and in the hemisphere, and it was my privilege to train them. Wedge and Shirley Alman--YWAM legends in Latin America--were a honorary part of the staff and it was a joy to spend some special time with them. Felt like I got to know them on a personal level. I don't believe that Wedge is too long for

this world, so our times together were all the more special. God certainly has a wonderful family.

God's anointing was very much upon me for the school as well. He greatly used the evening sessions on Conscience and when I share *The Secret of Happiness*, the entire room came forward one-by-one to sit on the chair and then kneel before the Lordship of Jesus. Very precious and powerful. I also spoke to the Twin Oaks staff one afternoon and "exhorted" to growth in wisdom and knowledge during these heady days of the 21st century. As YWAMers, we must not be "low-information" people, but hunger and thirst after knowledge.

On the way home, I was able to spend time with Uncle Jack and Aunt Verla at their new condo in South Lakes and a quick overnight with Barb and her family. That's a chaotic home, but they have great hearts and I enjoyed the stay. Especially precious were moments with my aunt and uncle. I may never see Aunt Verla again--but will certainly enjoy her company in eternity.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

*June 16, 2013 - 21,626 - 9,085*

We now have another buyer for our home--and are doing everything we can to bring it to a closing. That includes putting on a new roof, which is a big job but really needs to be done to turn the house over in great shape to its new family. (I met them today for the first time.) We are trusting God to finish what He led us to initiate and do.

Today was Father's Day. It was nice to hear from some of our kids.

## **Portland & Salem, Oregon**

*July 25, 2013 - 21,635 - 9,076*

Looks like six weeks have gone by since I last wrote in the journal. That means the days have been busy with continuing to develop of new home (6831) and maintaining and waiting out the selling of our former home (6830). I have not done much traveling during this time except a quick trip to Salem OR to meet with the LOOP ministry in Portland, and then help commission our new leader--Samuel Matthias-- in Salem. This is part of my new role as NW director for YWAM.

## Port Orchard, Washington

Most of the time has been spent working at two homes--putting roofs on both and answering all the whims of governments and inspectors regarding the sale of our house. Unusual--and beautiful summer in the Northwest, but certainly doing the will of God.

Here is a blog I wrote on June 19:

### WE NEED A NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION AGAINST THE REGULATORY STATE

I have learned over the years that the best subjects to write on are those you have experienced personally. Life savvy brings authority. That's why I appreciated getting my Masters and Doctoral degrees in my fifties, because by that time, I wasn't a deer-in-the-headlights who knew nothing about the real world.

For the past few months, I have been trying to sell our family home--which, for nearly a quarter of century, served as the Boehme future savings plan. My current run-in with the regulatory state, and other examples I have encountered over forty years, lead me to conclude that we desperately need a new American Revolution to cast off the tyranny of the regulatory state. If the "frog in the kettle" analogy is accurate anywhere, then it certainly applies to the blood-sucking tentacles of government regulations that are killing this nation. Here's my story.

First, let's look at the bigger picture. For one hundred and fifty years, the government of the United States was relatively small and the burdens of government minimal. In the 1940s under FDR, we began the march toward a cumbersome and expensive regulatory state which continued to grow under both Democratic and Republican administrations.

There is no partisan blame here. US government regulations have been a rising tide for over seventy years. Local and state governments have followed suit. But Barack Obama has taken the growth of government intrusion into our lives to stunning new heights. A recent article in the *American Thinker* states:

There's nothing moderate or incremental about the increase in federal regulations, and hence, in centralized executive power--under President Obama. To the contrary, according to figures published by the Obama White House, the costs of regulations issued by this administration have dwarfed the costs of regulations issued by prior administrations.

In fact, the costs of "major" regulations - those estimated to cost at least \$100 million in any one year (in 2001 dollars) - issued by the Obama administration in its first

three years nearly tripled the cost of those issued by the Clinton administration in its first three years, nearly quintupled the cost of those issued by the George W. Bush administration in its first three years, and nearly doubled the cost of those issued by Bush and Clinton combined. Again, that's according to the Obama White House's own tallies.

In real terms, it is estimated that the Obama administration has increased the burden of federal regulations between 7-10% over the past four years. That's 11,327 pages of new constraints on Americans. Regulations are exploding. New York's Mayor Bloomberg is even trying to control how big a soda you can drink and whether salt is served in your restaurant of choice. Nanny state. This growing regulatory creep is like a cancer that has metastasized to every part of the "American body" and is literally choking out the lifeblood of hard-working Americans.

Here is my personal evidence. I had a recent conversation with my 93-year-old father who was a family doctor for most of his life. He told me that he became a physician at the right time when he was free to practice medicine, make some money for his family, and not be burdened by government sanctions. He told me that if he were alive today, he probably wouldn't go into medicine. There are too many regulations and hoops to jump through.

Apparently, many young people today sadly agree with him. Recent studies project a [shortage of doctors in this nation](#) because of Obamacare--a vast expansion of federal regulations and controls on the medical world. Doctors are being regulated out of business. I told my father that, based on these trends, maybe the "best years of medical care are behind us." He agreed.

That is so un-American to admit. We have *always* believed that the best was ahead--that we could create a better world for our children. But the growth of government control is beginning to suppress this historical hope and faith. Zoning restrictions and government regs are out of control. Let me share an example that really hurts.

Youth With A Mission was given a beautiful thirteen acre campus about ten years ago in the Pacific Northwest near Port Townsend, Washington. At the time we acquired it, the facilities were in poor shape, but years of hard work and expenditures of hundreds of thousands of dollars eventually spruced up the waterfront property with its fifteen buildings and accommodations for over one hundred people.

Today, we call it [YWAM Discovery Bay](#), and use it to train and send missionaries all over the world--especially to China. A couple years ago, I led a campaign to develop a master plan for the campus. The buildings had been renovated, but they were old, and we wanted to bring it into the 21st century with new condo-like structures and a central lodge or training facility.

An experienced architect from Illinois drafted a master plan for us and we excitedly took it to a meeting with Jefferson County officials to begin talks and launch the project. At our first

planning meeting there were about eight of us around the table. The county had reps for building codes, electrical systems, septic problems, and other departments. As we showed them the plans for new buildings and modernization, many of the government types gave us detailed input, and I thought the proceedings were off to a terrific start.

After about two hours of discussions, the final county representative spoke. He had listened to all the recommendations of the others while sitting silently in his chair. I'll never forget his words: "Your plans are good, but unfortunately you won't be able to do any of them. The zoning restrictions on your property don't allow you to build any structure bigger than 3000 square feet (the size of the house). The only way around it is for you to put park model trailers (400 square foot each) around the campus. You can't do anything else."

We were stunned and asked why not. His answer: *It's the regulations*. Our master plan sits on a shelf collecting dust to this day. We have tried everything to get permission to upgrade our facilities--which would be a great blessing to the community and the world. But to no avail. The regulatory state is limiting the future of YWAM Discovery Bay.

(As a post-script to this sad tale, we have since learned that the only way around our dilemma is to sue the government using the RLUPA standards that were inaugurated during the Clinton years. These laws state that church buildings or expansion are protected under the First Amendment. One church in our area fought for those rights--but it cost them hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees and ten years of litigation.). Now back to my "house" as exhibit A of regulatory over-reach.

Three years ago, I needed to upgrade the septic system on our property. I brought in a licensed contractor and began doing the work of putting in a standard \$4000 system. But the county stopped us. The "regulations" had changed. They demanded (with the force of law) that we put in a \$24,000 whitewater system with four tanks, a pump, an ultra-violet light (that doesn't work), and numerous bells and whistles. A Washington State contractor says that our county "worships" pure water. Well, their worship ended up taking \$20,000 away from our family savings.

Today, I am trying to sell our house. It is a beautiful property that we built in 1989 with 3400 square feet on three-quarters of an acre of land. When I first got the idea to sell, I went to my dad to get his advice. He told me that he had sold three homes in his lifetime, and that it was no big deal--just clean it up, make sure there are no major problems, and let someone buy it. He did so three times, and everything went well.

We put our house on the market. Now we have a buyer, but the current regulations called for an inspection that took four hours. The inspection is ordered by the



FHA which is the housing arm of the federal government. You wouldn't believe what they told us (unless you've sold a house recently).

We needed to re-roof the house, a \$10,000 to \$15,000 expense. Was the roof bad? No. I had kept it in pristine condition for over two decades and it would probably last for 10-20 more years. So, why did we have to replace it? *Government regs.* It's too old. Doesn't matter what condition it is in. (So then what really matters? Reality (a good roof) or government fiats? You know the answer.

We needed to service the furnace. Why? The reality was it was only five years old (new). I'd had it serviced a couple years ago. Why do it again? *Because the regulations say so.*

We were told to put smoke alarms and carbon monoxide alarms in every bedroom. Por que? Because that is the new law. Never mind our smoke alarms on each floor are fine and CO2 is the latest fad.

The inspector had seen some pest droppings in the crawl space and an old bird's nest in the attic. Easy to take care of with bird block and a screen. But no--we are required to pay for a pest control expert to come and clear up everything. (Do government inspectors qualify as pests?)

Seven to nine windows had seal leaks. I asked whether it was seven or nine. They didn't know. But new glass had to be put in because they "suspected" a broken seal.

The hot water heater (brand new) needed seismic straps, cover plates and heat shield, and TPR valve piping. What does that mean and who cares? *They did. The regulations say so.*

These changes and many more large and small--based on picky bureaucratic mandates--are basically forcing me to create a "new house" for the prospective owners--and then the federal government will release the money. Bottom line: due to the shenanigans of Big Brother, I will lose \$40,000 on this transaction which is 70% of the profit I should have made on selling our most important family asset.

It is like the government coming and taking 70% of our nest egg--all in the name of safety or we-know-better-than-you. Shirley and I have spent a quarter of a century of blood, sweat and tears, developing an asset that we should be able to be used to bless our family and others.

But in the end, out-of-control regulations will steal two-thirds of it. That's not fair--and then there's all the local, state and federal taxes--including a \$5000 "excise" tax on something that *we* own. (Oh--I forgot to tell you that I got a letter from the county health department saying it would cost \$200 for them to send a letter saying that our septic was fine.

The company who services it has already done so--but the county wants its cut too. *\$200 for a letter.* And today I received another letter from a government agency saying that even

though the ultra-violet lights are "under study" in our over-priced whitewater septic system. when we sell the house, we need to replace it anyway. Cost? *Probably \$500*. Can I scream somewhere?

My fellow Americans: We need a new American Revolution in this country. Government regulations are killing our jobs, our families, our education system, our quality of life, our wealth and property, our future, and our hope. Tell me your story. What can we do together to stand up to and shrink the all-powerful regulatory state? May the 2013 Tea Party begin.

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And now back to the story. Today, after months of work, spending scores of thousands of dollars, watering, weeding, and mowing two properties, and a vast array of mixed emotions--**TODAY--Shirley and I completed the sale of our dream home across the street. The new owners, Wade and Lillian Walter** took possession of the deed this afternoon and we also received a check for \$85,000. This is a time of relief, but also of nostalgia.

**Last night and this morning, Shirley and I went across the street for the last time. I watered the lawns carefully, we touched up final marks on the walls, we fixed the door where some thieves had broken in a few days ago looking for "staging." Then this morning, early, on a beautiful day, we walked through every room, crying, praying and sharing memories of the wonderful 24 years spent at 6830 Arlington Place.**

**As before, it was a very special time. We also prayed for the new occupants and their children--that God would bless them in this place. We lingered. We didn't want to leave, and then reluctantly we shut the door for the last time, joined our hands together and walked across the street to our new home. An era had ended. A new one was taking its place.**

And now that the deed is recorded and the monies have been paid, we have truly offered our Isaac upon the altar of sacrifice and move on with our lives. There are never any regrets in obedience to God. Lord Jesus--thank for seeing this project through from start to finish. You spoke to us in November, and for the past eight months, you have strengthened and led us every step of the way.

We thank you for the gift of 6830 Arlington. We joyfully and tearfully give it back to you. Lead us forward in the next chapter for our lives, ministry. and family. Great is your faithfulness.

September 21, 2013 - 21.693 – 9,018

I can't believe that nearly two months have gone by since I wrote in my journal. I believe that is a record for the past forty years or so. It has been an unusual time, but I'm sorry for not stopping more to put on paper God's work and dealings in my life. As I go back through the calendar, these things stand out:

July 27 and 28 I enjoyed participating in the Harper Church 100th Anniversary. It was a very good weekend glorifying God for his work in this church since the 1930s. God used the Harper years in my life to disciple and launch me. It was good to go back and remember the faithfulness of God.

## Colville, Washington

August 4 I was privileged to speak in Colville WA to a united gathering of the Church there during Rendezvous Days. Stayed with Jim and Karen Powell. Great weekend speaking on *The Fourth Wave*.

## Port Orchard, Washington

August 5-15. we enjoyed having David, Nathan and Ryan up for a summer visit. Was great to open the new house for the first time to the family--and they really enjoyed it and felt at home. Three of the days we went to Seahawk Training Camp--once with David and Jason and one day with Nate and I alone. Good time with our kids.

On September 1 I spoke at First Christian on "Navigating the Transitions of Life" to a great response. With Kevin and Marcia Hestead now gone and Joel Morris the new senior pastor, FCC is entering a new phase. On September 8 we celebrated our 125th Anniversary--a much lower key affair than at Harper. But meaningful. FCC has been an incredible blessing to our family in missions over the past 35 years.

A couple of days ago we finished the Music Studio on the property, and I straightened up every room on the property for the first time. The "Ark" is done--the task in complete. We have taken nine months of obedience to God to ready ourselves for the final days our third of our lives. It has been quite a lot of toil, tears, and just plain obedience.

But God has used it to really improve our finances and set us up for the future. Now I can go "back to work" and do the work God has called me to do. Thank you, Lord, for your grace, strength, guidance, revelation, insight, and blessings. As I "get back to work," show me your

priorities and help me to be the person you have redeemed me to be. I love you with all my heart and am very grateful. Help me to be "faithful until death."

## **Hood Canal, Washington**

October 12, 2013 - 21,714 - 8997

Shirley and I just returned from a wonderful 37<sup>th</sup> anniversary away at one of our special places—Selah Inn on Hood Canal. Pat and Bonnie McCullough have graciously allowed us to come to the Inn over many years, enjoy many of the buildings, and celebrate our love. This year was no different.

This year we were given the Master Suite in the main building. What followed was a wonderful weekend of reading, walks, eating out, and loving each other in more ways than one. Married love is a very special thing—especially when it's been tested, and emerged with greater love, humility, brokenness, trust, and appreciation for one another through the challenges and difficulty of life.

I can honestly say that I love Shirley now more than ever—and see the wisdom of God's choice for her to be my life. Thank you, Lord, for my very special gift in Shirley Jean. Thank you for her love, forgiveness, and gracious presence in my life. May we be faithful in every way to you and one another until we part at death.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

October 22, 2013 - 21,724 - 8987

After speaking at First Christian Church on Missions Sunday, and getting a great response, I'm taking my first "circuit trip" of the Northwest YWAM bases to get more familiar with our region and encourage our wonderful staff and students. First stop was beautiful northern Idaho.

## **Kamiah, Idaho**

I flew from Seattle to Lewiston—a nice one-hour flight—and then rented a car to drive sixty miles along the Clearwater River to Kamiah, the heart of Nez Perce country, to visit our German missionaries, Volkhard and Marian Graf. Then have served in America for over twenty years, with most of them being here in Idaho.

This morning Volkhard and I did a radio show that goes out to the area, calling indigenous people to step out as missionaries and come back to Asia. A part of the Fourth Wave is tribal people becoming a part of the most international missions force of all time. Great time on the radio waves. May God use it.

Then Volkhard showed me around Kamiah, a town in a beautiful valley with about three thousand residents—twenty percent of whom are Nez Perce (or Nimipuu) Indians. This is the heart of Nez Perce country and a major site along the route that carried Lewis and Clark to the Pacific Ocean. The Nez Perce (Nose Ring) saved the L&C expedition from starvation and sheltered them for 4-6 weeks. Eventually, mission churches were established here—one of which Volkhard has helped to pastor--which goes back to 1871.

We prayed on a hill overlooking the valley for God to rain down his power once again on the native peoples of this area. We also visited a special site for the Nimipuu—called the Heart of the Beast—where a native creation story originated. It is a rock mound about twenty feet high shaped like a triangle (it is now a small national historic site). It's interesting how many creation stories among indigenous people point to a Creator, a Satan figure, redemption by blood, and the dispersion of peoples around the world.

God has not left our human race without witness. On Wednesday morning I spoke to the staff that work here among the native population and prayed that God would re-kindly his fire among them. They are a dedicated bunch. Then I traveled down the highway to central Idaho, the area of Cascade.

## Cascade, Idaho

*October 31, 2013 - 21,733 – 8,978*

Was a beautiful drive through north-central Idaho. What a beautiful region of creation. Marty Meyer and his staff kept me busy during my few days there with many meals with staff couples, a three hour seminar on *The Fourth Wave*, a visit to the "Camp" where they stage most of their summer programs, and quality time with Marty & Kelly and their family. My first "circuit" to Idaho ended with another pretty drive back to Lewiston, which included stopping in Riggins--where YWAM began here a couple decades ago.

Then, today, another milestone was passed. After nearly a year of prayer, much renovation, selling a home, out-fitting another, re-working all our finances, and much more--today we finally sealed the purchase of the YWAM House--ending nearly twelve months of obedience to God.

It's a good feeling to be done and living in the wise will of our Savior. It's been a lot of work. There were many mountains to climb, but I am so grateful to God to have finally landed. Lord Jesus - our remaining years are now yours to guide. May we be faithful to continue to follow you with all our hearts.

## Seaside, Oregon

November 7, 2013 - 21,740 – 8,971

It was great to get away this past weekend with Shirley down to the Oregon coast near Seaside where I spoke at the Lighthouse Christian Church, soon to be pastored by Pete Battjes. We stayed in a nice condo right on the ocean in Gearhart, but also traveled south to Seaside on a few occasions. I reminded Shirley that it was in Seaside, OR about forty years ago, that I first "noticed" her at a Young Life retreat. I remember seeing her there in acute, rust-colored stocking hat and thinking to myself--"Wow, she is pretty." Thank you, Jesus, for making her my wife.

Had a great response at the church and sold many books on *The Fourth Wave*. During this time of great pessimism and the growing tide of evil in America, it's a privilege to share the glorious message of what God is doing all over the world. May your Kingdom come and come quickly.

## Juncos, Puerto Rico

November 19, 2013 - 21,752 - 8959

I'm in Puerto Rico for my annual teaching trip. On Tuesday I got a phone call in PR that could have been very serious.

A police detective, called from Bremerton, WA said they had just arrested a 33-year old man who had tried to forge one of our personal checks. After talking to Shirley, we realized that there had been a robbery at our home that day while she was gone. The thief or thieves had entered into the YWAM offices, gone to my desk, and stolen our personal bank bag—alone with our check and savings books—and also managed to find the YWAM bag that contained the checks we'd collected for the month.

Then the robbers had gone upstairs. They searched both of our bedrooms. In our room, they opened Shirley's jewelry box and stole her engagement ring. That was the saddest discovery of all. Then they must have left—and one of them got caught.

We were shocked by the brazen robbery, in the middle of the day, on our very safe and quiet street. We are glad one man is in custody, and hope that we can eventually retrieve what was taken. Shirley immediately went down to the bank and froze our accounts and began the process taking our new ones. The satiation is now behind us, but it reminds us of the evil in the world and what we need to do to protect ourselves from it. I'm sure a number of security precautions will now be put into effect.

[We later learned that Jason had brought a "friend" to the house who had some enemies. Those guys followed the friend, surveilled our house, and then came back at an opportune time to steal the stuff. It wasn't a random robbery (or street is pretty safe). But Jason brought a guy onto the property who had some bad acquaintances.]

Lord – show us how to be wise, but to not live in fear. And for us to continue to store our "real treasures" in heaven moth and rust don't destroy and thieves don't break in and steal.

*November 23, 2013 - 21, 756 – 8.955*

I'm on my way home from another great week in Puerto Rico. I have a multi-hour layover in New York and thought I would sit down and have a little journal time.

I believe I have been coming to PR now for about fifteen years, and it is always a teaching and friendship highlight for me. This year's class was also very good, and we especially had a powerful day near the end when I shared on "What It Means to Believe" and also "The Secret of Happiness." Most of this year's students were from Puerto Rico with a few from the states.

On Tuesday evening I spoke to the entire community on "Navigating the Transitions of Life." Because of what is happening here at the base (Yarley and Lissette on sabbatical and a leadership team guiding the activities), there is a lot of uncertainty in the area. I met with the LT on Wednesday night and encouraged them to really reach out in humility and unconditional grace to the two ladies—regardless of their hurts and concerns. Last night I had dinner and a four-hour meeting with Y & L—and mainly listened as they rehashed the "injustices" of their stepping out for a year. Both are greatly involved in caring for aging parents.

After the time last night, I'm not real hopeful about reconciliation. The younger leaders appear united about their long-term concerns about the leadership and it being too overpowering, project-oriented, and hard on young families. The ladies are convinced that they were treated cruelly, that Puerto Ricans do not rise to leadership as in other cultures, and that some of them are lazy.

Next year will be a big year for YWAM Puerto Rico. I pray that wisdom, humility, repentance, and a redeemed structure that allow this great base to continue to disciple many

people into missions. Sin sure messes up relationships—as I have experienced through my own mistakes and failures. Only in God is renewal possible. May they give Him the supreme place.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

*December 26, 2013 - 21.989 – 8,922*

I have been away from my journal too long. Need to revive the habit of sharing my thoughts more regularly in this wonderful medium I have used for over forty years. A few items to mention:

The robbery is now behind us and we have strengthened our security and learned some valuable lessons. We have also gotten back all the stolen money, but not the precious items that we lost. We will leave that in God's hands--and pray for our enemies.

## **Salem, Oregon**

Had a nice trip down to Salem for my first board meeting there. Also saw Brad and Monique and their family and Pastor Steve Watkins on the way. Enjoyed a lunch with Lenard and Debbie Nance--our YWAM leaders in Ketchikan. I look forward to visiting their work next year.

## **Bothell, Washington**

And appreciated the opportunity to speak at Bothell Foursquare on December 22 on the "Uniqueness of Jesus Christ" (Pastor Marty)). God gave me great liberty and inspiration. There is no One like Jesus.

## **Port Orchard, Washington**

In the past few days, Shirley and I filled the house with our kids and parents and the celebration of our Saviors birth. We did have one very special and sovereign moment during our family week together--and this time in our new home across the street for the first time.



A year or so ago, I gave Nathan all the old analog tapes of our family history--from building the house in 1989 to all the Christmas gatherings together, family camping trips, etc. He took them to Costco, and now we have digital DVDs of some of them that we are looking forward to viewing in the coming weeks and months.

But he also produced a special one--about three minutes long--which shows us building 6831 Arlington Place--and then powerfully shows various Christmas gatherings over the past twenty years that are "faded" into our last Christmas gathering--ending with us all sitting down for the final Christmas picture at 6831. Behind the family movie is a very touching song that brings the beauty of all we shared together into an awesome family experience.

It's called "Home for Christmas."

We watched it together on Christmas Eve--and Shirley and I were stunned by the response. At the end, ALL of us had tears streaming down our cheeks in a way that only God can make sense of. We began hugging one another, continuing to cry, and experiencing a deep closeness that had been lost over the past few years.

Megan and I shared a deep and profound hug and Ryan and I hugged and cried on each other's shoulder. Quite a providential moment.

That was the highlight of Christmas 2013. There were other times of conversation, prayer, feasting, visiting, and loving on one another. But nothing topped watching "Home for Christmas" and remembering for a brief moment the special love of family that Ron, Shirley, Nathan, David, Bethany, Megan, Ryan, and Jason enjoyed for some twenty years.