

# The Journal of Ron Boehme – 2019

## Port Orchard, Washington

*January 6, 2019 – 24,731 – 7,115*

It is the start of a new year and I am thanking God for my 65 years of life and hanging on to Him at every turn. Last year was a very difficult year in terms of family responsibilities, burdens, need and projects. This year starts with some of the same concerns and weights, but I'm deeply committed to pressing through them to victory.

Last year I “Built an Ark” for our family, especially our daughter Bethany. And two kids—our twins-- came home last year to be with us on the property. God has wondrously provided for their needs and I' am grateful, but great challenges remain.

As I was feeling very weak this morning and praying and seeking God, I felt him nudge from my reading in Genesis 12 & 13 to be like Abraham and build God an ALTAR in my heart this year—a deep desire for revival, personal renewal, commitment to him, and prayer and worship. That will be my focus for 2019.

I even have a bench in my new office/bedroom that symbolizes the altar for me. I knelt before it and prayed this morning, and hope that many further times with God will be had this year. God made the wood, Mike Davison crafted the bench, and I am going to shape, with the help and power of the Holy Spirit, a life on fire for God.

I have now served 45 years in YWAM and 5 at Faith International University. I believe this year will be a continuation of the difficult stretch Shirley and I are in with our mothers but want my personal altar to be a place of refuge, prayer, joy and intimacy as I face the responsibilities of life.

Lord Jesus, I give you 2019. May you alone be the worthy altar of sacrifice for my heart and life.

Soon after I wrote the above, I received a surprise phone call from one of my spiritual fathers—Roly Houghton in New Zealand. Roly is now 90 years old and God used him and his family in amazing ways in helping to launch my life in missions.

We enjoyed a wonderful 20-minute conversation which ended with prayer and much love shared with each other. Later I realized that God had prompted Roly to call me because he knew that I needed some encouragement today—a “sign” from him. He gave it by moving my NZ papa to give me a call.

Lord, I love you for your personal leadings in my life—always on time and so very special! Hearing your voice is a beautiful treasure. Thanks for uplifting me today through Roly.

*January 21, 2019 – 24,746 – 7,100*

I have formed by goals for the year—**My Numbered Days--** and ask you, Lord, to guide every step of them. Here they are by way of reminder:

### **My Numbered Days – 2019 - (Psalm 90:12)**

*"45 Years in YWAM—5 at FIU--Serving and Stewarding"*

#### 1. Personal/Home & Family

- a. Mission to Moms.
- b. Food Storage Fridays
- c. Home – soffits, white trim, mulch plants

#### 2. Faith International University

- a. 120 Disciples (students)
- b. Complete & launch DIS program
- c. YWAM/Great Commission ISC - banner

#### 4. Youth With A Mission

- a. Raise \$2000 for Mongolia Camp/Bibles,
- b. Serve on 4 boards (PO, DB, NB & W-DC).
- c. ACT-NAW Gathering – June 2-6

#### 3. Proclamation

- a. Write 2 tracts (Testimony & Estranged?)
- b. Develop Social Media for blogs & video.
- c. Book boxes gifting – 4 a year.
- d. Begin *Life's Master Key* book (2-years - 2020).
- e. [Devotional – 2022, Life Story – 2024]

#### 7. Trips

- a. NDP – Apr. 27- May 4, ACT-NAW – June 2-6
- b. [NZ - 2023 – UK&G -2024 – Israel - 2025]

*"I glorified you on earth by completing down to the last detail what you assigned me to do" (Jn. 17:4 - The Message).*

February 9, 2019 – 24,765 – 7,081

A couple weeks ago I started what will be one of the longest projects of my life. God nudged me to begin transcribing my 46-year old journal, begun in New Zealand in 1973. It contains about fourteen years that are hand-written, another fifteen that I need to convert from *Word Perfect* to *Word*, and then my *Word* journal.

It may take me two years to do it--working at about ten pages per day. I am very excited about using it as an “evening quiet time” to remember all the wonderful works and acts of God in my life.

[If I started on about January 25, 2019 and finished it on October 23, 2020, then it took about twenty-one months to complete the transcribing and formatting.]

The journal begins with the name “Jesus.” And that is how I want it to end! He is Alpha and Omega and that is certainly the desire of my life.

I began journaling on October 30, 1973. I was 19 years old, studying in New Zealand with my three friends, and learning to have a quiet time for the first time in my life. I was also beginning to read the Bible from cover to cover for the first time—about 3-5 chapters a day.

[Note my “numbered days” above – 24,765 *lived* and 7,081 *possibly left*. When I started my journal in October of ’73, the numbers were almost exactly reversed – 7,163 *lived* and 23,862 *to go*.]

In these early years of my walk with God, I primarily wrote what I was learning from Scripture—because it was all new to me. I occasionally talked about decisions I had to make and struggles in my young life, but most of it was reading Scripture and asking myself—how do I apply this? So far it has been extremely insightful.

What stands out the most is that I had fallen in love with Jesus at an early age and wanted to follow Him whole-heartedly and find his path for my life. I was coming out of biblical liberalism and cheap grace, and so “repentance,” “obedience,” “hating sin,” and “living a holy life” stand out much in the journal as I am liberated by these concepts from my theological naivete.

In those few months I also experienced a baptism in the Spirit and speaking in tongues. So much of the early journal shares the FREEDOM I had found in Christ and power in walking in the Spirit. I was a blank slate, deeply committed, an emotional teenager, but one that really wanted to get to know God and do His will for my life.

I hope to use the completely transcribed journal as a basis for my memoirs. God can also show me who might benefit from having the 2000-page copy of the unabridged text—to inspire other young people to “go for God.”

Thank you, Lord Jesus, for your faithfulness to me over a lifetime. I am excited about re-living the journey again and then using it to inspire others.

*February 20, 2019 – 24,776 – 7,070*

I received word today from The King’s Chapel in Virginia that during my visit for the National Day of Prayer in May, I will not be able to speak at the church. This is the first time they have not made that offer—and it stung me. I guess I am getting to the age in life where there may be few times left to speak in churches.

I AM grateful for nearly fifty years of being a voice in God’s Church. I realize He has now placed me in a new venue (Faith International University) and I am also older and viewed differently than when I was younger. Another needed area of death to self.

Lord, thank you for helping me revive and disciple your people over many decades and in many nations. I’m truly grateful—and submit to Your new assignments. Help me to be humble and change and always content (Phil 4:11-13).

Lord Jesus, you are the God of every stage and season in my life. This is a very hard time—a Jeremiah final section of life. Help me to be contently and passionately faithful to You.

*March 7, 2019 – 24,791 – 7,055*

So much for global warming. We had record snowfall in February and very cold temps. In fact, in a 36-hour stretch we accumulated nearly two feet of snow around our place—shutting most everything down. In one day, I snow-shoveled the upper deck of 9-10 inches of snow TWICE. Never done that before, nor experienced so many sore muscles from digging out.

I believe God is leading us to use March and June to make some needed improvements in the bottom floor of our home—both in David’s new apartment and Jason’s area as well. This will encourage them both and bring the lower floor up to snuff.

Thank you, Lord, for this provision and direction.

*March 30, 2019 – 24,814 – 7,032*

We finished another quarter at faith—with my “Thirty Disciples”—and am now using the spring to do some improvements around the property.

Jason approached me some weeks back about turning David’s apartment—my old office area—into a studio apartment with kitchenette both to give Dave a nicer area and to use in the future as a long-term rental (when we’re older or Jason is managing the property).

I prayerfully agreed and once the quarter finished, we hired Rich and Dean to have at it. God has really provided in an amazing way for the project:

- I asked FIU admin if I could have a beautiful 5-foot long white cabinet which was languishing and unused in the storage areas (kind of my domain). They said “Yes.”
- I took one look at the office cabinet I had been using in the outer office and realized we could turn it into the sink vanity, saving hundreds of dollars.
- I took down the old wall between rooms myself (a first for me) and we saved all the lumber for creating the kitchenette.
- I saw a beautiful mahogany wardrobe at New Beginnings and asked Miles if I could have it. He said yes, and perfect for David’s new closet.
- Rich has performed his usual design magic in creating cupboards and storage space in the new kitchenette.

We are nearly done with the project now and will probably spend no more than \$2500 on a \$10,000 project. It looks great. Lord, you have been so good to me over the years in providing for these kinds of provisions. Thank you for caring for the details of our lives.

This continues to be a hard but necessary time of serving our mothers (built a fence for my mom during the break) and reaching out to our kids. I often have a heavy heart about the way our family turned out, but will never stop trusting You, Lord, for their salvation.

I am still enjoying up my journal and the amazing things God did in my life between 1972 and 75. I went from a confused teenager with girl problems, to a clear calling and ministry—and a wonderful wife on the way!

Lord Jesus, increase my faith, hope, and love. And help me to “endure hardship, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill your ministry.

My heart is committed, O God.

*April 19, 2019 – 24,834 – 7,012*

We finished the home renovation project, and the Spring quarter has begun at Faith. I have my largest group of students yet (41) and am excited about discipling and teaching them God’s ways.

Last night on Maunday Thursday (I learned this week that Maunday means “Commandment”—Jesus new command to love one another as He loved us), I took my mom to see a Last Supper play at our church. It was moving and focused on “Is It I?”—the question all the disciples pondered that fateful night and one we would ALL benefit from thinking about.

Today, I led for the first time the 27<sup>th</sup> Annual Crosswalk through Port Orchard with about 20 worshippers. Both Lutheran pastors could not attend this year, so I gladly led the throng in “lifting up” Jesus in our hometown.

At the end, God gave me a vision for next year: We need to rebirth the Crosswalk with the participation of hundreds of people from the SK churches. I am going to pray about this renewed vision and see what the local pastors say. Could be hundreds or thousands in the future?

Jesus is worth it all.

*April 29, 2019 – 24,844 – 7,002*

It’s Washington For Jesus day—a special one in our history when God heard the prayers of the American people (700,000 strong on the DC Mall) and granted the nation a reprieve from judgment (the election of Ronald Reagan).

What a privilege to a part—39 years ago.

On Sunday, I went down the beach in front of my childhood home—Lidstrom Hill—for an extended quiet time. There, near the boat dock that our family built in the mid-sixties, God gave me special revelation about my dad.

I never gave my father credit for being apostolic (leaving his family in Ohio to come to the west coast), visionary (medical practice, United Medical Lab and even things like building the only dock on the waterfront), and other related qualities that he passed down to me.

It had never really dawned on me that many of my God-given abilities came from my dad—and I never thanked him for them. Because he was a worldly man during my childhood, and I came to Christ before he did, I was aware of his intelligence, generosity, hard work, and other good traits, but never gave him credit for the leadership gifts I possess.

Many of them came through him. I don’t know the kind of person my mother really was. I know her dad—Grandpa Johanson—was a visionary type who shared some wonderful experiences in God—but I don’t know how that translated into his daughter—my mother.

Maybe I received of the visionary-leadership gifts from Grandpa Jo. Today, I realize I also received much of it from my visionary father.

Jesus—please thank my dad not only for his generosity that made my life possible, but also for his apostolic and visionary gifts that he passed into my life to be used for your Kingdom.

And thank you for ALL THE GIFTS—that come from your gracious hand.

May 27, 2019 – 24,872 – 6,974

We are just finishing a very relaxing Memorial Day weekend which we concluded with a family dinner for all those on the property and our moms. I have really been thinking and praying about those who gave their lives for our country—from Bunker Hill to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. None are forgotten by God and after dinner I need Uncle Dick's story—The Bravest Boehme—to everyone to remind them to “never forget.” It was a touching moment on the deck outside our home.

It hasn't been an easy month for me. Many thoughts have swirled in my mind as I continue to transcribe my journal (now up to 1978) and remember the call, the passion, the early days of revival, and my growing heart to humbly serve God and even be a “man for the ages.”

That didn't happen, but I believe I obeyed God's mission for my life, made plenty of mistakes, but saw His blessing on me through unmerited. You are such a gracious and forgiving God!

During the past months I have struggled with feeling a part of *anything*.

- FIU is a great opportunity but sometimes I feel like a fish out of water.
- I know and love many people at FCC, but the rejection of my advice to partner with New Life has left me the odd man out.
- My early days with YWAM were wonderful and fulfilling (God led me to join an on-fire organization because of the fire in my own heart). But now I am on the outside looking in.

These and other situations really began to affect me as I walked through the revival days of old. They have made me feel like I've “left my first love” and need to find my way back. I am committed to doing because I love you, Lord Jesus.

In the past few days I've settled a bit in my heart realizing that I have eight family members who need me, 120 students a year top disciples, hundreds who need my blogs and writings, and thousands of friends all over the world. I simply need to keep being faithful.

That's what I come back to, my Lord and Savior. Renew my first love to You and help be faithful in this final section of my life. The hunger for revival has never stopped though there have been many discouragements along the way.

But I re-commit all that I am—at age 66—to you. Though I feel like I'm in “Midian” I know I'm headed to Zion.

Help me to be faithful.

## Hungry Horse, Montana

*June 10, 2019 – 24,886 – 6.960*

I just got back from a YWAM North American Leadership Conference in Hungry Horse, Montana (20 minutes north of Kalispell and 30 minutes from YWAM Lakeside). Before this 60-hour trip, because of our commitment to care for our parents (mothers), I hadn't gotten on an airplane for fifteen months—easily the longest stretch of my adult life without flying in ministry.

I am very grateful to have been able to go.

The flight to Kalispell took only ninety minutes where I rented a car and drove north near Glacier Park (beautiful area) to an older Assembly of God Campground where 200 of our leaders convened. Here are the highlights:

- Wonderful times of worship (seven base worship leaders on the “Allstar Team”).
- Sat in a workshop on the “Mayflower Compact” led by the Tyler base leader who is picking up Leland Paris’ mantle.
- Rich fellowship with older leaders I have known for 30-40 years; Wonderful to see the young leaders stepping up to guide our mission.
- Good quiet times by the cold rushing river nearby—with much to ponder about my 45 years in YWAM. I went to my first YWAM Leaders Conference in 1974 in Desert Hot Springs, CA where 150 in attendance represented 50% of the TOTAL YWAM missions force worldwide. This gathering represented less than 1%.
- The last morning, we all traveled to Lakeside to help dedicate a new 4.8 million-dollar multi-purpose building in the center of the campus. Gorgeous design—showing it is a new day in Youth With A Mission.

Was great to see and talk to Jim Stiers who came to the conference. I asked him when we shook hands if he was here to speak. He said, “We don’t teach in YWAM anymore.” What he meant is that there is a such an emphasis in this generation on prayer, worship, interaction (and disinterest in “Lectures”) that during the entire 4 days together there was not ONE message over 20 minutes.

There are some positives in that trend, but more negatives than we could ever imagine. That why people like me are rarely invited anymore to YWAM bases to teach as spiritual “elders” were a generation ago. Times have changed. Quality teaching and theology is down. Experience is up.



Now I know why God led me to Faith International University six years ago. He still wants me to teach and disciple those willing to learn. I'm grateful for the assignment.

When I returned to Faith this morning, I felt more and more at home in this wise and compassionate assignment by God. I still deeply love Youth With A Mission and always will. "Once a YWAMer always a YWAMer." But my primary home now is a Christian university trying to mold the next generation of world-changers.

I will serve here as well—with all my heart. Nothing less for You—King Jesus. Thank you for the privilege of the call—for a lifetime.

## Port Orchard, Washington

June 18, 2019 – 24,894 – 6,952

I had a bit of a scare this week related to my "mortality." Those types of revelations are always good for contemplation, seeking God, and gaining some wisdom.

Due to a finger-cutting accident on Sunday and subsequent visit to Urgent Care, I learned that my blood pressure was high and remained that way pretty much throughout the week. Feeling a little washed out and very aware of my 66-year old heart beat as well as heart disease in the Boehme family, for really the first time in my life, I looked at my age and realized it could be over at any time.

Sobering—and great motivation to talk to God. Of course, I have been prepared to meet my Maker for many decades—fifty really. I can truly say with all my heart that "to live is Christ and to die is gain." Still, the possible problems with my heart and circulation got me thinking about end-of-life stuff that God used for good.

Here are a few of the lessons:

- I am seeing a doctor tomorrow and will do anything necessary to be a good steward of my health—including going on blood pressure meds if possible. Here is the way it came to me: *If you've got an old car with old fuel, it might be helpful to put in an additive.* I prefer to stay away from most meds, but I will do anything wise to live up to the numbers listed above (if that is possible).
- For most of my life I have used self-control to persevere through pain, difficulty, and the trials of life. It now may behoove me to use that same self-control to modify the pace of my life and work to achieve better overall health. Good insight.
- This circumstance only strengthens my resolve to *finish God's assignments for my life here on earth.* There is no guarantee, but a deep desire within me to not go the way of President John F. Kennedy and be known for having "An Unfinished Life."

Thank you, Lord, for this wake-up call. I view the accidental cutting of my finger as providential to let me know of a possible problem and get a jump on fixing it.

My life is in Your hands, Lord Jesus. Thank you for walking with me every step of the way and carrying me through the most difficult of circumstances. I love you unto death and look forward to seeing Your face,

May You control my beating heart as I obey your promptings and continue to steward my very numbered days on earth.

*June 19, 2019 – 24,895 – 6,951*

Today, on David and Bethany's 36<sup>th</sup> birthday, I entered the realm of the "aged" by beginning to take blood pressure medication—maybe for the rest of my life. I would love to do without it—just as Dad Cookson shunned most medicines and lived to 91.

But my dad did the opposite—he medicated himself for the past thirty years or his 94 years on earth. I may have to do the same. Only God knows. But I want to take the wisest course and don't feel you can second-guess the danger of heart disease.

So, I begin tonight. Maybe those 6,952 days left to serve God on earth are *not* in my future—or maybe they have a better change of taking place if I wisely take medication.

Either way, my life is in your hands, Lord Jesus. YOU be the "strength of my heart and my portion forever" (Psalm 73:26).

*June 29, 2019 – 24,905 – 6,941*

It was a rocky week for me both emotionally and physically. I didn't take too well to the blood pressure meds and by Wednesday was feeling all the symptoms of a heart attack, blockage, or some such problem.

I tried to get in to see the doctor and was sent to the Belfair PCH office where they did an EKG and felt there might be some abnormalities. They recommended I go right to the ER—my first ever personal visit (I have been there numerous times with family members and others).

The ER doctors gave me a full array of heart tests and everything came back negative (to my surprise). Many people were praying for me and I wouldn't be surprised at all to learn one day that God intervened in my body. I stopped taking the blood pressure medicine that night, mainly because it was making me nauseous), and the next day underwent a stress test. According to the technicians, I passed that with flying colors (for my age) and that also surprised me. A deeper reading will take place in a few weeks at which time other things could come up.

At this point it appears that my heart is healthy, and my blood pressure has stayed around 135/80. A doctor's consult next week will determine if I get back on some new meds. I am praying that I won't—but place it in God's wise and assuring hands.

I have learned that I need to alter my “pace” in life at this stage. Here is the checklist I'm thinking about:

- Losing another five pounds to be at optimum weight.
- Taking naps occasionally when I need or desire one.
- Using apple cider vinegar, deep breathing, and drinking lots of water to help with my blood pressure (some natural remedies—see if they help?).
- Changing my “pace” of doing things—slowing down a bit to a greater sense of peace and well-being. Not pushing myself too hard at this stage in my life.

Jesus, I am very much aware this week that my life and health are in your hands. I commit to do my part for the remainder of my days and ask you to do all the supernatural things necessary for me to fulfill my God-given assignments on earth. Thank you for the wake-up call and the current surprising strength of my heart.

I want both my spiritual and physical hearts to be yours along, Lord Jesus.

*July 16, 2019 – 24,922 – 6,924*

After struggling for a few weeks with poor health—but getting off the meds and my blood pressure returning to normal—I tend to believe the physical attack on my life during this time was more spiritual in nature. It was designed to discourage and stop me from the *Corinthia* book that I am ghost-writing on behalf of my friend, Dr. Corinthia Boone.

I am feeling better and have only two chapters to complete—so praise God.

Jesus wins.

I greatly enjoyed the FIU 47<sup>th</sup> annual graduation that was held at Christ for All Nations in Spanaway. This was the first time I really felt at home with my new organization. I had taught over one-third of the students, shared some great times with them, and enjoyed the comradery of the professors. It was a powerful time, from marching in to “A Mighty Fortress is our God,” to 91-year old Robert Coleman's fiery message on discipleship (author of *The Master Plan of Evangelism*) to “The Lord's Prayer at the end.

Thank you, Jesus for making me truly feel at home and a part of Faith International University. Help us to do our part to fulfill the Great Commission in this generation.

*July 20, 2019 – 24,926 – 6,920*

I've been wearing a heart monitor for the past few days because my stress test detected some PVCs (premature ventricular contractions)—extra heart beats from time to time—and the doctor wants to determine whether they're minor and inconsequential (normal for many people) or something that needs to be treated either by medication or surgery.

I'm grateful to be getting a new "baseline" for the state of my blood pump which will help me take care of it in this last stage of my life.

I learned an interesting point in my Bible reading this week. Here it is:

I was born *exactly* 2468 years since the rebuilding of the biblical temple—to the day. It was rebuilt on March 12, 449 B.C.

May my body always be the temple of the Holy Spirit—"re-built" for his purposes.

*August 2, 2019 - 24,939 – 6,907*

On Monday evening we heard the sad news that our dear friend, Tim Allen, passed away. The next day I wrote the following blog remembering his life:

*Two Deaths—One Hope (In Memory of Tim Allen 1956-2019)*

Shirley and I were enjoying our regular "Family Night" gathering with our two moms on Monday when a call came that our close friend, Tim Allen, had suddenly died at the age of 62.

No, not *that* Tim Allen.

Our Tim Allen and his wife Julie have been close friends for nearly three decades.

Also, on Monday, I read a sad story about another kind of death--this of a spiritual nature. It broke my heart more than the passing of Tim.

Two deaths. One hope. And one very important question that every person must answer.

*Two Deaths, One Hope.*

We became acquainted with Tim and Julie Allen at church and through our King's Kids ministry in 1991. Their three children were similar in age to ours and all of us were excited about serving in missions together.

Over a ten-year period, we slept on the floor once a month at King's Kids weekends and every summer launched scores of adults and kids into missions.

I especially remember Tim and Julie serving on outreach trips to Albania, Macedonia, Greece, and Canada. Julie is the creative, free-spirited side of the marriage. She helped lead a home-schooling movement for years and recently served the Daughters of the American Revolution

(DAR) in honoring veterans. Her pleasant personality and fresh ideas landed her a job with the Seattle Mariners where she hangs around the "Moose" on game days at the Diamond Club.

She and my wife are BFF's.

Tim was the quiet, steady anchor of their family of five. He worked as a civil engineer in the Bremerton Naval Shipyard and after retiring early, took a position with a civilian contractor. Tim excelled at math, business, skiing, and was a rock of stability in the Allen household.

I counted him one of my closest friends--nick-named "Tomato"--after "Bob the Tomato" on Veggie Tales. "Timmy Tomato" has a nice ring to it--and he chuckled when I used it.

Tim and Julie share an interesting salvation story. Having married before they became followers of Christ, they moved north from California decades ago when a job came available. One day, some friends of ours led Julie to personal faith in Christ. On that same day--Tim was being witnessed to by colleagues at work.

When Tim arrived home that night, he exclaimed to Julie "You won't believe what happened today"--and proceeded to share about his conversion. After he finished, Julie jumped in with, "Well, you won't believe what happened to me!"--and told her story. From that day on, after both made peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ, they have served faithfully and in many parts of the world.

Every Christmas the Allens invite us to their home to make beautiful gingerbread houses (Julie's creative flair). I always felt Tim made the best one (he was the deliberate engineer) and mine was the worst (too much haste for a prophetic type). We always talked about our faith--and what God was up to in our lives and children.

Tim stayed in great shape for a guy three years my junior. For decades he rode his bike to the Port Orchard ferry (5 miles one way--downhill going and uphill returning) then traveled across the bay to work--did his job--and commuted back. He didn't bike in the wintertime--only when the weather wasn't raining cats 'n dogs.

On Monday, Tim was making his normal bike trip home when he "didn't feel right" and decided to deviate two blocks to stop at Urgent Care. He collapsed short of the door in front of anxious onlookers. He died quickly from what they suspect was an aortic dissection--a tear in the wall of the major artery carrying blood from his heart. The coroner believes it could have been a genetic defect--and unrelated to other factors.

But Tim was gone--and we were heart-broken.

But we knew where he was. "To live is Christ and to *die is gain* (Philippians 1:21). "I am torn between the two: I desire to depart and *be with Christ*, which is better by far" (Philippians. 1:23).

Tim had crossed the threshold into eternal life--to be with Jesus and all those redeemed by His blood. I couldn't be sad for *him*, but I grieved for his family and friends who missed him dearly.

That same day I read another story shared by Gary Randall of the Faith and Freedom network.

This is the sad tale.

"Joshua Harris, pastor of the Covenant Life Church in Maryland, recently announced on social media he and his wife Shannon were separating--noting a 'lot of changes' had occurred between them."

"On Friday, he announced he no longer considers himself to be a Christian, noting his views on sexuality have changed."

A Fox News headline read:

"Well known Christian author, purity advocate, renounces faith; 'I hope you can forgive me.'"

The report continued:

"Harris, the author of the best-seller *I Kissed Dating Goodbye*, a book he authored in 1997 that he later renounced after shaping the purity culture for many millennial believers, revealed that he is stepping back from his faith. In an Instagram post, he also apologized for his previously held views, including 'bigotry' to the LGBTQ community."

"In addressing some of the 'changes' that have occurred between him and his wife---and in his own beliefs, he posted this on Instagram on Friday:

"The information that was left out of our announcement is that I have undergone a massive shift in regard to my faith in Jesus. The popular phrase for this is 'deconstruction', the biblical phrase is 'falling away.' By all the measurements that I have for defining a Christian, I am not a Christian. Many people tell me that there is a different way to practice faith and I want to remain open to this, but I'm not there now."

"Harris noted that his views on sexuality have changed."

"I specifically [say] to the LGBTQ+ community that I am sorry for the views that I taught in my books and as a pastor regarding sexuality. I regret standing against marriage equality, for not affirming you and your place in the church, and for any ways that my writing and speaking contributed to a culture of exclusion and bigotry. I hope you can forgive me."

I was stunned where I read the tragic news about Josh Harris. We all read his book during the King's Kids years and greatly benefited from his insights and his desire to call young people to sexual purity.

I remember in 2004 standing near the remains of the ancient Temple of Aphrodite--the sex goddess--northwest of Athens, Greece. I was there to support my friend Richard Ross and the True Love Waits movement--with hundreds of young people and thousands of pledge cards from around the world. We were making a stand for the sanctity of marriage.

Josh Harris was a hero then, pointing the way.

Not now.

My good friend, Tim Allen died physically, but is now alive with Christ.

Josh Harris is dying spiritually by turning away from the Savior. His only hope is returning to Jesus and apologizing to *Him* for his "turning away."

Two deaths. One hope.

Our lives ultimately boil down to this question:

*Who do you trust?*

If you trust God and His Word--our perfect compass for salvation, morality, and all things else--then you too will join Tim one day in God's glorious presence.

But if you foolishly believe the world's fads and its lies, they could separate you from God and His love forever.

I'm proud of you, Tim.

I'm praying for you, Josh.

Who do *you* trust?

*August 14, 2019 – 24,951 – 6,895*

Was a busy weekend as I spoke at our church home (First Christian) on Hebrews 12:25-29 (“How I Learned to Read the Bible”) and officiated Tim Allen’s Memorial Service.

I haven’t spoken at FCC for a while. The message was well received—sold a lot of *River of God* books—and a man came up to me afterwards and gave me an encouraging word from the Lord:

“Your sharing is true caring.”

I have always believed that are preaching and teaching God’s truth.

Tim’s service was also a very powerful time. About 120 people showed up from many different groups of people who knew the Allens. Julie wanted a simple service, so only Ed

Morales, son Dan, Karen Powell and I shared vignettes of Tim's life. I also had the privilege of giving the message and called everyone to use Tim's passing to make sure they too are right with God. I believe that God spoke to many lives.

In some ways, I believe I can now get back to my normal summer schedule and the things God would have me to do. "Teach me to number my days."

That will always be the cry of my heart—up until the last breath.

*August 26, 2019 – 24,963 – 6,889*

A friend out the past—Kenny Anderson—entered my life this week and it was so touching that I wrote about it in our September YWAM newsletter:

Dear Wonderful Friends of YWAM,

I made a commitment this year that I posted on the wall of my office: "*Evangelize the open and disciple the willing.*" It is a great focus for daily living. Let me tell you a story this month that illustrates that truth.

Kenny Anderson and I played football together in ninth grade (fall of 1967). He was a 6-foot bruiser of a fullback on our team and I was a 5-foot 3-inch quarterback who could barely see over the center's backside. (Smile). We hadn't spoken to each other in 48 years except one time: At our 45<sup>th</sup> high school reunion in 2016 I gave him my card and told him that if he ever needed help or wanted to talk about God, I was available (I sensed some needs in his life).

He kept the card. One week ago, he gave me a call.

We met on August 26 at a local restaurant and he explained how he had battled alcohol and drugs for 35 years after being thrown out of high school for smoking (he never graduated). About 15 years ago he made a U-turn toward God in a main-line church—but didn't feel assured of his salvation.

This year he had a heart attack and triple bypass surgery which awakened his conscience once again regarding his need for God.

At the restaurant, after some open chit-chat, I shared the simple Gospel message with him that we all have sinned and become estranged from God. The Father sent His Son into the world to seek and save us by dying on the cross to pay for our guilt. Christ's act of love allows us to confess our sins, put out trust in Him, be forgiven and be changed by the power of the Holy Spirit. I told Kenny that once we were reconciled to God, we could *know that we have eternal life* (1 John 5:13).



After our meal together we went out into the parking lot and sat in my car (for some privacy). There, Kenny confessed his sins before God and freshly put his trust in the Savior. It was a better reunion (with God) than the one we had shared together three years before.

This Sunday he came to our church, set up an appointment with the pastor, and wants to grow his faith for the remainder of his time on earth. I see an honesty and softness in his life that is evident of God's work. Kenny Anderson now *knows* he has eternal life.

Never discount your prayers, tracts, or cards you leave with people. God can use them all. We are here to change the world *one person at a time*. Thanks for your support of our missionary call and your wonderful friendship. Let's keep *evangelizing the open and discipling the willing*. God richly bless you this month as you serve Him with joy.

Following that momentous meeting, Kenny met me at church a few times and we grew in our friendship. Only a few weeks from now, he would be diagnosed for the first time with Stage Four lung cancer and given a very short amount of time to live.

[I will pick up that story later in the journal.]

*September 1, 2019 – 24,969 – 6,883*

This was a spiritual warfare attack week as I received an anonymous letter in the mail—the worst I have ever received—from a person on our block. It took place right after I worked with Eric Schilt and Rich Riedesel to form a User Agreement (at the county's request) for Arlington Water and place it on record.

Two days later, I received an anonymous letter from someone (we believe we know who) that:

- Complained about our water service—which has been superb and low-cost.
- Lied about us putting “sewage” in the ground at Bethany's Apartment.
- Mentioned our lack of getting a permit to do it and threatened to call the county because “we were trying to cheat the system.”
- Seemed to “extort” us over the situation and the number of people we're caring for.
- Ended with a vulgar comment I have never received before in person.

I called a meeting with Eric and Rich and we talked and prayed about what to do. Later, Shirley strongly suggested we change course and just let it “lay low”—and I felt I couldn't go against her strong opinion (with a long of truth in it).

The same night I received the letter, in the middle of the night, I experienced another “demonic visitation” in the room that caused me to jump out of bed with my heart pounding in my chest. It was the worst I’ve experienced in years. After Shirley calmed me down and I lay back down in the dark, I felt a rare sense of fear.

This whole thing was obviously from Satan.

At this point we are trusting God to protect and deliver us—and even turn the other cheek toward our enemies.

During subsequent quiet times, God spoke encouragingly to me out of Psalm 61:2-3:

“From the ends of the earth, I cry to you for help when my heart is overwhelmed. Lead me to the towering rock of safety, for you are my safe refuge, a fortress where my enemies cannot reach me.” Also--Job 40:4: “I am nothing—how could I ever find the answers? I will cover my mouth with my hand.”

This past year God has spoken much to me about *self-control in my speech*. When I was younger, I felt I could talk my way out of most situations, or I preferred to share my points with others even when they were resistant. In this stage of my life it appears that “quick to hear, slow to speak” is the wiser course—even with my wife.

I need to be more like her dad.

Lord Jesus, help me to control my speech and deliver us from this evil.

September 15, 2019 – 24,983 – 6,869

For some years now, I have felt guilty that my teaching and preaching emphasis has changed over the past decade. For the first three-to-four decades of my life my singular focus was *revival*—which meant much preaching on sin, judgment, God’s holiness, repentance, and similar truths that help awaken people’s lives and nations.

Yet, in recent years I have sensed God speaking to me about encouraging people, God’s unconditional love, and messages on hope and faith. I have never been opposed to these wonderful truths. I just didn’t emphasize them because of wanting to be “laser-focused” on my calling.

This week I began reading in Isaiah and noticed in a footnote that the man who is considered Israel’s greatest prophet ministered for sixty-years. The first forty years he emphasized judgment and the need to return to God. In the final 26, he focused almost exclusively on hope. I have read Isaiah many times, understood the different “emphases” in the first and last portions of the book, but never put two and two together.

This insight really settled me that I have followed the Isaiah pattern—and maybe it's one that somewhat relates to age in the person's life. When you are young, it's easier to energetically call people to repentance, see their sins clearly, and uplift the holiness of God. In older years, with a larger perspective, it makes sense that love and grace and hope often gain prominence—as you learn them in your own life.

Today's revelation (from a footnote) really spoke to me that I'm on the right track. For my first forty years in YWAM I emphasized revival. For my Faith years (which could be 26 or more), maybe the calling is more faith, hope and love.

Thank you, Lord, for teaching me from the life of Isaiah. Thank you for his faithfulness and his message over a lifetime.

I will follow your lead until death.

*September 24, 2019 – 24,992 – 6,860*

It was a privilege to speak once again last Saturday morning at the Bayside Assembly Men's breakfast. They are a motivated bunch that also cook a mean Saturday breakfast smorgasbord—so I always enjoy going.

I spoke on *River of God* and the many simple and powerful truths in the book. It is a very easy book from which to speak with authority, and I hope God opens many more opportunities to do so.

We have also begun renovating Jason's apartment—which will be another \$7,000 or so. Over the past year we have spent nearly \$30,000 helping Beth, David, and Jason get more established. It has drained the family savings but is a good investment in the family future.

Was heartened to receive a clean bill of health today on the condition of my heart after nearly three months of tests, doctors, the chest pains, and false alarms. No one ever determined why I had pain and weakness this summer, but I'm grateful to God to be feeling well again and that my heart continues—at age 66—to be an amazing blessing to me.

Thank you, Lord, for your leadership in all aspects of this test. I have learned to be more careful in certain things, to stay close to you, to trust the medical profession to guide me, and am deeply grateful for my health over a human lifetime.

Spent some time with Dave Frederick today who is dying of a genetic form of mesothelioma—the same disease that took the life of his dad at age 48. As we were meeting at Coffee Oasis today, Dave received a phone call that his mom was nearing death at the age of 94.

All of us are dying. Whether we live to be twenty or ninety, it is a relatively short space of time on planet Earth. The key is to live for Jesus, serve the Kingdom God, and join its eternal dimension one day because of amazing grace.

“One small life will soon be past. Only what’s done for Christ will last.”

*October 10, 2019 – 25,008 – 6,844*

We celebrated quietly our 43<sup>rd</sup> wedding anniversary today, serving our mom, serving our kids, and staying home because that is where we are supposed to be right now.

I am so grateful that I married Shirley 43 years ago—and that we have persevered into a great marriage where love and caring reigns.

Thank you, Lord, Jesus for giving my Shirley Jean Cookson as my wife. She is the greatest gift you have given me on earth, and though this year our celebration was simply a few cards, kisses and hugs while we serve our family in Port Orchard, could anything be greater than that.

You blessed me with her. I will always be deeply grateful.

*October 31, 2019 – 25,029 – 6,823*

It’s Halloween—but I prefer to call it “Reformation Day” and the day before “All Saints Day.” These good holidays have been replaced by the satanic ilk—and that is not good for anybody except hell.

I spoke at First Christian Church a week ago on “The Pastor and Pimp”—the parable of the Pharisee and Tax Collector out of Luke 18. Was a great response to the message as I humbled myself before the congregation over my tendency to pride and asked them to share their weaknesses as well and commit to be people who “walk with a limp.”

Sodoo and Aldaraa from Mongolia were with us the following weekend and we shared a wonderful four days together. Sodoo also spoke at FCC, stayed with Lowell and Janie Miller, and I had him share at a Faith Faculty meeting and we enjoyed some wonderful meals together.

They are true spiritual sons and daughters of mine—and I am grateful to know them and support them in every way that I can. I believe God is expanding their boundaries and will take them “on circuit” to many nations in the coming years.

And this week I will finish Corinthia Boone’s autobiography and it will be sent off to the typesetter and publisher. May her story bless and encourage many lives—especially African Americans.

Lord—help me to be faithful to praying, teaching, and stewarding the life you’ve given me. I love you will all my heart.

*November 4, 2019 – 25,033 – 6,823*

Had a wonderful and unique experience yesterday.

During a visit in Retsil to see my dying friend, Kenny Anderson, his sister Annette, in whose life God has been moving due to his illness, asked me if I could baptize her.

She wanted to make sure she was right with God.

I asked her about her faith and talked to her about the importance of making Jesus the new “boss” (Lord) of her life. Being satisfied by her sincere and faith-laden responses, I consented to baptize her in the Anderson living with Kenny and his brother on one side and Kenny’s wife, on the other. I had Annette kneel in the middle of us and I read from Romans 6 out of the Message.

I told her that normal baptism is full immersion in water—just as Romans 6 teaches—because it best symbolizes *dying to self and rising into a new life*. So, I said this “sprinkling baptism (out of a cup) would be a “down payment” on following through with the real deal sometime in church. She agreed.

I then baptized her in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—with tears streaming down her faith. Afterwards the whole group had “communion together”—with hot dogs and chili.

A meaningful day in which I believe the angels in heaven rejoiced over Annette’s heart. Maybe I should do more sprinkling! (down payments for baptism).

November 15, 2019 – 25,044 – 6,812

Kenny Anderson passed this morning at 6:30 AM and went into the arms of his Savior in heaven. I am very excited for him that “love has won.”

For especially the past week, I went to see him daily to pray over him, encourage him, read Scripture to Him and just be the “aroma of Jesus” in the Anderson home on 2<sup>nd</sup> Street in Retsil. I really enjoyed meeting the family during this time and being at Kenny’s bedside. Two days ago, we spoke for the final time and I told him I was proud of you—and that it was “okay that for him to go home.”

Yesterday he could only grunt a few things as I talked to him and prayed over him. And then this morning he was gone.

I posted twice on Facebook today to alert fellow SK alums of Kenny’s graduation to glory. Here are the posts:

To 1971 Classmates - our fellow classmate Kenny Anderson went home to be with Jesus at 6:30 am this morning. I had not seen Kenny for nearly fifty years (except briefly at our 45th Reunion) when we got together four months ago for a meal and some prayer. Since that time, he'd been attending our church and growing stronger in his relationship with Jesus.

But about six weeks ago, he was diagnosed with fourth-stage lung cancer and it took its toll quickly. I enjoyed going to his home in Retsil most days for the past couple weeks praying for him, reading Scripture, and telling him I was proud of him for his faith and changed life.

We also talked about ninth grade football at MW. He said his main memory of me was getting hit hard in one game and coming back to the huddle with a tear in my eye (some of us are wimps). But I remember him as our bruising fullback on an undefeated team.

I only got to know him during his last four months on earth, but we rejoiced we'd be together forever--on Christ's eternal team of light and love. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will never die." **Congrats, Kenny. Today, you truly GRADUATED.**

I saw Kenny's family today. They wonderfully rallied around him in the final days and will take turns being with Cindy (his wife) the next three weeks. Great example of love in action. Kenny did not graduate with us because he was expelled (he says unjustly) from South our sophomore year and never returned--got his GED later.

On October 26 family and friends hosted a Living Memorial for Kenny at the Retsil Chapel and there was a great turnout. Five-to-six alums were in attendance. Great time of sharing and honoring our friend. A decision has not been made on a memorial service. I will let you know.

Kenny is a great example that ending well trumps any mistakes that we make in life--think the thief on the cross. But the best is to set your course on Philippians 1:21: "To live is Christ and to die is gain."

**My "renewed" relationship with Kenny Anderson lasted only 81 days on earth (from August 26 to November 15—when he graduated to heaven.**

**Our glad our days in the presence of Jesus will be *endless*.**

*November 20, 2019 – 25,049 – 6,807*

It has been an amazing week, starting with Kenny Anderson's graduation to glory.

On Monday, I arrived at FIU ready to send out my weekly email to students and prepare for Joel Morris and Mike Davison joining me for lunch, a tour of the campus, and especially looking at the Prayer Room to duplicate it at FCC.

When I walked into the Prayer Room to turn on worship music and pray for the day, I was shocked that someone had completely altered the seating arrangement in the room and removed many items from the prayer shelves and bulletin boards. *What in the world?* I thought to myself.

Looking around the West Wing I found the box of the removed items under the desk in the reception area. Taking it out, I returned to the Prayer Room and quickly re-set up the environment so that Joel and Mike could see the Kansas City IHOP model that we had put in place. Then I returned to my office to send out emails.

An hour later when I again checked the room before the arrival of my two friends, I was shocked to find it undone again! Twice—in a matter of hours—without any communication of explanation.

Knowing who had probably done the deed, I whisked over to the Registrar's Office find out what was going on. I was told matter-of-factly that the "Decoration Committee" decided the room was too cluttered and received permission from Dr. Adams to alter it. Seeing all my prayer aids stacked in a pile on a desk, I picked them and said, "I must re-set up the room (again) for visiting guests."

I hastened to the Prayer Room with a knot in my stomach—but hurried to accommodate the arrival of my friends.

After showing them the campus and having a good lunch together, we sat in the Prayer Room and shared a great time of prayer for our church, school, and the world. Both Joel and Mike are excited about setting up a Prayer Room at FCC—finally. So am I.

After they left, the Holy Spirit prompted me to turn the other cheek, go the extra mile, and give the room up to the authority of others. I took down all the prayer supports and put the chairs back the way the new regime wants them.

I had a sinking feeling that my time in this place of intercession was over.

As I pondered this unusual turn of events, God showed me that he had used me to birth prayer at the college, create the student lounge, put up 200 flags, upgrade the staff kitchen, and launch the YWAM/Great Commission Intercultural Studies Center because I had a vision for the university. I simply acted as a servant in the things God had showed me.

I did it for Christ—even if it wasn't greatly appreciated.

Maybe that season is over. It appears that the Intercultural Studies Center will be the next "public room" that comes under new management. So, what does the future hold?

This morning I met with Pastor Joel at First Christian Church. I shared my idea of forming a Preaching Team around him to help with his area of weakness—so he can be free to do what God has gifted him to do. Just this morning he asked God for an answer to this problem—and God brought the idea through me. He is also excited about launching the Prayer Room and providing me office space at the church for a *Revive America Center*.

What a quick "change of chapter."

It appears that a vision in Tacoma may now be moved back to Port Orchard. I will continue to teach at Faith International University (that is a blessing) but I will leave the public spaces to others who share a different vision. This is the humble road to take—not to fight for my vision and ideas (the lesson *A Tale of Three Kings*). You must go where you're wanted.

For this latter stage of my life—the next 8-18 years. I like the idea of going to Tacoma 1-2 days a week, work at FCC two days a week in the South Kitsap area for revival and transformation, oversee the new prayer ministry—and be at home Fridays through Sundays (and do more preaching on Sundays).

I think I have just stumbled onto the “8-18 Window.”

Lord, glorify your Name in my life during this new chapter to come.

*December 3, 2019 – 25,062 – 6,794*

Had the privilege of speaking at First Christian on Sunday—something I'll be doing more regularly in the coming days—on “How the Coming of Jesus Changed the World.” I believe the powerful perspective was well received. The sermon notes went like hotcakes.

And as I have continued to type my journal notes, God gave me a perspective on my life that was extremely helpful. Here is the essence of it.

God led us away from Washington, D.C. in 1986 not just for character growth (a deeply important thing via death of a vision), but because he wanted me to not be limited to the draw and glamour of the nation's capital.

The move allowed to really practice the principles of concentric circles of ministry—starting with your hometown. Because we re-located in the Pacific Northwest, the following doors of ministry opened:

- Family ministry with King's Kids emanating from Port Orchard.
- Prayer summits and March for Jesus in South Kitsap.
- W-CUP across the entire state of Washington.
- Revive America Seminars across the nation in concert with the Impact World Tour.
- Teaching and preach in sixty nations around the world.

Getting out of the “myopia” of Washington, D.C. made all the possible by the all-wise God. If we had not made that move of CHANGE, I might have been held “captive” by the lure of the capital and all its trappings.

I am glad that our God is an all-wise God.



*December 22, 2019 – 25,081 – 6,775*

Have been getting ready for the Christmas season and God has been emphasizing viewing it as “outreach” in the sense of preparing myself and looking for all the opportunities to share Jesus with our family and friends. In a prayer walk today I was encouraged to “put on the armor of God” as we used to emphasize in King’s Kids along with clothing myself in the fruits of the Spirit. That is an incredible wardrobe of love and power.

A few days ago, I moved my library out of FIU and am now beginning to move into my new office (and Prayer Room) at First Christian. Today I took up a final load to the church and after brining it in, took a prayer walk around the entire circumference of church property. This is becoming a new “home” for part of my work and I see the Lord in it:

- It brings me to my home church at least 2-3 days a week.
- Brings my library closer to home for “passing off” when I go to heaven.
- Will allow me to help FCC navigate the coming years of either growth, merger, or campus-sharing. I simply will be obedient to the Lord.
- I believe it will be a place to quiet, prayer, study, and reflection.
- Since I am now preaching at the church once a month, it will allow me to develop messages on site.
- I can be supportive to Joel and others as a mentor/encourager.

As I prayer-walked around the property today, I thought again about a possible “campus-sharing” in the future (with New Life Sidney Glen?) and the thought came to me that if this happens, it might be a good time to change First Christian’s name (FCC) from the old-fashioned “who started a church first in town” to **FCC – Faith Christian Community**.

I will hold this in prayer and see how God leads.

When I was moving my library out of Faith, the basement flooded (we had 48 hours of rain) and John Wheeler came by to attend to it—and saw me moving. He asked me “Are you leaving Faith” I said “No” and assured him that I still love teaching here.

But my time trying to influence the culture there is probably over. FIU is more a business with a veneer of Christian principles. I am used to working in a mission or ministry that has a veneer of business principles. They are two different animals. I tried my best to bring change, but the old guard is too established for that to happen.

But I will continue to be faithful to teach—and am deeply grateful for God opening this door.

I am also grateful for the return to FCC. May God use it for his glory.

*December 31, 2019 – 25,093 – 6,763*

The move to FCC is now complete and I really love the new office with my library all around me (plus our 30-year home schooling library). What an amazing thing to return to First Christian for the 8-18 Window (final years) or my life and work out of “church home base.”

Lord, you are so good to me.

We had a good time with the kids and family during Christmas. I tried my best to both put on the armor of God as well to clothe myself with the fruits of the Holy Spirit. God showed me during this time that it is okay that I do not feel natural or do well during random chit-chat times. I am just not made for that. I always try to make conversations meaningful—having purpose. God showed me this is okay—don’t try to be somebody I’m not.

I’m always looking for opportunities to bring God’s truth into our family times and continue to operate with unconditional love. That will never change.

Thank you, Jesus, for another calendar year of life. I hope to complete transcribing the forty-eight years of my journal this year and then put it into the books that God shows me. Please lead me in your wonderful details.

2020 now begins—hard to believe. May my spiritual vision for America and the world be as good as my corrected eyesight—for your glory and coming Kingdom.