

# The Journal of Ron Boehme – 2018

## Boise, Idaho

January 14, 2018 – 24,375 – 7,124

I took a flight to Boise, Idaho today where I was picked up and taken about an hour-and-a-half north to Cascade where I will be speaking to the Bible School of the Nations that YWAM Idaho runs. It's a blessing to be here with the YWAM family—on a gorgeous yet cool winter day in central Idaho. (It was awesome fling over the snow-capped mountains on my way here.)

These first two weeks of the New Year I would characterize as weeks of BLESSING. I have sensed God's favor in many areas and seen his provision. These include:

- \$5500 being provided so far for my neuropathy treatments with Dr. Leone. Only \$700 more is needed and I believe it will be coming in. I take this as a “sign” to move ahead and see if my back can be healed and the numbness diminished in my feet. Dr. Leone says he has a 90% success rate. I am trusting God and will move forward with this human vehicle of healing starting on January 22.
- FCC and New Life are moving forward on a possible partnership on our campus. On Saturday I spoke to about fifty at the church on the vision God has given. There was an overall acceptance and openness to the idea of “two churches one property” though much prayer is required and questions to be answered. I sensed a real fear of God on the group and a humility toward doing whatever God was saying for the future of First Christian Church and the glory of Christ. Lord Jesus—lead us forward!
- Good things are happening at Faith International University with the start of the Winter Quarter, a new prayer meeting I'm leading for staff and faculty on Mondays and a general sense of God moving among us. Bring revival Lord Jesus! Bring the nations to study at your feet.
- I've set up a new fund at the college for maintenance and repairs, and already \$1000 has come in for improvements and future items. God's blessing seems to be here.
- My new book *River of God: Where Religion Began and Why Grace and Love Will Triumph* will be out in a few weeks. I pray that God will use it in many lives for His honor.

As I begin my fiftieth year of walking with God, I'm grateful for God's call on my life, his involvement in every detail of it, the possibility of healing ahead, vision for the coming year and the blessings of family (especially Shirley).

I am a deeply blessed man—who is unworthy. May all praise be to the Great God of Heaven who cares for all his children who love Him and are called according to His purpose.

*January 19, 2018 – 24,380 – 7,119*

The week in Cascade was a blessing with the Bible School of the Nations students. I stayed upstairs in the apartment at the “Depot.” And enjoyed some walks in the snow outside—even visiting the “Prayer Ger” that sits near the river. This is a beautiful spot in central Idaho and God is sending people here to the ends of the earth.

I spoke to the entire community on Monday and the school the rest of the days on “Liberating the Nations”—a portion of my seven spheres teaching that focused on biblical economics, the media, and the celebration area. It was well received and will be taken to India and Nepal next Monday! Spent meaningful time with Steve and Lesley Herzog, the school leaders, and Marty and Kelly Meyer, the base directors. Marty had just returned from a preaching and scouting trip in northern India. He’s taken over forty trips over there the past twenty years. India is *his* Mongolia.

It was wonderful to be in the YWAM world again, praying, teaching, and mentoring students. That has been the privilege of my life—in many nations of the world.

## **Tacoma, Washington**

*January 23, 2018 – 24,384 – 7,115*

I was able to begin treatments this week for the neuropathy in my feet at a clinic in Tacoma. The same three days I go to Faith International University each week will include a medical appointment in the afternoon. The treatments continue through April 12. I like the clinic staff and doctors very much and am believing God for a good result.

It was supernatural how God provide for this need. I approached three supporters and simply asked them to pray. I told them I needed \$6200—with no specifics. When the three checks arrived and with no one talking to anyone else, guess what the total came to:

*\$6200 exactly.*

The ALL obviously heard from God—and I’m the incredulous beneficiary. Thank you, Lord Jesus, for your daily provision in my life. I see your love written all over this thing—and look forward to receiving your results.

*February 13, 2018 – 24,405 – 7,095*

I’ve been diligently doing my neuropathy treatments of the past three weeks. My feet felt better after the de-compression and two different laser treatments—but not the great miracles yet. I’m trusting God to rejuvenate those nerve endings and help me stay upright for longer periods of time—for your glory alone.

## Port Orchard, Washington

*February 17, 2018 – 24,409 – 7,091*

After a day of continuing drama, I came home and opened the mailbox and found the first printed copy of my new book *River of God*—my Magnum Opus (Great Work). It's the deepest book I've ever written, quite revolutionary in its perspective on religion, and my most evangelistic piece. I pray it will lead many seekers to the truth to fall in love with Jesus and his magnificent cascading water of eternal life and blessing.

Thank you, Lord, for entrusting these truths to me. Now show me how to multiply them into the hearts and lives of people.

*March 4, 2018 – 24,424 – 7,076*

I'm missing my dad on his birthday and thanking God for his life. We've also had some pretty life-shaking circumstances this week.

Friday, March 2, after a week of physical problems and two trips by ambulance to the ER, we moved Mom Cookson out of her sixty-seven-year home at 405 West Street. I don't believe she will ever return to live there, making it the end of an era. That's a sad reality, but also necessary currently.

A few weeks ago, she was laid low with a cold and coughed so much that it created back spasms. Using a heating pad to ease the pain, she fell asleep and badly burned her back (which we have been nursing back to health for nearly ten days).

Then we discovered an irregular heartbeat and had to have her shocked at the hospital. Shortness of breath brought another ER run and then continuing back pain and numerous tests and visits to the doctor. When she didn't get well, we knew we had to bring her home.

We've now set up her chairs in the TV room and spare bedroom and are caring for her 24/7. Dad Cookson was a peaceful man and ended his life peacefully. Margaret Irene is a fighter and doesn't seem to handle pain well. We don't know if this is the end for her. God is giving us grace and I'm grateful we are finally using our home to care for our parents as we envisioned twenty-five years ago.

But it's not easy in her case. God give us daily grace and wisdom to help with her pain and end of life. We are committed to honoring our parents in this way.

*March 28, 2018 – 24,445 – 7,052*

God's assignment for us is clear right now. We continue to take care of Shirley's mom in our home. It has not been easy, but it is a blessing to serve. She is doing a bit better, and we hope

to get a handle on the pain regimen this week. Only God knows how long this period will be. It will be a “dose” of daily love for us as long as the Master decides.

Two weeks ago, we began the “Blessing Apartment,” quickly transforming a once-King’s Kids bus barn into a 450 square foot tiny house for Bethany Ann. I’m very grateful for Rich Riedesel’s gifts and drive—trusting God we can do something very special for under \$15,000. I tired from serving in our home and in the project, but there’s a total sense of God in it all.

With Easter approaching—the glorious time of celebrating Christ’s death and resurrection, I ask you, Lord, to fill me with your grace and power for accomplishing this mission. At times there are doubts. Daily we struggle with fatigue. But if you could die for us, then we certainly can live for those you love. Fill us with the power of Christus Victor.

*May 1, 2018 - 24,482 – 7,015*

It’s been an unusually long stretch away from journaling because of the pressing needs I’m working on right now. Some days I have faced great warfare and disappointment only to see God bring me back into His love and light. I’m so grateful for the stability You provide in every area of my life.

Every spare hour of the day we continue to work on the Apartment—which is going well. About seven days in, sheet-rocked, painted, and now the final push begins. God works miracle provisions almost every day. Thank you, Jesus.

I saw the release of my new books last week—*River of God*. My first speaking engagement on the subject was the Lighthouse Church in Gearhart, Oregon on April 22. God richly blessed the message and they almost wiped out the supply of books I brought with me.

The spring quarter continues to go well at Faith. I’m enjoying my students and imparting as much of my life as I can to all of them.

Was a pleasure to welcome Sadoo from Mongolia to our area this past weekend when he spoke at FCC, and we shared quality time together. He’s on a special mission in California while speaking at a conference. He’s a true spiritual son. Since I won’t be going to Mongolia this summer, it’s special that God is bringing him to me.

I’m missing not being at the National Day of Prayer activities this week—including many special people and event. I believe this is only the second time in thirty-five years that I’ve missed the NDP, but it’s for a good reason—serving my dear mother-in-law, Margaret Cookson.

If there’s anything I’m learning form this stage in my life, it is the joy of obedience to Christ no matter the cost. There is GREAT JOY in following and obeying Jesus.

June 10, 2018 – 24,522 – 6,975

Another long stretch has gone by—forty days—and it almost seems like the forty days experienced by Jesus in the wilderness (though I know it didn't come close to His).

I've been working twelve-hour days to finish the "Ark" God has asked me to build. There have been many days of fatigue, an aching hurting body, and various frustrations of time, materials, schedule, and money.

Overall, I've persevered, and God had provided at every turn. Lord-willing, we are now only about two-to-three weeks away from finishing and moving Bethany into the apartment of blessing.

I've missed many things during this stretch but not the closeness of God in pain and toil. I am so grateful for His presence, strength, and incredible provision which is allowing the project to move to completion. The quarter at Faith International University ended last night and I'm busily grading papers and trying to bless the students God has given me.

Lord, help me to complete this mission. Drag me across the finish line and let me see your *face*.

June 30, 2018 – 24,542 – 6,955

We did it! The apartment has been completed in 112 days of God's amazing blessing and grace. It was quite a slog—so much spiritual warfare on every side for weeks—but we made it today and tomorrow our daughter will move into her new home.

Here's the blog I wrote to tell the story—and what God has been doing in my life.

### *Being Buried or Being Planted?*

On Saturday I will complete one of the hardest stretches of my life both emotionally and physically. I am weary, sore, emotionally drained and have been greatly tested over the past ten weeks.

During the time of Nehemiah, the Israelites, under very harsh circumstances, rebuilt the wall around Jerusalem in fifty-two days. It was a Herculean feat. We didn't make that mark in our project, but with many miracles along the way, we accomplished a big task in 112 days.

And I learned something along the way: There's a difference between *being buried and being planted*.

Let's begin with giving some credit. A few weeks ago, I visited a new church in our community pastored by long-time ministry friend Scott Fenton. In his message, Scott mentioned the difference between being "buried" in the ground and being "planted" in the same dirt. He talked

about Jesus' death and resurrection—he was buried, but it was for a purpose (planted). Up sprang a crop of billions of people experiencing eternal salvation.

Scott also described the woman who anointed Jesus' feet with a very expensive perfume just prior to his burial or planting. She had “bottled up” her tears for that very moment—which Jesus explained was a “beautiful thing” (Mark 14:6).

What hit me was that the very same act—Jesus' death—can be rightly viewed from two different angles. When he was placed in the tomb, we can view it as a burial (though eh wasn't put four feet under as most cemeteries do today). Or we can see it as a planting.

The question is: what do you *see* in the situation? Or more properly, *who* do you see?

Six months ago I was walking around our property when God spoke to me about building a “Blessing Apartment” to meet a family need. The building would require great costs of time, money, and extreme creativity due to land restrictions and other limitations.

The last time we constructed something significant was thirty years ago when I helped build our family home on Arlington Place. I was thirty-five at the time, in my prime physically, and everything went well. Now, thirty years later, I am sixty-five, possess some of the aches and limitations of older age, and am still actively involved in ministry both with Youth With A Mission and Faith International University.

Yet, God told me to “rise and build” (Nehemiah 2:18).

I said “yes,” and the work began—twelve-hour days for the past 112—while still carrying on my other responsibilities. During this same time, Shirley and I have been caring for her ninety-one-year-old mother in our home. We also experienced some unusual relational test and difficulties that seemed to assault us from numerous angles.

It's been a tough year. Can you relate?

Many times, when I've come in from working on the project, while also putting out “people fires” here and there, I've slumped into a chair or retreated to my office and felt *buried*. When you feel under it, you are focusing on self, your feelings, and what's going on around you. Buried relates to *me* being closed in by my circumstances. But there's a wiser way to look at it.

You're not being buried because you are not alone. You are being *planted* by Someone who loves you deeply and is going to use the experience of the dirt to create something beautiful.

I show know this because I love to garden. Even during this time of construction and great stress, I found time to plant my summer vegetable garden, set up flowing pots around the house, and cultivate a bed of dahlias that we can enjoy from our kitchen window.

I love gardening because I'm deeply fascinated by God's creation. I see the Creator's presence everywhere and believe the phrase that "one is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth." The Bible says that we began in a garden (Eden means "Delightful") and will end up in a city at whose center is a gorgeous river of life with beautiful trees for healing (Revelation 22:1,2).

I hope I get assigned to the Gardens of Heaven in the next life.

When I garden, I often think about spiritual truths. Recently, when dead-heading petunias, I thought about the similarities between people and petals. Some flowers are large and robust, and last a long time. Other appear quickly and fade away.

I had a friend in high school who died in a swimming accident just months after graduation. He never had an opportunity to find his vocation, get married, raise a family, and live a long life. He was like the petal that died before it really got going. On the other hand, I've had the privilege of all the above—like a more vibrant plant.

Two important truths come to mind when I think about both life and gardening (being planted). The first comes from Romans 8:28: "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love Him and have been called according to his purpose."

In other words, God uses everything in our lives for good—just like the gardener uses all the tools, fertilizers, and watering of his plants. Placing seeds in the ground, watching them grow, weeding, and harvesting the fruits is planned and supervised. It is not random and wild.

When you grow a garden, you deliberately plant things, take care of them, and lovingly coax them to maturity.

God does the same with our lives. When we feel "buried" by life's circumstances and trials, we can know without a doubt that we are really being planted by a loving God who will use all circumstances of life to nurture, prune, grow and mature us until we share His likeness—and later his eternal presence.

Your perspective on the test of life is everything. Are you all alone and being buried? Or is Someone who loves you actively producing His life in you by planting you in His chosen soil?

The second truth is that life and blessing come out of "death." This is one of the most simple and profound aspects of gardening: a seed must be planted and "die" before it can absorb the life-giving nutrients and burst forth into a plant. That's how the natural world works. Jesus affirmed it in his teaching:

"I tell you the truth. Unless a kernel of wheat is planted in the soil and dies, it remains alone. But its death will produce many new kernels—a plentiful harvest of new lives (John 12:24)."

On a human plane, death to self is the over-riding key to a successful and godly life. Here's how it works. Gods p[plants you (allows) some difficult circumstances in your life because He is determined to use them to "change" you into the person you need to be.

This only takes place through suffering because fallen human beings don't normally learn much on "Easy Street." We need to be buried to recognize our need for God, his power, character, and that "reproofs for correction" are the way to maturity (Proverbs 6:23). There are no short-cuts. We get buried by the problems of life—and are really being planted by the loving Master Gardener. Do you see Him in your circumstances or are you complaining about the dirt around you?

One of the most popular messages I've given for the past few decades is "The Secret of Happiness." Its message is simple. To live you need to die. To bring forth fruit, you need to get dirty. When the dirt closes in around us, Philippians 4:6,7 point the way:

"Don't worry about anything; instead pray about everything. Tell God what you need and thank Him for all He has done. If you do this, you will experience God's peace, which is far more wonderful than the human mind can understand. His peace will guard your hearts and minds as you live in Christ Jesus."

I'm remembering that truth today. I'm not being buried—I'm being planted. So are you. Keep growing (John 15:1-8).

*June 30, 2018*

We celebrated the completion of the apartment today by having a small gathering of workers and friends to say thank-you for those who have contributed and give God the glory for what He has done.

Wally Nowak received the "You Light up My Life" awarded for his amazing work on our electrical needs. Mike Heberling received the "Lean on Me" award, recognizing his bad back and general handy-man skills. The final "You've Got a Friend" award went to Rich Riedesel for all his persevering help. The project could not have been done without him. After each award we played the appropriate song for each one and loudly cheered. Then we ended with "My Tribute" to give God all the glory for the undertaking.

Lord Jesus, we are so grateful for the "things you have done."

*August 7, 2018 – 24, 580 – 6,917*

I've been a long time away from writing again due to one of the busiest times of serving in my life. I would call it "Summer of Service 2018" and most of it relates to family. Here's the blog I recently wrote on all the changes taking place in our lives.



## *The Constant of Change*

Change. Most of us shy away from this word because we don't like the uncertainty of upsetting the status quo. I've been thinking much about change recently, not out of choice, but necessity. **By the time September rolls around, I will have spent the past six months involved in four different moves.**

Unsettling. Lots of work. Many memories. Even a few tears. Yet recently I've enjoyed great peace in my life by admitting the obvious: change is a constant of life on this earth.

The first of my four changes was moving my mother-in-law in March into our home to care for her. She's ninety-one, spunky and fought the changes because she lives at her previous address for *sixty-seven years*. When the funeral hall director interviewed her the day her husband died, he asked her how long they'd been at their current address. When she replied, "Sixty-seven years," his eyes bugged out like saucers, and he blurted: "Wow—that's got to be a record for this town!"

Mom Cookson enjoyed six more months in that haven of stability before facing her health problems and moving in with us. The uprooting was difficult. Extremely painful. The only upside is "I'm her favorite son-in-law" (Shirley is an only child). It works—though we're dealing with changes in our home daily.

Then came the need to build an apartment for one of our daughters who needed a change. This week I worked for seventy-two grueling days on that project and moved her in a couple of weeks ago. That change was difficult for her, but now she is settled, and things are looking up.

Three weeks from now, one of our sons is moving back to Washington from California. To make room for him, I'm working on move number four—clearing out my two offices of five years for him. One aspect is moving my personal library FIU where it will become a new Great Commission Center for Intercultural Studies.

Every book I've packed (among hundreds) brings back memories. I'm grateful to be donating them to the college so their impact will live on. I will temporarily move a small desk into our bedroom for a home office portal. It will be the smallest office I've ever had—but necessary at this time.

Four moves in six months—being slapped by constant change in 180 days. Whew.

My own personal journey didn't begin like this. I had the privilege of home stability for the first eighteen years of my life. Yes, there were plenty of disruptions—changes—in the first decades of life. But housing wasn't one of them.

As a single adult, I encountered many changes. When I left home for the first time and moved into a college dorm, I cried when my parents left the parking lot. Nine months later, God spoke to me about giving up a full ride scholarship and go to New Zealand for spiritual growth. I move

into a flat with ten other guys who were a part of a cult. After one week, in the middle of the night, I slipped out the window, hailed a cab and went to live with the only other family I knew in the country. Many changes took place that eventful discipleship year.

Next, I joined Youth With A Mission and realized that Loren Cunningham, YWAM's founder, taught that the "Go" of the Gospel means a change of location. I obeyed that call, finding myself in sixty nations over the next forty years, getting married, starting a family, and moving about ten times.

We ended up raising our kids in a home we enjoyed for twenty-four years (198-2013). Quite a season of stability. That ended when God again spoke about moving across the street into a YWAM dwelling. We sold our dream home and walked across the road tearfully.

We've now been here five years. Then the recent moves began. Change is the greatest constant in life.

I should have understood this truth decades ago. Everything changes. Plants go from seeds to stalks to buds to flowers, withering and dying—some in a few months. Seasons come and go. The body ages and we "groan" without our "tent" (2 Corinthians 5:2-4). Kids grow up. A small town becomes a city. Nations change their laws. Wars break out. Political leaders and dynasties rise and fall. In this fallen world, change is as normal as a rising and setting sun. Has it always been this way?

A textbook I use in college is *Strangers Next Door* by Donald Payne. It chronicles the vast history of human migration that has taken place over the past six thousand years. Change started when Adam and Eve sinned and were forced out of Eden. Following the Tower of Babel, humans were dispersed throughout the earth (Genesis 11:9). Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob followed God's instructions for change and re-location. Israel went to Egypt, then back to Palestine, and then on to Babylon—and returned, for a time, to the Holy Land.

Jesus experienced the biggest change in divine history by leaving heaven to become a man and die for the sins of the world. The essence of his message on earth was, "Change your hearts and lives" (Mark 1:15). Apparently, no human life can be saved with changing your thinking and conduct. Change might be the greatest reality both inside and out.

Payne points out that we currently live in the greatest epoch of people migrations in history. He believes that God is significantly behind this change. Many people groups and nationalities live near us in cities and neighborhoods whom God wants to change and send back to their own countries. The changing global landscape is rather mind-boggling.

So why do we struggle with change? Because deep in our hearts we know we were made for stability, relationships, love, security, constancy, and perpetuity. Those longings form a God-shaped vacuum inside that beckons us to a place called Heaven where perfect love will *never*

dim. To get there, we need to change—repent and believe. To arrive on-site, our body needs to die (change). What a wonderful metamorphosis that will be.

Think about the many changes in your own life and yield to God and His purposes. A favorite poem of mine as a youth was titled, “He is the Still Point of a Turning World.”

Here’s a most comforting truth: “I am the LORD, and I DO NOT CHANGE. And, so you, the descendants of Jacob, are not yet completely lost (Malachi 3:6). Hallelujah. Hitch your storm-tossed dinghy to the ocean-liner of His unchanging love.

*August 15, 2018 – 24,588 – 6,908*

In June, I began a reunion and ministry opportunity with an old school friend from Earl Thomas. Here’s the story from my monthly MST newsletter.

Summer is speeding along, and I want to share a story of God’s faithfulness and redemption that took place last month. It begins with a man named Earl Thomas. No, not *that* Earl Thomas the Seattle Seahawk. My EARL Thomas attended South Kitsap High School many years ago and was a younger brother to my classmate, Ruth Thomas. Earl was two years younger, and we shared Concert Choir, Highlighters, and a few sports.

I graduated from SKHS in 1971—forty-seven years ago—and hadn’t heard of or seen Earl Thomas since that time.

Then in June he called because he remembered that I was a guy “who loved God in high school and backed it up with his life.” We agreed to meet at Coffee Oasis in Port Orchard. I wondered what he would look like after all those years (he had a big afro in the seventies).

We got together two weeks ago after not seeing each other since he was sixteen and I was eighteen. Now, two “older men,” we met, hugged, and got re-acquainted at the restaurant. Earl shared how he had been raised in church but turned away from God for nearly three decades before returning to faith. Those years involved much heartache and brokenness. But God brought him back and now he leads a ministry in an African American Church in Bremerton. He said he thought of me because of my testimony nearly a half-century ago. We wanted me to speak at a conference he was helping to put together. I said yes.

It took place on July 29 attended by two hundred African American men at Sinclair Baptist Church (maybe three whites attended). Ruth—Earl’s sister—preached in the morning service. In the afternoon, I share a message my message, “The Secret of Happiness,” At the end, the entire audience knelt on the floor and committed to make Jesus the CENTER of their lives. It was powerful.

All this happened because Earl, Ruth and I were called serve God's advancing Kingdom. Our stories are different. Our lives didn't cross for a half century. When they did, God empowered them to impact others and draw people closer to His heart.

You never know when God will use your example or testimony for His glory. But He is faithful.

*August 20, 2018 – 24,593 – 6,905*

This past week I made the move out of my downstairs office and up into our bedroom. That's a change from 360 square feet to twenty! But all of it is God's will and will allow our son to come home and use the space.

I'm also really enjoying the new "Center for Intercultural Studies" that I've set up at the college. It houses most of my lifetime library. It's a beautiful room, and I hope it will be a place where many are called into missions and pursue degrees for the mission cause.

Now I've transformed three major rooms at the campus and we're praying every day for God to do a great work. May days of revival be ahead for Faith International University.

This past month Mom Boehme contracted pneumonia and felt she was going to die. The Lord reminded me to continue to serve our mothers. We exist to serve and to steward.

Lord Jesus, this continues to be one of the hardest times of my life—but also a great opportunity to serve our family in numerous ways. Thank you for your many miracles of provision, words of strength and encouragement and ministry in people's lives. Make me a small rock that is anchored to you, the Rock of Ages—secure and immovable. Amen.

*August 26, 2018 – 24,598 – 6,898*

My Summer of Service continues to speed by with much time with both mothers (today I took my mom for a ride in the Hood Canal area), serving our kids, enjoying our gorgeous flowers and abundant garden, and simply being faithful every day.

One goal for the summer while "the dust settles" [being estranged from the body due to my prophetic word about partnering with New Life being rejected] at First Christian Church has been to visit the churches that blessed me in the past in the Port Orchard area.

- A couple weeks ago I visited Harper where my discipleship was sharpened (Pastor Steve Watkins), Shirley and I were married on October 10, 1976, and sent out as missionaries. God is doing a good work of "grace" there.
- Next, I visited Manchester Community Church where I first went after I gave my life to Christ in 1968. Roland Frederick was my first "Bible-believing" pastor, I taught third grade Sunday School, and played piano for the youth ensemble.

- Soon I will finish the tour with **Elim Lutheran** Church where I began my religious journey and was confirmed in 1967.

This is a joyful and nostalgic tour of the church fellowships that launched me into God's calling on my life. I'm enjoying the memories, people, insights, and basking in the faithfulness of God.

*September 25, 2018 – 24,628 – 6,868*

The end of the summer/beginning of fall brought a break between quarters at Faith which brought an opportunity to complete the 2018 project on the Boehme compound.

A few months ago, I discovered some rotten flooring in the work room due to rodents underneath the floor and mildew build up from having carpet squares in the room. The damage was bad, and I realized we needed to rip out the wood in floors in that room and the book storage room and put them "on the rock" (cement).

One thing I learned from building a house thirty years ago was that all buildings near food sources should *not* be constructed on wood beams or railroad ties. If you do, you create a luxuriant rodent condo underneath that attracts the little beasts.

The Work Room and Book Room both have that problem. This week we ripped out the floors and poured three yards of cement into them to fix the problem. The work went well today (with Rich and Den leading the project) and I will spend the next few days tidying up and moving everything back inside. We also emptied the woodshed in "Zimbabwe" (behind the music studio and pantry) and are turning it into a mower and bike shed/ Great new use of space.

**We now have quite a versatile property at 6831 Arlington Place—four apartments, a music studio, a food pantry, work room, book storage, chicken coop, greenhouse, and garden—and all of that on a pretty ¾ acre. All glory to God for every improvement and meeting every need.**

Mom Boehme is nearly recovered from her bout with pneumonia this summer. She is more fragile in mind and body than ever before, but I'm deeply committed to walking her through this final stage of her life with Jesus holding her hand.

*October 10, 2018 – 24,643 – 6,853*

Forty-two years ago today I married my best friend, delight of my heart, and companion in life—Shirley Jean Cookson. It's amazing how fast the years have gone, but I am deeply grateful for Shirley's love and loyalty and the special person that she is.

We continue in a very difficult season of life. Caring for mothers, providing for kids, getting older with all the weaknesses and the weights of life. This year we won't celebrate our

anniversary, but we have wonderful memories of times past which included many trips to Victoria, special times at Selah Inn, and even a 30<sup>th</sup> celebration in Orlando.

Our love grows deeper. Thank you, Jesus, for the special woman that you gave to me to be my wife and mother of our children. Being in life with her and raising them was the greatest stage of our lives. It's more difficult now, but the memories remain. Keep growing me in humility, quietness of heart, carefulness of words, and your perspective on life and mission. You are my King and God, and Shirley Jean is my wife and lover. Thank you for the great gift!

*November 2, 2018 – 24,666 – 6,830*

I enjoyed speaking at two mission conferences this past month. The first was at Faith Fellowship in Silverdale—the birthplace of Kings Kids in 1991. Was great to go back and remember the life-changing times we shared there birthing a ministry that would take hundreds of kids all over the world in missions for a decade.

Last Sunday, I was able to do the same at my home church—First Christian. This was the first time I've spoken since the “Two churches/One campus” vision with New Life was rejected by our leadership and I was slightly thrown under the bus (in an elder communication on the subject). I've bided my time until now.

I felt great liberty sharing on “How to Make the Most of Your Life.” The people were with me the entire way, and many came to the front for prayer afterwards and many of my books were sold.

I'm grateful to be “back in favor” with the church that made my missions life possible. I thanked them from the bottom of my heart. I will always be grateful.

I had a revelation this morning on why I've never seemed to “perfectly fit” in three great areas of interest and burden over my lifetime: 1) The Prayer Movement, 2) World Evangelism Movement, and 3) Cultural Transformation Movement. I have many friends who fit into one of these and make it their life and passion. But for me, my heart is drawn to all three and I am not satisfied to be in one.

The Lord showed me this morning that is due to my *prophetic call* that takes me into this triad of opportunity to share the “word of the Lord.” Prophets span these three categories and are not exclusive to any of them. We are prayer people—we have eyes on world evangelization (the end), and great interest in social change as a means. Call it the “prophetic triad.”

On a local note, we had a great South Kitsap pastors' meeting at Coffee Oasis in which some new folks in the area came in with a burden for revival and unity among the churches that really inspired me. It's time, Lord, for another move of your Spirit in our area. Come Lord Jesus and pour out your Holy Spirit once again (Psalm 85).

November 24, 2018 – 24,688 – 6,808

We've entered the holiday season with lights on the homes, music in the air, and a deep desire in my heart to know the JOY of the Lord during this special time of year. Some verses have spoken to me over the past few weeks:

- Psalm 138: 8 – “The Lord will work out his plans for my life.” How I cling to that wonderful truth.
- Ezekiel 23:30 – “a wall of righteousness guards the land.” That’s our desperate need in the United States after the Democrats re-captured the House in the 2018 elections. May I be a part of that wall.
- Another U.S. parallel: “For the Lord Almighty has not forsaken Israel and Judah. He is still their God even though their land was filled with sin against the Holy One of Israel.”
- From Psalm 133: unity is pleasant, precious, and refreshing.

Enjoyed the wonderful treat of having Sodoo and Aldaraa drive up from California to see us this past weekend. They are in the U.S. to find some answers for having a child. May God guide them. They stayed with my mom, and we shared some wonderful fellowship together throughout the weekend. They are truly a spiritual son and daughter to me. On short notice, they were able to speak at FCC on Sunday (Sodoo gave his testimony), and I was able to arrange to give them their half year of support (\$1450)—and God also spoke to me to give them \$200 from our family. Any investment in them is for God’s Kingdom in Mongolia.

We celebrated Thanksgiving this past Thursday with a great family gathering. It was a good time around the table. God led me to show a Prager U video on Thanksgiving that really spoke to many and opened the door for sharing what we were thankful for. Very touching.

I am deeply grateful to God for my salvation, calling, family, current assignments, His manifold blessings, and His abundance in my life. I love you, Jesus, and want to and want to know you more. May this holiday season be filled with praise and love to you alone.

December 1, 2018 – 24,695 – 6,801

God has been encouraging me this week with some truths that help me see what he would have me do for the rest of my life.

**First, I must evangelize the open.** I shouldn’t force myself on those whose hearts are not curious and willing to receive God’s truth. We always need to share the Good News with everyone. But when we see resistance, pride, or a hardened heart, we must give priority time to open hearts. That’s exactly what Jesus did with his limited time on earth.

**Second, we must disciple the willing.** I am better at discipleship than evangelism, which shows in my life over the past fifty years. I have disciplined people extensively in YWAM schools, teaching in the Body of Christ, and now at Faith International University. I am most anointed and

helpful to people who are ready and willing to grow. I do not do well in counseling people “up” to a willing heart.

These are important insights for me that I want to apply in all my relationships. Please lead me, Holy Spirit, to produce fruit for God.

*December 12, 2018 – 24,706 – 6,790*

In September our local Albertsons asked us to stop picking up food on weekends due to not properly being “in the computer” as a non-profit. This was a mistake, and I’ve spent the last ten weeks submitting paperwork and jumping through hoops to deliver food to needy families in our area.

After months of perseverance, the Albertson’s manager showed his true colors and refused to do any more to help us (“get in the computer”). He said he “really didn’t care,”—which means he’s okay with throwing away food on the weekends rather than giving it to the poor. He didn’t want to be bothered with a phone call to finalize our re-instatement.

I was troubled by his attitude but thanked him for eighteen years of service (since the store opened in 2000) and him to let us know if he hears anything. I’m not holding my breath. We truly *are* grateful for the partnership we’ve had with Albertsons for nearly two decades. It blessed many people. I must now move on with fresh vision in this area of ministry and leave the past behind while “keeping my heart pure.” These are good but hard lessons, but “when God closes a door, he always opens a window.” I’m looking for that new window, Jesus, and ask you to fill my heart with forgiveness, humility, and an excitement for the future. It’s in your hands.

*December 19, 2018 – 24,713 – 6,783*

Yesterday a tornado struck Port Orchard for a devastating sixty seconds. I saw it up close and personal—then felt the prayers and appreciated the communications of many that poured in from around the world.

I was scheduled to pick up a computer from Softline Computers operated by long-time friend MARY Ann Acker. As I turned into her driveway about 1:55 pm, the rain pounded the pavement and I waited for the squall to pass. It didn’t. Hopping out, I ran to the front door to escape the deluge.

Maryann was standing by her desk looking down. The power had just gone out due to gusty winds and she washed finished downloading my computer. We chatted for a minute as rain and other items (we thought branches) kept hitting the roof. *Then we saw it.*

Out the window of her office we stared at a huge cone of wind and fury that we’d never seen in these parts before. We both stared. I noticed many dark objects swirling above the cone



which was coming toward and almost next door. They reminded me of leaves, but at that height, they couldn't be. *Those aren't leaves, they are house debris from the neighborhood.*

We watched the V-shaped cone take a right degree angle and disappear in the distance. Within thirty seconds, the ferocious winds were gone. After trying to make sense of what we'd seen, we noticed a woman in the street looking in the direction of the tornado's path with panic on her face. Soon fire engines and ambulances began to arrive in the neighborhood. We went outside to see what was going on.

We had just missed the edge of a catastrophic tornado—only the second one to ever hit our county. In just sixty brief seconds this 130-mile-an-hour twister:

- Hit the Walmart I just visited.
- Tore off or damaged the roofs of nearly 250 homes in a one-mile stretch.
- Flattened scores of trees like toothpicks.
- Launched many debris-like missiles to earth.

I didn't know the extent of the damage when I went outside. But looking around at a metal picnic table that had been tossed into the parking lot, a huge electrical conduit on the ground, a metal firepit that had catapulted out of the sky, and parts of shingles, sheetrock, broken glass, and many downed limbs littering the ground told me that the damage was extensive.

When I traveled the three miles to our home, I saw firetrucks and police cars, streets closed, roofs gone, giant billboards shattered and first responders everywhere. It was devastating—a type not seen in my lifetime in this part of the country.

Radio and television confirmed the news later of the devastating *Port Orchard Tornado*—with texts, emails, and social media coming at us from around the nation and world. The story dominated the evening news. It even made national headlines.

Thankfully, no one was killed though a few were injured. Today, as the rain continues to come down and a new windstorm is expected to arrive tomorrow, our town is struggling to survey the damage, start the clean-up, and reach out to those impacted.

Many local churches are assisting. St. Gabriel's Catholic Church opened the doors last night—just four hours after the tornado hit—to house people evacuated from their homes. I visited the complex this morning and was heartened to find piles of clothes being donated and food and water brought in to help those who were displaced.

Chaplains are working with those still assessing the rubble and a plan is being formed to adopt families and homes to help with clean-up and restoration. [The churches really rallied in the coming months to meet the human need. God used the tornado for good to help unite us in his love and care (Romans 8:28).

*December 28, 2018 – 24,722 – 6,774*

We just finished celebrating Christmas with our family and loving on one another. As we end the year and head into a new one, there are many storm clouds on the horizon.

I want to live by this spiritual perspective in the coming years: *Evangelize the open. Disciple the willing. Love sacrificially all people.* I now have the privilege of discipling through FIU about 120 students a year. I want them to grow into world-changers (Acts 1:15) just as the original members of the Pentecost Upper Room.

Lord Jesus, 2018 was a difficult year in many ways. We also saw your blessing in many areas of our lives. To you be the glory in all of them. I'm weak which makes me strong in you. Help me to be your obedient servant in 2019.