

# Ron Boehme Journal 2021

## Port Orchard, Washington

*January 3, 2021 – 25,470 – 6,396*

The New Year has gotten off to quite a bang, though we entered it quietly at home in the era of Covid (no live celebrations).

One of the biggest rainstorms in memory greeted us in the New Year as sheets of rain fell for a couple of days and our septic failed again and pools of water stood on the lower edge of the property as never before. It was quite disheartening after last year's similar experience but has led to some good humility and plans for this year: *get a new septic*.

I hate to spend the money and it was worth it to repair the defunct curtain drain, but it is certainly the best decision now for the future of the property (and Jason and Bre).

Kind of seemed like a forerunner of the type of year this might be with the stolen election, soon-to-begin illegitimate presidency of Joe Biden, and my continuing vocal cord inflammation. This must be preparation time for *living by faith*—and we can never learn that lesson enough in our short lifetimes.

But I am still setting my goals (Numbered Days) for 2021, and for the first time, using the finished “Calendar of Life” to remind myself each day of the goodness of God in my life over the past fifty years. I could easily get discouraged with the voice problems. But that would be forgetting the blessings of God—which I will now daily “count them one by one.”

This week I will also share my “View of the World” and go into much greater detail on where I believe we are in history. It's sobering, awesome, and a truly a parable of the Wheat and the Weeds.

Jesus, I give you my all in 2021. I feel very weak and needy but know that you are strong. Heal me, make me content in all things, and make it blazingly clear what your priorities are for by coming 68<sup>th</sup> year of life.

I dedicate every day of it to you, King Jesus.

*January 6, 2021 – 25,476 – 6,390*

Today could be named the day America died. We woke up to the news that two radical progressives had prevailed in the Georgia run-off election giving the Senate to the Democrats (who already hold the House and took the presidency by stealth).

At the same time, hundreds of thousands of people gathered on the Washington Mall to hear President Trump protest the election results. They then marched to Capitol Hill where Congress was in session, with Mike Pence presiding, to both object to the election results (over 100 Congress folks and 15 senators). In the early afternoon, either Trump supporters or Antifa elements disguised as MAGA people breached the Capitol Building (forcing its evacuation) and briefly took it over with some property damage and one woman being shot and killed.

An ugly incident in American history. I don't think the U.S. Capitol has been stormed since the Battle of 1812. We are a fractured and divided nation where evil is rising. As usual, I sent out a blog this first week in January sharing my perspective. Here it is in its entirety:

### **My View of the World 2021**

I have written over 500 blogs since 2008. Most years I use the first week to share "My View of the World" to stimulate both your thinking and actions.

This piece may be the most important one I have ever written.

I believe the United States and the Western World have reached a possible tipping point of which there could be no return. Two negative and positive scenarios stare us in the face.

But, let not your heart be troubled (John 14:1). God is guiding history.

Here is my view of the world in 2021.

First, let me share where I'm coming from.

Since 1976, I have served as a revival-evangelist in the United States. I've also worked as a missionary with Youth With a Mission for forty-seven years. My burden to bring renewal to America allowed me to teach and preach in 47 states and 200 cities and towns in our nation over the past four decades.

I know America more than most.

God's call has also taken me to sixty nations around the world on all the major continents. My current student load (as a professor at Faith International University) embodies young world changers from Europe, Africa, Latin America, Oceania, and Asia.

Thus, I also share a global worldview, though we all have biases and I certainly see reality through the tint of "American" eyes.

But I understand that the goal of history is to fulfill the Great Commission—bringing the return of Jesus Christ to set up his eternal kingdom (Matthew 24:14). Both nations and individuals have God-commissioned roles in that wonderful enterprise.

So where do we stand in 2021? Only God knows for sure, but I have some thoughts.

From a high-altitude point of view, here's what I see: We are witnessing the greatest *turning away* from God (numerically) in human history—primarily in the Western World.

Simultaneously, we are also seeing the greatest *turning to* Christ the world has ever experienced. This latter subject is the focus of my 2011 book *The Fourth Wave: Taking Your Place in the New Era of Missions*.

These two opposites remind me of Jesus' famous parable of the wheat and the weeds:

“The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat and went his way. But when the grain had sprouted and produced a crop, then the weeds also appeared. So, the servants of the owner came and said to him, ‘Sir, did you not sow good seed in your field? How then does it have weeds?’ He said to them, ‘An enemy has done this.’ The servants said to him, ‘Do you want us then to go and gather them up?’ But he said, ‘No, lest while you gather up the weeds you also uproot the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest, and at the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, “First gather together the weeds and bind them in bundles to burn them but gather the wheat into my barn”’” (Matthew 13:24-30).

Notice the phrase “let both grow together.” That’s what’s happening in 2021. It is the best of times and the worst of times—maybe in all human history.

Even the Good News itself has two sides to it. The message of salvation has a negative angle (the need for repentance via life change) and a positive element (faith in Christ to forgive your sins and bring eternal friendship with God).

Repentance and faith. Sin and salvation. Judgment and mercy. Weeds and wheat.

We are seeing an explosion of all-the-above in the 21st century.

### **The Weeds**

The China virus, unleashed by unseen demonic forces (the world’s truest conspiracy) has softened us to increasingly accept tyrannical leadership and a coming world government. Though we never quarantined *well* folks before, today’s elites convinced us to lockdown our economies, pick and choose “essential” services, wear masks, and obey their edicts.

We should view their increased powers as a “Reset” toward the need for globalization (no more nation-states). The Bible calls it the tyranny of an inevitable one world government (Revelation 13 & 17).

America is the greatest thorn in the globalist plans due to her faith-based culture, love of freedom, and influence. She must be destroyed or brought down to size. Donald Trump’s stunning election in 2016 brought a temporary halt to globalist ambitions through a renewal of religious liberty, a revived the American economy, and a four-year halt to open borders.

But the new American Axis of Evil (Democrat Party/Secular Media/Deep State bureaucrats) succeeded in manipulating the 2020 election through fraud and deception. We may not know the details until eternity. But I believe enough evidence shows that Donald Trump won the 2020 Electoral College vote though it was taken from him by stealth.

If you are unconvinced about election fraud, please consider John Lott, PhD – “A Statistical Look at Voter Fraud.” Dick Morris on the Forensic Audit, and The Epoch Times “Who’s Stealing America?”

Today's events in Washington, D.C. reveal the magnitude of the battle we are engaged in.

We face a painful four years with a Biden-Harris renewal of progressive ambitions and their changing of America as we know it. Bill O'Reilly gave a sobering address on December 4 on what the stolen election means to America's future. (You can only *watch* it by becoming a premium member to the "No Spin News"—but the transcript is available for free).

Difficult days are ahead for the USA. You need to prepare. The easiest era in American history is over because we squandered it. That's bad scenario number one.

Bad scenario two: we don't know when the prophesied one world government will emerge—soon, one hundred or one thousand years from now. But if it's imminent, it could be Marxist in nature (just like the Black Lives Matter Global Foundation) and probably led by China—*after* an economic global collapse.

If the world locked down and turned to "experts" in 2020, can you imagine the call for global governance the day the dollar dies?

### **The Wheat**

Scenario one: For the past forty years God has been pouring out His Spirit on Africa, Latin America, and parts on Asia with hundreds of millions coming to faith in Christ. More born-again followers of Jesus share their faith in Africa and China than in Europe or the United States. The southern hemisphere now boasts more Christians than the north.

That great harvest may increase by billions of people in coming years.

Scenario two: It is possible that American believers and patriots will awaken and elect godly leaders in the U.S. House and Senate in 2022 in response to reckless progressive rule (the Georgia pick-up of Senate seats and the radical Biden presidency). A full-blown revival of the Church could sweep righteous leadership into office in 2024—and even multiply global spiritual awakening.

But it will be costly.

On July 2, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed, John Adams wrote two letters to his wife, Abigail. In the first he opined:

"It may be the will of heaven that America shall suffer calamities...still more dreadful. [But] it will have this good effect: it will inspire us with many virtues which we have not, and correct many vices which threaten to disturb, dishonor and destroy us...The furnace of affliction produces refinements in states as well as individuals."

And the second:

"I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means."

May we rise to the same God-centered endurance and hope in 2021.

*January 13, 2021 – 25,483 – 6,383*

Today the last remaining member of the Builder Generation of Boehmes—Uncle Jack—passed away into heaven in Dallas, Texas. He was 88 years old.

The generation of my father is now gone. Only the children remain to carry on the legacy of the family and do God's work in this trying time.

I'm grateful for Uncle Jack and Aunt Verla. They helped Shirley and I financially buy the first van we ever use for YWAM ministry. They remained friends over the years—and I even visited them a few years ago in Dallas at the community where they lived. We shared lunch together in the dining and talked family, sports, and national affairs.

Thank you, Jesus, for Uncle Jack and the Boehme family. I'm sure many wonderful reunions are now taking place on the other side of the Veil.

We are *next* to return home. Help me to be faithful unto death.

*January 22, 2021 – 25,492 – 6,374*

It's now official that Joe Biden is our president—and a time of great judgment has begun. I'm prayerful, saddened by the direction of nation, but always hopeful in God.

Here's what I wrote this week which shares my heart ad thoughts.

### **Why Didn't God Answer Our Prayers?**

Joe Biden is now the 46th president of the United States. It's not a stretch to say that more people prayed for the 2020 U.S. election than any other presidential contest in history.

Since most secular progressives don't believe in God or prayer, then we're talking about millions of traditional Americans (and many others around the world) who prayed for revival, good government, and the re-election of Donald Trump. Why didn't God answer our prayers?

For all his faults, Trump was the candidate of choice for most people of faith. I will discuss the many reasons for this in coming months, but the basics are obvious:

- Most of his policies came out of a Judeo-Christian worldview.
- He was committed to restoring American greatness which begins with "In God We Trust."
- He appointed three constitutionalist justices and scores of other good judges.
- He brought many godly people into prominent government positions including Mike Pence, Mike Pompeo, Ben Carson, Betsy DeVos and many others.
- He stood by Israel and brokered four Middle East peace deals with Arab nations.
- He used free market principles to invigorate our economy, destroyed Isis, and protected the southern border from illegal invasion.

I agreed with 90% of President Trump's policies (not his tweets). So did 74 million Americans--among whom many were people of faith. Good government is all about policy.

We thought that God would hear our prayers for mercy, national renewal, and for President Trump's re-election--despite the American axis of evil that distorted his record and may have fraudulently impacted the election.

We enjoined numerous days of fasting and prayer. "The Return" brought thousands to the National Mall and Franklin Graham led a momentous "Prayer March" to the Capitol. All over the world believers prayed that God would place President Trump in office one more time (against all odds). Why? Because we are engaged in a fierce worldview struggle in the Western World.

Even when the election was called (amid signs of corruption), many believed that justice would prevail, and President Trump would eventually emerge victorious. Various prophetic voices in the Church stated that the president would triumph.

Personally, I have never prayed so intensely and daily for good leadership as I did in the 2020 election (in accordance with 1 Timothy 2:1,2). Like many others, I knew what was at stake. But God didn't answer our prayers.

Today let's consider why He didn't--and what we can learn from His answer. Prayer is a subjective realm. But many principles and examples can be found in God's Word that give us insight. Jesus told us to never stop praying and lose heart (Luke 18:1). Here are my thoughts (I'd love to hear yours).

*1. God is wiser than us and providentially in control of history.*

I recently re-read *The Light & The Glory* by Peter Marshall and David Marshall. Now I'm studying *The Seven Miracles That Saved America* by Chris and Ted Stewart. Both books remind us of God's divine hand in our history. Sometimes he allowed hardship in answer to prayer (half the Pilgrims died on the voyage to the New World). Another time He supernaturally brought fog to rescue the American revolutionary army (battle of New York).

We do not always get what we want or think we need--under God's providence. We must trust that He is far wiser than us and totally in control of history including fulfilling the Great Commission and the final consummation of Christ's Kingdom.

*2. Progressive forces stood more united than the Church in this election fight.*

I am deeply concerned by the disunity/apathy in today's American Church compared to the level of cooperation among progressives to achieve their goals. In this election fight, they brought together the Democratic Party, secular news media, Deep State bureaucrats, Hollywood and academia elite, the professional sports world, liberal Christians, the Big Tech companies, and numerous business entities to out-work the faith community. Greater unity--better results.

Just prior to the Reagan years, Pentecostals and evangelicals joined together in John 17 oneness through the Washington for Jesus rally to receive God's blessing. In 2020, Pentecostals went to "The Return" and evangelicals marched with Franklin Graham--on the same day and in the same city. And many other good people were simply unengaged.

A house divided against itself can't stand (Mark 3:25). Or win elections.

*3. The other side is more disciplined and long-range committed.*

Whatever label you choose--progressives, Marxists, socialists, leftists--have been tirelessly working for decades to tear down the biblical pillars of American freedom. They systematically took over public education--starting with the universities. They built a tremendous get-out-the vote machine in 2020 and their business backers outspent the Trump side by 4-1.

Gary North reminded us years ago that, "Marxism is the most consistent and powerful secular religion of all time. It can only be successfully challenged by an even more consistent and more powerful biblical religion."

Right now, atheistic political philosophy is winning the cities--which is why we are losing elections.

*4. You get what you deserve.* When kings ruled during Old Testament times, prophets shared the word of the Lord with the nation to bring repentance and renewal. God often granted them good rulers (in answer to prayer) who brought societal change.

In democratic republics, we get what we deserve. Votes reflect hearts. We now stagger toward higher taxes, lower wages, increased gas prices, moral confusion, porous borders, and international weakness because *we voted for it*. Simple (and as foolish) as that.

*5. We did not meet God's conditions for 2 Chronicles 7:14.* Many of us prayed this prayer daily, and many large prayer gatherings asked God's forgiveness for our sins and shortcomings. But in a nation of over 325 million people, we did not meet God's conditions for "healing our land"--or He would have mercifully answered our prayers for better leadership.

The revival remnant we currently possess is not large enough for social transformation.

*6. God allows setbacks or injustices in life for His long-term purposes.* I learned this as a teenager when God allowed my father to go to prison unjustly for three years--despite our prayers. But God used that injustice to bring awakening to our family as he often does through difficulties.

Did fraud or injustice steal the 2020 election? Only God knows for sure. What we do know is that He allowed Joe Biden to become president and will use this choice in his future plans--for revival or judgment. Sometimes we need to be "spanked" to get headed onto the right path.

*7. God's chosen leaders make mistakes that affect future outcomes.*

Just as both Saul and David sinned or made mistakes that impacted their rule, I believe Donald Trump made some errors that affected the vote in 2020. His undisciplined, childish tweets, name-calling, and putdowns of other leaders (e.g., John McCain and Mitt Romney) did not grow

his gravitas in office. He must face those shortcomings and learn (repent). Maybe *we* idolized him too much by condoning them. We must repent also.

I believe the best Scriptural analogy for Donald Trump was the Hebrew judge, Samson. I will unpack that analogy in a future column.

8. *This is an hour for the power of darkness (Luke 22:53)*. The American people invited spiritual and moral evil to flood our nation on November 3, 2020. It is a lurch to the left--what will be a sin-soaked period of difficulty and confusion. It could be a prelude for the final Days of Evil and the return of Jesus Christ.

But never lose sight that God is wise, just, and merciful. As Robert Jeffress reminds us, He has not changed. We must trust Him. Learn our lessons. And never stop praying.

*January 27, 2021 – 25,497 – 6,378*

I had the privilege of speaking at FCC this past Sunday on “Romans 8,” one of my absolute chapters in the Bible. I called it the “Faith, Hope & Love” Chapter of Romans—three qualities desperately needed in today’s world.

The first seventeen verses contain the “faith” part in the form of fifteen references to the Holy Spirit in our lives. We need to trust in Him to have power over sin. The next thirteen verses describe the hope of heaven that will deliver us one day from the presence of sin. The final nine verses are that famous passage on “who can separate us from God’s love?”

The answer is a resounding NOTHING! (Except our rejection of his salvation). God really blessed the word and I saw great responses in many people. It greatly encouraged people in the Big Three. I want to do that more in the remainder of my life.

*February 4, 2021 – 25,506 – 6,369*

Some months ago, Shannon Soh from the YWAM Perth base invited me to speak to their School of Mission by ZOOM. I prayed about it for weeks not knowing if my voice would hold up. In the end, I said yes and kind of put it before God as a test.

The school took place this week. Half the students were in Perth and the others lived all over the world. With much prayer, a little Aspirin, and some wisdom, I spoke for about ten hours this week on mission history, godly character, and the Fourth Wave. Mid-week it was a struggle, but God brought me through. It was a delight to mentor a new batch of young missionaries and give it my all. They seemed blessed by it.

Jesus, it wasn’t easy, but you gave me grace to do it. I was reminded that in this same month, 46 years ago, you took me to the nations of Zimbabwe and South Africa to speak in my first YWAM schools. I thank you from my heart for the privilege all these years.



I don't know what the future holds for my voice, but I know that rests in your loving hands. It has been a pleasure to spend most of a lifetime speaking for King Jesus.

*February 27, 2021 – 25, 529 – 6,346*

This year continues to race. I'm enjoying mentoring my students at Faith and grateful that my office will be doubled in size soon to accommodate talking to students and others. I'm grateful for the trust they are putting in me—and want to be worthy of it.

I'm really delving into the "Autobiography" at this point and enjoying the challenge. This week Rick Allen finished putting my "Journal" on-line at [usrenewal.org](http://usrenewal.org)—quite milestone. I hope it is an encouragement to many.

It's seems like right now I am focusing on many things—during a bleak time in American history—that relate to "tying up the loose ends of my life." I guess that comes with age. Shirley turned 69 yesterday and I am bearing down on sixty=eight.

Lord Jesus—help me to continue to number my days before you—both looking back with gratefulness and looking forward with vision and hope. I love you with all my heart.

*March 7, 2021 – 25,537 – 6,338*

Had a good quiet time this morning on Beach Drive near my old haunts. While I took by walk along the waterfront, God encouraged me with the words, "*I will be with you.*" I was pondering the future, my age, and such things, and this encouragement from the God of the universe meant everything to me. I can even fathom the 'valley of the shadow of death" when *God is with me*. There is nothing I cannot face with Him at the center of my life.

I then took an encouraging "heritage drive" past the Boehme and Johanson homesteads, giving thanks for my family and all they have given me. Thank you for your blessings, Lord Jesus.

*March 14, 2021 – 25,544 – 6,331*

Another birthday has come and gone—now I am sixty-eight years old—and I'm grateful for every year God has given. This year I experienced a bit of a "demonic" attach from an acquaintance that cast a pallor on the days of celebration. But I enjoyed doing my prayer walk up at Sunset Lane (visiting the family) and resisting the lies that came at me.

I'm doubling the size of my office at FIU during the break between quarters. That's a blessing that will allow me to talk to students in my life. Thank you, Lord. I also need some time away to think and obey God in the details of life right now. Jesus—my eyes are on you.

April 4, 2021 – 25,565 – 6,310

During the FIU break between quarters, God really blessed me with an enlargement of my office. The brass encouraged me to knock the wall and double my space. I hired Rich to get the job done and we did it in under a week. Praise be to God.

Miles Musick also called me and said he had a new “L” shaped couch from Costco to give away and wanted to donate it to my new space. It fits perfectly. I have the only office at Faith with a couch. I might want to rent it out for afternoon naps.

God has now blessed me with “three” wonderful offices to work for him. My executive suite at home is the office of the “Father” where I perform my family duties. The FCC office is my “Jesus” office because He is the head of the Church, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it. And the Faith office is my “Holy Spirit” office because He is the Teacher/Counselor of the Godhead and that where I mentor the next generation.

Thus, I’ve enjoyed my “Trinity” of work-spaces--before I move on to heaven. Thank you, Lord, for your blessings.

This was Easter weekend and I entered it with a little heaviness of spirit. On Good Friday, I decided to do the Port Orchard Crosswalk myself (still shut down by Covid). Before I went over to First Lutheran, I bumped into Pastor Ryan of New Life. Then, after I walked down Mitchell, praying at every station of the Cross where we used to stop, I arrived at Westbay and saw his truck in front of the New Life headquarters.

I went inside and had a remarkable encounter with him where he asked about the FCC campus someday becoming a partnership. I was surprised he still desired it. I told him my heart hadn’t changed—we just needed to await God’s timing. Then, continuing the prayer walk, God greatly encouraged my spirit that He was still at work *behind the scenes*. Somehow this small encounter lifted the blocks of burden off my back.

Yes, we live by “the words of God.”

Because of Joel Morris being sick, I was asked to speak on Easter Sunday at Frist Christian. God instantly put a message into my mind (based on two blogs) that I called “Why the Resurrection Is the Greatest Event in History.” God gave me great burden and authority as I shared it this morning. I ended the message with the story of my last day in Israel in April 1974 where I went down to “Skull Hill” near the Empty Tomb and poured out my heart to God.

I knelt on stage today just as I did forty-seven years ago in the dirt of Jerusalem. Both times, tears flowed down my cheeks as I shared the words of “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.” After the message many people knelt, prayed to God, and gave him their hearts. Precious time in the presence of God.

Thank you, Jesus, for the privilege of sharing your words. Your resurrection was PROOF of your divinity and set in motion the PERMANENCE of eternal life for all who believe. How I long for billions to share in that reality—including my own family and church friends.

“Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, and my all.”

*April 29, 2021 – 25,590 – 6,285*

I have been away from the journal for a while (which is a constant refrain over the forty-nine years). Most of that time I was busy with travel and family responsibilities. I still have the latter, but in different ways during these our senior years.

We’ve started the new quarter at Faith, and I have my usual compliment of about forty students. It seems like almost every quarter the number of YWAMers increases and that really makes me feel at home. I always will be deeply grateful for Youth With A Mission.

I am now sending a box every month of *The Fourth Wave* books to YWAM bases around the nation. It’s simply a way of blessing NA bases and being a good steward with the quantity I still have left at home. I want to distribute ALL my books before I die so they can make the greatest impact possible on people’s lives.

A good evening project (about an hour a day) I’ve enjoyed recently in to continue working on my memoirs. I’m taking all the related portions out of my journal and putting them into the sections/chapters that I think will make up the book. I hope to have all that inputting down by fall so I can begin the actual writing. It will be the biggest literary work of my life, but I hope God will use it for his glory.

We are making good progress on our 50<sup>th</sup> High School Reunion plans now scheduled for September 17-18, 2020. We will be hosting in at our church (a bit of a miracle over the alcohol issue). There have been three planning meeting so far with good input. I invited Doug Burleigh to possibly be a keynote speaker at both the main event (sit-down dinner) and the faith gathering on Saturday night. Might turn that into a “Young Life Re-do.”

Both events will be about pointing our classmates to Jesus.

I am now SKYPING Sodoo and Aldaraa every Friday night at his request to provide some regular encouragement and mentoring. They are going through a difficult time in Mongolia due to the pandemic and increasing government pressure on the churches. I want to uplift his heart and support him in every way.

And **today is the forty-first anniversary of Washington For Jesus on April 29, 1980**. Here is the email I sent out to former Renewal team members who shared in that special day:

Dear (Rich & Bev, Mike & Lynn, Roger & Mary, and Wendy),

*It's hard to believe that forty-one years have passed since we served together on the Mall at Washington for Jesus. Some of the good leaders of that time now sit in the grandstands of heaven (John Gimenez, Ray MacAnanny, Ted Pantaleo, etc.).*

*We were in our twenties at the time, were serving God with all our hearts, and carried a burden for our nation. I hope that now in our sixties (and a few close to seventy!), that our spirits are still committed to God's reviving work on earth.*

*Thanks for being a part of the team forty-one years ago. It was a precious and memorable season in our lives.*

*Let's keep obeying God's assignments until our dying breath.*

*Love you much! Ron (and Shirley)*

*P.S. Shirley and I were talking and thinking fondly about you all this morning. Deeply appreciate our lifetime friendship.*

*P.P.S. You can read all about what happened that day by going to [usrenewal.org](http://usrenewal.org), scroll down to "Read Ron's Journal" and follow the prompts. After the introduction, it brings you to a list of the years of my journal--1972 to the present. Just click on "1980" and scroll down to April (or read through the prior months of activity up until the events of April 29). It contains a full report on the event--the same details that we published some months later. Enjoy.*

We need another great returning to God in America a generation later. I am praying for it daily and doing all the Lord shows me to do—forty-one years later.

*May 2, 2021 – 25,593 – 6,282*

During the middle of this week, I experienced some spiritual warfare and some “downness” that is not normal for me. This morning, God really used a powerful worship service at church and good message by Pastor Joel to really revive my spirit with tears and joy. Oh, the power of His presence and the fellowship of the saints.

In the afternoon I took a prayer walk to my mom’s place in the afternoon. As I was going, God spoke to me to, “Bring a spiritual blessing to every place you visit.” I remembered Paul’s words about visiting Corinth and his desire to “impart a spiritual blessing.” I want to be more conscious that in every setting I enter, Jesus wants to *bless* people through me.

I am home, loaded with revelation and very thankful to God. His words are more motivating and life-giving than anything in this world.

*May 28, 2021 – 25,619 – 6,254*

These are clearly days of perseverance as the chaos (bad leadership) continues in America and I try to be obedient every day to the things God is leading me to do.

My throat is still sore, a little raspy when I talk too much during a day. I have one more test to do, and then it will simply be in God's hands for the rest of my life. I have struggled with this "torn in the flesh" off and on for nearly thirty years. God has really used it for good in my life, but the pain is draining at times.

Lord, I trust you with my throat (vocal folds).

Here are the things on my heart as we reach the summer of 2021:

- We desperately need a revival in America as the Biden Administration seems hell-bent to destroy the nation on all fronts and a fragmented and distracted Church fails to do her work of saving people and renewing the culture. I am in *prayer*.
- I appreciate the mentoring opportunities at FIU and many students from different nations in the DIS (doctorate in Intercultural Studies) pipeline right now. I think I'm personally discipling more people in 2021 than at any time in my life. God has seasons for everything.
- I continue to work steadily on my Memoirs and the Fresh Fire devotional (eventually). I have set my heart on finishing these projects before I leave this earth. May God use them for His glory.
- We're doing all we can to host a great SK '71 Golden Reunion at FCC this coming September. I was able to confirm Dough Burleigh this week to speak at the banquet on Friday night and at the Faith Night on Saturday. We hope to distribute his new book "Jesus Changes Everything" on the final night. May many classmates turn to the Lord in 2021.
- We seem to be coming out of Covid slowly in our state (much faster and free-er in others) and Shirley and I and the moms are fully vaccinated (we received the Moderna 2-shot version).
- I am helping First Christian pray and work through God's will for the future. "Two churches on campus" seems to be coming back to favor. The combination of people being away for a year due to the pandemic and an aging congregation (with an older pastor) mean that changes must come. I believe the "coming world" will require much cooperation among churches (including property use). It's what God spoke to me years ago. May we have the courage and wisdom to obey.

I also learned this weekend of the passing of gentle giant in the faith, Floyd McClung, after a five-year illness in which he was hospitalized numerous times and couldn't speak (from a stroke or parasite problem). He was seventy-five. What a great man!

He spoke the fifth week of our 1974 SOE and I was immediately drawn to his humility, compassion, breadth of understanding and gentle spirit. I was able to be around his leadership many times in my YWAM life. He was the one who gave the final approval for the publishing of my book *Leadership for the 21<sup>st</sup> Century* in 1989. I count it a privilege to have known him. He certainly impacted millions of people for God during his 75 years on earth.

Lord, thank you for the heart and obedience of Floyd McClung. May I be like Floyd for the rest of my life.

As I woke up this morning, a little tired and sensing concern on many fronts, the Lord reminded me that I must continue to focus on the basics that delight the heart of God. He whispered to me this morning *be faithful and be grateful*.

That is the desire of my heart, my King and my God. Empower me to do nothing less for the glory of Jesus.

*June 10, 2021 – 25,632 – 6,241*

In my normal Tuesday night mentoring/friendship time with Kim Atwater (now in its eighth year), I mentioned how the past week *God reminded me of the importance of leading in all areas that God speaks to you*. The past week revealed many opportunities for me to simply use the gift of vision and leadership.

First there was a New Beginning meeting at the Carl Zetterberg home in Puyallup. It included all the sons that run the construction company, a Puyallup city planner involved in the Food Banks there and Miles and me. We were there to rejoice in the change of zoning granted by the county which now allows master plan development of the property with no restrictions. This is a thirty-year praise the Lord.

We spend time “dreaming” about future development. I mentioned the importance of understanding the times, what may be coming to America, and the need for groups and organizations to work together, share properties etc. The city planner echoed my perspective and we talked about YWAM, Young Life, reality Sports and others possibly sharing a “Community Center” on the land. Just a little bit of vision to help direct the conversation. Miles was greatly appreciable.

Then there’s the SK ‘71 Golden reunion now scheduled for September 17-18 at our church—and making great progress and plans. In February, the idea was paralyzed by Covid fears and going nowhere. I knew that I needed to heed the words of a Texas lobbyist: “Nothing moves unless you *shove*.” So, I got on the phone, brought the committee together, volunteered the church to host it, and now even have Doug Burleigh coming in as a special speaker. God is going to move powerfully at this event.

At Faith International University I’ve been able to push the international and missions dimensions there to where a good percentage of our students are either YWAMers or missionaries. And the Doctorate in Intercultural Studies is the fastest growing program at this point with students applying from many nations. To God be the glory.

*Finally, at a Monday night elders meeting at FCC, the elders quietly yet united endorsed the idea of inviting New Life Church to share our campus*. It appears the time has come for that vision that God gave to me years ago to come true. The right people seem to be in place and God’s handprints are everywhere. It will be very interesting to see what happens in coming months—that God spoke to me about years ago.

And of these things are taking place because of *leadership*. When God speaks, we need step forward and share His visions so that His will can be done on earth.

Lord, help me to *lead* honorably and humbly until my dying breath, to the praise and glory of the Lord Jesus.

*June 20, 2021 – 25,642 – 6,231*

Today was one of the nicest Father's Day with great morning worship at FCC (my mom came with me), and then a dinner with David and Jordan to celebrate his birthday. It was great having them one-on-one. We also had a nice time with Bethany last night.

I spoke to all the kids throughout the day and thanked God for the gift of being a father. I've also had a tremendous revelation this year of the spiritual children I've helped to father including Jonathan Stone, Soodoo, Andrew Kruse, and the thousands I have taught over the past fifty years.

It was nice to end the day by going to Sunset Lane and having a little "talk" and time of reflection with my dad at his gravestone. I want to be more like him in self-control and not whining about physical problems. He was a great example in that area. My new motto of his to live by: *No complaining and no explaining*.

Thank you, Heavenly Father, for the blessings of fatherhood. Help me keep learning from you.

*July 1, 2021 – 25,653 – 6,220*

If our theme for 2020 was *I Survived the Pandemic*, then one of our themes for 2021 must be that *I Survived the Heat Wave*.

Last week we set a record in June (not July or August) for three straight days of over 100 degrees, with the last one being the hottest day ever recorded in Port Orchard at 112 degrees. It took quite an effort to keep the plants alive outside. On the final night, it was 93 degrees in the house when we went to bed—and very humid. Almost felt like being in the Amazon.

Whenever we experience slight difficulties like this, it reminds me of how soft we are and how much the real-world deals with daily. Lord—help me to be grateful to the blessing of the place in which I live, and never to be a complainer.

As Roly Houghton's biography describes (given to me by David Saavedra yesterday at FIU), "Great is Thy Faithfulness."

I continue to obey God in LEADING (giving an influential shove to) the things he has commanded including walling in the "Breezeway Café" at church, pursuing the One campus—

two congregations—model between New Life and FCC, our Golden High School Reunion, and the two books I am working on.

It's all about daily obedience—and hearing God's voice. Please speak to me and empower me, Lord Jesus.

*July 18, 2021 – 25,670 – 6,203*

On Thursday, July 15, Mom Boehme was innocently watering her flowers on the front steps when she lost her balance and fell forward into the planting area and sidewalk. I came over within minutes, along with an EMT team, and ended up taking her to St. Anthony's Hospital. She fractured her repaired hip. After extensive x-rays it was determined that she would need some time in rehab for the bone to heal, then have her hip re-worked again followed by further time in rehab.

We could be looking at 2-3 months of her being away from home—or in a worse-case scenario, the beginning of the end for her on this earth. We have placed her in God's hands and are stepping in to serve, at her home, at the hospital and every way we can. Dad always said there were “mountains to climb” in life. This is the next one.

Jesus—we entrust our beloved mother into your care and comfort. Thank you for her life. She is yours—and we are grateful.

*August 8, 2021 – 25,691 – 6,182*

I spoke at First Christian Church this morning on being a “Mission-Minded Church.” We are small due to the Covid pandemic and other factors affecting the church. I reminded the congregation that I first spoke to this fellowship some forty-one years ago—on July 28, 1980—when we were on the last leg of our Around-the-World trip after WFJ.

The message that day was on “Obedience” and it was well-received. Today's message also touched some hearts (I gave out some free copies of my “Fourth Wave” book), but I didn't feel that it was my best message—and need to be careful when talking about my missions career and also realize that I am sixty-eight years old and not in my late twenties.

Lord—help me to be humble, faithful, but realize I am in a different stage of life.

What I am calling “The Summer from Hell” continues with a drought in the Pacific Northwest, constantly watering to keep plants alive, and brown lawns everywhere—while I do double duty at our house and my mom's as she remains in limbo in rehab for her broken leg. It's been a tough summer in which I need *more of Jesus* instead of more hours each day to get all my responsibilities done. Mt throat continues to hurt with no end in sight except the grace of God and eternal life.



But I am not discouraged. I must persevere in faith and trust God to work miracles in my own life, my mother's life, and family, and in our nation and world. My eyes are on you, Lord Jesus.

*August 28, 2021 – 25,701 – 6,162*

One week ago, President Joe Biden made one of the greatest mistakes I've ever seen a president make in my lifetime when he foolishly allowed the Taliban in Afghanistan to overrun the country, abandon Bagram Air Force Base and put thousands of foreigners on the run for their lives.

Our president's dismal principles and failing mind are a symbol of a diminishing America. We fasted and prayed for this situation this week and here's what I sent out on the debacle. Lord—have mercy and lead us forward in your truth.

### **Joe Biden and America in Trouble**

If there was ever a time for an electorate to repent (be humble, sorrowful, and change their mind) over the choice of a leader, it's now.

It's hard to believe that eighty-one million Americans voted for the 46th president of the United States who is in obvious cognitive decline, with no real principles, who used his office to make his family wealthy, and was known to be on the "wrong side" of every major foreign policy decision he advised.

The Afghanistan tragedy proves Joe Biden is possibly the worst Commander-in-Chief ever—(beating out James Buchanan and Andrew Johnson)—in just seven short months.

And Joe Biden and America are in trouble because of it.

### **Joe Biden and America in Trouble**

I have many friends who voted for Biden despite his creepy personality and destructive public policy positions. Most would say they did it because "he wasn't Trump." That's a shallow reason to vote for incompetence.

I disliked Donald Trump's past infidelities and his childish personality. But that was a small part of his influence. Presidents don't govern by flair or past indiscretions. They lead by principles, policies, and view of government. In those areas, I believe Trump was the *best* president of my lifetime, with Ronald Reagan second, John F. Kennedy third and Bill Clinton fourth.

Notice the lack of partisanship. Two were R's and two D's. Reagan's and Trump's moral failures came before their terms of national service. Both John F. Kennedy and Bill Clinton committed some of their sexual sins while *in* the White House. Those weaknesses didn't stop people from voting for either JFK or Clinton.

Kennedy (though serving a short stint) showed great vision and an excellent equation on domestic and defense spending. His policies were good for the nation. Bill Clinton had the fortune of working with a Republican Congress to balance the budget. He was the one who proudly announced "[the era of Big Government is over.](#)"

Reagan was the best until Trump by strengthening the military, stimulating economic growth through tax cuts, and honoring and loving our heritage of freedom. The “Great Communicator” helped bring “Morning in America” in the 1980’s.

Though Donald Trump was vilified by the press (90% negative coverage), in his four years in office he championed faith and life issues, grew the American economy, encouraged deregulation and energy independence, and strongly held evil at bay around the world.

Those who said they voted for Biden because he wasn’t Trump were either ignorant or fooled by the negative propaganda. Trump brought a degree of renewal to America.

Joe Biden is speeding up decline.

One of the strongest confirmations of the reality of God is the existence of Israel and the prescience of Jewish thought—revealing a heritage of godly wisdom. In science there’s the incomparable Einstein. In political discourse, I think of the late Charles Krauthammer and his intellectual successor, Dennis Prager.

Another young Jewish thinker is now emerging on the American scene. Ben Shapiro gives the clearest perspective on the disaster that is Joe Biden.

### **Biden Chooses Decline**

By Ben Shapiro

*In November 2009, the late Charles Krauthammer gave a seminal speech, titled “Decline Is a Choice.” In it, Krauthammer stated, “The question of whether America is in decline cannot be answered yes or no. There is no yes or no ... Nothing is inevitable. Nothing is written. For America today, decline is not a condition. Decline is a choice.”*

*This week, President Joe Biden chose decline.*

*That choice was not inevitable. It was foolhardy in the extreme, a symptom of Biden’s commitment to his own idiotic ideology—an ideology that crashed headlong into the steel wall of reality in Afghanistan.*

*Former Presidents Barack Obama and Donald Trump both wanted to remove the United States from Afghanistan, but both recognized the reality on the ground: that removing all American support from the Afghan military would result in the Taliban—the terrorist regime responsible for providing aid and support to Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda in the run-up to and aftermath of 9/11—taking over the country.*

*Biden knew this. He just didn’t care. As he reportedly expressed in 2010, while speaking with Richard Holbrooke about American responsibility in Afghanistan, “F— that, we don’t have to worry about that. We did it in Vietnam, Nixon and Kissinger got away with it.”*

*And so, Biden destroyed the stalemate in Afghanistan that had allowed America’s counterterrorism mission in-country to continue successfully.*

*The Afghan military was built to work with U.S. close air support; Biden withdrew that support. In fact, he went so far as to bar American contractors from entering the country to help the Afghan air force maintain its equipment. He cut the Afghan military off at the knees, then blamed it when it left the battlefield.*

*And Biden lied. He lied that Afghanistan represented an “endless war” carrying the possibility of “endless rows of headstones at Arlington National Cemetery”; in reality, the United States ended its combat operations in Afghanistan in 2014, had just 2,500 troops on the ground before Biden’s unplanned pullout, and has not suffered a combat casualty since February 2020.*

*Biden suggested that his hands were tied by a tentative agreement between the Trump administration and the Taliban, though he has had no problem abrogating Trump’s agreements, and despite that the Taliban had obviously failed to fulfill any of the contingencies under the Trump agreement.*

*And he lied that the Afghan military’s collapse simply reflected a lack of willpower: The Afghan military incurred 55,000 deaths since 2015, compared with nearly none from NATO.*

*Why did Biden do all of this?*

*Because American strength is not Biden’s priority. He wants America’s footprint on the world stage minimized; he wants America focused as much as possible on building a Nordic-style social welfare state accompanied by racially inflammatory equity programming at home.*

*The result of Biden’s withdrawal from Afghanistan will be a reconstituted terror threat as our enemies recognize we are a paper tiger; renewed Chinese aggression against Taiwan and diplomatic overtures toward the Taliban; and new offensives from Russia and Iran.*

*Foreign policy abhors a vacuum. Biden has willfully created one. What’s more, in abandoning an ally of two decades, Biden has sent a clear message: Those who rely on American support can no longer do so securely. They’d be better off making realpolitik connections with America’s enemies in order to hedge their bets.*

*Meanwhile, Biden presses forward toward American hospice care. With the economy under inflationary pressure, he continues to foster trillions in spending, extraordinary new entitlement programs, and a complete rethinking of the relationship between individuals and the government.*

*If there is a Biden doctrine, it’s simply this: surrender abroad, bloated dotage at home. Decline is a choice. And Biden has made that choice.*

*Shapiro is spot on. Jarrett Stepman agrees:*

*Great countries don’t abandon their citizens to the ravages of others without a fight. Now we have no answers and a president who has not only failed to take decisive action but is now missing in action. Comparisons to Carter are unfair to Carter.*

*It may be better to draw a comparison between Biden and the only other president born in Pennsylvania: James Buchanan. The experienced man of Washington overwhelmed by the historical moment who dithered and slept as the country disintegrated. President Biden’s decline is physical (cognitive) with bad policies included. He will take that decline to his grave. America’s problems are primarily spiritual and moral. We can choose to repent (change) or we are in grave trouble as a nation.*

September 2, 2021 – 25,706 – 6,157

My mom came home from Stafford-Ridgemont today after nearly fifty days away. She spent four days in the hospital and forty-five in rehab. Praise the Lord that she is now back at her place and moving on with her life.

One of the hardest seasons of my life continues, but I am trusting God to get me through it. We are enjoying having Nathan visit for a few days to plan he and Aleah's NW wedding ceremony in a month or so. I had a great talk with him from the airport and learned a few things from him. For a worldly guy, he has some great instincts and wisdom. I want to be humble and learn from my son.

He's also challenged me to beef up my own wisdom about salvation and how to share with a person like him. Lord, take me deeper into your truth and hone your glorious message of salvation that is found in Jesus. My heart and head are listening.

September 23, 2021 – 25,727 – 6,136

What I hope was one of the greatest Golden Reunions in history is now in the books. What an incredible affair, walk of faith, and mentally/physically challenging time. But it was also one of the most meaningful things I have ever coordinated. Here's how I wrote it up our September 17 & 18 gala in the Revive America blog:

### **Love Friendships—Our Greatest Treasure**

If loving friendships are the greatest treasure in life, then I feel like the richest man in the world

On September 17 and 18, nearly two hundred of the 1971 graduating class of South Kitsap High School attended our 50th Golden Reunion over two days of activities in Port Orchard, Washington. It was one of the most demanding weeks of my life (mentally and physically--we're all getting older), and one of the most rewarding on a relational level.

We label "once-in-a-lifetime events" *golden* because of their scarcity, unique value, and the sense of stability and security they bring to our lives--just like gold or precious metals.

This one was golden in every way because of the depths of love and affection for one another.

Loving friendships--forever--is our greatest treasure.

Tomorrow in my daily devotions I'm scheduled to read Matthew chapter six--a portion of Jesus' famous Sermon on the Mount (one of the first portions of the Bible I memorized).

At the center of this famous teaching, we find the secret to being rich:

"Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also."

On earth, when people become wealthy, it usually comes in the form of money, stocks, properties, and other worldly assets. Our culture worships rich people and believe they've lived the most successful lives possible.

But man's view is not God's perspective.

Jesus specifies in this passage and others like it that earthly wealth doesn't last--it rots, gets stolen, and can't be used in eternity. He told us to lay up "treasures in heaven" which can only be a few possible realities: relationship to God by faith, his character in our lives, and other people we influence toward heaven.

Thus, our greatest treasure must be to celebrate and collect is a wealth of friendships that we can enjoy forever. The person with many friends is the richest person in the world.

That was the essence of our Golden Reunion.

For six months, a group of friends from the class of '71 worked hard to create an amazing gathering for our classmates. We fought naysayers, fear of Covid, and finally gully-washing rains which arrived on the weekend of the event. (We received more rain on September 17 and 18 than the entire summer combined.)

But faith in God and His purposes kept us strong. We wanted to bless as many of our 290 remaining classmates as possible (out of 360 in 1971). We also desired to honor those seventy childhood friends no longer with us.

Our meetings and preparations were saturated with friendship and care for one another. We prayed, laughed, made decorations, set up tables, moved hundreds of chairs, and transformed our home church into a haven of friendship. "Oh, how they love one another!" became the theme of all that we did. In a small way, our core team of twenty-to-thirty mirrored the teamwork and beauty of heaven as we used our gifts and abilities to bless and reach out to our classmates.

A childhood neighbor and I (she lived three houses down on Lidstrom Hill) shared the main leadership roles. We work well together. She was my "basketball retriever" when I took thousands of shots in our driveway as a kid. We nicknamed ourselves the "Lidstrom Duo." She and her husband live in her childhood home. That's stability. So is our friendship.

We held the reunion at First Christian Church. Five classmates attend the 30,000 square foot campus known as "FCC" located on Hovde Road. We all serve in different areas and appreciate each other deeply. We call ourselves the "Hovde Five" and helped the church catch the vision of hosting a school reunion for the first time. That included getting the leaders to change their "no alcohol" policy (going back to Prohibition) into a commitment to reach more people for Jesus.

On Friday night September 17, we hosted a catered banquet for nearly 120 classmates. The church looked beautiful with school memories on many walls, gorgeous decorations, and numerous Golden Reunion mementos. We even found our old mascot (a stuffed, life-size wolf) in the high school catacombs and brought "Rebel" onto the stage (and renamed him "Revival").

Our old football coach (eighty-one) led the school fight song as we began. Later on he and I shared some touching moments as he presented me with a photo album of our undefeated ninth grade football season put together by my dad in 1967. Coach had kept it for fifty-four years and was excited to pass it on.

The Class of '71 laughed and cried through the program sharing memories, comedy, hearing "Gold Wisdom" from some former teachers, and then a special inspirational message from a D.C. friend who encouraged us to live "the dash" of our lives to love and cherish people (what's in between our birth and death dates).

At the end of the banquet, we stood together and sang our Alma Mater song. I didn't realize when I was in school that those Latin words mean "nurturing mother." The original intention of education was to lovingly "point the way" as parents do for their children.

After the meal, many classmates ventured down to the "Memorial Chapel" where we made small individual displays for all seventy of our classmates who have died. You could write "notes" of remembrance to them and even carry home decorative rocks with their pictures. On the wall was a constant stream of their pictures. We cried, talked about our childhood friends now deceased, and used the precious moments to form greater ties of love for the living.

Then we gathered in "Studio 71" for music, dancing, desserts, and hours of "catching up" on the years gone by. The depth of conversation and friendship was amazing and heart-felt.

The second evening, nearly seventy-five turned out for a "Faith Night" Salmon Bake which included a Young Life Club Redux (wild), Gospel message, giving out free books to all in attendance (*Jesus Changes Everything* by Doug Burleigh--our speaker), and then gathering at the church altar for singing and even some baptisms. The enjoyment of godly friendships went late into the night.

The next day, when I was still basking in the glow of the reunion, I learned that two dear friends had passed from this life. One was a CRU leader I'd served with in many parts of the world including the Athens Olympics and many National Days of Prayer. The other was a treasured YWAM mission builder who was crucial to our work at Discovery Bay. I rejoice that both close friends now stand in the presence of God in the eternal realm of love.

On a bigger plane, my treasure of loving relationships certainly includes my family, the mission in which I serve, those I've taught around the world, and numerous other friendships.

I sometimes feel like the richest man in the world.

Let's always remember that our greatest treasures in life and eternity are our love relationship with God and the friends we bring with us. None of the "stuff" of the world matters for long. When people are nearing death, they don't ask for their diplomas, trophies, cars, checkbooks, or memorable knick-knacks to be brought to their bedside.

They want to be with their loved ones--their true riches.

Let's multiply those treasures every day.

\* \* \* \*

Because of caring for my mother all summer with her broken leg and then guiding the “Breezeway Project” at church, my life was filled with responsibilities “up to the minute” during the days prior to the Reunion. It was one of the most strenuous mental and physical times of my entire life—but I thank God for his grace.

Our team was fantastic—as I shared in the blog. We really grew to love each other more deeply during this project and it showed at the end in putting up decorations, moving chairs and tables around, serving food, and getting together every so often to pray for our classmates. I was “quarterbacking” a great team effort and everybody did their part.

We had to be “nimble” at times. Just two hours before the start of the Friday night program, Frank Carlson, one of the Master of Ceremonies for the night, got sick and told us he wouldn't be coming. I dropped the phone when I heard the news and asked for five minutes to think and pray. The entire program had been built around Frank's crucial role.

After discarding a few possible substitutes, God told me to call Rick Post and ask him to do it. I felt that was a God choice for certain reasons. I then ran upstairs into the FCC play wardrobe closet and found a kingly robe and crown and had Jim Waller pick up Frank's black wig. Rick came in, we prepped, and he filled in the role adequately.

A great plus on Saturday night was coordinating two mini-reunions of Doug Burleigh's 1973 Russia Team and our 1975 European Outreach Team—the first YWAM team to be recruited from the State of Washington. About eight people gathered in each group an hour before the Salmon Bake. It was wonderful to recall how God had used us and changed our lives so many decades ago.

And we're still serving Him.

It was also cool bringing the Young Life element into the Faith Night activities. Ilya, the Westsound leader, did a great job of guiding the “club” of about seventy-five in attendance. We sang the old songs, Jim Robertson provided a great comedy routine, and Doug gave a Gospel message invited people to receive Christ or re-dedicate their lives to Him.

Then I shared my heart and led a delegation of folks into the Worship Center where I had the privilege of baptizing Teri Goodwin as we sang and then Pastor Joel baptized Marlys Recknagle. We invited others to come up and be baptized, but it didn't happen that night. I was disappointed, but that's okay. We obeyed, sowed the seeds, and I believe some future baptisms will follow.

Another disappointment on Friday night was seeing “C” for the first time in twenty-five years. She is now a successful millionaire living with her husband in California. I was hoping to have at least a warm chat with her and catch up (as we did with all other classmates).

But she wouldn't let me. Twice I walked up to her and waited for a chance to talk, but she turned away to others. As the evening was ending and she was leaving, I called out to her to see if she would wait to me. She waved me off and kept walking.

Her rejection was all about Jesus—and spiritual warfare. I represented Him and she wants nothing to do with Him. I'm saddened about her spiritual state but have faith that God will bring her back to Himself in later life just as he did her mother, Peggy.

On the other hand, it was wonderful to hug a junior high “flame” who crashed the party, and I recently enjoyed an email exchange another teenage girlfriend who also walks with the Lord. When Jesus is in your life, everything can be redeemed, and love becomes the natural language.

I'm also extremely grateful that God led me to marry Shirley Cookson! She is such a lifetime gift.

Lord Jesus, thank you for blessing our Golden Reunion in numerous ways. You gave us the strength to resist the naysayers, the Covid propaganda, and even the weather to have a wonderful weekend of serving our classmates and pointing them to you.

Work in all their lives and do supernatural things to make them your children. You spoke, we obeyed, and now rejoice in the fruit of our labors.

*September 26, 2021 – 25,730 – 6,133*

One of the things I was impressed to do after finishing these busy months (especially after the reunion) was a nudge from God to take a walk on Beach Drive to hear from him. After church today and before the rains came, I did just that.

It was a precious time. God reminded me that He was my loving Father and was pleased with my obedient life. I worshiped Him and thanked for the privilege of the call. I am now to go back to writing my memoirs and the devotional book of “best blogs.” And here's what God said to put the coming days in perspective.

**I am to build my life in the coming months and years around *love and legacy*.**

Love is the aspect of serving people in my life—my family, friends, students, classmates, and all those I meet. I want to be known by my love in my latter years.

Legacy means keep doing all the things God has shown me to preserve for the next generation the things He's given me in my lifetime. That includes books, videos, blogs, website, and all that can be used for God's impartation in my life to be treasured and multiplied after I am gone.

*Love and legacy.* I can do that, Lord Jesus, to bring honor and glory to You alone.



October 11, 2021 – 25,745 – 6,118

Today was a very special day of looking back and being grateful for the past, and then looking forward and anticipating the future.

In the morning, I gave a Faith Promise missions report for the last time at FCC—who have faithfully supported our work for the past forty-two years. The crowd was sparse due to a Covid outbreak on the worship team, but at the end of the service I thanks our wonderful congregation for making my life in missions possible and shared their “return on investment” in the forms of miles traveled, messages preached, books written, and other aspects of my stewardship.

In many ways I felt like Samuel sharing his accountability at the end of his life. It was warm, encouraging, and the people gave quite an ovation at the end—praise be to God.

Sunday was also Shirley’s and my 45<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary—which we celebrated with a card exchange early in the morning. I am deeply grateful for her lifetime of love which has been God’s greatest gift to me on earth.

Then, in the afternoon, our family gathered at Mom Boehme’s beautifully decorated home and held the third in a series of marriage ceremonies for Nathan and Aleah—his new bride. I officiated the fifteen-minute service in the living room sharing with them the secret of a good marriage (death to self, humility toward each other, lifetime love, and walking in forgiveness). After the gathering we shared a wonderful meal together and just enjoyed each other.

Nathan has made a good choice and we gladly welcome Aleah Whaley into the Boehme family. May God richly bless them and reveal himself to them in the coming years.

October 19, 2021 – 25,753 – 6,110.

This most recent blog speaks for itself.

*The Blessing of Spiritual Fathers: Remembering Pastor Steve (1931-2021)*

Saturday afternoon I received a call from a daughter of my teenage pastor. She informed me that her beloved father--Steve Watkins--had passed away and was now in the presence of Jesus ([Philippians 1:23](#)).

I was sad for our great loss, but also happy because of his graduation to glory.

"Pastor Steve," as most of us called him, was an important spiritual father to many and a link in the chain of salvation that stretches to the nation of Mongolia.

Here is our story--and why spiritual fathers are so needed in our lives.

## The Blessing of Spiritual Fathers

Howard Hendricks wisely points out that we need three people in our lives. We need a *Barnabas* to lift us up. Barnabas was known for his gift of encouragement in the Early Church. He championed others with his warmth, selflessness, and elevation of others.

Can you think of a "Barnabas" whose encouragement benefited you at key points in your life?

Hendricks also says we need a *Timothy*--a spiritual son or daughter--to whom to impart our faith, knowledge, love, example, and character. During the King's Kids years, we told our young missionaries to find a "Timothy or a Tina" to guide in the faith.

I count it a privilege to have many spiritual children, both locally and around the world. Do you have your own spiritual Timothy or Tina?

Most importantly, Hendricks says we need a *Paul*--a spiritual father--people who represent the father heart and guidance of God to help mold our lives.

Pastor Steve was a major "Paul" in my life. I needed him because my own earthly father was unjustly in prison for most of my high school years. And my basketball coach who led me to faith in Christ, later committed adultery, divorced two wives, and walked away from his faith.

Enter Pastor Steve. the shepherd of Harper Evangelical Free Church, Port Orchard, Washington. We first met in 1970 when I began attending his church because there were some cute girls in the youth group (and other reasons). Steve had a gregarious laugh, a love and devotion to the Bible, and a deep commitment to young people to grow in their faith.

He and his wife Donna opened their home every Sunday evening for the youth to "hang out" (before the term was coined). Many thronged their small parsonage next to the sanctuary seeking a sense of belonging, laughter, singing, fellowship, Bible study, and gulping down hot "Tang."

Donna doted on us as a no-nonsense compliment to Steve. They became a wonderful "mom and dad" to a generation of young people.

For the remainder of high school, Pastor Steve acted as a faithful father figure who encouraged me to grow in my faith, supported my call, and released me to use my spiritual gifts. Though the congregation was more conservative than my eventual Youth With A Mission experience, Pastor Steve possessed the humility to know that Harper needed me and I them.

Spiritual fathers release God-given dreams even if they can't relate to the details.

After I left the area to go into missions, Pastor Steve met with a group of my friends every Friday morning to continue their growth as disciples.

One of my fondest memories with Pastor Steve involved climbing some rickety stairs to the "Eagle's Nest" during the early 1970's. His pastoral study dominated the attic of the old church

(where my maternal grandfather walked the beach in the 1940's to attend services--in Swedish). In between some early YWAM assignments, I often dropped to my knees beside Pastor Steve, and we passionately prayed for people and the fulfilling of the Great Commission.

Those prayers would eventually take Steve and his wife to the ends of the earth.

Pastor Steve officiated Shirley's and my wedding on October 10, 1976. Three hundred people packed Harper church, a Christian band flew in from Germany to play, (Jesus Revolution days) and we held a six- hour reception at a new school "Commons" because it was the largest venue in town.

We asked Pastor Steve to preach the Gospel that special day while tying the knot. The photo below shows us signing the marriage license with him and our best man and maid-of-honor.

After Pastor Steve completed his tenure at Harper Church (and we went out with YWAM) he served in various churches in Montana and Oregon, and later became the superintendent of the Mountain District of the Evangelical Free Church where he became a spiritual father to pastors in the Northwest.

We stayed in touch and in prayer throughout those years.

Steve and Donna often visited us to offer encouragement. They drove into Washington, D.C. the day Shirley gave birth to our twins in 1983. (They watched our two-year-old at home while we "multiplied" our family.) In 1991 they dropped in to see us in Port Orchard as the biggest storm of a lifetime knocked out power for a week (and we shivered under blankets upstairs).

I guess spiritual parents love to visit their kids.

In 1975 Shirley and I took their son, Don, to Europe for a summer in missions. He stayed to do a YWAM school in Lausanne, Switzerland while Shirley was doing the same at a Bavarian castle in Germany. Twenty years later, Don encouraged his parents to join a church-planting team in Mongolia--and in their mid-sixties, they accepted the call.

There were few believers in Christ in the early 90's and the nation still lay in the grip of communism and much poverty. But the Watkins went to work and helped establish one of the first churches in the nation--and became spiritual parents to many Mongols.

They were known as "SteveDonna" in Ulaanbaatar and a favorite stop for tea, talking about Jesus, and a spiritual oasis for weathering power outages and water shortages. Donna changed her email address to include "mongolheart"--and kept that focus until she went to heaven in 2012.

In 1997, Steve asked if I could bring a King's Kids basketball team to Mongolia to share the Good News. We arrived in July, drank tea in their apartment, slept on the floor of the Sports Palace, and became friends with one of his disciples named Battulga. He was the most famous sports figure in Mongolia and coach of an MBA team who had won two national championships.

We became fast friends and played "basketball for Jesus" all over the nation for the next four years until his untimely death in 2001 at the age of thirty-nine. I promised him I would pick up the torch for the youth of Mongolia.

We have continued taking teams, doing outreaches, and sponsoring camps right up to the present--all because of Pastor Steve's invite (and our prayers in the Eagle's Nest).

One of my Mongolian "Timothys" is Sodoo who is a disciple of Bold, who is a disciple of Steve. That's how God's Kingdom grows.

I was present with Pastor Steve when he gave his "farewell message" in Mongolia in 2002 and continued to visit him and Donna in their retirement years. After Donna passed, Steve began taking daily prayer walks in Canby, Oregon collecting bottles and cans (with a small army of helpers) to turn in for money. He sent the proceeds to us for years--and we passed every cent on to reach Mongolian youth.

Spiritual fathers care, pray, visit, release dreams, encourage, correct, and love their spiritual children. It's one of the greatest roles of life--and maybe our single greatest needs in America today.

Thanks, Pastor Steve, for "fathering" us. We commit to follow your example.

*November 10, 2021 – 25,775 – 6,088* – Two milestones took place in the past week. First, on day, there was a mighty political awakening in Virginia and other states repudiating the progressive agenda and giving hope for future revival.

I wrote a blog on the move of God called “Yes, (State of Virginia) There is a God.” It was certainly reminiscent of one I wrote in 2016 on the election of Donald Trump.

May God be gracious to our nation once again.

Then on Tuesday, November 9, the elders of First Christian Church made the final decision (after weeks of meetings and prayer) to partner with New Life in the use of our campus. I spoke at a congregational meeting on Sunday and tried to give the prophetic view. At the elder's meeting I also felt the anointing of God to help guide this important change.

God spoke to me about this partnership some seven years ago (I must find the date in my journal). I knew it was His will. One elder pointed out Tuesday that we missed that first timing when we had greater strength, but now God is beating us beside the head to do what He's called us to do.

Wednesday, we told New Life and now the preparations begin. We will have a “Gathering A” for FCC (the Fellowship Hall) and the Worship Center will become “Gathering B” for New Life. We will share Youth Group and children's ministries, and allow Crossway to use the FCC campus.

Thank you, Lord, for your faithfulness to your word over these years. This is not an easy decision, but a wise one for the future. Thank you for helping me to be faithful, humble, lead, and give you the credit.

Your ways and plans are amazing.

*November 25, 2021 – 25,785 – 6.078* – We held a smaller-than-normal Thanksgiving gathering this year at home with our moms and David’s family. In many ways it was a blessing as we could focus on David, Jordan, Collins, and Derek without the room being filled with noise and our boisterous children.

Shirley and I continue to learn unconditional love for our kids, and that sometimes “less is more” when talking to them. Self-control is not just the number one quality of a leader—it’s also the primary role of a parent of adult kids.

Yesterday we held the first “vision meeting” with the key players from New Life to walk the ground of the FCC campus and “dream” about the changes that need to be made to accommodate them sharing our facilities. I learned a lot just by listening to them talk about what attracts people to worship and their incredible ideas for transforming our campus into a hub where hundreds of people can meet Jesus and be discipled in His ways.

This is the fulfillment of a multi-year dream. Lead us forward in the coming months, Lord Jesus.

*December 10, 2021 – 25,800 – 6,063* – The winter weather seems to be playing havoc on my throat and there has been an increased soreness of late that has impacted me. What an amazing “thorn in the flesh” my vocal cords have been for the past thirty years (on and off).

Lord, help me to die again to myself, trust in you, and be willing to serve you with my voice and without my voice. You are worthy of it all.

*December 12, 2021- 25,802 – 6,061* – The older I get the more I realize it’s the little things that count—especially when it comes to love and kindness.

Yesterday after church we held a silent auction to raise monies for our missionaries. When I entered the room, an older gentle man friend said, “See that woman at that table. She needs a hug.” I went over and sat by her (Tabitha by name) and began to engage in conversation to help lift her spirit. She looked very depressed.

After some minutes she pointed to a beautiful quilt that was being auctioned off and said, “I’d love to have that quilt in my home, to stay warm and wrap in for Christmas.” God spoke to me. I went to the leader of the auction and said, “I don’t care how high the bidding goes on the quilt, but my older friend and I want to get it for Tabitha.” She winked at me, agree, and I hoped that nobody would bid \$10,000 for it!

They didn’t. When I told Tabitha the quilt was hers, she burst into tears and gave *me* a hug. She happily took it home later to “curl up in.”

It's the little things that count—especially simple acts of love that can live the spirits of people that Jesus loves. If my older friend hadn't made the suggestion, Tabitha wouldn't have been blessed that night. He did his part, I did mine—and the loving God behind it all should get the glory.

*December 27, 2021 – 25,817 – 6,046*

Christmas Day has come and gone. We enjoyed a very good family gathering this year which was rich on love and healing.

God has made it very clear to me that three things are most important in my close (family) relationships during this season: *Diligent prayer, unconditional love, and unwavering trust. I commit to these actions for the remainder of my life.*

As I pen these words, I conclude *fifty years* of journaling my life before God. I'll be writing a blog this week on called "Fifty Years as a Disciple of Jesus." The two bookends of beginning were leaving a full-ride scholarship on the table to go to New Zealand in 1972 followed by dedicating my life fully to Jesus while at Calvary in Jerusalem in 1974. The rest, as they say is history—of being a follower of Jesus Christ.

It's been the greatest privilege of my life—and I long for it for all people. Next year will be the year that I begin writing about it in autobiographical form and a yearly devotion of my most important writings.

Jesus, you are the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning, and the End. Thank you for being my King and my God. I commit to the end—as a disciple of Jesus