



For You Are Dead

By Mark R Jantzi

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Forward

If you read my previous book, *Alaska Bush Nurse*, which was the story of my five years in Alaska as a public health nurse during the mid-1960's, you will have had the story of my adult life just before this story. I am now 80 years old and unless I live another 20 or 30 years, this should be a summary of my last days. I purposely did not say much about my personal life in Alaska because that was not to be the purpose of that book. But as I look over the last fifty years of my life and begin to tell people the stories about the Lord's dealing with me, they are telling me that I should put some of these things into writing. I particularly want to **highlight** the words that the Spirit of God spoke to me through the years, and encourage you to learn to listen to His voice when He chooses to speak. I am not going to try to hide my identity by using a pen name, but I probably will not use the actual full names of some that I **have dealings with**. I have also decided that I am going to reveal a great failure in my life that came to fruition in my **thirties**, a result of flawed thinking that resulted from a flawed decision made in my **twenties**.

The reader should also be put on notice that at times I will be using spiritual language, as this represents my understanding of certain things at this point of my life. For example, if I say that someone **came out of Egypt**, it means that they came out of the system of the world - controlled by Satan, the prince of this world. If I talk about someone belonging to **Jerusalem** or the **Mount Zion Company**, I will not be referring to a natural place in **the Middle East**. And, if I mention **Babylon**, I will explain how that refers to something quite religious, but not

of the Holy Spirit, or of God's kingdom. And if I refer to heaven, I may not necessarily be referring to a final destination after my death, but to a spiritual place that can be found in Christ here in this life. I plan to share **the words that the Lord spoke to me** at certain significant **times** and crisis points in my life; and it is my belief that anyone who truly desires to hear His voice has the right, as a son, to hear it.

I will share with you how I came to the door of death after a heart attack and how I saw the Lord face to face and heard His words, **"For you are dead."** I promise you; it will be a very interesting journey. Hopefully, some of my readers will be able to identify with me and will be encouraged by my testimony. Nor will I hide my contact information as some writers do (mrjantzi@gmail.com).

Introduction

As I begin to write this, I look back to the afternoon of Wednesday, October 23, 2002 (now nearly twenty years ago). I am lying on a stretcher in the Emergency Room of a local hospital. I am dying, my life is fleeing from me. I heard my wife praying, pleading for God to spare my life, to raise me up. I am barely conscious; yet I can hear the two doctors and the three or four nurses calling over my body urgent orders to one another.

My blood pressure was 40/35, which meant that my heart had almost stopped beating. I had had a heart attack. If the “liquid gold” that the cardiologist had injected directly into my veins did not soon dissolve the clot, I only would have but a few more minutes to live.

Just a little while ago while my wife was driving me here, I asked the Lord to speak to me, to tell me what was happening to me. He answered me clearly and loudly by the Spirit, saying, **“For You Are Dead.”**

While I lay there in this semi-conscious state, I am pondering what those words were supposed to mean? "How can I be dead and hear what is happening to me?" "How did I get to this place?" And where am I now, twenty years later? Here is my story.

Part 1 - The Time Of Preparation

Back in New York The 1970's

I don't believe that I have a special bond with the state of New York, other than that I was born here and this is where I spent the first 18 years of my life. However, it seems that God used a very heavy hand to send me back here; and that I had little choice in the matter, since Michigan, Minnesota and California rejected my application for entrance into the Masters level study for Hospital Administration. It seems that God had orchestrated that Cornell University was to take me in as a student for a two-year period from 1968-1970. I had returned to New York midway through my Alaska adventure, to marry a Mennonite girl and take her back with me to Alaska. I was of the assumption that anything or anyone who was a certified Mennonite in good standing, was to be of a certain trusted brand that could be relied on to meet a certain spiritual criterion; and that much further probing and questions were unnecessary. "If the label says 'organic' it can be trusted."

When we returned to New York we also brought our adopted son, Todd, from Alaska. And it was back in Upstate New York that I was plunged into the fiery furnace that began to change me and to destroy certain dross from my soul.

During high school, during my four years in a Mennonite college and during my years in Alaska, I remained a faithful, Bible believing and church-going Christian. Being in my twenties, I was still quite immature in faith and I never got involved in the ways of sin and the world. We faithfully attended the Nazarene Church in Fairbanks (actually College, Alaska, near the University). I loved the pastor, Brother Griffith, as he was like a father and a spiritual mentor.

When I got to Ithaca, NY, I decided to look for another Nazarene Church. So we found one and I determined that this was where we would settle in. I believe it was the second or third Sunday that the pastor informed us that he intended to baptize babies at the local hospital. Now I knew very well that infant baptism was one of the main issues that my Anabaptist ancestors had fought the Roman Catholic Church over, nearly 500 years ago; and that for this and other biblical truths, many of my spiritual fathers had

become martyrs, being beheaded, drowned or burned at the stake.

I did not contend with this man; but immediately I voted with my feet; I simply never went back. We next tried a college oriented, friendly congregation somewhere near to the campus; but I found no life in the pastor or his sermons. We might have lasted there two or three Sundays.

My next choice was to give up and search no further. I reasoned that those two years of no fellowship couldn't hurt very much. But in all honesty, it was really the beginning of several years of the worst backsliding of my life. My heart became hard and cold toward God. I did not visit the places of sin, and I still held strong traditional religious (Mennonite) beliefs; but I could not realize that my soul was in the throes of death.

It seems that Satan also had another front in his battle against my soul. There was trouble in my own house. My wife was in the beginning stages of much dissatisfaction over her inability to conceive, and her hostility was being expressed not only against God, but also toward me. This would be about the third year of our marriage and this fiery ordeal was to have another ten years to play out. I am not going to make a list of all of my transgressions; but as I look back, I must admit that I did not handle this whole trial in a mature Christ like manner, as befitting a son of God. However, another side of me fought with every bit of strength within me to avoid the collapse of my marriage. I did not realize that the hardening of my heart to these difficulties was not the way to win this war, regardless of what the outcome was to be.

Seven Years In Glens Falls

Upon graduation from the Master's program at Cornell in 1970, I accepted a position as the assistant administrator of this 400+ bed hospital. I had interviewed as far away as Maine and I had also been offered a position in New York City at the prestigious New York University Medical Center;

but it seems that the Lord preferred me to be in upstate New York in the region known as the greater Capital District. We purchased a home a few miles outside of Glens Falls and settled in to what I expected to be a lifelong career in this location. One year after moving there and with the help of a local obstetrician, whom I had gotten to know, we were able to adopt Cara, a newborn baby girl right fresh out of the hospital. I had hoped that this would appease the maternal desires of my wife; but it did not. I soon came to the realization that I was dealing with a dark spirit, something that we had never been taught much about in the Mennonite church. And I had all I could do in dealing with spirits in my own life, much less someone else's.

Searching For A Church

We spent the first year there just drifting about and having absolutely no Christian fellowship, but the time came when I announced to my family that it was time to find a church.

There was absolutely no Mennonite fellowship within 100 miles, so it was going to have to be something here. It was now about eight years since I had been an active member of any Mennonite church or community, yet I still considered myself to be a Mennonite. I reasoned, "It is a culture, not a church membership." Little did I realize at that time that this was the expressing of another kingdom within my soul, and one that had very little to do with the true kingdom of God. I could come out of Babylon (the city of religion); but Babylon did not easily or quickly come out of me.

It was about this time that I got news from our home community of Lewis County that a Mennonite couple had gotten a divorce. I clearly remember my reaction as I spit out a very angry and judgmental response to my wife, "This is absolutely unnecessary; nobody has to allow this thing to happen in their marriage." Little did I realize in my arrogant, prideful, controlling mind, that someday I would be eating a lot of crow concerning this. I even remember thinking, "Lord if only You would allow me to preach, I would really come down without compassion on this kind of moral weakness." This was also my spiritual thinking: "Divorce is the equivalent

of a death sentence. In fact, it is worse, because you remain alive afterwards.”

The other thing about the way I understood (or perhaps misunderstood) Mennonite theology, was that you live by your own strength. You pull up your “bootstraps” and you keep going. As long as you can keep forcing yourself to be doing the right things and not be doing the “Thou shalt not” things, you will be okay in God’s sight. You live by the strength of your (my German) stoicism; and this means that you do not need any such thing as the filling or baptism of the Holy Spirit.

I remember that as soon as I had landed in Fairbanks, Alaska in 1963, I began the search for a church. My first stop was an Assembly of God fellowship that met in a “hole in the wall” building in downtown Fairbanks. I was quite unused to their “antics,” such as running laps around the inside perimeter of the sanctuary. When they shared their testimonies, I came to realize that some of them considered God to be the source of all their strength. I reasoned that I did not need this Holy Spirit. I further concluded that they were very nice people; but that their Holy Ghost was the only thread keeping some of them from insanity.

It was sometime during my 5-year stay in Fairbanks that Gerald Derstine, a former Mennonite pastor, came to Fairbanks; being sponsored by the Full Gospel Christian **Business Men's Fellowship**. I had a brief personal discussion with him in which he urged me to be filled with the Holy Spirit. But I resisted, believing that he must be some kind of a rogue or rebel. And so, my search for a local church back in Upstate New York had to be something that was not too spiritual, but not very Baptist either.

I started out with a couple of visits to a Quaker meeting. It might have been in the second or third meeting that the **pastor** made a comment that I knew was totally contrary to my understanding of Scripture. It was something he denied about the actual second coming of the Lord. As I look back, it is kind of amazing that I knew scripture so well, for a fellow who at that time rarely read his bible and didn’t do a lot of praying. God must have put some kind of gift or calling within me. And the Mennonite Church of my youth certainly did give high regard to the reading and exposition of the King

James Version of the Bible. I can remember as a 3 or 4-year-old, sitting with my father in church (the men and the women sat separately in those days) and the minister (Brother Elias Zehr) was reading from the second chapter of Acts. As he was reading, I suddenly knew exactly what he was going to say next; I had heard it once before and had somehow memorized it without intending to do so. Yes, little children must be exposed to the speaking of the Word in the adult meetings of the fellowship, and must be partakers of the life of the Spirit as well.

It seems that from my youth, God had somehow given me a very keen understanding of Scripture and a grasp on how it should be understood and interpreted; but I did not realize this. I remember one day making a comment to Milton, a Mennonite pastor friend of mine that the meaning of a particular scripture was absolutely clear and so anybody should be able to comprehend it. He quickly corrected me saying, "No Mark, that is not true. Not everyone can see it; you have a special gift that others do not have." I was quite surprised to hear that and I had to meditate on that for a while; but it did not immediately do anything to change my life.

My next stop was the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The assistant pastor was the adult Sunday school teacher and my first visit was to the Sunday school - which started first, as was the tradition of churches. He made a statement about God and when I had the opportunity, I gave a correction to what he had said and gave scripture to back it up. He immediately recanted his statement and said that I was right. The next thing I knew, we were being befriended at dinner and I was offered the position as adult Sunday school teacher. I thought that this courtship was moving way too fast; so, I immediately backed out. It went on again for some time when I did no more searching.

Finally, I decided that I must try once more. I found a small church on one of the back streets (Nelson Street) of the city, and decided to attend the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. They were a friendly crowd and the pastor was a young gregarious fellow about my age or younger. I later discovered that their doctrine was very similar to that of the Baptists, except that they believed in prayer for healing. I

was also to learn that their doctrine of the baptism of the Holy Spirit was “seek not, forbid not,” which I now know is totally contrary to scripture. It really depended on the pastor’s personal position on the subject as to where the local church would go on this issue. Paul, the present pastor, was very open **on this matter**, but that did not matter to me at this time.

My first encounter was the adult Sunday school class, held in the furnace room of the church basement. The pastor was the teacher. I clearly remember a man in the class making a comment about his wife that was off color and completely out of order. Since I knew no one in the room, I looked about to try to identify the man’s wife; I figured it would be a woman who was red faced and totally mortified by what her husband had said. I did not know that she was teaching a children’s class; and I would come to better know her later as Sister Janet. And so, it seemed that this was the place that **my wife and I** would call our home church for a few years.

We **were** now regularly attending church and we have become “members,” whatever that means. But I am still a “Mennonite,” whatever that means (that kingdom was still prominent in my heart). **We were now** having a good life in the city of religion; but my heart **was** still as cold as ice. My wife is still not satisfied with our two children; and her spiritual life is not improving, despite counseling with a Mennonite pastor friend from our home community. One day she said to me, “You are living your life only for yourself; you need to do something for others for a change.” She was right; it had to be the Holy Spirit speaking through her mouth. So, I volunteered to be the director for a week at the Mennonite owned Beaver Camp on the Lewis County side of the Adirondacks. I was also able to meet the requirement for an RN on the staff of the camp.

We arrived **at the youth camp** a full day early, and I sought out my friend. I said to him, “Brother Milton, if you will lay hands on me, I will receive the Holy Spirit.” He asked me if I had read the book that he had sent me, *They Speak in Other Tongues*, by John and Elizabeth Sherrill? I said, “No, I don’t need to read it, I know what is in the Book of Acts and I know your father preached it.” He said, “Let me find another

brother and we will do it.” He found another young Mennonite pastor, Bruce Lyndacker, and we found an empty cabin. My wife and I may have knelt down, I don’t remember. But when they laid their hands on my head and prayed, I exploded in a rush of spiritual life and a flow of tongues like the bursting of a dam. Nothing happened to my wife. But the tongues began to flow from me like a river. After we left the cabin, I went for a walk by the lake, still praying in tongues. I began to wonder, if I stop will I be able to start again? And I found that, Yes, I was in control of the spirit within, and I could start and stop. It was a wonderful week and I remember driving home alone, while my wife stayed back with family. Driving through the twisting roads of the Adirondack Mountains, as I met cars, I would pray for the salvation of the driver and the occupants. I also remember having the ability to cry, for the first time in many years. My hard heart was beginning to melt. I arrived back home on Sunday in time for the evening church meeting on Nelson Street.

I went to the church and the pastor asked me to share something. All I said was that I had been at the youth camp and that I had served as the director for the week. When the meeting was over, I came down the church steps and walked toward the main sidewalk that parallels the street. At that junction there was a woman waiting for me. It was Sister Janet, and I hardly knew her. She came right out and asked me where I had been. I told her the same thing I had said in the meeting. Then she asked what had happened to me. I was evasive, but she was not satisfied with my answers. Finally, she said, “Something has happened to you, you are not the same man that you were and I want to know what it is.” I wondered how she could tell; I was trying so hard to hide it. When I finally told her, she said, “That’s what I want; how can I get it?” All I could tell her was how I had received it.

The Beginning Of Change

I now have been baptized in the Holy Spirit but I am still attending an evangelical church that does not preach or practice the gifts of the Spirit. To make matters worse, the church gets a new pastor and Francis is not at all sympathetic

to any manifestation of the Spirit. But it doesn't matter much to me. I had taken another forward step in this outer court setting; and I am not inclined to go any further unless God heats the furnace of affliction considerably hotter, which He is ready to do.

In the meanwhile, I drift along in the City of Religion. The pastor begins to appoint me to; all kinds of positions in the church: Adult Sunday School Teacher, Sunday School Superintendent, Song Leader (can you imagine that), and then an elder of the church board. He must have named me to everything but Assistant Pastor. My heart is hardening again and I am wondering how he can appoint me to so many positions and not be able to hear the cry of my heart. Where is this man's spiritual sensitivity? I remember thinking one day,

"God, if only You had some real prophets yet in the land today. If only one of the true prophets would come to me, put his finger on me and say, 'You are in terrible condition and you need to get right with God.' Then I would be able to repent. But I don't know what I can do now, and my marriage is sinking deeper and deeper in the pit."

An Out-Of-State Visitor

One day a Mennonite friend of my wife informed us that there was going to be a special speaker in our area, sponsored by the Full Gospel Christian Business Men's Fellowship. I was not at all interested until I read the little flyer of the man's testimony that he had been in hell when he was a teenager in a near-death experience. Now I was interested in meeting a man who had seen hell. So, I began to make phone calls around the community to inquire as to where this meeting was to be. My first call was to the pastor of the local Baptist church (Can you see how naïve I was?). He solemnly warned me to avoid this kind of man, that his doctrine was unscriptural. But now, since I was warned to avoid this kind of thing, I really wanted to see what this was all about. I eventually learned the time and the location of the meeting.

It was an evening meeting at the Sheraton Inn and Kenneth Hagin was the name of the speaker. I had never heard of him before; I took my family, my wife and two children. Another couple from the church also attended.

He preached a lot about faith and the gifts of the Spirit, particularly about healing. Then he announced that he would personally pray for anyone who had a lump in their neck. I had noticed the day before that my 3-year-old daughter had swollen glands under her jaw and I know that this thing does not go away quickly. I figured that she qualified for prayer and I took her up in my arms. He came down the prayer line with his assistants, exhorting each one, "Now son, you have to have faith. Don't doubt, only believe." And then he was down to the next one in line with the same words.

I went back to my seat, trying furiously to pump up my faith and to resist any shred of doubt. I told myself that I must not check on the swollen glands or that would be considered unbelief. Now I must admit, this was not a matter of life or death, it was just that I wanted to see if God would do a miracle for me. The meeting went on a little longer and then at the close of the meeting I began to walk out of the room with my hand on Cara's little head, just loving and caressing her face as I walked, but also sliding my hand along her chin line. I could not detect the swelling, so I took her to the lobby, sat her in one of the chairs and thoroughly examined her. To my shock and surprise, the swollen glands were gone! **God had done something for me simply out of His love for me.**

Now that really got to me; it hit me right in the heart! And I didn't deserve it. I immediately made a vow to Him that I would never again leave Him; that I would seek the ways of the Spirit and that I would be forever faithful to Him; a pledge that I have kept from that day until now.

Hell's Fury

The next day, as soon as I announced the covenant I had made to my household, the mouth of hell opened against me **in a sustained fury such as** I have never known; and this attack was not temporary, but was to last for years.

Apparently, Satan did not mind very much if I was a good church member, baptized in the Holy Spirit, or even if I had been a good pastor (which I was not); but he was not going to tolerate what had happened, and he obviously knew that some kind of transformation had taken place in my soul.

One of the things that I did, was to start a home bible study, focusing in particular on the gifts of the Spirit. That's where I was at the time and that is where I needed to start. The pastor heard about my home meetings and came to spy it out. He didn't like it, but he did not try to stop me. I remember one day his wife called me in the evening. It seems that she had also gotten baptized in the Holy Spirit (this was a time when this outpouring of the Spirit was happening to many church people), and he had forbidden her to express any of the gifts.

So, she called me and I took the call. She asked if I would pray with her. As we were praying on the phone, I heard her begin to pray in tongues and I was naively asking myself, "Is this okay with God? Can we do this on the telephone?" But I never forgot it. It was not long after this phone call that this poor sister had a mental breakdown and had to be attended by church sisters for quite some weeks. I wondered **if her husband's** posture of resistance to the Holy Spirit and of what God had done for her, had anything to do with her situation.

About this time Sister Janet informed me that she had discovered a gifted man of God at another hard to find, back street of the city. His name was John, he was in his 20s and he was the pastor of The Church of God. He had a prophetic gift of the word of knowledge or word of wisdom. I contacted him and asked if I could see him. At the appointed time I went to his house and we knelt down to pray in his living room. I told him that I needed wisdom concerning my circumstances. What I really wanted was for God to put a stop to the horrible fiery trial of my life. He prayed and gave me a word from God, **"In due time I will give you wisdom concerning your circumstances; but I will give you wisdom that will flow from you like a fountain."** This was not at all what I wanted. I soliloquized, "What good was this fountain flowing stuff of the future if it could not put an end to my

suffering now?" Only now, can I imagine how thick-headed and spiritually insensitive I must have been in those days.

Hearing The Voice Of God

On another occasion, God gave me another word. I saw a circle (my circumstances) and the Lord stood at the head of the circle. The circle would turn only at the Lord's command. In the Spirit, I could see what He was saying. Sometime after I left him and after getting more bad news about my life, I went down on the floor of my house, where I laid on my face and began to weep quite loudly. I clearly remember my nose was on the small boards of the hardwood floor as I cried out to God:

"I am Your son. I should have the right to hear directly from You if I am Your son. I should not have to go to another man to get a word from You. I know that I am very hard of hearing by the Spirit; but surely You know how to get through to me. I must know what I can do about these horrible circumstances of my life. What do You expect of me? I do not plan to leave this floor until I have heard Your voice". And I made a lot of noise.

And He did answer me. He put as it were a trumpet to the right side of my rib cage and He "blasted" these words through me. **"Will you bear with Me for a little while longer?"**

What will you say to God when He asks a question like that? You dare not say, "No." What God is saying by that question is that He is responsible for my circumstances and I need to bear with Him. I was thinking in my own imagination, that in another six months this will somehow all be over. But in reality, it was going to take another six years before I would see the end of it.

And so, I go on with my life, playing the game of religion with the church. I refuse to leave because I have this sense of loyalty that probably came from my Mennonite heritage. But there is no life coming from the church, nothing that can feed the soul of a hurting man. And Satan's hatred of me only intensifies. But now I have a word directly from the

throne of grace. He said, **“for a little while.”** That means it will not last forever and I now have hope toward its end.

I can't remember every detail of these dark years; but I do remember that I began to find out about some of the speakers of the Full Gospel Christian Business Men's meetings. I remember discovering a man named Robert Thom; I believe that some called him "the Apostle of Faith." He was my favorite, and whenever he was in the area I had instructed the local president to have me informed. He was a short stocky man with an accent that came from South Africa. Oh, the wonderful stories of faith that he could tell!

That's what I wanted. At one meeting somewhere in Saratoga, he announced, "How many of you would like to get the gift of faith? Come, and I will lay my hands on you."

Now, this man had the broadest hands of any man that I had ever seen. I got in line and he laid his great hands on me. I wondered how I would get this great gift, how it would be manifest to me? Little did I realize that I would have to exercise a faith in God to bring me through these terrible circumstances and place me into the calling that He had ordained for me from before the foundation of the earth.

It seems that my wife's female psychiatrist was not helping her as much as expected, as she was rapidly coming closer to the need for a short spell in the hospital. And the bitter vitriolic words of accusation were beginning to wear at my resolve. There was more and more talk about her leaving me, and preparations for such a move were being put into place.

A Major Shaking

I had now been in this position at the hospital for about seven years, when my boss called me into his office. He said that he intended to mentor other young administrators and that it was time for me to find another position. He would give me six months and a good recommendation. Without a long search, I was able to find a similar position in Amsterdam, about an hour's drive to the southwest. I was to be the assistant administrator of the hospital and the nursing home administrator of the SNF. In moving to the community, I told my wife to choose any house that she would like,

hoping that this would fix something. We then moved the family; but the new house and the new community did not resolve any of the problems.

As I look back at this move, I also see this as the hand of God using “the spirit of dynamite” to get me out of the dead life of religious Babylon, that I had been so loyal to. My wife had not been attending church with me now for some time, nor would she ever do so again. In my new freedom, I decided to try out the Assembly of God in Amsterdam. It was a new planting, with a young pastor and they were meeting in a house somewhere on one of the side streets in the lower part of the city.

Over the years, I seem to have been drawn to the smaller churches. At the first meeting, after the song service, the pastor gave a general prophetic word to the congregation. He did so again at the second meeting. At the third meeting he did so again, and by this time I had almost memorized the prophetic word. “Yea my people, the Lord, thy God doth love thee, etc, etc.” I was actually delighted to think that the spiritual gifts were in operation here. After the meeting, I went up to the pastor and told him how glad I was to hear prophecy. I then asked him if he would ever give a word to “someone in particular.” His response was, “Directed prophecy? Oh no, we never do that!” Why not? He said, “Because it has been abused.” I immediately voted again with my feet. I never returned. My pained and hurting soul was in need of something more substantial than another brand of dead spiritual life.

I had heard that Brother John had left the Church of God in Glens Falls, and had started (or was starting) an independent work in the southwestern foothills of the Adirondacks, about 10 miles or so west of the city. The name was *Adirondack Christian Ministries* (ACM). It was a bit of a drive for me, but I began to attend as often as I could make it. It was a church (although independent and non-denominational) and a man (a pastor) was at the head of it. However, there was still a lot more life there than I could find anywhere else. And I was in great need of whatever spiritual nourishment I could possibly glean.

Is This A Miracle?

Somewhere in the midst of my two years at Amsterdam, I was elected President of the Capital District Assistant Administrators Association. We would gather about once a month at some mutual location to hear speakers that were in the know about health care trends. A certain Dr Noble, who lived downstate (about 160 miles away to the south), stopped by the hospital one winter day and I asked him if he would be our next speaker (on a upcoming Monday morning - let us say, on the 14th of February) at a certain hotel near to the Albany airport. He agreed, and I saw him write it in his appointment book.

On the appointed morning, I awoke at about 5 AM, which in itself was not to my liking. In addition, my home life was just about as bad as it could get. I was wondering if hell was going to be able to swallow me whole into its depths. But the night before, I had heard Brother John speaking about the power of praising and thanking God **in all of our circumstances**; it was a word that I needed to hear.

I got in my car and started down the hill towards the Thruway (Interstate 90). As I began the trip, the Spirit kept urging me to praise the Lord. At first, I debated about it in my mind. "Okay, I can thank the Lord." It says, '**In everything give thanks.**'¹ But now I am having a problem with thanking Him "**for all things.**" This thing going on in my life is certainly not according to God's will. I know that God hates divorce; how can I thank Him for it? But then I remembered, *Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*²

I decided that I needed to obey the Lord, no matter how badly I felt in my soul. So, I commanded my body, my mouth in particular, to obey the word of the Lord. As I first began to express praise and thanks to God, I literally did so through clenched teeth. Eventually my mouth began to open a little more freely and by the time I was moving east on the

¹ 1Thessalonians. 5:18

² Ephesians 5:20

Thruway, I was really getting “high” in the praise and I was actually enjoying it. I really felt good.

I was the first to arrive at the hotel and I went to the food service to make certain that our room and the breakfast meal was being properly arranged for the 7 AM meeting. Then I went out to the lobby to wait for Dr Noble to arrive at the front door. My colleagues began arriving and they went directly to the meeting room, where they were seated and served their breakfast. They were nearly finished eating and there was still no Dr Noble (we did not have cell phones in those days). I was about to despair when suddenly I saw Dr Noble come into the lobby from the other direction; he went to the reception desk with his suitcase to check out. Then he walked directly past me toward the front door to exit the building, never recognizing me. I stopped him and asked him if he was ready for our meeting. He acted totally baffled and didn't seem to even recognize who I was, until I reminded him of the appointment that we had made. Then he looked at his appointment book and told me that he had made the date for exactly a month later, Monday, March 14th. I asked him why then he had stopped at this hotel? He told me that he had been traveling south last night when he became very weary, so he decided to stop here for the night and then go on towards New York City in the morning. I asked him, since he is here now, would he be able to speak to our group?” He said, yes, he would do so.

When I got back to the hospital, I recounted to myself what had happened that morning. I could have been totally embarrassed about my guest speaker not showing up at the meeting. But somehow the night before the meeting, the Lord Jesus knew that I was going to praise Him the next morning (**in** and **for** all things), so He stopped the man at the hotel and kept him there for me to meet him the following morning.

I was beginning to learn some of the mysterious ways of the Lord. And I asked myself, “**Was this a miracle or what?**” Again, this was not a life-or-death situation, just a little opportunity for the Lord to show me His love and favor, and that He was still totally in control of my circumstances. I knew that if I stepped out of line in any way, that I would no

longer be under His overshadowing protection. That too was a good incentive for me to walk a straight and narrow path. And this was not a path strewn with roses.

Another Shaking

I had been in this new position for almost two years and I really did enjoy the job. But the earth (or that circle) began to move again. My wife had now gotten her full credentials to be a special education school teacher and she had also been to a lawyer back in Glens Falls. It happened to be the day before Easter Sunday in 1979 that I got a letter from her lawyer, informing me of her intentions and requesting me to leave the home premises. I was not legally compelled to leave; but I found it to be a justifiable excuse to get a little reprieve from the constant vitriolic attacks that I thought I could endure no more. I left and found a cheap apartment in a rundown building on the south hill side of the city. I thanked God for the provision.

As soon as the weekend was finished, I went in to Frank, my boss, and informed him what had happened. The next day he called me in to his office and gave me his decision. He would not have a divorced man working in a position such as mine (apparently my predecessor had left a bad reputation). I was to find another position and he would give me a good recommendation. I would have six months, until Labor Day, about the first Monday of September.

I began a desperate search for another job. I also began a desperate cry to God, hardly realizing that He was hearing me and preparing a custom-made position for me. I applied for everything I could imagine, even selling veterinary medical products. I also drove down to the Maryland/Virginia state line area where I had an interview at a Mennonite nursing home. As soon as they found out that there would be no Mrs. coming with me, the interview abruptly ended. I applied at a county run nursing home in Glens Falls. I told God that I was willing to pump gas at a gas station; in fact, I was actually looking forward to such a low stress job.

It came down to sometime within the last two weeks of August and I still did not have any job prospects. Incidentally, I have never collected a dollar of unemployment in my life; God has always been my provision and I was trying to trust Him now. But what bothered me the most was that the prospect of a divorce was coming closer and closer and there was practically nothing I could do about it. My wife had accepted a school teaching position in the North Country of New York but she had not yet moved. She would be taking the two children. My lawyer had advised me not to try to fight it. He said that a man would not get the children no matter what the condition of the mother. I had only one option left. She had offered me her final terms. I could live on the second floor in a corner room of the house; I could pay all of the bills; I was to have nothing to do with her or the children. I could hide and pretend and maybe the world would never know. At least maybe I could avoid the final Mennonite death sentence called divorce. I didn't like the option; but I didn't see how I could live a life of pretense, living such a lie.

The Lord Sees Me

On a Sunday night in my tiny apartment, I took the question to the Lord. I begged Him to tell me what to do. "If You want me to go back and force my way back into the situation, I will obey You, Lord." (She did leave me that option.)

"Isn't there some way You can spare me of this terrible embarrassment?" By a much quieter voice He called me to **stand in the middle of the room**. As I looked at the ceiling, I could see what appeared to be a blanket, suspended only by the four corners. Simultaneously, all of the corners were released and I felt the blanket hit my head and then fell to the floor, completely enveloping me. I heard Him say, "**This is my grace.**" I said, "Thank you Lord, that is very nice, but that doesn't answer my question, 'What shall I do?'"

A little while later I went to sleep on my small bed in a tiny bedroom. My only remaining possessions that were with me were what I could pile on the back of a pickup truck; I had relinquished everything else. As I went to sleep, I found myself (in the spirit, outside of my body) **up at** the opposite

corner of the ceiling and looking down at my sleeping body in the bed. Jesus stood with His face to the sleeping “me” on the bed and His back to the “me” at the ceiling. He then said, **“If you were not already out, I would be now bringing you out.”** So, it became a great comfort to me to know that His hand was in this horrible circumstance **helping me**. It was now okay for me to be “out,” and I did not need to try to force myself back.

My wife had now moved back to Lewis County and had bought a house there. She actually took up membership in one of the local Mennonite Churches. With tears and a heavy heart, I voluntarily helped move her with the children. **A few days later, my secretary informed me that I had a phone call from North Creek (a small hamlet in the Adirondacks). I believe it was on a Thursday, one of the last days before the Labor Day Holiday weekend. It was also to be one of my last days at work at the Amsterdam Memorial Hospital and Nursing Home.**

When I returned the call, I found it was Mr. G, the chairman of the board of directors of the nursing home located there. He **asked if** I could come for an interview? I had never even applied for this position. The next day I drove up there where I met with the entire board of directors. Before the meeting was over, they offered me a position as the Administrator, the CEO, of the Adirondack Tri-County Nursing Home. I asked for the weekend to think it over.

Yes, I did think it over. And I prayed, “Lord, living in the wilderness was not part of my plan.” I was hoping to be in one of the small cities of the plain, where there are people, where I might have some possibility of social contact. “Why are You sending me to this desolate place? **With this job** I can’t possibly get much further away from “civilization” here in New York.” But of course, I took the job; and I was to have it for almost seven more years.

Life In The Wilderness

When I got to my job, I discovered that the facility was in a pretty sad financial condition. The accounts payable checks were supposed to be sent out twice each month. Because of

the lack of operating cash, a full month's cash payable (two check periods) was kept locked in the safe, and the first one would then be released only when the third set of payable checks arrived. That sounds to me like impending bankruptcy.

When I asked one of the board members how I happened to be hired for a position that I had never applied for, they told me that they got my name from another nursing home I had applied for in Glens Falls, where some of these board members were also on that board. They made a back room (smoke filled room?) decision to take me in North Creek because I had more experience and the home had more problems. When I left seven years later, the institution had somewhere around \$400,000 available in the various accounts and was doing very well. I really don't know how it happened except that the Lord revealed to me **that** I was like Joseph, **and that** the Lord had given me favor.³

My predecessor had made a real mess of the place. He had gotten into a publicity war with the chairman of the board over the accusation of nepotism (the chairman's wife was the director of nursing). He had mistreated the employees such that a labor union had been installed for the employees. The board was in the habit of hiring a professional negotiator every three years when the union contract came due. I told them that this would not be necessary as I would lead the negotiating team. I understood the reimbursement rules and I could defend anything that we decided to do. I studied the finances and offered the union the same percentage rate that the State was offering the nursing home for Medicaid patients. I told them that they could take the increase any way that they want it, in benefits or in their pay checks. Of course, the union officers had promised them the sky and the world. I held our ground firm, but the union rejected the offer and the employees voted to strike (only three employees voted against the strike).

Of course, the health department inspectors began frequent monitoring and inspection visits of the facility when a strike

³ See Genesis 39:5

notice is given. Before the strike deadline we were able to hire sufficient nurses and train nurse aides that seemed to come from everywhere “out of the woods.” According to labor law, these new employees could replace the other employees who left on strike. The day before the strike deadline, the employees held another vote to again consider our terms, which had not changed. This time only three employees voted for the strike; all others voted to accept our offer. After it was all over, these union representatives from New York City came to me and said that if I ever wanted a job with them, they would be glad to hire me. I will say again that the Lord was with me in granting me favor in everything that I did. And of course, I did not want to work for the labor union.

Newcomb - Another Surprise Invitation

As soon as I arrived in North Creek, I was able to find a nice place to rent along the Hudson River (in the Adirondacks is where this mighty river originates), and I prepared to move my things up the following weekend. But I had not been on the job for a week when I got another interesting phone call. It was from Mike Moses in Newcomb. Would I come up to Newcomb the next Sunday and bring them a word? I asked, “Mike, who are you, and how do you know me?” He heard about me from Brother John.

“Where is Newcomb?” It is another village about 26 miles deeper and higher into the central Adirondacks. “Who are these people that want me to come?” They are a group of people who have come out of the churches, mostly Roman Catholic, and desire to move up a little higher in the Lord. I said that I will be able to come in two weeks.

I do not know why Brother John gave my name to Brother Mike. He had never heard me preach or even teach Sunday school. He might have heard a brief testimony once or twice. But I suspect that since he had a sensitive spirit, he may have seen something of God’s calling on my life.

On a Sunday morning after my second week at the new job, I drove further up the mountain to Newcomb. The main economy of the village was an open pit ore mine that was in

the final stages of its operational life. The population is mostly of French-Canadian origin.

The group of about 10 or 12 met in the village town hall. We had a very good meeting and there was a good spirit in the praise. They asked me to return again the following Sunday; I had my children that weekend and they came with me. Again, I was asked to come for a third Sunday. I was sure that it would be obvious that I would not be bringing a wife with me; and I was certain that I would be informed that I was not qualified to be a preacher of the Word and that my coming here would now be terminated.

After the third meeting, Mike and Dorothy invited me to their home for lunch. After a simple lunch, I leaned back in my chair and prepared myself to be told that my service here was no longer needed. I believe it was Dorothy that spoke first. They wanted to inform me that they knew what was going on in my life. But what I had been bringing to the little flock was a blessing of living water and they asked if I would be interested in doing this on an ongoing basis. I agreed to do so.

But when I got home later that day, I had a long talk with the Lord. It was actually mostly a one-way discussion, because He gave me no answers. I asked Him why He had waited until now, when my life is broken and I have lost "everything." I am now unqualified for ministry, at least in man's estimation, and most churches will never take a man who has ever been divorced. [If a Mennonite nursing home would not hire me, there would certainly be no place for me in any of their ministry.]

I reminded God of how, when she had informed me of her plan to divorce me, that she said no church would ever take a man in that divorced condition. It seems like I am now in that condition, why are You calling me now? Where was this call back when my life seemed to be in some kind of order? Nevertheless, because I had once made a promise to God that I would never turn down an invitation to proclaim His word, I agreed to continue as best I could. Apparently from the brokenness of my life, I was able to bring forth life and

hope to others. **In the Bible,**⁴ didn't the broken alabaster box bring forth something sweet to the whole room?

I continued to bring forth the teaching of the Word for the next two years. I had no title or position and I did not seek one; it seemed quite unnecessary. In the course of time, they asked me to stay for a Sunday evening meeting, and then a Wednesday evening meeting. In an attempt to maintain contact with my children, I was also making two 200-mile round trips to Lewis County to bring them for visitation every two weeks. Occasionally, I would drive down to John's ACM fellowship meetings on Sunday evening in Hadley, closer to Glens Falls. There was no opportunity for shopping in Newcomb or North Creek, so we would have to drive 1 ¼ hours to Glens Falls and then return again.

The Furnace Of Affliction

The pressure of my job, the ongoing ministry, and the final stages of the legal issues involving divorce began to weigh heavily on me. The worst of it all was the emotional toll on my soul. I must admit that I absolutely hated my life circumstance of living alone in an empty house. I was on a remote street along the Hudson River and my only three neighbors were divorced women of the world; and I was not interested. I hated to prepare meals and I took every opportunity to have a meal at the nursing home. There were absolutely no fast-food establishments in these mountain villages. I learned how to make a huge kettle of chili that would last for many days. Otherwise, it was alternating between hot dogs or hamburgers, and a canned vegetable. I do not consider cooking to be one of my gifts or callings. Maybe this is where I learned to live on bread and cheese.

One Sunday night after returning home from Newcomb, I went before the Lord again and began to pour out my complaint. Does this sound like Job or what? I reminded Him of all the pressures that were on my soul. I suggested that I was in a fiery furnace and that I couldn't stand much more heat. Isn't there something that He can do about it? "Give me a break?"

⁴ See Luke 7:37-38

At that moment I saw a vision. A hand reached out and laid hold of the valve of what looked like a Bunsen burner and gave it a 90-degree turn, shutting the flame off.

Instantly the pressure on my soul was gone. I felt great. Monday was a great day at work; no problem was any burden for me - likewise Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. But by Friday, I was seriously beginning to worry. And by Saturday, I was so concerned that I went to the Lord about it again. I said,

“Lord, You can’t leave me in this condition. Ephraim is “a cake not turned”⁵; a pancake only fried on one side. I am not finished; my life is still incomplete. I can’t go on like this indefinitely. You are going to have to put me back in the furnace and finish the job. This time I will not complain. But promise me that this ordeal will come to an end.”

When I finished praying, I instantly saw the hand again. It laid hold of the valve on the burner and twisted it back 90 degrees to the “on” position. I immediately felt the heat **come** on my soul. In fact, I heard the sizzling sound of a fresh steak being thrown on a very hot grill. This time I smiled, knowing that I would soon be seeing the light at the end of the dark tunnel.

⁵ From Hosea 7:8

New Life With An Old Friend



With my position at the Nursing Home, I had been living in North Creek for nearly two years. On my occasional visits to the ACM fellowship in Hadley, I learned that Sister Janet had long ago left the C&MA Church and was attending Brother John's church. Her marriage had also come to an end. Some very evil things had come to light about her now ex-husband. She had been living with an older couple whose extended family had been founders of the Assembly of God in New York State. At some point, I asked her if she would be my wife and she agreed. She told me that God had already shown her that this was the way it was destined to be. We were married by John in June of 1981, one month before my fortieth birthday. Isn't forty the spiritual number for the fullness of tribulation? Was this tribulation coming to an end?

We later learned that our marriage was the last official act that John had performed at the ACM building in Hadley. We were married on Saturday and later that night the doors of the building were chained and padlocked. Unknown to us the fellowship had exploded into several pieces. The issue was that John had ordained as assistant pastor a woman from a community to the south, who had a troubled marriage. It seems that John's marriage had also suddenly gone to shipwreck, and most of the Hadley ACM members were not at all happy about it.

So, for our fresh start, I had left my house in North Creek and had rented a house in Newcomb; I would now be commuting to work the 26 miles to North Creek. As we established our new home, our two youngest sons, Todd and Chris, decided that they would like to live with us.

I was prepared to continue as before with the Newcomb fellowship; but to my surprise, the fellowship decided that they wanted a full-time pastor and they planned to have the Assembly of God take them over. The Lord gave me the word about Israel wanting a king and ending up with Saul. But they wanted what they wanted, and they hired a young man from Florida as pastor and set up a board of directors. I was told that the Assembly officials had insisted that I have absolutely no position with the church and that I would not be allowed to speak in the meetings.

I decided to be loyal to the fellowship and to consider that God was giving me a reprieve, in consideration of a new marriage. We began to enjoy a quieter time with a little less responsibility. However, it wasn't long before Hector began to grow weary of his new Pastoral responsibilities and began to ask me if I would share a word on Sunday evenings. I noticed from the Old Testament, that it was when Moses was content to dwell with Jethro, his father-in-law, on the back side of the desert, that the Lord then called him to return to ministry in Egypt. And I was being content in the wilderness; now what would happen next?

Part 2 – The Calling

Another Call To Ministry – The 1980's-90's

One day we had the urgency of the Spirit to make a visit to John and see if the Lord might have a word for him. We found him in a residential community just north of the New York Capital district; I'll call it Burnt Hills. There was a small remnant from this area that had followed him south and they were meeting in Schenectady at the Ramada Inn. He was living with his new (assistant pastor) wife, and it appears that both of their former marriages had simultaneously failed. The Lord showed me that he had already had plenty of Nathans ("thou art the man") and that we only needed to tell them that the Lord loved them. This fellowship had apparently come into a state of all-out war with the northern faction, even to the extent where some men began acting as voluntary security guards for the couple. When we came down for the visit, we had to encounter these guards and explain our purpose of the visit before we were allowed to meet with them. There was much weeping and tears on their part at this visit.

It was a matter of certain weeks or months later that I got a phone call from John. He asked if I thought that I might have a call for ministry. I answered to the affirmative and he asked if we would come down for a meeting. I went out in our back yard and told the Lord that I wouldn't want to touch this thing with a 20-foot pole. I heard His answer, **"These are My sheep."** I thought, "Well if You feel that way about it, I suppose that I should consider it."

Before we went down for the meeting, we stopped to visit the older Assembly couple that Janet had been living with in Hudson Falls. We shared the opportunity with them and the woman suddenly broke out in prophecy. The word she spoke was that this was the will of God and we should not be afraid to take it. We figured that such a prophecy, which must be contrary to Assembly thinking, should certainly be the word of God.

We went to the meeting. There might have been a dozen other brethren present; they called themselves "the core

group". John explained that he was in deep legal trouble and that he must leave the state as soon as possible or be arrested. He had apparently violated a judge's court order concerning the handling of church finances. We had prayer and I was formally offered the position as pastor of the ACM fellowship, which I accepted. We were to begin the first Sunday of January 1983.

New Home – New Ministry

I now have a double commute. A weekday 26-mile commute to work and a Sunday 100-mile commute to Schenectady. As soon as spring came, we began to pray about purchasing a house in the region of the fellowship.

The Lord began to speak to Janet about the home, giving her quite a list of details. When we went to the realtor, she seemed to take us directly to the house that met the description that the Lord had spoken about. It was owned by a Christian couple who were compelled by his employer to move to a new location. It was in the country, out of the village and the mailing address was Ballston Spa. Now I have a reverse 70-mile commute to work; but we are with the fellowship, which I believe is where God wanted us. The older of Janet's sons soon also moved in with us at about this time; her oldest daughter was married and living in Texas. My daughter Cara was still with her mother, and at some point, I learned that her mother, my ex-wife, has cancer. It would take her life in a couple more years. I have prayed for her and committed her to the Lord; that is all I can do now.

We began to have two meetings each week with the fellowship. The midweek meeting was in our home; the Sunday meeting was in Schenectady. We had clearly told this fellowship that we were not going to be the same as John and his wife. While I had taken on the title of Pastor, I somehow felt uneasy about it. Something just didn't seem right; but I couldn't put my finger on it. I felt quite comfortable exercising authority over our employees at the Nursing Home; but it just didn't seem right to be doing so with God's flock. And for some reason, the people seemed to want some kind of an authoritative ruler. I had not yet discovered the meaning of Jeremiah 5:1.

In a short period of time, the midweek meetings began to dwindle down to the point that there were just four of us meeting in our living room. After this particular meeting, not long after we had moved in to the new house, Janet came to me with a **word of concern**. She said, “We must be doing something wrong. If God sent us here, why is this work not prospering?”

So, we went to the Lord about it. I said,

“Lord, it seems that You went to a lot of trouble to get us to move down here, out of the mountains. Did You call us here just to perform a funeral over this fellowship? If so, we will conduct a decent burial and then You will have to inform us what Your real purpose is for bringing us here. Unless I see or hear otherwise from You, this is what we will do.”

Miracle At The Ramada

On the following Sunday morning, we arrived a little late at the Ramada Inn for our regular weekly meeting. I inquired at the front desk about our assigned room and was told to go down this corridor and it will be the last one on the left side, the Prairie Room. I went down to the room, opened the door and prepared to enter, when I suddenly stopped. The room was half full of people and I did not recognize anyone in the room. I went back to the front reception desk and told the young lady that she must have given us the wrong room. She looked again at her schedule and said, “No, the Prairie Room is yours today.” But I objected, “There is another group meeting there and I don’t know who they are; you should tell them to leave.” She said, “No, it is your room. You go and tell them to leave.”

I went back to the room and slowly walked up to the podium. I looked at the people for a minute in silence, studying them, and they looked at me. Finally, I asked, “So why are you people here?” They asked me if I represented the Fellowship and they gave our name. I said, “Yes, so if you are here to have church, let’s have church”.

In the course of time, our faithful few came in, but a little late. Later, I asked some of these new people why they had come that day. They all had a different answer as to how the Lord

had told them to come that day. And the funny thing is, I don't believe many of them ever came back again.

When my wife and I got home that day we looked at each other and I said, "**Well, did God answer our prayer or what?**"

It seems that we are not going to get out of it that easily. We had been praying for the Lord to send new people in and the people that the Lord began to send in were poor and needy people. The people that we had inherited with this fellowship were mostly families with nice homes, good jobs and a **decent** income, unlike the new people that were coming. The original people seemed to be uncomfortable with what God was doing and began to drift away to other churches. Except for one family, we soon had a completely new Fellowship.

It was about this time that Brother Campbell came to our fellowship and gave a prophecy that I did not really like. He said that we were not called to be a large fellowship, but would remain small and function more like a clinic. And it seems that this is just what we were to be. Hurting and needy people would come and get a measure of healing or deliverance and then they would leave. This had not really been according to my plans or aspirations.

Meeting Brother Campbell

Let me step back in time about a year or so, only a couple of months after Janet and I were married. We were still living in Newcomb and I was working as an administrator in North Creek. As such, the state required me to obtain certain hours of education to be able to continue to renew my administrator's license every three years. There was a course being offered at a hotel in Lake Placid (located also in the Central Adirondacks). I took Janet with me for a couple of days. One evening, we drove a few miles west to Saranac Lake for our evening meal. On the way driving back to Lake Placid, she said to me, "**There is a road turning to the left that will be coming up soon, can we turn up that road? I believe the Lord has something for us on that road.**" I took the turn and as we were coming in to the campus, I recognized the grounds of the Will Rogers Hospital from photos I had seen. It was a tuberculosis sanitarium and had been closed for a number of

years. As I came to a cul-de-sac turn around, there was a smaller building directly in front of me and the sign over the door said, "North Country Christian Center." Since I had been meeting with a few of the other pastors in this region, I recognized that this must be Brother Stanley's fellowship. I had no more than uttered the words than I saw a man approaching from another small building and I exclaimed, "And there is Brother Stanley now!"

I couldn't believe that this was a coincidence. As we talked with the brother, he told us that he would be hosting a conference in about two weeks and that he had four speakers coming, including one named Tom Campbell. He told of how Brother Tom had prophesied to him when he was still in the Air Force living in Arizona, and had laid out God's plan for him to come to this cold North Country region of New York State. We were invited to come and we believed that God must have surely made this divine appointment.

At the appointed time, we had our two youngest boys and my daughter Cara with us. We decided to try staying in a campground. I had a pickup truck and a tent. That first night the weather was not nice; it must have rained most of the night. Cara decided to sleep in the cab of the pickup, and the boys slept in the back of the truck under the cap, all high and dry. But Janet and I were not dry. The tent leaked and the rain dripped on our sleeping bags. The pancake mix that was to be for breakfast was full of water. Janet cried and begged to be taken home. I reminded her that we were here by divine appointment and we could not leave now before the meeting. After a while, she said that she needed to repent and so she asked the Lord's forgiveness for complaining.

We went into the building for the first meeting. Our clothes were damp and we stuck to the chairs. If we would rise, the chairs rose up with us. Brother Stanley began to lay out the plans for the conference, quite an exact schedule of time and who would speak when. I noticed that possibly 15-20 or so pastors were seated in a special "amen corner" in the front, off to the right side. I knew and recognized almost all of these men, but could not find or identify Brother Campbell. I speculated with Janet that perhaps he did not come so maybe God did not intend for us to meet him. As the brother was

laying out the conference plans in great detail, we suddenly heard a loud voice from the rear of the meeting hall, like the sound of a trumpet. Someone near to us said, "That's Brother Campbell." I said, "That's the man I want to meet."

His word was that **this assembly needs to repent**. We have bound up the Holy Spirit with the hand of man.

Janet looked over at me and said, "I'm glad I already repented." Needless to say, his word certainly caused a stir. And in the course of time, I did meet Brother Campbell. And meeting him opened the door to our meeting the duCille's and the other brethren with whom we are now affiliated. It seems that we were becoming aware of the hand of God in every aspect of our lives; the giving of His seal of approval with everything happening in our lives.

Janet's Upside-Down Car

It was sometime while we were living in Ballston Spa and I was still commuting to work at North Creek that Janet decided to ride with me as far as the nursing home, and then she was going to drive further up the mountain and share some fellowship with the sisters there. As we were in one of the hamlets approaching North Creek, we went to the Lord in prayer and He gave me a word, something like, "**Fear not, for I am with thee.**" We thought that was a strange word, and wondered why He had said not to fear. Janet left me off at the nursing home and drove on further up the mountain toward Newcomb.

It was sometime in October, and in the Adirondacks the first snows begin at the higher elevations. As she reached the elevation above the Minerva Hill, there were several inches of fresh snow on the ground. Just then a deer dashed directly in the path of the car; she swerved to avoid the deer. The front wheels of the car caught the soft shoulder on the left side of the road and completely flipped the car upside-down, end-for-end, the car landing on the roof. She was not wearing a seat belt and was thrown into the back seat. But the roof over the driver's seat was crushed and would have killed her if she had remained belted into that position.

It was hardly a minute later that three brethren from the Newcomb fellowship (Mike, Paul and the pastor, Hector) just

happened (another divine “coincidence”) to be traveling together down the mountain and came upon the car. The engine was still running and the wheels were still turning. They managed to shut the motor off and get Janet out of the car. Then they must have hailed a passing car and had the ambulance brought from Newcomb. Janet was then taken down to the Glens Falls Hospital where she was examined and found to have no broken bones or serious injury. I picked her up at the hospital, probably with the company car. This was just another foiled attempt of the enemy to destroy our lives; but the Lord had promised that we have nothing to fear.

The Newcomb school gym teacher drove the ambulance and Mike rode with him both ways, down to Glens Falls and back up to Newcomb. On the way back, they came to the accident site and the New York State Troopers had finally arrived, two hours after the accident. Remember, this is a rather remote and sparsely populated area. The trooper was examining the car and said, “Yes, I smell alcohol here. I’m going to order a blood alcohol test on her down at the hospital.”

To this, Mike told me that the gym teacher responded, “Dry – Dry – Dry! That will be the driest test that you have ever run. You will never find a drop of alcohol in that woman.” Now let me say that the gym teacher was simply a man of the world and I believe that we had maybe met him only once. But it seems that we have a reputation in the community and are known among people that we do not know. The trooper never did order the alcohol test.

Crisis In North Creek

I believe I worked for this nursing home for about seven years. I was now commuting about 140 miles round trip every day, that’s 700 miles every week and about 35,000 miles each year. I began to mention this to the Lord (Okay, I began to complain). “Lord, I am living in the car, three or four hours every day. I thank you for this job, but isn’t it time for me to find employment closer to home?”

Sometime after my sixth year there, the earth of circumstances began to move again. It was not long after we had successfully negotiated another union contract, that Mr.

G (the founding chairman of the board of directors) became ill and was absent for several months. In his absence, the vice president assumed the helm. Keep in mind that I answer to twelve men and women who are my bosses. During this time, things began to go downhill for Mrs. G, the director of nursing. One day during a state survey, the team leader came into my office to see me. She congratulated me again on passing the inspection, and then she added, "I want you to know that we know what is happening with your director of nursing." A week or two later, two or three of the key board members came into my office and shut the door. They asked me what was going on with Mrs. G. I told them that I would be completely honest with them if they would stand with me.

I go back to my beginning employment with the home. When I was hired, Mr. G informed me of his wife's position and asked me if I had a problem with that? I said, "No, not as long as she can perform her job." I was also reminded that he had fired my predecessor for making a public issue of nepotism. And so, I gave these board members the information that they requested. They promised to stand with me. But nothing was to be done about it at this time. I might add that Mr. G was also chairman of the county board of supervisors, the most powerful political position in the county; and he had held this position for many years. Most of the other board members were the elected supervisors of most of the neighboring towns and they probably owed him many favors. One day just before his absence, I saw him in the clinic and I sat down to talk with him. He told me of his continuing health problems and asked what I thought. I suggested that it was time for him to get out of politics. He apparently had not yet been ready to quit.

About a month or two after my meeting with the few board members, Mr. G was back at work and in charge of the next monthly board meeting. Somehow, he knew what I had revealed. After our financial officer had given her report, she was then dismissed. All other business was finished and then Mr. G announced that he would like a board resolution to fire me at once. Eleven other members sat in silence; no one would second his motion. And I am praying again, "Lord, are you also able to deliver me from this?" All was quiet for another month, until the next meeting. He was not ready to give up. Again, he asked for a resolution to fire me and all he

got was silence. And then to my surprise, he then announced his own resignation from the board of directors, stating that he had apparently lost the confidence of the other board members. Again, the Lord reminded me that there is no power that can prevail against us if we stand in Him. And as with Joseph, He again gave me favor.

About a month later, I saw Mr. G again in the clinic and I sat down to greet him and inquire about his health. In the course of our conversation, he looked at me and said, "I don't know how you did it; no man has ever been able to come against me and win." I assured him that I had no intention of coming against him or of making any conflict. When I left the place several months later, his wife still worked there; my successor would be the one to end her tenure with the facility. I heard that Mr. G had passed away within the following year.

A New Job

It was not very long after this that I got a job offer from a nursing home in the Capital District, not far from Albany. When I gave my resignation from the North Creek position, the board of directors begged me to stay. But I said that it was time to move on. The new place was in the small city of Cohoes; it was a hospital-based facility and it was physically attached to its parent hospital. But the hospital was closed and the organization had gone into bankruptcy proceedings. A nursing home/hospital team from Troy was taking it over and they were the ones who hired me. I knew up front that this would be only a two-year commitment and probably would not last much longer than that. But I took the offer so that I would not have such a long commute. A lawyer was the chairman of the board and I rarely saw him. It was my impression that this city was grungy, politically corrupt and full of rebels. We found it extremely difficult to attract and retain stable and reliable employees.

The plan was for the hospital to come back as a special rehabilitation center. My two years there went without incident. When the organization hired their new hospital CEO, he was glad to let me go, since he was not the one who hired me. I found out that he would never say anything good about me to his superiors.

Request From A Former Employer

It was probably during my last year in North Creek or the first year in Cohoes that I got a call from Frank, my former boss at Amsterdam, who had let me go because my now ex-wife wanted a divorce. He wondered if I could help them out. A radiologist that I had hired was now suing the hospital for one million dollars because he thought he deserved more money. On the trial date, I was called to the witness stand to testify about the terms under which he had been hired. I later found out that he lost his suit and moved to another place for employment. I supposed that the hospital would be forever grateful to me, but not necessarily; they are an organization, not a human being, and they do not have a soul.

Brief Return To Amsterdam

Almost immediately after leaving Cohoes, I found out that my former facility in Amsterdam was looking for a fill-in licensed administrator for their new nursing home building that they were ready to open up. Frank was no longer there; someone else had taken his place. I took the position as a consultant. The Lord gave me tremendous favor and success in opening the facility and filling their beds. I filled it in a matter of a few months, whereas their financial experts had predicted it would take up to two years to accomplish.

A New Set Of Instructions

My commute from Ballston Spa to Amsterdam was only twenty minutes and it was on a very good state highway. The drive was quite enjoyable and I must say that I was quite happy and contented. But now, the Lord began to speak some very clear words to me in the car. I had hardly gotten on the highway one morning when He said, **"I have commanded a widow to sustain you."**⁶

Now, I was not at all happy with such a word. So much so that I went to a pastor friend that we had been working closely with and asked him, "Brother, what is the difference between

⁶ See 1 Kings 17:1-9

a widow and a raven?" He immediately replied that, "A raven is unclean, of course." I soon figured out what this meant⁷ and I didn't like the idea. I told the Lord that I was perfectly capable of earning my own income and did not want to be supported by any widow (I was not a salaried pastor and I did not intend to be). I reminded the Lord that widows were known to be very poor and I could do much better for myself.

He never flinched; He never replied to my protest. In the course of time, I came to realize that the world system is the unclean raven, and Elijah had to be fed by the raven for a season. But then there came a time when the Lord sent him to the widow and their needs were met supernaturally by the Lord himself. As I now look back, I have come to realize that now with much less income than I had while working full time, I seem to have more than I ever did back then and with a whole lot less struggle.

It could not have been more than a week later at about the same time of day and the same place on the highway that He spoke again. This time He said, "**You are not to move to another city for the purpose of finding employment; I am not through with you here** (meaning this ACM fellowship)."

So that was quite straightforward. Why would He say a thing like that? Within a month I was to learn why. The hospital powers that be decided to offer me the full-time position as the nursing home administrator. The salary was something higher than I could have only dreamed of. There was only one other requirement. I must move to and live in the City of Amsterdam.

Now the Lord was testing me. Was that really the voice of the Spirit that I had heard in the car? Yes, it was clearly the voice of the Spirit. Apparently, I was not as dull of hearing as I had thought I was ten years ago or so. Would I obey the voice of the Lord? Yes, I would. I turned down the offer, but I agreed to recruit a new administrator for them. And then I left.

This wasn't my only attempt to secure a full-time administrator position in the area. I also applied for the position at the Baptist Nursing Home. It was only about 10 or

⁷ See 1 Kings 17:9

15 minutes from my home and would be an easy commute. As soon as I admitted that I was a minister of the Gospel and that I had the fullness of the Spirit (meaning I was not a Baptist), the interview came to a sudden end. Maybe they were afraid that I would pray to heal all of their patients.

I Become A Consultant

It seems that I soon got a reputation as a fill-in administrator over the whole region and was being called by facilities from a number of the surrounding counties whose licensed administrators were leaving and they needed someone to meet the state requirement. I would serve for a number of months, clean up whatever mess the board wanted me to attend to, recruit a new administrator and then go on to another place. One of the facilities even tried to make me a full-time offer to that position for myself. I was doing well at this consulting business.

There came a time when I was overseas on a mission trip; it would have been one of my first such trips. There was no Skype or laptop computer in those days. I found out when I returned home that two nursing homes had called, looking for my services while I was overseas. Not finding me available, they went on and found someone else to do the job; and the earth shakes again and the raven's bread is receding more and more.

The Widow's House

I really had no idea what this would mean, to be sent to the widow's house. I read all I could find about Elijah and the widow. I had assumed that this would be some final, end time, great tribulation era experience; but I did not relate it to the present time.

We settled in for the long haul. As of this writing, it has been 39 years since we came down out of the mountains to assume ministry in what we will call the Schenectady area. I am working with any kind of a job I can find. I still maintain an active Registered Nurse license; but I do not believe anyone would want to hire someone who will be suddenly leaving for weeks at a time on overseas mission trips. And so, my regular

predictable income is neither regular nor predictable. And I now have a mortgage to pay.

In addition, I am determined to find the true house of God. The scandal surrounding John's departure has apparently left a bad name over a very great region, and I am determined to restore our reputation. As I said before, I wouldn't have touched this thing, but it seems that the Lord wanted me to minister to His sheep. Was I especially equipped to do so? I do not know. But I do know that this Fellowship needed to be affiliating with more than "We-four-and-no-more." I began to affiliate with other pastors in the area who were young and starting independent churches. I was hoping to find something that we could be a part of. One of the pastors invited me to become a part of a new group of churches. There was to be a conference on Long Island. Janet and I went down for a few days and we went to the meetings. When I heard one of the pastors give the details of their growth plans and building program, I almost screamed. This is not what I had in mind. "My God, am I going to become enmeshed in Babylon again?" I quit the group as quickly as possible.

The Kingdom message that I heard Brother Campbell preach was the most refreshing message that I had ever heard. He had agreed to come down to the Capital District to preach and I arranged for him as many speaking locations as I possibly could. I even got him in to be the speaker at a gathering of 50-100 pastors who had a meeting at a retreat center south of Albany. Many loved the word that he brought, but none came to me afterwards to arrange for a meeting at their home church. In the course of time, I began to see that these pastors were making a decision as to which house they wanted, the house of religion or the true house of the kingdom of God. They were faced with an invitation to the King's wedding feast and most of them were turning it down. They basically made light of it and went their own ways, one to his farm and another to his merchandise.⁸ And some, in the course of time even became openly hostile, declaring that I would never be able to have the brother in this community again. They were essentially very intelligent men, and they had surely counted the cost. This message was not going to

⁸ Ref. Matthew 22:5

draw in large crowds, nor would it engender a good pastoral salary. It also flew directly in the face of some of their “faith” doctrines.

Insofar as I could do so, I had come out of religious Babylon. But Babylon had not yet come totally out of me. At long last, I was no longer considering myself to be a Mennonite. I didn’t want to operate church the way the systems operated; but I was not yet sure of what God’s order might be. It was about two or three years after we came down to the Schenectady area that we had the opportunity to meet Brother Cecil duCille. We did not yet have a building of our own so we had the meetings in a private home in the city. When I heard his message, I knew that this was the true word that I had been searching for. He opened up fearlessly and with great confidence on every major issue of church doctrine that I could imagine: church leadership and order, eschatology, Babylon, the works. I determined that this was a true apostolic message.

When we got home, I asked Janet what she thought of the message and she made two comments. First, she said, “He opened up both the front and back doors and blew us right through the house.” Then she added, “This man is either 100% right or he is 100% wrong, one or the other.” I said, “He has to be 100% right and this is what I have been waiting for.”

If I believed this word, then there were changes that I had to make. I first decided that I was no longer going to be known as a pastor. However, since it was God who called me and sent me to tend His sheep, I knew that I could not abandon the flock. I would continue to study and teach the word whenever I had the opportunity, and I would take my place as an elder. I identified two other brothers who were also qualified and I declared to them (and their wives) that we men were all equal elders and shared the calling to provide oversight to the flock of Jesus Christ. They would also bring a word if the Spirit had given them unction to do so, or function in any other gift that the Lord had given to them. The Lord continued to use me in the ministry of teaching the word and shepherding the flock.

The Lord Will Teach Me

As the Spirit began to give more understanding to my mind, I began to examine some of the other doctrines that the church had taught us. Before my meeting of either Brothers Tom or Cecil, and while I was still living in Newcomb, I began to have a very uneasy feeling about the “pre-tribulation rapture” doctrine. As far as I could tell, it was considered sacrosanct by all Baptists, Evangelicals and Pentecostals - including almost all independent versions of these same denominations.

One day when I was visiting Hector in his office, he reached up to his bookshelf and took down the Assembly of God’s Pastoral Manual and opened it to a certain page and let me read it. It stated clearly that their pastors were to teach this doctrine regularly as an inviolable truth. He was quite young and had never given it much thought. But at the time I traveled with him to the pastoral meetings as if I had been one of them.

At one of the meetings, I selected an older man (about 65) who had appeared to be a very kind and gentle type of shepherd. I asked him if I could ask him a question and he responded, “Yes of course, Mark.” Then I asked, “Brother C, can you tell me who are ‘the elect’?” He immediately knew where I was going and in a split second the countenance of his face changed. His eyes flashed daggers and he spit out the words, “Well, the Jews, of course.” I was stunned; I had touched the sacred cow!

I had come to the understanding that if I only knew who were the elect⁹, I would know if we were going to go through the great tribulation (not being previously raptured to escape it). I left it alone for more than a year. I had determined that I was not going to know the answer and that it didn’t matter anyway. But after I came down to the city and began to study the Word more earnestly, I came to the Lord one day. I told the Lord that it appeared that man would not give me the answer to this question. I said that if I was to be a teacher of the Word, I would want to have a complete understanding of these things such that I can defend what I preach from all aspects. I told Him that I was not interested in how men twist

⁹ As spoken by Jesus in Matt. 24:22

the meaning of scripture to fit their doctrines. Was He going to tell me who are the elect?

By the Spirit he said, **“So look it up.”** I asked Him, “What do you mean?” He said, **“You have a concordance, don’t you?”** I thought, “What a great idea!” I looked it up and I discovered that the elect are all of the blood bought saints, not just natural Jews. Then I began to get much more understanding in the scriptures on the subject.

One day right after this, Janet and I went to visit another young pastor (Mark) and his wife on the other side of Albany. He was an up-and-coming personable man who had a nicely growing young congregation. I said, “Brother Mark, I need to tell you something, and you can tell me honestly if you think that I am going crazy.” I told him what the Lord had just shared with me about the elect. He assured me that I was not off-the-wall and he reached over to his bookshelf and handed me a book where the history of the whole rapture doctrine was dealt with by a dishonest church system; the author was Dave MacPherson. He said I could keep the book. I asked him if he believed what was in the book. Yes, he did. Was he teaching it in his congregation? No, he wasn’t. Why not? “Because it would cause confusion. I’ll leave it at that.”

Having A Natural House

I actually enjoyed the privilege of meeting every Sunday morning at the Ramada Inn. They were giving us a good room and a good price and we had no maintenance issues. But there came a change of ownership and our weekly rental began to soar to new highs. At about this time, a very faithful older sister, Betty, came to be a part of us. She urged me that we should look for a building of our own. When I asked her why, she said, “So people will know who we are and will be better able to find us.” I went to the Lord with the proposal and here is what He said, **“I will give you a building when the people know that the building is not the church.”**

Well, you can easily guess what I began to teach. We, the people, are the real temple of God; not a building made of wood and bricks. It was probably within the next year that a small building in a residential area of Schenectady became

available. It had been used by a Sabbath keeping group of older citizens whose pastor had died, and they did not intend to continue to meet. We were able to purchase the building for a fair price. Some years later, when our finances were quite tight, we thought to sell it. Sister Betty was clearly against the move and I believe she prayed against it. But we got an offer which we accepted; the new buyer wanted to sell pianos and such at the site; it would have to go through a zoning change. At the zoning hearing we were shocked that the neighborhood all rose up against the zoning change; it seems that they all wanted us to remain where we were. We took it as the answer from the Lord; we were to keep the building - at least for the present time.

A Visitor From Pinecrest

About the second time that Brother duCille came for a visit to our fellowship, we were meeting in our “new” building. It was a full weekend of meetings; and on Saturday, Brother Charles Phillips brought his group to join with us. He also brought his friend Brother Hoyer, a teacher at the Pinecrest Bible School, located in the Salisbury area of the southern Adirondacks. Brother Hoyer was regarded to be an eminent scholar of the Word and an excellent teacher of the Bible. The school was a training place for many of the young pastors in this part of Upstate New York.

We had benches in our building and they were still arranged in the way that traditional churches arrange their seating. Brother duCille was standing in the front and he was teaching from the book of Revelation. I believe he had mentioned something about the seven stars that Jesus holds in His hand¹⁰ and said that he believed them to be seven special messengers of the Lord who are always ministering in the earth at all times, like seven suns in the sky.

Now Brother Hoyer was already what I considered to be a very old man and he was also somewhat frail as he needed assistance in getting around. He was sitting about the second row back and I was sitting directly behind him. I watched as Brother Hoyer’s shaking hands reached for the seat in front of

¹⁰ Ref. Revelation 1:16, 20

him and slowly rose to his feet. Brother duCille ceased speaking and recognized the man who had stood to his feet. I am thinking, "Brother duCille is really going to catch a tongue lashing now." But to my surprise the visitor said this,

"Brother duCille, I have been a minister of the Gospel and teacher of the Word for many (he named how many) years, and this is the first time that I have ever heard anyone preaching the Word in the way that it was meant to be understood."

At the lunch break, four of us went to an outside location for a bite to eat. At this meeting, Brother Hoyer told Brother duCille that he believed that he (Brother duCille) was one of the seven stars in this present age. That when one of the seven "suns" sets, another is rising to take his place. He also told Brother duCille that he believes that God had revealed to him some of the mystery of the time of the Lord's return. However, no amount of persuasion would coax him to reveal any of it to us. Incidentally, Pinecrest is now closed and both of these brethren have joined the immortals in the great cloud of witnesses.

Sister Janet's Amazing Healing

It was during the days that we had occasional joint meetings with Brother Phillips' group that this happened to Janet. There was an older woman from England, whom we knew as Sister Massie, who used to come occasionally to "minister" with Charlie's fellowship. It would be an evening meeting in the basement of a certain Methodist church on the south side of Schenectady. About a week or so, before the meeting, Janet had developed a ganglion cyst on the right-hand wrist. It was painful and very swollen, and it had practically disabled the use of her right hand. I had offered repeatedly to smash it with a dictionary, but she steadfastly refused. The only other recognized treatment was for a surgeon to incise it with a scalpel, and Janet was also refusing that option.

Now it is very difficult for me to describe Sister Massie as a minister. She had a very heavy British accent and she claimed that her father had been a minister during the Welsh Revival. She was kind of tottering, a bit unsteady on her feet and with

her balance. She didn't preach or teach but it seems that she liked to follow the Spirit wherever it was leading. We actually liked her; she had a very sweet spirit. On this particular Wednesday night she said, "I believe that I will just pray for whatever needs that you may have."

Janet said, "I'm going to let her pray for me." Janet stepped forward and Sister Massie reached out her hand as if to touch her. But her hand never made contact; it was a good six inches away when Janet suddenly crumbled; she went to the floor like a load of bricks, totally unhurt. Sister Massie was quite shocked, but she said, "Just leave her there, God is working on her."

Now we did not believe in the practice of knocking people over by laying hands on them, nor would we ever permit people to fall when we prayed for them. I took Janet home after the meeting and we wondered what that was all about. The next morning, Janet was lifting a skillet as she normally would and when in the process of combing her hair, she suddenly realized that she was healed.

The whole incident of Janet falling at the previous evening's meeting really troubled Sister Massie. The next day she called and asked if she could come to our house for a visit. It was there that she learned of Janet's healing and we all rejoiced in the goodness of Jesus. On her departure from our house, sister Massie backed down our driveway and over all of my new walnut trees that lined one side of the driveway, about 6 feet from the pavement. It didn't matter, we still loved her. We understand that she too is now in that cloud of witnesses.

My New Lesson In Healing

It was some time after Janet's healing that I had another encounter of healing. This would have been about 1992 or 1993, as much as 29 years ago. It was during the time that we were making a transition from our home in Ballston Spa to the one that we were building and occupied until 2022. Something had happened to my right shoulder joint that was giving me constant pain. It had been going on for several years

and I had seen several doctors about it; but there seemed to be no permanent cure, only temporary relief. After Janet's healing, I decided to implore the Lord about it. Finally, I came to the point where I got more serious with the Lord. I prayed saying,

"Okay Lord, I have been mentioning this to You for over a year now and I am sure that You are able to hear me; and I know that if You have anything to say to me that You know how to get through to me. Tell me what the problem is? I also know from many times in the past that You are well able to heal. Show me if there is some wickedness or rebellion in me that is preventing the healing. Show me if I am lacking faith."

The Spirit began to speak to me; but it was in a still small voice - not at all like the time when I was on my face on the floor about 19 years earlier, when He blasted the sound of a trumpet through my ribcage. Now, He was saying,

"But seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

But I wasn't listening. For about a week I kept praying the same intense prayer, and He kept making the same quiet answer to my spirit. Finally, I said, "Kingdom, kingdom, kingdom! What else am I preaching but the Kingdom of God?" And, "Okay, I will go and read the passage and see what I am missing."

Matthew 6:33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

After I read the passage above, my eyes were opened to another dimension that I had been missing. I had gotten the cart in front of the horse: I was seeking my healing in the name of the kingdom of God, not just simply seeking the kingdom and trusting God for the results. I made a vow,

"Lord, I will not mention this to You again. I will not mention this to other people. I will try my best not to manifest any pain; I will not even wince from painful movement. Furthermore, I will do all in my power to seek righteousness and Your kingdom, without thought of what or how You can benefit me for it".

I don't know when it happened, but about a week later I found myself reaching a spot on my back that had previously been inaccessible to me, and without any pain. I was healed of the pain. Years later, a doctor decided to do a scan of the shoulder with more modern equipment, and it was discovered that one of the two tendons that hold the bicep muscle to the shoulder had broken. God didn't replace it but he took the pain away and gave me perfect function of the shoulder.

What did I learn from this:

- 1) As we become more mature, there will be more expected of His sons.
- 2) God does not perform healing by a formula or by a recipe.
- 3) He answers our prayers, so we will learn to know Him.
- 4) I still need to learn to listen.

If you desire to learn more about healing, I have a little book named Healing, which is still available.

My First Lesson Of Finances

As long as I was working in my profession, I was always able to plan my budget and how my income would match up with my out-go. In other words, I maintained control and I liked it that way. But life approaching "living in the "widow's house"¹¹ is a matter of the Lord's provision and not so much of my control. It seems that the Lord delights in bringing us unto desperate situations in order to prove Himself to us.

In such a full sea, my ship was now sailing. First of all, Janet needed a very expensive cholecystectomy (**She had to have her gall bladder removed**), and we were without any health insurance. Then there was a later complication, and she had to be opened up again and be re-sutured. And being allergic to narcotic pain medicine, she was in excruciating pain.

¹¹ As I reflect on this nearly 30 years later, I still do not believe we have come to the fullness of life in the widow's house. But as we will come into the final 3 ½ years we will be experiencing the fullness of this prophecy.

Having easily made the mortgage on the house when I was fully employed, I was now barely keeping up. The hospital where the surgery was done was my old employer in Amsterdam, the one that I had saved a million dollars several times over. They promised that we would be qualified for payment of the bills under the Hill-Burton program and I knew that we qualified. I went in late December and asked for all of my charges to be given me so we could submit it before the end of the year. They asked me to wait and be sure that all of the charges were entered. Immediately after New Year's, I returned to the business office to settle the account, at which time they announced to me that on December 31 they were finished with the Hill-Burton program and I would be expected to pay the full amount. If I did not pay, they would put the account in the hands of a legal agency to collect. Incidentally, this hospital that I once loved is no longer a functioning institution as I write this. The other hospital in the city, the Catholic hospital, now owns and/or controls all of their assets and buildings. The thing that I once thought was an unrighteous seed of Babylon was apparently no less unrighteous than this one. As I said, they have no human soul, it is just a corporate organization.

At the same time, I made my vow to the Lord about my healing. I made a similar statement to Him about my finances. I said, "I will not mention this need again to the Lord, nor will I mention this to any man. And I will not ask any man to pray for me about this need." (I believe that some preachers mention their financial situation to men for prayer because they expect that men will be able to do something about it).

I furthermore reminded the Lord, that He had given me the house and that He could take it from me if He liked. I also mentioned that if He took it, He would then have to find me another place to dwell. I also remember telling Him that I could not understand why He would want to take my house and give it to someone who is unrighteous or wicked. Then I left it at that and said no more.

In the course of time, at exactly the right time, but just before I was ready to lose everything from foreclosure, by having a lien placed on my property, something happened. Our house had been listed with a realtor for over a year, and now a solid

offer was being made. It was sold; we paid our obligations and we had another place to live. As I look back, it seems that the Lord orchestrated the whole matter such that I had almost no choice in the matter. And I keep wondering, how much of this (my current way of life) is because I had asked Brother Robert Thom to pray for me to have the gift of faith. It isn't, however, exactly what I first had in mind. I was thinking of miracles after the manner of his testimony.

More Instructions

I'm going to step back now a couple of years. You must realize that I am not telling this story in perfect chronology, but more as one subject leads to another. Most of what I have been saying about our life with the Schenectady fellowship pertains to things that are taking place within a 10-year period of time, 1983-1993.

It was **in this** time that my wife and I came home from the Sunday meeting one particular day, and we felt that the Lord was not yet through with us for that day. When we got home, we went down on our knees and began to worship the Lord. At that point He began to speak to us by the Spirit. I believe that we might have been asking Him about our teen/young adult children, as they were in various degrees of rebellion. The Lord spoke and the first thing that He said was, **"I know how to save your children."** So, we committed them to Him. The second thing he clearly said was that **He wanted me to travel out away from home for ministry to others** (I don't remember His exact words).

It was probably in the early 1990's that we were praying to the Lord this day, when He also gave some instructions about how He was going to send us out to minister in other locations. He said that **He was sending us out, not with a word of singing and dancing, but a word of judgment and repentance.** But I sort of made light of that word and thought, like some other prophecies, that it would come to pass after many days; I was in no hurry to go out. Since I had gone on the first missionary trip to Nigeria in January 1989, and then again to Germany and Czechoslovakia about a year later, I complacently thought that I had done all that the Lord had required.

For the next couple of months, I made no attempt to go anywhere away from the home fellowship. However, in early August 1992 when we went before the Lord, my heart was very heavy. I felt that something was very wrong and I wasn't getting an answer from the Lord. I called Brother Campbell, asking why God was displeased with me. His word for me was quite simple, "Mark, is there any reason you cannot go out from home?" I said that I would get back to him and that I would take it to the Lord.

I went down on my knees with my wife and took the issue to the Lord. Wow, did He ever give me an answer!

"I told you that I want you to go out. I meant 'Now' and I mean 'Now.' And if you do not go now, the silver in your life will be turned to rusted steel and the gold will be turned to tarnished brass."

What a rebuke! I got the point! I rose to my feet shaking, and I ran for the telephone. I called two or three fellowships in Illinois, one in Iowa and one or two in Nebraska. I said, "Brethren, I have been demanded by the Lord that I must go out, may I come to visit you?" Everyone agreed. We got in the car and made a tour of the fellowships in the Midwest, bringing the word the Lord gave us. It was a blessing to all of us. We also began to do more overseas travel on missionary trips, as the Lord began to expand our horizons. I have written the summary of all of these early trips, as well as the ones we still make, in separate reports. They can be found on my Web site: endtimekingdomny.org.

Miracles

As we grew, there was a greater manifestation through Janet of the prophetic **word**, the word of knowledge and the word of wisdom: The maturing of **gifts** that had been given her long ago. We saw some miraculous things, **and** had dreams and visions. Let me share a few.

One of the first that I can remember was the day I got a phone call from a young man who said he was in the Ellis Hospital in Schenectady. **He asked if** we could come down to pray for him. We got in the car to go grocery shopping, and the Spirit said to Janet that we were to go to the hospital first. When I saw the

man in the bed, I saw more tubes coming and going from his body than I had seen in a long time. The tube coming from his stomach through his nose was running bright red with blood. I still don't know how he managed to find us or get our phone number. I asked what was wrong with him and how he had gotten into this condition. He said he had been raised as a foster son of an older local Pentecostal preacher. He was now married and had moved to a neighboring state. He had left his wife; he was running from God and he had been drinking heavily. The alcohol had done this damage to his body. Tomorrow morning, he was scheduled for exploratory surgery to see what they could do to stop the hemorrhaging. I asked if he believed that Jesus could heal him and he said, "Yes."

We prayed for him; but I must admit that I didn't have much faith. In my heart, I thought that he probably deserved to be in the condition he was in (how ashamed I am **now** of this arrogant, self-righteous attitude that I had). But I asked the Lord to heal him.

The next morning at 9 AM, we got another call. He said they had removed the nasal-gastric tube, the bleeding had stopped, he had been given breakfast and the surgery had been cancelled. Two hours later we got another call from him. He was being discharged **and he asked if we** could we give him a lift to the local YMCA. We did and we also gave him some money for a few nights stay, promising to follow up with him in a day or two.

When I went back to look for him a day or so later, he had disappeared. Try as I might, I could find no trace of the man in the area. Later, I asked someone who knew the old preacher if he had such a foster son. "Yes, he had." Where had the young man gone? Some years later, I asked someone again what had become of him. They said they heard that he had gone back to Massachusetts, to his wife and family. They said he had repented and they believed he was preaching the gospel. To this day, I would love to find the man again. Maybe next time I will find him is in the great cloud of witnesses.

Dreams – The Violent Earthquake

Probably the most awesome and fearful dream I can remember is the one that came to me at 6 AM on the morning of May 2,

1988. I was working as a consultant at the Amsterdam nursing home and hospital. We were beginning to understand end time truths and apparently God didn't want me to take it lightly. I was just about to come out of the deeper night's sleep when the following "**vision of the night**" appeared to me:

I was standing in an office building on the top floor looking out the large windows that face the west. In the nearby offices, men were doing their business at their desks. Women were applying their word processing and secretarial skills at other smaller desks.

As I looked to the west in the distance, I could see coming toward us the most awful darkness I had ever seen. It was coming at what I believe to be about the speed of sound. Simultaneously the earth was erupting as a rolling earthquake was coming in at the same speed. It was so strong that it was throwing houses and trees up into the air with a terrible violence.

I called out "Look!" as I pointed to the window. The women nearby shrieked in terror. Realizing there was no way I could escape it, I turned my back to the window and found myself in front of the building, the violence having passed. I did not look back to see the damage.

I awoke trembling, my bed was literally shaking. It was so real that I believed it had actually happened. It was in fact, so authentic that I called my insurance agent to add earthquake insurance on my house. That morning, I went to the hospital and went immediately to the fifth floor where the administrative offices were. I stared out the west window but it did not look the same as I had seen in the dream. Then I went over to the nursing home and asked the maintenance director to take me up on the roof. While he was showing me the air handling vents and such, I was paying more attention to the view to the west. It didn't look the same.

In the course of time, I came to realize that this was a spiritual, not a natural dream. I saw the coming of gross spiritual darkness and the great shaking of the earthy carnal realm. In a few weeks, we would be traveling to Illinois to a conference. I

was certainly primed now to listen to the end time word that was coming forth.

First Vision - The Passing Of The Coach

The Lord is well able to speak to His people, not only by dreams but also by visions. There were two very significant visions that came to me within about a year's span of time. This first vision came to me in about 1987. I believe the Lord was trying to show me the different reactions and decisions that people make in response to hearing the kingdom message. The three people in the vision are actual people that I knew personally and had occasion to minister to.

I found myself by the side of the road on a beautiful day. It seems to have been the way of man in his walk of life. All men of all ages, sex and race were walking (only pedestrians) and all were going in the same direction (from my left to my right). As I think on this for a number of years, I am coming to believe that those who I identified included only those who professed to be Christian believers. I do not remember seeing any sinners on this road, but I don't know who most of them were.

I saw three people on this way that I knew quite well and who had somewhat more than casual contact with the local fellowship. The first man had his two young preschool children with him as they walked this road. They were taking their time and enjoying the beauty of the natural environment along the way. He was down on one knee showing the children some beautiful flowers. Out of the corner of his eye in his peripheral vision, he saw the coach coming up the road, moving in the same direction that the people were walking. As he realized the coach was passing him by and that he had missed the opportunity to be aboard, he immediately left the children and ran with all his might to catch it, calling for it to stop. He was a strong and active man, but he could not overtake it, much to his sorrow.

The coach was/is the move of God in the last days of our time. It was filled with the Glory of God. I don't know what kind of "coach" it was, but that was the word that came to me. A car, a bus, a stagecoach and a train all qualify as coaches. Call it the "glory coach" if you like. It had no visible means of empowerment; I even looked for horses and saw none. I saw a

window as it went by, and I saw the face of a “woman” within, who was bathed in the glory of God, and there was perfect love and peace radiating from her. You just knew it was the place to be!

As the coach moved along it wove its way in and out among the pedestrians, hitting none of them; this move was in the sight of all to see. There was an understanding among the people that the coach had stopped at several stations in the past, and that every man had had the opportunity to gain entrance. But, for many reasons, people had delayed getting aboard. It went faster than any man could overtake by the strength of his flesh, nor could any man stop it or control it.

A young woman also saw it coming. She was a wife and mother, having very strong opinions about doctrines and church order and had often negatively expressed herself quite freely. As she realized what was coming, I saw a frown cross her face. She deliberately stepped out in front of the coach and held her hands up as a traffic cop, trying to stop this glory move of God. When she realized it would not stop, she tried to direct it to the side. Again, the coach would not alter its course to accommodate the will of her flesh. I believe she put herself in a position such that the coach ran her down.

There was also a sweet, frail older lady who saw the coach coming. She liked the camaraderie of fellowship and took an interest in the word, but could not really get into the true spirit of it. Her response to the passing of the coach was to put up her hand and wave. None of the three individuals are walking in this kingdom word at this time; the older lady has gone on to her reward.

I shared the vision with the fellowship, and in particular so that the three individuals heard the vision. I determined not to tell who the three were unless someone asked me, “Is it I?” It was quite a while afterwards that the man came right out and asked me if it was him. I told him that he was the one, but he did not change his ways. His life soon began to completely unravel. His wife divorced him and took the children; the state made charges against him regarding his business practices and he began losing business. The last I heard from him, he was very bitter and it was my impression that he had become practically homeless at this time. The old lady died in a nursing home,

quite old. The young woman left the fellowship; I saw her years later and she did not appear to be very happy in her life.

Second Vision - The Army Of The Lord

This vision came to me in about 1989 when Janet and I were in prayer before the Lord.

I saw a perfectly ordered army, standing in row upon row at attention, without flinching or moving. I don't know how many rows there were, but I could only see the first 3 or 4 rows at the front of the company. It seems that I stood among them in the front. From my right to my left, the line stretched as far as the eye could see. I had the impression that it was capable of covering the whole earth. There was no individual identity that could be seen of any of the soldiers in the ranks, no distinctive traits or significant differences. They were male and female but that could not be identified. Each one had found their place and would not move without orders from the leader.

Then I wondered where this leader was to be found. My eyes first searched in front of the troops. I expected to see a General, either facing his army as preparing to give some orders, or perhaps with his back to them, with a weapon (a sword) raised and calling his "men" to follow him into battle. He could not be found in that position. So, I asked, "Where is the commander?"

Then I saw the Head. It was the head of our Lord Jesus Christ that was located above the army. The head itself was larger than any individual soldier yet not out of proportion. He was connected to the army by what appeared to be a fog or mist over the heads of the troops. It seemed that the troops were the body and the mist was the shoulders and the head was above. The verse (Isaiah 9:6) came to me, that "*the government shall be upon His shoulder.*" We are joined with Him by the *Spirit*. The head was not located in just one "spot" over the army, but everywhere one would look, He was directly above.

I also saw the face and eyes of the Head. He was totally serious and looking straight ahead, though I knew He could see everything that was going on. His face expressed the stern look of what I imagined to be an old-time schoolmaster. He might have been aware of the misbehavior of some of the

students and He wasn't going to put up with it much longer. His face was also saying,

“Children, when we are all in our place, I will give the order and this army will march forward.”

This army **is** going to be a mighty force and nothing on this earth is going to be able to stop it. The Lord Jesus Himself will be the sole and supreme Commander; with no lieutenants or other officers necessary to carry out the orders in an intermediary role or to assist Him with the command.

In my mind I asked, “What was the delay?” If everyone was in their place, why did He not give the command and begin to move this army forward to accomplish its business? Then I saw the last three or four rows of this troop. As I said, I don't know how many rows deep it went, but this was the rear. Things were not nearly as settled back there. Individuals were shuffling about, going from location to location, row to row, spot to spot; trying to find where they belong or where they fit best. Some were running from a distance away and were calling to the company not to leave without them. As they came into the group, they would move some, until they knew their place. I also saw a few that were in the company, that as they looked around with a certain resigned look on their face, how they simply walked away from the ranks, presumably never to return.

This vision remains, and will come to pass.

Unfinished Business – Battling Powers

We had hardly come down to the Schenectady area when I discovered that my predecessor had left us with a number of unresolved problems. He (the pastor who was in charge of the church) had decided that they were going to go ahead and build a church building on a certain site in Burnt Hills. I believe it was considered by him to be somewhat of a move by faith (since they did not have any money for such a project). But it wasn't prospering and God was not blessing the plan or the action. They had hired a big-name engineering firm to do preliminary work on a site plan. There had been much opposition (spiritual warfare) that they were unable to overcome, including resistance from the town planning board and code officer. Now the engineering firm had contacted me and was demanding

payment or they would sue. After prayer and seeking the grace and favor of God, I was able to negotiate a settlement with them at a fraction of what they were demanding.

The church had also paid a certain Real Estate Broker in the village \$1000 earnest money, which he was to hold in trust for the property on which they planned to build. Since we now no longer planned to build, we asked for the money to be returned. The broker said we first had to prove that we were denied permission by the town to build. I went to the code officer and told him what I wanted. He offered to give me such a statement if we would give them a legal document in which we promised not to sue the town for being biased or prejudiced against the church (which they clearly were); but it was by the hand of God to stop the project since they did not have His blessing.

We had a lawyer draw up the “hold harmless” document and he then gave us their official “denial” document which I then took to the broker. To my shock, the broker still refused to give us back our deposit, in clear violation of the state laws governing real estate agents. Rather than file a complaint with the state, we took his refusal before the Lord. We said, “Lord, behold their actions against us.” We put it in His hands and asked Him to fight the battle for us. Sometime within the next two months, I saw the broker’s obituary in the newspaper; he was only 60 years old and had died very suddenly. I presented our request to his estate and we soon received our check for \$1000.

...And Principalities

This also brings to mind another battle that took place nearly ten years later, in the early 1990’s. The church that we inherited is a legitimate not-for-profit organization recognized by the state and the federal IRS as a 501 (c) (3), under tax exemption. In order to own property corporately it must be held in a corporate name. There came a time when we did own another building in a neighboring county that was to be used for a legally exempt purpose, our home. When I went to the town assessor, we were denied tax exempt status. When I went to appeal, he was **also** in charge of the local appeal process; so we were denied there too. When I appealed to a higher hearing, before a real estate broker as a hearing officer, we lost that one too. After that meeting, the

assessor and the broker went out together and had a cup of coffee in a local restaurant - quite cozy.

We began praying and binding the ruling spirits and powers over the area. Again, we laid out the denials before the Lord. The next year, I went back again with an application for exemption. The man railed at me and told me that we were not a legitimate church. He considered the Roman Catholic Church legitimate but we are not. He said his son had gone to one of those "faith and spirit" churches and he was very upset by that. Incidentally, I was told that the man was involved in much unrighteousness in his personal life. He threatened to take this to the state and let them decide the issue. I informed him that my application was done on the basis of my inquiry and the advice of the state's chief lawyer in that department of the state government; and that I had a copy of his letter in my file. Then he said he would go to the woman who was in charge of this at the county level. I agreed that that would be a good idea.

I went immediately down to see the woman at the county office building. She remembered me from when I had worked with this county as a Nursing Home Administrator Consultant for the county owned nursing home. I showed her all of our documentation and our application and denials. She looked them over and said, "Well, you certainly qualify for this exemption and I will inform the town assessor of my decision."

When I next met the assessor, he was livid; but he had to yield. When I went the next year with our renewal application he was gone. Someone said he had resigned and was in bad health. However, his assistant, whom he had trained and now took his place, also railed and cursed at me. But he could now only grant the renewals, which he did for the next two years. Then the following year, when I went again for renewal, this man was not there. I asked what had become of him and someone said he had died suddenly of a heart attack about a week previously. From then on, the replacement assessor knew nothing of our former battles and always treated us quietly and respectfully. We learned that it sometimes takes persistence; but the Lord can prosper us in all things if we stand in righteousness. In that position, He can deal with those who rise up against us.

The Lord reminded me of the time when I worked in North Creek and how He had held back the hand of the man, high in

county politics, who wanted to fire me. There is no power that can stand before us, if we remain in Christ. I believe it is a principle that we will have to walk by in the last days, more and more as the darkness descends upon the earth.

Who Is Jezebel?

It was sometime in early October 1992, during the last month of the presidential campaign between George H. W. Bush and Bill Clinton, that the Lord again gave me a most unusual and unexpected word. I had been working on repairing the floor of my porch (preparing to sell the house). And I quit briefly to take a lunch break at noon time, during which I turned the radio on and listened to the news. The polls indicated that Clinton was ahead. Afterwards, I went back to the floor and resumed working on my knees. I whispered half aloud to myself, "It doesn't look good for Bush, does it?" To my surprise, I heard the voice of the Spirit say, "**No, you are going to have Jezebel.**" He then gave me a few seconds, and read my thoughts: "There isn't anybody named Jezebel running for office." Then He added, "**...and her husband.**"

I came to understand that He was calling Hilary Clinton (or that spirit) "Jezebel." Now this was God's name for her (or it), not mine. I did not think this up in some clever way. I came to understand that some power besides Bill would actually be running the presidency.

For one thing, I would say that it is an ancient spirit from the days of Elijah.¹² Both Ahab and Jezebel were extremely wicked; but the Bible says that Ahab became more so because of the encouragement and enablement of his wife Jezebel; they even resorted to the murder of the innocent to gain what they wanted. We also know that they hated the true God and persecuted the true followers of Jehovah.

In my study of ancient history, I would say that this spirit was first manifest on the earth within three generations of Noah after the

¹² For a very thorough look at the spirit of Jezebel, I refer you to my book, Seven Letters to Seven Churches. Start with the letter to Thyatira on page 113. It is available in hard copy, and also on my Web site: endtimekingdomny.org

flood. You might find it interesting to look into the history of Nimrod and his evil mother/wife Semiramis. This pair are the founders of Babylon, which is still the ruling economic, political, and religious force in the world today; and it is bigger than **you** think. **It is possible** to get out of Babylon in the natural **but still have** Babylon in our soul in the form of our religious loyalty.

The nation had Jezebel (the Clinton's) for eight years. Then we **here** had Hilary as an elected senator for New York State for the next eight years. We had her continually yet again as the Secretary of State for nearly the next eight years under Obama. That is a total of 24 years.

As we approached the election again in the fall of 2016, I asked the Lord, "How much longer must we have Jezebel?" He did not answer me and I began to fear that she would be the president, as many of the polls were showing. However, there were others who were praying as I was, "Lord, isn't it time for Jezebel to come to the end of her ruling?" And so it was, that she lost to Donald Trump, who was accused of being "a wild man." But as I look back in the book of Kings, I see that God appointed Jehu, another wild man, to bring the historical Jezebel to an end, as well as all the house of Ahab and the evil worship of Baal. Let the name of the Lord be exalted!

Part 3 – International Ministry 1989+

The 1990's and the following years until the present brought me into a time of much international travel for the kingdom of God. I have traveled to the following countries to preach: Nigeria, Kenya, Ethiopia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Togo, Uganda, India, Czech and Slovak Republics, Poland, Hungary, Romania,

Ukraine, Russia, Germany, France, Switzerland, England (including Wales), Ireland (North and South), Scotland and Belize – but not in that order. Let me share a few of the highlights that come to mind.

Nigeria

It was in January of 1989 that I was first invited to participate in a missionary visit to Nigeria. There were seven of us that traveled together, including the duCille's and Burt Asbill. When I arrived, I found a note in my bible from Janet prophesying to me that this trip would change me forever. It surely did, as it was the beginning of many missionary adventures.

The nation of Nigeria was going through a very tumultuous time and I believe there had been things like civil war and attempted coups. When I first entered the airport at Lagos, my immediate impression was that I had arrived in a prison camp. There were multitudes of uniformed men everywhere, wearing berets and carrying machine guns. There was no such thing as an orderly line (queue) at passport control or customs, only hordes of men offering their "escort" services for this necessity at a price. We did not have the comfort or security of local brethren until we had somehow passed through to the outer meeting area, and then more men calling offers for baggage services. Much has changed since then at the airport.

And then after leaving the airport by car, it seems that we were stopped within a half mile by more machine gun toting uniformed men. They demanded to search us and the car; also probably looking for a "reward", which the local brethren refused to pay them. At one such stop, the officer actually chambered a bullet as if he was planning to shoot us. But the local brethren were as a shield for us, for which we were very grateful.

We were soon paired up and I found my partner to be Brother Burt. We traveled to many cities, preaching the Kingdom Gospel as we went. Our visit was about three or four weeks and I believe much was accomplished. Today, Sister Bola, who has a family and now lives in London, tells me that she was one of the University students who responded to the message at the large meeting in Port Harcourt; I believe that nearly 90% of that

crowd responded and came forward for prayer. There was much abundance of dreams, prophecies, healings and most miraculous deliverances from ancient spirits that had kept many in bondage.

I have made several trips to Nigeria since then. Most recently in 2014, I traveled with my wife, Rita, and several brethren from the US to attend a conference in Port Harcourt; and then afterwards, we stayed for another week with a brother in the Lagos area. We had planned to travel to Liberia; but because the Ebola epidemic had just broken out, we had to cancel that portion of the travel.

A few of the brethren then went on to Togo; but Rita and I stayed back because I had become quite ill with a fever and profuse sweating. I was becoming dehydrated and there was nothing I could do about it because I could not properly drink fluids. When the team returned from Togo, we went to the airport with them to arrange an earlier flight home; and the airline gave us favor to change the ticket. When I arrived home (as sick as I was), I got in my car and drove directly to the hospital to seek treatment. When I told them at the Emergency Room that I had a fever and had just come from Nigeria, it set off all kinds of alarm bells even to the highest echelons of the New York State Health Department. I was treated as if I had active Ebola with the highest possible means of isolation. I was treated twice for malaria, which I didn't have. Finally, the tests showed that I didn't have Ebola. It seems that the root cause, (discovered after my discharge) was that I had picked up salmonella in Nigeria. It brought with it the complications of the dehydration, UTI, pneumonia, congestive heart failure and pulmonary edema. I recovered very quickly and was soon back to normal, much to the amazement of my cardiologist.

With Them In **The** Czech Republic

When I first came to Czechoslovakia it was in about 1991, just after the Soviet Union had collapsed and the Berlin wall had come down. I was traveling in a car with Tom Campbell and David Walter. We traveled through Berlin and as I recall we had great difficulty finding the "gate" since the wall was still

physically intact. The guard towers between east and west were still in place but they were now empty. The Russian soldiers were still in the cities of the former East Germany, waiting for the orders to be sent home. There were no autobahns, only old roads to Prague, which at that time was still in Czechoslovakia. We ministered for about three days in different locations and then prepared to return to Switzerland. Someone had given us a flat to stay in the main part of Prague. The city still looked like a typical communist era metropolis; everything looked bleak and grey (without any color) and there was almost no sign of economic life in the main center of the city. There were no supermarkets, only small “ma and pa” shops that specialized in selling only one item, like meat or bread. The night before our departure we cooked our supper and I remember eating some kind of sausage. That night I got violently ill in my stomach and I believe that I was on the verge of hallucinating. I managed to get through the night and then we left at about 5 AM. The other two brethren sat in the front but I took the back seat and lay down as best I could. All I can remember is trees flying past the windows, whenever I would open my eyes. I can also remember praying, “Lord, please don’t ever send me back to this horrible place.” However, this was not a prayer that Jesus was going to take very seriously and I am glad that He didn’t.

It may have been about 2 years later (it was 1993) that the brethren asked if there was anyone who would return to Prague for a season of time to help establish a young church. Janet and I volunteered and we spent a good portion of the summer there. Our journey to Europe began with a landing in Germany, where we spent a few days with Patrick and Hilda. There we picked up David’s old Jetta and we drove it to Prague (without any GPS, only some old maps). We miraculously drove to and through Prague and precisely to Skalka, without any wrong turns. Then we settled in to the Skalka apartment to live for certain weeks. I do not recall having access to any telephones or Internet in those days, yet God seemed to be in control of building His church.

We had a meeting almost every night and often cooked a meal for the many young people who would come, hungry for the natural and the spiritual food. Some would arrive from trains from faraway places (including Poland), telling of 12 to 20-hour rides. Roman and Martina (including her brother Radek), the

only married couple with the group, were among the first. Traveling with Roman and Martina as translator/guides we drove the little Jetta and visited Hungary, Slovakia and Poland; it was an ideal time. None of these brethren had a driver's license, owned a car or ever intended to own a car. When we left, I couldn't give the Jetta away to anyone. Now they have families, businesses and many own two cars.

The little group began to grow and by the time of our departure they said that they would need to soon make a decision about coming out of some of the churches that some had been born into. I don't believe that we **performed** any spectacular miracles or raised the dead; we just lived our lives pretty much openly where all could see and observe. I clearly remember the day that Martin and Kristyna (both still single at this time) burst in to our door one evening, with searching eyes and open hearts, eager to receive the word of truth that we were proclaiming. Every one of **these brethren** were as poor as church mice at this time. My! how things have changed!

Then came the appointed time of our departure. The entire group of about 10 or 12 escorted us to the railway platform, where they prayed for us and then boarded us onto the train. They stayed on the platform until our train began to leave, waving, amidst tears as we left. We wondered if this is what it might have been like when the apostle Paul left some of the brethren that they had loved so much. What a precious privilege!

We rode the night train back to Frankfurt and then returned home. We have returned to the Czech Republic many times since then, where we attend an annual conference. Now we stay in their homes and they drive us in their cars.

Scotland

We have some dear brethren in Scotland that we have had the privilege of sharing fellowship with. I am remembering in particular Brother Jim Barr who lived in Lochwinnoch. Jim was an elder who had a little flock that met every Sunday evening in

a nearby Loch Lomond town hall. He also visited other home fellowships, with whom he shared the Gospel.

One particular Friday evening, he drove us to a small mountain village west of Glasgow. We met in a family living room and there were about ten or so in attendance. I brought a word on the Lord revealing His name, "I AM", to Moses.

It was a warm summer night and many of the people were tired from a long week of work. There was a man on my left in a large soft chair that had fallen asleep and the woman on my right was nearly asleep. Jim and Janet sat in chairs directly across from me. When I finished, I asked if anyone else would have anything they would like to share. Janet said she would and said that while I was speaking that she saw Jesus standing at my left side, especially when I mentioned His name. The group suddenly became wide awake as she described what she saw, to realize that Jesus had been in their midst that evening and most of them had missed knowing He was there. Jim could not stop talking about it all the way back to his home. As I pondered on the vision, I began to see that it was not Jesus on my left side; **but rather to note** that He had put me on His right-hand side. I considered that a great honor and I also considered how much He honors His name.

Ukraine

The first time I visited Ukraine was in the early or mid-1990's, and I traveled with Tom Campbell. They had just recently become an independent nation and there was a sudden rush of much western church influence and money among these churches, that until only a short time ago were all underground fellowships. Now some of them were rapidly becoming mega-churches. We were to be there over the Easter weekend and we discovered that many Orthodox ties and traditions still held a strong place in the people's hearts. Just before the Sunday meetings, in which Brother Campbell was scheduled to speak at two major services, he suddenly became very ill. I was appointed to fill his place. In desperation I prayed, "Lord, I am not a prophet; but now I have to fill a prophet's place. I ask that You give me a prophet's anointing for these meetings."

I first went to a large Baptist church and was able to preach a very strong message, calling for repentance. When I finished, the girls in the choir (behind me) were crying. The pastor's face was so wet with tears that he could not offer a prayer after I finished, so he asked me to go on, as I called for repentance. Then I turned the meeting over to him after he had composed himself, and he announced, "We will repent another time; now turn to hymn number 237." And he closed the meeting. He basically quenched the move of the Holy Spirit.

The evening meeting was to be at the very large Pentecostal church, a building that seated over 1000. I determined that if the Spirit moved as He did in the morning that this pastor would not be able to stop it. Before the meeting, I had to first meet with the twelve deacons who would determine if I was a fit preacher. Then, we met with the pastor (who called himself the elder, but was clearly the one-man pastor who was in control). He first said that Oxsana, my translator, would have to wear a hoska (head scarf). She was not in the habit of doing so and she did not want to; but I persuaded her to and said unless she would wear it, I would not be able to give the word that God had given me.

After that was settled, the pastor informed me that he would give me ten minutes; and if I saw people falling asleep, I was to stop early. I assured him that no one would be falling asleep, and that I needed twice as long, which he granted. Then I asked Oxsana if she could **continue** interpreting while I was speaking the next sentence to save time. She assured me that she could, and she did a beautiful job. This time again the Spirit moved powerfully, and when I finished I announced that "the elder" was going to lead them in repentance, which he did. I didn't intend to let him off the hook like it went in the morning at the Baptist church.

Far out in the darkened auditorium, an old woman brought a strong word of prophecy which was not translated for me. When Tanya came home from teaching school the next afternoon, she said that the meeting at the Pentecostal church was all the talk of the town that day. She said it was the "little" unimportant people who were talking the most about it.

My next visit to Ukraine was with Brother duCille, and again we stayed with the Dudek's in their flat in the city of Rovno (Rivne). On Sunday afternoon after we returned to their apartment, Sergei took a phone call and we heard him conversing in their

native tongue. After he hung up, he came over and announced to us that he had just spoken with the local KGB. They told him that they knew that two Americans were staying with him and that if he would declare that we were spies, they would pay him handsomely. He responded that we were not spies and that he did not need any of their money. They kept trying to persuade him that everybody needs more money; but he would not give in to them. Again, we thank the Lord for His protective hand upon us.

The Philippines

Our most active foreign mission field is currently in Ethiopia and the Philippines, where charitable works are being carried out as well as the preaching of the gospel of the kingdom. The work in the Philippines starts with Sister Merlinda, a Filipino woman, married to a Swiss man and living in Switzerland. She came to one of the Czech conferences and was given a prophetic word that the Lord would use her to bring the kingdom message to the land of her nativity. About a year later, Rita and I were visiting her in Switzerland and she shared with us that her marriage seemed to be breaking apart and that she planned to return to the Philippines to live. We inquired of her if she knew of anyone there that would be open to hearing our message. She said that she had an “uncle” who was a pastor, so we left some books with her and asked her to share with her uncle and get back to us. I must add that at this time, we are now living in the age of laptop computers, Internet and email. A little while later, she sent us a message that they would indeed be interested and that she would set up a week of meetings at a hotel in Butuan City on Mindanao Island, near to where her family lives.

In early 2008, Rita and I went with a group of brethren from the United States and the Czech Republic to our first conference at the Hotel Karaga, where we stayed and dined. There were a number of pastors from the local area who also came and heard the word, some of whom we have become partners with in the work of God, including a couple who have been running a bible school to train church leaders.

After the hotel meetings, we were able to travel to a good number of churches in the outlying villages and also preach.

Some accepted what we brought; others rejected the message; but we had a wonderful time. Until the covid pandemic essentially shut things down, we were fully supporting the school that Merlinda started on a “shoestring,” mostly by faith. The school had nearly 200 students and went from kindergarten through the eight grade. We began making two trips each year to oversee the work on Mindanao Island.

Travel from the US to the Philippines is a very tiring journey. We often left our home very early on Tuesday morning and did not arrive at our destination until Thursday about noon. The longest segment of the trip (from the US to Tokyo) is 12-13 hours long and the Philippine time zone is around 12 hours ahead of ours at home. There is significant jet-lag and weariness to be overcome.

On our visit in June-July 2017, we found that the entire Mindanao Island had been declared to be under martial law by the president. There had been a Muslim faction in Marawi City (which is about a six ours drive southwest from Butuan) that tried to capture the entire city to create a small caliphate. It seems that they were unsuccessful; but there still remained a lot of tension and the need to be cautious where we would travel. At times, I was unable to travel to minister into the outlying areas because of the trouble; but we were able to help pay for the brethren to travel to us in the city.

Part 4 – Death Of Self For You Are Dead

The Lord had healed me of every ailment over the years, each in somewhat of a different way. But there was one that came

on me that I did not see coming. It was a Wednesday on October 23, 2002. The Fall weather had really set in; it was cool, rainy and muddy. There was a rear door latch on my car that was not opening. When I came downstairs for breakfast, Janet asked me how I was feeling and what I planned to do that day. I answered, "If I had my druthers, I'd go back to bed." I didn't feel like I had rested much. But I had too much to do and I planned to fix the car door first. I went to the first junk yard about a mile from my home. There was only one car of my make there and it too had a door that wouldn't open. I figured it was broken and went on to the next junk yard about three miles away.

I noticed I had gotten very tired at the first stop, but I kept going. At the next stop, I found what I wanted; so, I paid the owner and I began to harvest the door handle and latch. Again, I was really getting tired and I had to squat on my heels to finish the job. When I started to walk back to my car, I suddenly found myself on my hands and knees in the mud. I couldn't figure out how I had gotten there. I said to myself, "I am not having a very good day." Somehow I managed to get up and get back to my car; but I didn't feel like I could drive. so I put the seat back and waited for the dizziness to clear. It was noon and none of the yard employees were around. The dizziness did not clear; so finally, I figured I might as well make a run for the three-mile drive to home.

I made it home without passing out and as I stepped into the front door, I immediately layed down on the floor and I asked Janet to cover me with a blanket. Then I began to ask her to observe me for symptoms, "Are my lips blue, etc?"

It finally came to me that I might be having a heart attack. I asked her for an aspirin and then told her she must drive me to Amsterdam to the hospital. I thought it would take an ambulance twenty minutes to get me and/or it will take me twenty minutes to get to the hospital. I thought, they'll just give me an EKG and then send me home again.

On the way to the hospital, I began to pray, "Lord, I am in a lot of trouble and I know when I am in trouble You will speak to me. Let me not waste this crisis and not hear You, Lord."

The Spirit of the Lord answered me loud and clearly in the car, **“For you are dead.”**¹³

I spoke to Janet who was driving, and told her what the Lord had said and asked her if I could be hearing correctly. She said, “Yes.” I immediately began to ponder what this meant. Somehow, I knew that I had not yet left the land of the living, because I could clearly hear the screaming of the car’s engine because Janet had failed to shift up into a higher gear; and I actually reminded her that it was time to shift. But **what I heard** was clearly the voice of the Holy Spirit, as loud and as clear by the Spirit as one can hear by one's natural ears.

As I had instructed, Janet took me to the hospital that I had once worked at, but now they no longer rendered this level of care. They put me in an ambulance and carried me down the hill to the Catholic hospital. I didn’t realize it, but I was slowly losing consciousness. In the ambulance, the young man asked me my name and I had all I could do to remember it. Then he asked for my birth date and I likewise had a lot of trouble coming up with it. I was between this world and the next.

On the emergency room stretcher, I was pondering what the Lord had said to me. If I was really dead, why could I hear all the activity around me? There were two doctors and four nurses working on me, trying to save my life. At one point, Janet came in and laid hands on me and prayed for my life. I was aware of it but it didn’t mean much to me.

One of the nurses kept calling my name until I would open my eyes and look squarely at her. They later told me that my blood pressure had fallen to 40/35 (normal is 120/80), which means that my heart was barely functioning, actually shutting down. They thought I was about dead.

In this place of darkness, I realized I was *in the valley of the shadow of death*. It was dark but I had no fear, for the Spirit was speaking to my spirit from Psalms 23. I knew that my life was “right” before God and with my fellow man. I was not afraid to cross over the veil in natural death into the heavenly realm. There was a door on my right side; I could almost reach out and touch it. I knew that if I went through that door that I would not

¹³ Ref. Col. 3:3

return. But I was still on this side, and I began to think that maybe the Lord meant for me to take that verse in Colossians 3:3 in a spiritual way. And I began to ask in my mind, "Isn't there more to that verse?" I thought it said something about, "*and your life is hidden with Christ in God.*" And I was thinking, didn't the Word say something about being raised with Christ and we had to be dead (to flesh and self) first?

You can see that even though my mind was incapable of even knowing my name or birth date, there was something of life going on in my soul and the Spirit of God is communicating with me. I became aware that the soul of man never ceases to function; it will be either in the kingdom of God or else in hell. Then I thought that if God really intended to kill me, He had passed up a real good chance up in the junk yard an hour or so ago. He must be announcing the death of my Adam nature and the resurrection of life in Christ. All this was going through my spirit while my natural mind did not even know my own name anymore.

What kind of new name will we be given on the other side anyway? Apparently, it will have nothing to do with Jantzi, or Mennonite, or any other kind of religious identification. I decided that I must cooperate with my medical team. I began to pray out loud. I began to rebuke the spirit of death and call on the Lord. I began to command the life of Christ into my mortal body by the blood of the Lamb of God. I could hear this one nurse **who was by me hearing me pray**; I heard her saying, "Yes, Yes, I agree!" She was a catholic and I don't believe she had ever heard anyone pray like that before. It has been over 19 years ago and my cardiologist declares that he will never forget that day and time with me.

Job's Complaint

About 3 or 4 PM, I was discharged from the ER to the Intensive Care Unit. My family was now able to come and visit me. They seemed very relieved to see that I was alive. Cara came 100 miles to visit me. And now I began to tell everyone that I didn't belong here **in the hospital**. I didn't deserve to be in this condition. I had lived such a clean and righteous life. I wasn't a drinker; I had never smoked a cigarette, and on and on I went. My roommates were in terrible condition and it seems they had

lived pretty rough lives. I even asked the cardiologist why I was in this condition. He said it was probably a familial thing.

When I got about to the height of my self-righteous complaining, I again heard the Spirit of the Lord very clearly say to me, **“Job’s complaint.”**¹⁴

I was stunned. What did this mean? For one thing, I stopped complaining. Again, I began to consider what the Lord was trying to tell me. I had been comparing myself to others.

On the one hand, I was glad He didn’t say, “Pharisee’s prayer.”¹⁵ This is the prayer where the Pharisee bragged about how good he was. Then again, I was sort of glad to be in the same category as Job as far as his status with God is concerned.¹⁶ (He was on a level with Noah and Daniel).¹⁷ But again, I certainly didn’t look forward to any more suffering. The real problem was to discover what was in my own innermost being that was not pleasing to the Lord. Was there something that could keep me from sonship? I continued to ponder this for some days.

By Friday, I was out of intensive care and into a normal semi private room. But they would still not let me go home. I still didn’t believe I had had a real heart attack.

On Monday, I was transferred to the Ellis Hospital in Schenectady where they did an injection scan, and informed me that I had three coronary vessels nearly plugged, 90%, 60% and 90%. The surgeon just happened to have an opening on Tuesday; so, I had the bypass, using the two mammary and the left radial arteries. After surgery, I felt very dead; every system of my body felt dead. I had lost almost half of my blood and it was replaced only with IVs of saline and dextrose.

But the words of the Lord still bothered me and as soon as my mind returned to me, I seriously meditated on the words. Something in me was an offense to the Lord.

Repentance

¹⁴ Ref. Job 23:2

¹⁵ Ref. Luke 18:10-14

¹⁶ Ref. Job Chapters 1 & 2

¹⁷ Ezek. 14:14

Finally, I could stand it no more. In the late afternoon when things were quiet in patient care, I slipped out of bed. I went into the bathroom to be alone. I locked the door and turned out the light. My hands found the handicapped rail and I lowered myself to the floor. Then I went down on my face and I began to weep before the Lord. I sobbed and my body shook in agony. I wondered if I would open the sutures in my chest (which the surgeon had strictly warned me against). But I didn't care. It would not be worth living if there was something known between my Lord and me that was an offense. I began to repent. I named pride and arrogance. I do not remember the others; but I finished by saying that anything else He would charge me with, I would agree that I was guilty and I would not defend myself. At last, I felt free. I felt clean, and by a reverse procedure of walking my hands up the wall, I came again to my feet and returned to my bed.

The Visitation Of Jesus

It was some time after this, I don't know when, because when I was still in this place between earth and the spirit realm, time seems to telescope. I was lying in the hospital bed. Suddenly Jesus appeared before me in an open vision. I saw Him from His waist upwards. He was standing right in my bed where my legs were. The thing that immediately and intensely caught my attention was the extreme pain on His face. I have never in my life seen such agony. I immediately asked, "Who did this to you, was it the wicked Gentiles?" I was thinking of the pain of His crucifixion. He held His hands open to me so I could see the palms and I noticed that the large scars were old healed wounds, not fresh with blood. Then He said, "**No, this (pain) came from the house of my friends.**" He paused for a moment to let it sink in, then He added, "**And I'm not going to put up with it much longer.**" As He said this last word, His face changed from pain to the sternest, most masterful face I had ever seen. It was almost as if He were angry. I was so glad that His eyes did not look directly at mine but off to my side. I felt that this message was not just meant for me personally but that it applied to the body of Christ. I believe He was saying that when we wound one another with our words, our tale bearing

and slander; that is a way of cursing our brother. If we have done it to even the least of these, we have done it to Him.¹⁸

Later, I remembered that all of our communication was done by the thoughts of the mind. There were no audible words uttered between the Lord and me, there never are. This is the communication by the Spirit. It can all happen in a flash of an instant.

The other thing that comes to me is that He read my thoughts. That is a fearful thing, isn't it? Oh, how our thoughts can go wandering throughout the day! I want to have my mind set on Christ. I have come to believe that in heaven we will be spiritual beings and therefore we will communicate by the Spirit, not the natural tongue. Now we can see why our thoughts must be cleaned up. If we expressed some of our carnal thoughts in heaven, it would surely pollute the whole atmosphere there and the Lord surely would not allow that. We must allow His cleansing on a continual and ongoing process. I can also understand why some will be unfit for heaven and will choose not to enter.

The Vision Of Prayers

I was only in the hospital for a week. But there is one more vision I must share. Again, I cannot place it sequentially because I had "one foot in a spiritual heavenly place and the other on earth." I was able to see spiritual things that we cannot see in the natural.

I saw prayers. I mean they were real and made out of a spiritual material. They flowed like a stream through the air. They undulated up and down and from side to side. They got thin and they became thick and rich. They flowed with the freedom of a smoke, a mist or a scent. I saw them as they went by me coming from people and going towards the throne of God. As they passed me, I could also hear them. Most of them were quiet, like the murmur of a brook. Some were very powerful and clearly heard. I heard someone praying for me. It was a couple and I could hear the wife praying for my recovery and I could hear the husband agreeing with her. I knew them. I knew who they were by their voice. (Incidentally, both Sharon and Bruce are now in the great cloud of witnesses). It was a couple that

¹⁸ Ref. Matt. 25:40

has endured more suffering than about anyone I know. I asked the Lord (again by the Spirit) why it was that some of the prayers came by so powerfully. He said that these were from ones who had suffered much. May I ask, "Do you want to have power in prayer before God?" There **were prayers of others** that I also heard; but the Lord wiped the memory of the details from my mind. I believe that there were other heavenly things that He also forbade me to remember, perhaps not lawful to be uttered.

So What About Job?

It was some time after I was home that I asked God another question. It might even have been after the second blow. I asked, "Why did I have to go through all of this?" He gave another brief answer by the Spirit, "**I thought you had asked to be among the sons of God.**"

I knew that He was referring to the teachings of Paul. Those who are led by the Spirit are His sons.¹⁹ The world is waiting for *the manifestation of the sons of God.*²⁰ And a clear distinction is made between the children of God and His mature sons. He was making me an offer of sonship. Was I still interested? Of course, I was. I wouldn't pay this entire price in suffering and repentance and then walk away from the table.

But then it took me back to Job. In particular, **to what is recorded in Job 1: 6-22**. Now I began to ask, "Lord, what was the purpose of this heavenly meeting between You and the sons of God in which Satan showed up?" He didn't answer me in the same fashion as before; but I believe I know some of the answer. I believe the purpose of these meetings was to initiate Job into the "sons of God." This must have been one of God's "**initiation procedures,**" if you will pardon the term. Perhaps, we should do more rejoicing when we fall into diverse trials. **I am seeing more and more** of this ordeal as a privilege to be in the process of being made into a son of God. I believe it was in Brother duCulle's book, The Pattern, that he said that only dead men enter the Holy Place of the Tabernacle. Perhaps, I am now

¹⁹ Ref. Rom. 8: 14

²⁰ Ref. Rom. 8:19

qualified as a dead man (“for you are dead”) to enter into the Kingdom of God.

The Second Blow

It was 2 ½ months after my heart attack. I had forgotten that Job was hit twice and I surely didn’t believe that I had another one coming. None of these events had been foreseen by any of the servants of God in the body of Christ. But this one was again apparently just part of God’s timing.

I was feeling much better. When I came down for breakfast that morning on January 15, 2003, I was again asked how I was feeling (I was not asked every day). I said to Janet, “I don’t know when I have felt this good. I want to thank you for all you have done for me in caring for me in my healing and recovery.” In retrospect, it was as if God heard me and said “Okay, she has done her last task and now she can come home.”

A few hours later, we had guests in our house. Four of our friends from Newcomb had come to see how I was doing in my recovery. At noon, we were going to go out for a lunch somewhere. As we stood to leave, Janet said, “Oh before we go, can I pray one more time for a sister who is having a difficult time?” When she finished praying, we looked at each other as if to say “now we should be going.” At that moment she collapsed to the floor. When I asked her what her symptoms were, she was only able to say that she had a headache and that was the last she said. We carried her to one of the cars and then drove to the same St Mary’s Catholic hospital I had been taken to. There she was laid in the same room in which I was laid. They told me she had had a massive stroke or brain hemorrhage, an aneurism, and that her brain was totally and irreversibly damaged. She was transferred to the same hospital in Schenectady where 24 hours later she was pronounced dead.²¹

There are one or two things about her departure that comfort me. About a week before this, she told me that she was laying aside all offense. Janet had struggled with certain things that had wounded her by other people. When she said this, I went

²¹ Janet’s life testimony is published in a booklet entitled, *Testimonies of Faith*; also available on the Web site.

through the list of things that I knew about. To each one she answered that it was no longer a problem for her. She had come to a place of victory and great peace. She also seemed to know and even prophesy her leaving. She had told others, even publicly at the conference in Florida two weeks earlier, that she would leave this world before me. I am 100% certain that she is now in the full presence of the Lord's paradise. She had finished her course and had come to her reward.

But I was left again with the pain of loss. If I could compare death with divorce, I would say that loss by death is far more comforting. People come to you to console you. They send you cards and phone calls. I gave myself a period of time to mourn; I set 40 days. I knew I could mourn for years, but I knew it must have an end.

One day, again in my pain, I went before the Lord and asked Him why He had to remove my companion. Again, He offered me His grace. I must admit that I rebelled and said that I wanted her back and then I would not need any grace. When I realized what I had done, I again went on my face before the Lord and wept bitterly, repenting for at least an hour. I believe that sometimes grief can do strange things to your soul. I can honestly say that I also went to the Lord one day and suggested that He had tricked me; if He had taken her first before my heart attack, I probably would have refused treatment and tried to die. Yes, I wished that I could also die to be with her.

Another Miracle Of Finances

As soon as I was on my feet and able to get around after the heart attack, I began making an attempt to find a way to pay for my expensive hospital care. I did not have any insurance and now I was disabled for a season of time so there was no income at all. I made application for SS Disability and was told that I did not qualify. I went to the Medicaid office and applied, but it was to be a lengthy process. My medical expenses were in the neighborhood of \$100,000; I was seriously considering filing for bankruptcy. And then, Janet was struck and her one day in the hospital added another \$10,000. About an hour before she was pronounced dead, I stopped again at the Medicaid office and asked if I could add her to my application. The lady looked at me and handed me a paper and said, "Just have her sign this

paper.” I said, “Janet will be pronounced dead in one hour and she will never be able to sign anything.” And so, it seemed that her application was approved on the spot.

A couple of weeks later, I went back to the Medicaid office and was told that my application for my expenses for 2002 were denied, but approved for 2003. I asked, “Then what is to be done for all of my hospital expenses from the surgery and such?” The lady said, “Go across the hall to an office called Medicaid Disability.” Well, that lady’s office was empty and she was very glad to see me. I told her my situation and she had access to my file. She looked at it and said, “If you can get your doctor to certify that you **were** disabled for one year, you will be approved.” I went to my cardiologist and said, “Doc, I’ve got good news; if you will sign this certificate, you will be paid.” **He signed it, but in signing it he required me** to go for a season of cardiac rehabilitation. We made a deal, and the Lord made a way to pay for my \$110,000 bill.

Part 5 – A New Partner

Restored Again

I purposely gave myself the forty days to grieve and then I said to my soul, “Now, it is enough.” The verse, Joshua 1:2a, came to me, where the Lord spoke to Joshua saying, “Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise and go over this Jordan.” Sometime after that, I told myself that I must go on with life. I hated the empty walls of my house; it was way too quiet. I

figured that the best thing is to go out and visit the fellowships again.



God has given me another companion, a wife to walk by my side. I had asked the Lord for a wife from among the sons of God. I asked for one from the “top shelf,” the very best. And He gave me Rita from Dubuque, Iowa, a mother of three grown children. She is also a woman who loves the Lord with all of her heart, and has suffered much for her stand of faith. Before we married on September 7, 2003, I had asked the Lord again if she was the one. He said, “**She’s your kind.**” That’s all I needed to know; but that’s not the only confirmation He gave us.

Now, from here on, we expect to walk together in the end-time calling and through the great tribulation. The Bible says that those who went on before us are not complete until we too will have finished the last course on this earth.²² And in the last battles of this last war we will see the Devil’s entire kingdom defeated, and God’s kingdom of righteousness come upon all of

²² Ref. Heb 11:40

the earth. I'm not writing this because I expect to pass away tomorrow. But I do want to leave a written testimony in the event that the Lord tarries in His return longer than we expect.

Do I Have Ebola?

It was in 2014, the last time that we visited Nigeria. We had traveled with several other brethren with whom we fellowship. There was a weeklong conference in Port Harcourt. We flew from Lagos over to Port Harcourt where we attended and also spoke a word a time or so at the Conference. After that, we returned to Lagos where we stayed at the home of Brother Uwak in the Lekki section (actually an island), in a nice gated community. The other brethren went on to Togo for a weekend meeting. The plan had been to travel to Liberia; but that plan had to be cancelled because of the Ebola outbreak. In fact, several cases of active Ebola had traveled down into Lagos through the airport, resulting in sickness and death of those who had cared for the sick ones. Strict quarantine and screening procedures had been put in place at the airport for all coming and going.

At about the time of my return to Lekki from Port Harcourt, I began to get very sick with a fever and other nasty symptoms. I would perspire so much each night that my cover sheet could almost have water wrung out of it; and Rita slept by my side in the same bed.

I needed fluids badly but could hardly drink without becoming very nauseous. As an RN, I knew what was happening to me and I did not want to end up in a Nigerian quarantine camp or whatever it might be for another 30 days without proper medical care. One of the Nigerian brethren, who is a medical doctor, suggested that I might have malaria; **for which I went on a treatment regimen (a very unpleasant ordeal)**. Still, I was not getting any better and Rita kept giving me Tylenol to keep the fever down and Gatorade to keep my electrolyte balance in some order.

When the brethren returned from Togo, I asked if I could be taken to the airport to get my ticket changed to return home a couple of days early. Dr Chijioke and George went to the Delta desk to request the change for us and the ticket was changed.

Each time we went through the thermal scanning of the forehead, we held our breath and prayed. Somehow, I passed and for the first time ever, I allowed myself to be moved by a wheelchair. We were then flown directly from Lagos to Atlanta and then to Albany.

When we landed at Albany, I first called my doctor. He said, "Don't come here to my office, go directly to the hospital ER." Then after being taken to my car, I drove directly to the hospital in Amsterdam. When I entered the ER, I said, "I have a fever, I am fresh from Nigeria and I am in serious need of medical care."

Those words set off all kinds of "bells and whistles." I was placed in an ER isolation room and someone started an IV. Then I was left unattended for hours. Finally, someone came in with a cell phone and I talked with one of the high officials of the New York State Health Department. She asked me all kinds of questions about my activities and whereabouts in Nigeria. I continued to insist that I was not an Ebola victim and had had no contact with any dead bodies. I later discovered that there was a big debate about attempting to transfer me to a big medical center where I could be treated as if I had Ebola; but they could not find an appropriate type of ambulance to do so. I was to be kept at Amsterdam under the supervision of an infectious disease specialist at another hospital.

Finally, I was moved from the ER to another regular medical isolation room, a room with special negative pressure. DR "O" (nobody could pronounce his Nigerian name) was assigned to treat me. He, too, along with my family doctor, believed my claim that I did not have Ebola. Everyone that came to see me had to wear special "haz-mat" gear. Aside from medical staff, Rita was the only other one allowed in the room; she too had to dress up in haz-mat gear, even though she had been living closely with me all along. My medical needs were at last being addressed, along with a daily conference between the doctors and the State Health Department. I had blood drawn and was tested for every disease you can imagine. My Ebola test had to be sent off to somewhere like Kansas City. I was treated again for Malaria (That treatment alone can make you very sick). Ebola and other tests began to come back negative.

I had built up a string of diagnoses: congestive heart disease, pneumonia, severe dehydration, urinary tract infection and others. I was given a diuretic medication that drained off liters of water. After about a week in the hospital I was sent home. Then I got a phone call, someone had found the root cause of my trouble; I had picked up salmonella infection in my digestive tract that had set the whole ordeal in motion. I was assigned a new antibiotic to clear it all up and I was to report my daily temperature to my primary physician. Then I made a visit to my cardiologist. I had had an abnormal EKG in the hospital, so that morning I asked the Lord to give me a normal EKG for the cardiologist. Dr Snyder did a routine EKG and excitedly declared it to be normal. In fact, he was so surprised at the normal EKG that he called several of his colleagues in to confirm what he was seeing, a change from abnormal to normal in the matter of a couple of weeks. He was the same doctor who had cared for me when I had the heart attack twelve years earlier. I told him that I had simply asked the Lord for a normal EKG.

Miracles In Rita's Family

Rita was born and brought up in a working-class family in Dubuque, Iowa; a nominal Catholic in a strong Roman Catholic community. She had gone through the usual rituals of that religion as a child; but never became a strong believer in any of the doctrines of Babylon. Having never heard the message of salvation, she came of age in the philosophy of the world, making life decisions out of ignorance that were bound to bring destruction. It was not until she was 32 years old, married and the mother of three children that she first heard the message of the saving grace of Jesus Christ in an Assembly of God Church. She immediately responded and her life was instantly and dramatically changed. Now she began to pray for the salvation of others in her family.

Her Father's Miraculous Salvation

Let's fast-forward a few years to the summer of 2006. Rita and I have been married now for three years. It was discovered that Rita's father, Michael Henge, had a rare type of duodenal cancer. At this point, the Lord spoke to Rita saying, "Tell the

grandchildren that they need to make it right with their grandfather". A little while later after Rita had been praying for him, the Lord spoke again to her, **"Surely, I will save your father."** He was eventually sent to the University Hospital in Iowa City, where a surgeon was going to perform a "Whipple procedure" to remove the cancer. In the meanwhile, we drove back and forth several times between New York and Iowa. When we visited and prayed for him, it seemed that he would improve; but when we left, his condition rapidly deteriorated. The surgery was not going to be a success, and Dad was assigned to hospice care for his last days in the hospital.

Among the last three nights that we were with him, Rita slept in his room with one of her sisters. The first of these nights, Dad was having a vision of being in a lost place, "I am lost and between two worlds." When he told Rita later, she said to him, "Call upon the name of Jesus to save you."

On another night, he had been singing, "I Saw the Light" (he had been a lifelong Hank Williams fan). Then he was heard to be having a conversation with someone invisible, and he was heard to be repenting of his ways, "Yes, I remember that and no I won't do that anymore," and such talk. It was another morning after that, that Rita had not been in the room. When we arrived, after another long back and forth drive from New York in a matter of days, he awoke and proudly announced, "I just had breakfast with Jesus this morning at the foot of my bed". When we asked what he had, he said, "ham, eggs and potatoes." "There were several angels around"; he continued: "The Lord told me that He was going to raise up Makayla (a great-granddaughter who had died)." He said, "I am going to raise you up, Mike; and I am going to give you a glorified body. But you can't come to supper right now. You have to remain and come when I call."

We did not linger long after that meeting. He waved at Rita and sent us back to New York; but before we reached home, we learned that he had taken a turn for the worse. The next day, as we were returning back to Iowa, we learned that he had passed into the presence of the Lord's heavenly reward as a newborn babe in Christ.

Shayne's Salvation

Shayne was Rita's oldest daughter, married and the mother of five children. She had had Crohn's Disease for the past 15 years. During the year of 2012, she had pneumonia four times. It was while we were in Prague for the conference, we learned that she was in the hospital and found to have what looked like broken glass in her lungs by the x-ray. She was on a ventilator in the hospital again in December and was diagnosed with a rare disease, Acute Fibrinous Organizing Pneumonia (AFOP). The following year in October, again we were called to where she was hospitalized in Madison, Wisconsin. It was then that we began to seriously pray for her. My first prayer was for the Lord to ensure her salvation. I heard the Spirit speak to me, **"Be careful what you pray for, for your prayer will be granted"**. I wondered why the Lord would speak such a thing to me. We decided to pray first and foremost that her salvation would be made sure and leave the choice of her healing in the hands of the Lord. Within two days after our arrival at the hospital in Madison, she passed away. Prior to her passing, she had responded to our question that she had made peace with the Lord Jesus.

Carrie's Conception

Carrie is Rita's youngest child. As a young child she gave her heart to Jesus Christ; but her teen years were quite rebellious. Her mother prayed for the Lord to close her womb. One year after our marriage, Carrie and Marc were married. Rita prayed for the Lord to open her womb and bless the marriage. It would be five years after her marriage that the Lord began to speak. Rita was in her kitchen, making breakfast and praying to the Lord about Carrie when she heard the Spirit speak to her on April 7, 2009, **"Your daughter shall bear a child."**

Rita wrote it on her calendar and as soon as we made our next visit to Dubuque, she announced this openly to her family. Nobody said much; but they looked at her scantly, not knowing how to respond. Some were probably remembering the eight years of her single life where Rita had boldly proclaimed that God was going to bring a Godly husband into her life. In the meanwhile, Shayne bore another child and Carrie questioned if the word was concerning her sister. But Rita insisted that it was for her. It was after another six years

(eleven years after her marriage and after three miscarriages), that Carrie bore the first of her two children. Rita's faith was sorely tested; but the Lord was true to His word.

God Shows Favor In Jeremy's Life

Jeremy is Rita's middle child. It was when Jeremy was five years old, getting an award for learning the 23rd Psalm in The Assembly of God Church, that Rita was stirred by the Holy Spirit to call on the Lord to change her life. It was about this time that Jeremy gave his heart to the Lord in a Sunday school class, the Royal Rangers. In his youth, he got involved with the wrong crowd and began to follow the world. This led to a life of trouble with the law, substance abuse, and addiction, broken relationships and a son born out of wedlock. Jeremy was a very skilled mason and even ran his own business; but things were not going very smoothly.

Rita was a mother praying passionately for the salvation of her son. At one point she prayed, "Lord, you must arrest him if he is doing anything unlawful." We gave the Lord permission to do whatever He needed to do to save Jeremy. I hope that you will understand that the Biblical word, "save" has a range of **meanings**. It is not just being born again in the beginning, it is a continuing process,²³ as well as an end result²⁴.

It was one night in 2017, when Jeremy had stopped his car in a park to rest, that a policeman approached the car. Upon searching the car, an illegal item was found, resulting in his arrest. It was probably an illegal search; but we urged him not to attempt to fight it, to take the plea offered him and do the time. He was sentenced to 41 months, which is one month less than 3 ½ years, the time of great tribulation.²⁵ His time was also shortened somewhat after that by a new federal mandate, reminding us of what Jesus said about the time of tribulation being shortened.²⁶ After going through three county jails, he was sent to a low security federal prison in

²³ Rom. 13:11

²⁴ 1 Peter 1:5

²⁵ See Rev. 11:2-3, 12:6, 13:5, Dan 12:7, 7:25

²⁶ Matt 24:22

northeastern Ohio, where we were able to visit a couple of times.

His ten year old son, Cody, was now bouncing between his aunt and his mother, who was also doing time in a couple of local jails. It was sometime in the summer of 2019, during the last few months of Jeremy's time **in prison**, that he sent us an urgent email that Cody and his mother are both homeless (actually living in a homeless shelter) and not doing well there. Is there anything we can do? Furthermore, **that** he has applied to have his final days confined to a halfway house in Albany, NY. I called his mother in Dubuque, "Can we come and get Cody and bring him to New York?" "Yes." We are given permission.

I called Delta Airlines to **obtain** a ticket for the **very** next day (something I have never done). Yes, **I found that** a ticket is available for me and I will have to pay the normal charge. Can I get an award companion ticket for Rita? The agent said, it is highly unlikely since people reserve these a year in advance. However, a free companion ticket is found available for Rita! **I asked** if I can I use **reward** miles to fly Cody back to New York? **They said that** I can.

When we arrived in Dubuque, we found them living in a basement of a friend-of-a-friend on Jackson Street; sleeping on air mattresses. We began to fill suitcases full of Cody's and Jeremy's things, that had been left in Dubuque; including some of **Jeremy's** mason's tools.

Our grandson-in-law gave me a Cadillac Escalade to drive the few days we were in town. When we went to check in at the airline office in Moline, I presented eight pieces of luggage, three of which weighed nearly 70 pounds **each**. My two were free, my companion Rita had two free bags; but the other four were not considered free and there was to be a steep cost. I explained our situation to the lady at the counter and she immediately stamped the other four bags as free. I considered that God was definitely showing favor on this whole affair. The salvation of two more souls was at work.

At the transfer in Atlanta, we were given 30 minutes to the next flight and it was two terminals away. When I made the top of the escalator, I told Rita and Cody I was going to run to

the gate, at the far end of the terminal. I arrived out of breath just as the gate agent was going to close the door. I pleaded for a little mercy and she waited for my other two travelers, so that we could arrive in Albany on time. Being this was Cody's first flight, he was even taken into the cockpit by the pilots for a quick tour.

This was to be a very different kind of ministry for Rita and me. Cody was believed to have some special needs and was taking some medications that were having nasty side effects. We began cutting these back and got a pediatrician's permission to completely cut out the Ritalin type of meds. Now, Cody could sleep at night and he began to have a ferocious appetite.

With much favor, we quickly got him on Medicaid and had him enrolled into the local country school, where his special needs were planned for. With the help of his teachers and Rita's diligent tutoring, Cody made the top Principal's list the first quarter. Many of the fears that he came with also slowly began to melt away. At this point, he **has come to the Lord** and has asked for the salvation of his soul, and we soon thereafter baptized him in Cara's large bathtub.

Meanwhile, a little over a week after Cody's arrival, Jeremy also arrived in the Albany Halfway House to finish his sentence. He was able to ride a bus to visit our Sunday fellowship meeting, and we could visit him for a couple of hours in Albany afterward. Jeremy shared in the meeting that his arrest and imprisonment had been the mercy of God to not only save his life but also his soul. He proclaimed to be completely free of drugs, alcohol, and nicotine; and had no craving for them. His life was turned over to Jesus and he would be looking to a completely new life. He said he had been water baptized in prison.

His driver's license in Iowa had expired, so he must start all over in New York. As soon as he had secured the learner's permit, he sought a place to take the driving exam, but could

not find a location in the Capital District for several months. Nearly a month after his arrival, he found a location down in Millbrook, 80 miles south of Albany.

On a Monday morning, I took him down for the test in this historic small village not far from Connecticut. He of course passed. We drove back to Albany and I left my second car there for him to use. A couple of hours later, he called the Bricklayers Union and inquired about a job. They sent him to a job the following morning, for which he has been working steadily ever since, and finding very good favor with his employer. Jeremy was soon sent to our house on November 4 and put on “Home Confinement,” until his prison term was totally completed on January 10, 2020.

Why am I giving all of this detail? It is to show that when God is with you and you are walking in His will, that He will show you much favor. **The words of Luke 5:2 came to me that say that** Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. It is a good thing to dwell in that place and it is a position that I want to remain in.

Part 6 – A Final (?) Move

Our Church

We have owned our little church building in Schenectady for about 35 years. It has served us well and permitted us to hold quite a number of meetings, weddings and even Janet’s funeral fellowship meal. As the years passed on, and as the ages of our faithful continued to increase, our numbers began to diminish. We began to count the names of those who were suddenly passing away or being sent to nursing homes and

began asking God how we should respond to this new demographic. At this point in time, I have the understanding that nearly everyone in the Capital District of New York, who might have an interest, has surely been exposed to the message we **have** been preaching and has had an opportunity to either embrace or reject the message.

We were waiting to hear from God. It was a Wednesday evening, April 3, 2019, that we got a call from a “church neighbor.” She informed us that the wind had blown a large tree down and its branches were against the church building. The next morning, I went down to the city with my chain saw and prepared to clean up the mess. I had no more than arrived when the city crew also showed up. They told me that since the tree was next to the road, it was considered “city property”; they would clean it up. There had been a strong wind the evening prior; but upon inquiry, I found out that our tree was the only one in the entire area that had been toppled.



Also, while some of the branches came against the building (even a window), we actually had no damage to the building. However, our nice sign between the building and the street had been annihilated (broken into many pieces) by the falling tree.

We



spent the next Sunday at fellowship seeking the Lord as to the meaning of this. It took us nearly a year to believe that we were being quickened by the Lord to sell the building, **and** that we no longer belong here. Meanwhile, when we finally listed the building for sale, we went through a full year of the COVID-19 virus lockdown; but still being able to meet every Sunday. Our numbers always remained about ten souls. The closing sale of the building finally took place on a Monday, January 25, 2021. It was 22 months after the tree fell. Then we transitioned to a hybrid of zoom and telephone conference call meetings **each Sunday**, “broadcasting” from our living room.

And Our Home

In the meanwhile, we began to pray about moving and selling our own residence in the neighboring Montgomery County. It was also in the Summer of 2019 that we made the final decision to sell our home. It was March 28 of 2019 (one week before the falling tree at the church), that I went to Lewis County (the place of my birth) to attend my brother Paul's funeral at the Lowville Mennonite Church where I grew up. I had asked if I could say a few words and was encouraged by the pastor and the family to take my liberty. I actually preached a short evangelistic message and was very surprised at the positive response that I got from the people. The experience did something to my soul that is hard to express. In that meeting were the two brethren who had laid hands on me at Beaver Camp to receive the Holy Spirit baptism back in the early-mid-1970s: Brothers Milton Zehr and Bruce Lyndacker. It was like a cloud over my thinking about Lewis County had been lifted.

Sometime during the month of April (after the falling tree), Rita and I made a mission trip to the Czech Republic, where we spent a couple of weeks ministering to the three fellowships spread across the country. It was actually on about May 1, 2019, at the close of our visit there, that I had a very vivid spiritual dream of **Lewis County**:

In the dream, I found myself in Lewis County, New York, the place that I was born and grew up. I was with Rita and we were on a bus. The bus took us to the door of a rather large building (not a home). The bus squatted down to make our descent easier and opened the door. I was the first one to exit the bus. As I approached the door of the building, I noticed that there was what appeared to be a wicker waste basket, somewhat in the walking path but on the side. As I reached out to remove it, a man who appeared to be a groundskeeper (the word servant came to me) grabbed it and removed it, apologizing for it being in that place.

We all entered the building and came single file up the aisle towards the front of what could have been like a church building, as people walk up for a wedding. I was the first one, there was an unknown man second and Rita was third. The people with the odd numbers

(Myself and Rita, #1 and 3) were to bear to the right (clockwise); those of even numbers 2, 4, 6 etc. were to bear off to the left (counter clockwise). Incidentally, I saw no man at the front of the auditorium.

I took my place in the front row, standing on what could be something like choir benches that were all facing the front. The other places were probably actual choir benches (where they stand to sing). However, my front right row was not a bench, but a set of elevated pedestals, a few inches high, in a row, where we were to stand. There were some papers on the A position next to the aisle, so I took the B position and Rita took the C position next to me. At that point, a conservatively dressed middle aged woman, who appeared to have considerable authority in this place, came to me and told me that I was in the wrong position, that I should move over to the A position (The A's and B's were not in the dream, I only put them there for explanation). She hastily and apologetically removed the papers that were on the first pedestal (A) next to the aisle and I moved over to that position; Rita also moving over next to me to the position I had just vacated. That will be the end of this dream.

Now I am not used to taking spiritual direction from dreams and visions and falling trees; I much prefer to hear the direct word of the Spirit, but we are getting a different mode of message this time. As we began to add up all of the signs, we came to a firm conclusion during the Summer of 2019 that we were to plan to move up to the North Country. About the 20th of August, Cody came to live with us, and within a matter of a few days, his father Jeremy came to the Albany halfway house, as I have already explained. By the spring of 2020, we were finally ready to list our residence for sale and begin what will be a long ordeal, a trying process that will take nearly two years to complete.

Let me arrange a sequence of events so that we can see the flow of time:

- 1) March 28, 2019 – Brother Paul's Funeral in Lowville, NY – also Rita's birthday.

- 2) April 3, 2019 – Tree falls against church in Schenectady, NY, destroying our sign.
- 3) May 1, 2019 – I have a Lewis County dream (see above) while in the Czech Republic.
- 4) Early Summer 2019, the church is listed, but no sale.
- 5) Late Summer 2019, we decide to sell our home and begin to prepare it for listing.
- 6) Early 2020, the church building is listed again for sale.
- 7) Spring of 2020 - We actually list our home for sale.
- 8) January 25, 2021 – The sale of the church property is closed. Six months after the sale, a contract is signed. The sale money is put in escrow by the NY Attorney General.
- 9) May 17, 2021 a second sale contract is signed on our home (the first one fell through). The potential buyers are born-again Christian believers. They and we will ultimately wait a full 9 months before we can have a final closing on the sale. We begin moving some of our things to Lewis County.
- 10) May 23, 2021 - We attend my sister Ruth's burial in Lewis County. She was 89.
- 11) July 16, 2021 The petition is filed with the AG Office to approve the sale of our house; it will be 6 ½ months before approval is granted.
- 12) July 26, 2021 – Rita has surgery for breast cancer – on my birthday. We are still waiting for the approval of the NY Attorney General for the sale of our house. I am expecting to move sometime in the summer or early fall.
- 13) September 17, 2021, after a series of scans, x-rays and pathology exams, Rita begins a course of treatment in Amsterdam NY, that will ultimately last for a full year.
- 14) December 3, 2021 We are notified by our attorney that the AG Office will approve the sale of our house, but that the funds will be tied up in an escrow account. Soon thereafter, we file an objection that we will not accept these terms; but we want a full release of the funds to us, since it was 100% of our personal investment.

- 15) January 4, 2022 The buyer sends the bank appraiser to the house so that their loan can be approved. This is the third time this appraiser has visited here; he now knows us very well. This time he will write his report so that the loan will be approved.
- 16) January 6, 2022 A pair of bluebirds are seen on our feeder, very rare. Where did they come from; they aren't supposed to be here in mid-winter?
- 17) January 22, 2022, I have the **Dream of the Reticulated Snake** (see below).
- 18) January 27, (Thursday) 2022: The Spirit speaks to Rita, "**An Abundance of Rain,**" while she is standing at the kitchen sink.
- 19) January 28 (Friday, the next day) our attorney calls and informs us that the AG Office will release our money to us if we write a notarized narrative to support our position. Is this the first strike of the axe to the neck of the reticulated snake (the principality)?
- 20) January 31, we submit our "sworn" narratives.
- 21) February 1 The AG Office gives a written final approval for both the sale and release of funds for our home.
- 22) February 7, Monday – The official closing takes place, ownership is transferred and funds are released to us.
- 23) February 12, 2022 Saturday, we move the remainder of our goods to Lewis County. The temperature is in the 40's. We settle temporarily in the house of my brother Daniel in Lowville. The first phase of my Lewis County dream of May 1, 2019, nearly 3 years ago has now been fulfilled. The outside (man of the world, lawyers, etc.) have now removed the wicker basket of papers that prevented our entry to the house in Lewis County. When will the second phase be fulfilled (our place established in the house of God)?
- 24) On Monday, February 14, we drove back to Amsterdam for Rita's final treatment at that hospital location.

- 25) On Wednesday the 16th, we visit the Samaritan Hospital in Watertown where all of Rita's treatment plans are now transferred. Her treatment progress is considered very successful by the doctors.
- 26) Saturday the 19th, an all-day snow storm nearly prevents all road travel here.

Let me leave the calendar of events now for a return to the narrative. First, I want to report the detail of the **Reticulated Snake Dream**:

Dream (1-22-2022)

Killing **The** Reticulated Snake

I had already awakened this morning and crawled back under the covers to warm up again. It is -20° F (-28° C) outside this morning, the record low temperature so far this year. We have been doing a lot of spiritual warfare of late, especially concerning the sale of this property. Also, Rita seems to be recovering and being healed of her breast cancer, according to her doctor, a very good report.

I drifted into a light sleep for **a minute or so**. **I found myself** in a dream:

There was a hole in the ground about 6-8 inches (15cm) in diameter and about 3-4 feet (1 meter) deep. There was a noise coming from the dark hole; we could not see the bottom. It was a rattling noise like a rattlesnake in the hole. Rita took a small wooden pole, like a rod and tried to stomp it in the hole to quiet the thing but without any success.

I came along with what I believe to be a clam-like, two handle post hole digger. I brought the serpent up out of the hole. It was a "reticulated" (this is the word that came to me) snake about the diameter of a quarter (25 cents coin) or smaller.

I set it down on the ground. It did not attempt to attack me, but it writhed and attempted to hide or avoid me. I was wearing boots, so I tried to stomp it to death but that had no impact on it. Finally, it got into part of an open

cardboard box and tried to hide under some piece of cloth fabric. But I could still see it; it wasn't able to hide very well.

I took a long-handle single-bit axe and gave it a good solid slice behind the head. It suddenly went dead; but I gave it another blow for good measure. After I killed it, I realized that it was much larger than it first appeared to be, now more the size of a silver dollar. Its dead eyes became like large windows (2-3" (8cm)) and I could look in. It was totally vacant, absent, dark, dead and gone. No more spirit. End of dream.

My understanding of this dream, is that it is a picture of the spiritual warfare that we have been involved in for the past three years, concerning the selling of the church building and also our own home. The involvement of the NY State Attorney General's office in gaining approval to sell and also the release of funds, puts us in a position where we are contending with higher ranking spiritual powers than we have ever dealt with before. From my previous testimony, you can see that we have successfully dealt with political/government powers of a lower magnitude; i.e., town and county level. But State principalities are a higher realm and require a greater authority to overcome, which we had to learn through much prayer, persistence and travail.

Yes, the past three years since we made the decisions to sell and move, have been a real trial of our faith. It wasn't a simple matter of "name it and claim it" or "rebuking the devil." This principality believed it had every legal right to exercise every dominion over us and to even ignore us, if it chooses.

Our many and often prayers and crying to the Lord for a fresh word was surely drawing us closer to Christ; and I have to believe that it was pleasing to Him, to have us drawing near to Him in this manner. Our faith regarding having heard the word of God and the path we were taking to obey it became a fiery trail. And toward the end of the ordeal, He began to give us the little signs that He had heard us and was moving on our behalf. The dream of the reticulated snake seemed to tell me that we were finally getting the victory over the spirit that overshadowed the Attorney General's Office. The second blow encourages me to believe that we can even recover the church funds from the escrow.

In the midst of all this stress over the selling of property, we discovered that we were going to have to contend also with the spirit of cancer. It was discovered in the summer of 2021 and we were told that it was Stage 4, because it had metastasized to the lymph nodes. The offending tissue was surgically removed and the chemo treatment began to show amazing and steady progress toward healing, and without any bad side effects. All of this has been covered by insurance, which I learned would have cost us an arm and a leg (over \$150,000 after only 1/3 of the treatment had been completed) if we had been paying on our own. Thank God for His provision.

During the nine-month period of the selling of our own home, I was also praying to Jesus according to His word in Matthew 24:20, *"Pray that your flight be not in the winter."* I frankly did not want to move in the winter, and was my moving a type of flight?

Yes, I wanted to move in warm weather. However, our release to move came in mid-February, which here in New York happens to be in the dead of winter. But Jesus also has a very good sense of humor. The day before our move, when I got the U-Haul truck, the temperature reached a Spring-like temperature of 50° F. The moving day was in the pleasant 40's. And that night, after the truck was unloaded, the temperature dropped to nearly 0° F with strong winds. The following Saturday, and the next Friday after that, and the next Sunday after that, believe it or not, left us with a foot and a half of fresh snow, on top of what was already there. We were having some wild snow storms here in the North Country. Isn't God so good! His window of opportunity was perfect.