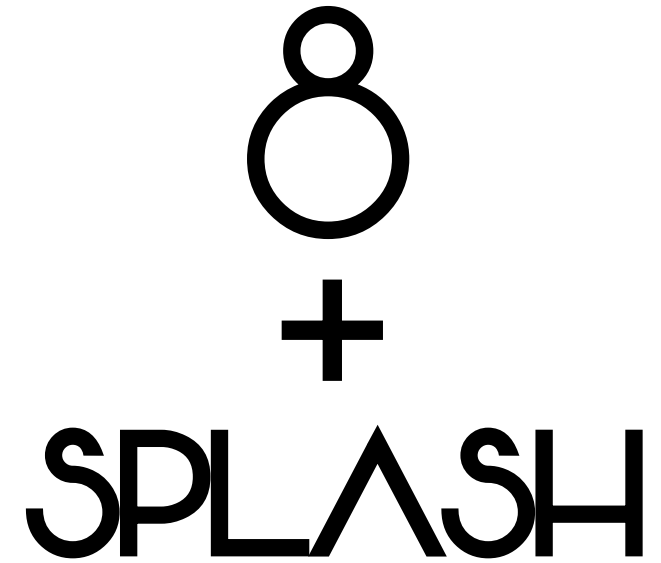


8 + SPLASH

How I Learned About Prophecy



Edward 'Eddie' Johnson



How I Learned About Prophecy

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Edward 'Eddie' Johnson

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Disclaimer: Anonymity, By Any Other Name

In this book I deal with several cases of conflict, often but not always just normal interpersonal friction. And so I feel in a way like I'm just telling 'my side of the story' but this could be seen as being very damning to some people and I don't want that.

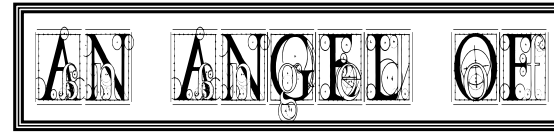
It's not my intention to write any kind of salacious tell-all, or a veiled but sordid Peyton Place-style exposé. I rely on the impartial revelation of facts from prophecy to anchor my perspective, yet even while I fully trust the objectivity of prophecy, I DO NOT always trust the subjectivity of my perception of it or my reactions to it. Not only that, prophecy may be objective, but it is unkind to expose any of these people to public shame even if God himself attests to their wrongdoing. I do not think Love would do that and so out of an abundance of caution I've changed people's names when it deals with the most hurtful issues to protect the guilty as well as the innocent.

So when you meet Pastor Patrick Buckman and his wife, Sarah, these are not their real names. I never name their church. And when you meet Pastor Mike Tomlinson, and his son the worship leader, Kurt, and the other co-pastor, Henry Greenhurst, these are not their real names either. Their church is also called the Tree of Life Church, but it is not.

This book is about how I learned about prophecy and this necessitates I share many personal and embarrassing events, stories and details and it detracts from the purpose of this book if it draws judgmental criticism to the people involved. They will face their own judgment, as will we all, and twisting a thorn in their side *in absentia* is simply not helpful to us in our task at hand.

When people sin against me, it's very hard not to sin in reaction. Most of the time when God has been cross with me has been in how I REACT to other people hurting me. I want to learn my lesson and not react in a sinful way when I am hurt. Part of that learning is to protect the people who might have hurt me in the past, much of which may have been brought on my by own bad actions, but other times it was my obedience to the Lord that put me in harm's way. There is ultimately no one to blame; it is not a matter of blame. Let us just learn, forgive, put things behind us when we can, remember them when we must so we do not repeat their mistakes, and learn what we can from my journey about this wonderful gift of God to his Bride—Prophecy.

Foreword : How I learned about Prophecy



the Lord came to me
and asked me to write a
book about how I learned

about prophecy. He was winged and in something like a white robe but did not appear very clearly, was not in a gloriously radiant display and it looked more like you may see something in a normal dream.

Both nervous and eager to find the Lord's will, in my heart I focused on this task. Can I do it?

I've actually kept a very clear record of the Lord's prophetic word to me since I was a new Christian over three decades ago. His word to me has always been very precious. I wrote much of these early words onto the computer but there are handwritten notes scattered in three countries, random pages in storage boxes, visions written in several different computer formats, but yes, mostly I was careful to write in sturdy journals to preserve these words intact and in order. So I have boxes and boxes of handwritten journals going back three decades, many of which I never opened again after I wrote them.

Maybe this is why I've had such a strong passion to keep these records, so I could one day write this book? Can I do this? Yes, I think maybe I can.

But then the angel said something totally unexpected; he said, "And name it '8 plus Splash.'"

???? 8 ... plus ... *splash*? Is that code for something? *Eight* is the number of renewal, the next number after the perfect cycle of seven is completed so it's the first number in the new season. 'Splash' is a similar word to the Hebrew word for 'to prophesy' I was told, which is *Nabi* and means something like to 'bubble up' and so to 'declare.'

A new bubble? Springs of the new season? I certainly can't name a book '8 + Splash' can I? I tried to interpret this symbolism but without any further direct revelation I chose to call the manuscript, 'Finding a River in my Garden,' which I later shortened to simply, 'A River in the Garden.'

I say this because I saw my heavenly house once, one of my heavenly homes rather. I have seen TWO homes in heaven for me. One looked like a giant purple felt-covered English Crown. It was a royal Crown House and it was a few stories tall and I could hear the noise from the outside made by all the people who were in it who were laughing and chatting and having a grand old time. That actually put me off when I first saw it since I was basically alone at that time and had no large family to want to spend eternity with, especially ones who are so boisterous. Well 15 years

later and I routinely have 25 people living in my house and yes, my family is quite large and so a huge holiday house for large family gatherings in Heaven now makes perfect sense to me! But at the time I was alone, my wife was always upset at me, my church kept me at arm's-length and especially later when my wife separated from me, left the church altogether and I was driven out into the wilderness ... the idea of a noisy house in heaven for eternity was the last thing I wanted.

But one season I was asking God for Purifying Fire to fall—it did! And it made me sick—I was almost delirious with illness because of the detoxing effect this had on me. During that week I had so many open visions. I saw Jesus on a steep hill and under his foot was a black skull and I looked like him, I was dressed like Jesus, and he said to me, “You have now conquered the Spirit of Death! Death says Quit. Death says give up. But you NEVER have to give up because you have TOMORROW. You have an eternity of Tomorrow’s.”

I saw so many visions that week, but some were more than visions—I was allowed to see into the spiritual world with my spiritual eyes. One of these visions was of a house in heaven.

Like I said, this was during my training period, my isolation, my hardships and it was this sight that became a beacon of solace to my weary and burdened soul. The first time I saw it ... my eyes were seeing a reality in greater clarity, color and vibrancy than I had ever seen anything in the natural world. It was like looking through a dirty window and then wiping the dust off and things suddenly get more clear, vibrant and colorful. But imagine that the dust is the decay that obscures the entire physical reality.

I was seeing into heaven! Seeing with the eyes of my spirit! This was no hazy dream, no obscure imagining—I was seeing into a reality that was MORE REAL than the physical creation, seeing with a clarity that was more clear than human biological eyes can reproduce. I was seeing with spiritual eyes!

And what I saw with my spiritual eyes was a White Dome set on large classical Pillars on the steep slope of a heavily forested mountainside ridge. I was looking from about a mile away from up in the air and there was a continuous blanket or carpet of lush green trees that covered the mountain and stretched beyond my vision in all directions. It was an isolated mountain refuge. This is what stood out: GREEN of the trees, the WHITE of the marble-like dome on top of classical-order pillars—oh, and when I saw it I knew one more attribute that in physical sight you cannot see, but in spiritual sight I knew instantly: I saw that it belonged to me.

The next week it stirred within my heart so strongly; this was already my home. MY home! Can't I then go back and visit it? So next week in prayer I set my heart to go back to visit my house—not the purple Crown House which seemed to be close to 'town' and noisy and full of people, but to my private marble-domed forest house of solitude. As soon as I sat down in prayer to do this, I was there. This time instead of seeing it from afar, I was in the garden in the back yard. There was a small river that flowed through my garden. I didn't know it at the time but it was a rivulet from the River of Life and from this spiring of water revelation of God was flowing into my life. That's anyway how I understand it now.

So when the angel asked me to write a book on how I learned about prophecy and asked me to call it '8 + splash' my best take on an interpretation was something like, 'Finding a River in the Garden.'

Later when I was in deep distress I went to my heavenly house again and there in the garden was a table that was in the shape of an eye—not like an oval, but more like an eye. Sitting across from me was the Father. His face was radiant WHITE and obscure from the Glory that shone from his face. He sat there on that side of the table, and I sat on this side and we had, well, a father-to-son talk. The hardships I had to endure to prepare me to walk in my calling were overwhelming. Anyone else would have quit he said, but I too was at the point of despair. Jesus would have surely comforted me, held me, let me cry, telling me 'there-there, it's going to be OK ...' Jesus is the comforter of my soul. The Holy Spirit, so full of joy and laughter, would probably have made light of it all and would just laugh it off. Not so the Father. He is stern. Not angry, just ... stern, serious. At this moment he did not comfort me, but instead said, “Stop crying! You need to be STRONG. It's not over yet. You need to keep going! There's more coming.” His command imparted the strength into me to do what he said.

I remember when God in three persons visited me for Christmas the year my wife left. Yes, Jesus just talked non-stop. The Holy Spirit just kept laughing uncontrollably. But the Father just sat there, quiet, focused ... stern, serious. I share this visitation elsewhere but I then looked to the Father and said, I knew Jesus was the Way but he was the Destination and I wanted to get to know him better. He spoke, “Everything you can know about me you can learn about through my son, Jesus; get to know him better.” I soon began to pass out because I could not stand their presence any longer and—boom—I was out! I woke up and they were gone and I was alone again in my empty house in Hong Kong on Christmas Day.

So ... *prophecy*. Do you think you already know everything? Think you have a good bead on the situation? I thought I did too after being taught by men what it all meant when I was about 19 or 20. They told me how it all works, gave me verses, gave me their doctrines. But only later when I learned how to hear God's voice basically 24/7—well, it's hard to stand in that stream 24/7, but I mean I started to be able to hear him whenever I wanted to, and he would answer my questions in conversation like talking to an older mentor or a grandfather or wise uncle. When this became routine for me, he first began to re-teach me what prophecy was all about, but this time from HIS PERSPECTIVE. Then he asked me to train the prophets and I said I didn't think it could be done. "Oh no?!" and he went on to tell me how to train them, what to teach them, and oh, yes, how to UN-train them.

Un-train them? Yes, he said, they must first be un-trained because of the Ways of Man, the Understanding of Man applied to the Bible, prophecy and the ministry of prophets has polluted and corrupted their understanding. And he added, once trained at the end of our simple training sessions he would simply invite them to serve him as prophets. It's that easy.

Part of that training, and yes, the un-training, he asked me to share this book on how I learned about prophecy. And yes, I finally just gave up trying to decipher it and just did what the angel said to do and named this book '8 + Splash.' If you don't like it, sorry, you'll have to take that up with my superiors.

Phase One

So there are three distinct phases, to my mind at least, of how I learn about prophecy.

The first will be the most familiar to you since it is where we all start, being taught by other people who are reading and trying to understand the Scriptures on their own. I lived with a pastor in New Hampshire and we were earnest but largely 'carnal people using gifts.' At the time I did not think that, I assumed prophesying was a sign we were spiritual, and that's true in one sense, it may not be true in others. Later God told me everything I did in this phase of my life was done in the Flesh, which he also had to explain to me so I could understand; it was all done under the normal human level understanding, human level intellect, human level

perception, human level desires and human level motives: it was all under the heart and mind of Man basically, but still operating in gifts.

I was also very passive in faith and mostly heard God speak to me through dreams. I was 'passive' so I thought a word from God would just come to pass on it's own no matter what I did about it. I neither understood standing in faith nor claiming a promise. This was the least fruitful time of my life but it laid an adequate foundation for later growth.

Phase Two

The second phase, for me, was after having a serious falling out with my church in New Hampshire, I left and then earned my professional degree and moved overseas to Hong Kong. I gradually came back to walking more actively with the Lord and then one day He asked me if I wanted to serve him as a prophet. He healed me, trained me and sent me to a trendy church that was going astray. God wanted to reveal His Will to them and expose the secrets of their hearts so they could repent of Man's ambitions and choose to follow his plans instead. They refused. So this is where I learned the most about the classic role of being a Prophet, sent to a stubborn and stiff-necked people who just won't listen no matter what God says. A church ministry can be an idol, a church can be nothing more than a business.

Phase Three

During the previous season He showed us a few keys and how to hear his voice whenever we wanted to, which we call enjoying Communion, but the Lord just calls it having fellowship with him. This allowed us to be taught by God openly in the ways of his Kingdom but it still took a few years for the old habits and doctrines to die to be able to understand things as God sees them. What he explained openly over the previous season now began to make more sense and we began to walk in it.

The clarity of this season gave me a lens to be able to better understand the pitfalls and mistakes of much of the previous teaching I had. This is also when God began teaching me about his Kingdom in ways I never heard any human speak and that is the basis for the collection of teachings I call *The Foundations of the Kingdom*, a few points of which I do share later at the end of this story. And then he gave me new promises about his calling for me to serve him in the Philippines, to lay the foundation of

revival there and to help usher in the blessings of his Kingdom to them.

Finally, this is my own story. This is highly personal and autobiographical and it took me many years to be able to share many of these things. The Lord asked me to write this book over 12 years ago but many of the main words he gave me were so confusing and embarrassing I could not even talk about them until only recently. I wrote version one, stopped. I wrote a whole new version two, stopped again. I put the manuscript away and a few years later tried to face it again, but to the same end. I didn't edit it, I rewrote it a third, a fourth time, trying to overcome my fear and pain, confusion and shame but I was not strong enough to do it.

Finally when the words he first gave me back in New Hampshire 30 years ago fully came to pass, and I was able to embrace the Promise of the Sun I had so painfully waited for over so many, many years—I slowly healed, I grew, I gained perspective, and I was suddenly able to grasp the whole prophetic arc of this narrative and picked it up again and finished it all in literally a few short days.

I hope you can glean and learn from my journey and I hope it helps you be better active stewards of the prophetic ministry, to learn to be taught by God, to un-train yourself in the Ways of Man regarding prophecy and ministry in general, and see this wonderful engagement gift from Jesus to us, his beloved Bride-to-be, to see that gift prosper and bear the fruit he intended it to.

So, let's go back to the beginning.
A very good pace to start!

Phase One

1

Called out of Darkness

It was a dark and stormy night—my maternal grandfather had just died unexpectedly and my mother was stricken with such deep grief.

Not known to be a woman of prayer or a Bible reader but a faithful Christian nevertheless, active in the choir and altar guild, and now heavily pregnant with me! she went outside of the house into the frigid forest to pray. New England in the Autumn can be as beautiful as it is severe, rugged, challenging. Colorful leaves on the trees but a cold, harsh winter fast approaching.

She prayed, "God, use him! *Use him!*"

Why pray this, why now, why over me? There is just no answer apart from a divine inspiration from the Holy Spirit. Jesus said, "the wind blows where it wants to, and you hear its sound, but you don't know where it comes from or where it's going. That's how it is with everyone who has been born from the Spirit."

Did you get that? That's not talking about the Holy Spirit but how it is with the PEOPLE born of the Spirit! So it was that day with my mom.

She never even told me any of this until I was around 20 years old and much later still when I was able to hear God speak to me more openly I asked Him about it. He explained that I already had a calling from the womb, as I think most people do—but when my mother prayed that day he said he DOUBLED it.

I was not worthy or deserving; I never did anything good or bad to warrant such a blessing. But my mom prayed; God answered—there's power in a praying mother! Mostly simply because God answers heartfelt prayers.

I'll skip ahead and pick up the story when I was old enough to understand what God was beginning to do in my life.

Anglicans in America are called Episcopalians, which we were. My father's family were very close to us and lived nearby but my mother's side was from the same town, but was not close.

My father's father, Carle, who we called Pops, was a well-known motorcycle mechanic and racing team owner. He died when I was young but my grandmother, Nana, was our church Sunday School teacher at St. James Episcopal Church until I was a teen. Nothing was out of the ordinary. It was a typical evangelical church community with one exception: our church pastor, which they called a Priest and referred to as 'Father' was a Spirit-filled Christian. A revival had swept through the Episcopal church in the 70's and he was touched in that move of God, but he kept it strictly secret.

My father's father, Carle, had immigrated from Sweden and my grandmother, Nana, was from Quebec, in French Canada. Marrying a Protestant Swede to a French Catholic was taboo in their day and age, so joining the Episcopal church was a happy compromise: the form and pageantry of the Catholic style with the substance and doctrines of the Protestant reformation, but mostly it was because they were the only ones willing to let them get married.

On my mother's side, I much later found out that her family had come from generations of New England Baptists. My mother was originally from Vermont; she grew up in New Hampshire, and moved away for a few years when she got married but now they both lived again in New Hampshire—and I even discovered we were related to several people who came over to America on the Mayflower through her ancestors.

But this is only to say I was insulated from the supernatural in most every way, especially from a belief in the current reality of biblical miracles. There were vestiges of folk witchcraft and several stories of my mother's father divining water ('water witching' as they called it), of 'faith healing' his mule that fell into the barbed wire and tore its skin off, of

killing a hornet's nest with a secret symbol and whispered magic words, rumors of séances and there was a ouija board kicking around the house when I was a kid. But like I said, my mother's father died when I was in the womb and I never knew him and people may see the hand of God in this, as it kept me well-insulated from learning any folk witchcraft from him as well. But we were also insulated from any Bible reading or stories of personal faith either, or of God answering prayers or the miraculous in any positive way either.

Wait, you say, didn't I just say my mother prayed for me when I was in the womb and God answered her prayer. Yes, but like I said, it was unusual for her to do such a thing, and she also never even told me this until I was around 20, and also how would she know God answered her prayer? God only told me his side of the story when I was over 30. So there was no evidence of God's calling, or knowledge of what it was, or any way to know God would increase it until then. So still I was ignorant to all of this while growing up.

So there was certainly no indication that I would one day either serve the Lord or especially be called as a prophet. I didn't feel religious, or gifted or even have a happy childhood. I was 'confirmed' as a Christian in church after attending a catechism class and then both water baptized afterwards and I even had 'hands laid on me' by the bishop to 'receive the Holy Spirit and all its gifts'—I know it's true because I later found the paper certificate saying so!

But in reality I had no understanding of the gospel or the Bible or any personal convictions in this regard. Until one week ...

The Nicene Creed Came to Life

I was about 13 years old and often served as an altar boy. I had to wear a robe and led the procession to start the service, help prepare the Eucharist elements, I even got to ring a loud gong at certain precise moments in the liturgy.

But this one week I was simply standing in the congregation and we were reading the Nicene Creed of faith corporately, out-loud as we did every week, but when we got to the part that talked about faith in Jesus as the son of God something happened that I could not explain! That part reads something like:

We believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ,
the only Son of God,
eternally begotten of the Father,
God from God, Light from Light,
true God from true God,
begotten, not made,
of one Being with the Father.

What happened was, first, I felt an uncontrollable excitement and then the air was filled with energy! I was suddenly covered in goose bumps as a powerful conviction filled my heart and yes even filled the air all around me as I was filled with an inexplicable confidence of knowledge and rush of excitement and spoke out-loud with complete 100% belief because I suddenly KNEW it was TRUE BEYOND ANY DOUBT that YES! Jesus IS the Son of God! This is true! *This is true!*

We read the Creed every week, as have billions of Christians throughout the ages in some form or another. Why this one time I was suddenly filled with such a precise and intimate personal knowledge of its truthfulness, or what that energy was that filled the air (which I later learned was the presence of the Holy Spirit), or how or what it meant—well I had no inkling of any idea.

All I knew with a wonderful joy and excitement in my heart was that Jesus was indeed the Son of God—it was a transcendent revelation, an epiphany and I was just suddenly overcome by it—and also I now realize it caused me to make a public declaration of this as I proclaimed this belief out-loud, in public—we were all reading it out-loud, making a public declaration of our corporate faith, but this time I was doing it with a true conviction. I meant it!

Soon the energy of that presence faded as we continued to read the rest of the Creed and by the end of it everything was back to being completely normal as it had been before, and as it was every week thereafter.

And only many years later did I understand more clearly what had just happened to me. No one had explained **John 3:16** to me, or in this case more appropriately **Romans 10:9-10**:

“For if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead you shall be saved”

That electrified ‘energy’ was the presence of God, the Holy Spirit, and he overshadowed me and gave me the understanding, a direct personal knowledge by divine revelation of this eternal truth. So it’s funny but without me knowing it, the presence of God caused me to make a public profession of faith in Jesus as the Son of God—no one ever told me to do that or why I needed to. I had never heard the gospel preached in that way, I didn’t contemplate heaven, hell, sin or the Bible. Instead I just had an amazing personal encounter with the presence of God’s Holy Spirit that filled me, enlightened me and moved me with such an excitement to testify to the truth that I NOW KNEW with certainty and CONFESSED with my mouth that Jesus IS the Son of God. Wow!

I now tell people I got saved by a sovereign act of the Lord because no one preached to me, it was the Holy Spirit who gifted me with this astounding faith and deeply personal belief in Jesus as Lord. And as we all know whosoever believes in him will not perish but have eternal life.

Now I suppose we can all agree that I was ‘saved’—unfortunately I didn’t even know it myself. I had no idea that what just happened meant anything and I so certainly never told anyone about it. So without any Bible reading or follow-up personal teaching that I could understand and no community of Born Again believers to nurture me, I was quickly instead lured into a very worldly and demonic lifestyle common to modern teenagers.

I began listening to demonic music, mostly what we called at that time Punk and Industrial music; I dyed my hair blue then purple, wore earrings and had many girlfriends. Most of my friends ended up being active in the occult and some were authentic witches. We tried out different things like crystals and fortune telling and this was a turbulent and confusing time for me.

Powerful in the White Light

On my own I had a few strange spiritual experiences. One was a very weird and profound event at the restaurant where I worked. I was in the dining room cleaning up and a man came in, he sat down with some friends but didn’t eat and was hunched over acting odd, but that’s not what drew my attention. Somehow I just KNEW he was EVIL. I was suddenly and keenly aware of the danger he was to many people and didn’t know what to do but to draw down from above a White Light to

cover him and neutralize him and in doing to protect the rest of us! This intense and overpowering awareness of the danger this evil man posed and the solution of cascading a White Light from Above to stop him and protect everyone lasted for many minutes, maybe 20, until he left.

I was shaken. But I had no one to talk to about it. So later who would I ask? The head witches who were visiting my New Age friends. When one of them heard my story she suddenly grabbed my hand and began to 'read' my palm. 'Yes,' she said, 'you will become very powerful in the White Light!' And she offered to train me in her coven how to use it.

These people were hippies, into drug culture, did TM and often communicated by 'spiritual beings' on the oujia board instead of using telephones! But for really some unknown reason I just wasn't interested. I should have been! I think God protected me!

Cursed to Die

But when I didn't join their group they cursed me to die. What happened was my friends were using their oujia board and yes, for them it was just like using a telephone to text each other. But this time their spirit guides said I was about to die; it gave details of how it would happen, when, assured us they were not lying (which they always had to check) and it put me into a dreadful depression.

I began telling people I was going to die on such and such a day in such and such a way and felt like this dreadful fate was sucking me down into a pit I could not find any way to free myself from!

I now know I was in real danger. I believed what they said and my belief would empower the enemy to bring to pass what he wanted. In a way we can say Satan only has the authority people give him. Demons work through permission from people, even witchcraft works this way; it could be your aunt, or your neighbor spreading curses in your family, in this case they tried to convince me to agree to this gruesome fate myself and sadly I had no will power to resist it.

A few weeks later at the same fast food restaurant where I worked some friends of friends visited and there was one lady who I never met, but she was like a beacon of light to me—that's the only way I can describe it! She was a little chubby I guess, not really attractive as you think of it, but I could not stop looking at her. And I had to ask her, "Where do I know you from?"

By then I had bright purple hair and in our rural area was maybe well known for it. So a lot of people knew me or talked about me but whom I had never met, and she was actually someone if I recall right who said she lived quite far away and came with her friends to see that kid with the purple hair! But no, we had never met she said.

"Are you SURE? Because it feels like I KNOW you from, like, a long time ago; like we were really close friends before but ..."

"No," she said, "We never met. I would remember!" she laughed. But then she said something I only later understood, "Oh, I know what that is! That's the Holy Spirit inside of me that you are feeling. I'm a Born Again Christian."

I actually had never met a Born Again Christian. There was one in our town, a family, and we were told never to play with their kids. They were certainly not allowed to play with us! Many of the kids at work actually went to a private Christian school but they never shared the Gospel, they did the same things were doing, and never called themselves Born Again—it meant nothing to me. But what did mean something to me was the intense feeling of familiarity I had with this girl. It was not attraction, it was like *belonging*.

I took a five minute work break to chat with her and her friends and she said how she had been raped by an uncle and taken in by a Christian family, had recently got saved and I think she just recently had her baby in fact. She seems to have been in a kind of Christian foster care or something like that.

I was trying to understand all these things when she asked me why I looked so depressed and I told her that I was going to die.

"How do you know that?!"

"Because the spirit guides of my friends said so," and I told her the story with the oujia board and everything.

But to this she just firmly said, "NO! You are NOT going to die."

"Well, how can you know that?"

"Because I SAID SO! I break that curse now in Jesus' name and NOTHING like that is going to happen to you!"

And you'd think someone as extroverted and 'out there' as me would be more curious but again instead of following up or asking her more about her faith, and this salvation from my impending death, I just let it go.

I soon went to Germany on a summer school exchange trip and was

exposed to so many moral dangers I can't talk about it now. I came back home and dropped by work briefly but everyone was acting ... odd. "It's like a graveyard around here! Why are you acting like someone died!?" I joked but no one was laughing.

I went to sleep to get over my jet lag and a few days later came back to see my friends properly when I found out the night before I arrived home from Germany some of our workmates were driving to the Weirs Beach night spot after work. A few were taking the main lake-front road, but Matt, driving a used but still very fast Camero muscle car, took White Oaks Road, a road high up the hills but one that was like a twisty roller-coaster. In the passenger seat was Trevor, a quiet boy who went to a small private Christian school, a part of a small private Christian community in the rural areas I never even had visited. Matt was a typical, probably 17-year-old kid, just trying to figure life out. He kept a bowl of yellow butterscotch candy in the console to eat while he was driving. Trevor, I was later told, had just given his life to Christ a mere two weeks prior.

A 17-year-old boy driving an over-powered sports car, racing his friends after midnight on a dark, winding road ...

The accident scene was catastrophic. One of them was decapitated. They never told me which one. The road was marked with skid marks, broken glass and scattered yellow candy all across the asphalt. Matt was unsaved, ignorant, careless. Trevor was clearly saved, and had just consciously given his life to Christ only literally days before the accident.

Telling Me Things I Knew Not Of

Before I close off this period I should add three more things that were relevant during this time. First, I was always tormented in my sleep. I often had nightmares but worse they would continue after I woke up. I'd see apparitions and feel like 'ghosts' where haunting me, one time I could feel them touching me. This lasted until the very day I got properly saved and consciously decided to follow Jesus. It was a harsh upbringing for me anyway.

But during that time I also had a second divine revelation and this was a doozy. I don't remember when I received it but it was as clear in my mind as it was difficult to explain. I suddenly KNEW the world was eternal. I mean I suddenly KNEW that if there ever was NOTHING at any point in vast eternities past then nothing could ever come from it. The idea was crystal clear that since we EXIST this is proof that some THING

has ALWAYS EXISTED in vast eternities past. I knew this with a clarity of understanding that was irrefutable. I mean I saw with hyper-clarity that existence itself is self-proving of eternity and basically without saying the obvious, it's proof that God exists.

That if you say there was NOTHING it meant that there could not even be an observer to witness it. The fact that we can observe things means at no time was there ever NOTHING. Nothing could come from nothing. There has always been a THING in existence—that THING being God, obviously, but that last conclusion I had to reason out my self.

I only shared these thoughts when we were drinking with friends unfortunately, and that was very rare because I really didn't drink or do drugs. So I think I only shared this idea two times to two people. How I KNEW this was probably attributed by them to the alcohol.

Poetry

The second thing I want to share is that I had become an avid writer of poetry. This becomes important later on for a few reasons. I was in writing class in high school but this was more than classwork. My uncle was a celebrated poet in Boston and taught literature in a private boy's college. He also had a poetry TV show for a season on PBS! *Poets in Profile*. I was not very close to him but there was a literary legacy in the family. He took it very seriously. So did I!

For me I was also having extreme teenage problems. My hair, earrings, girlfriends, witch-friends, really insane music and bad relationship with my own dad just put me in constant friction. By now I had my hair colored for over two years, shaved on sides and back, black clothes, girlfriends, punk attitude and trying to head to college—while my dad decided he would simply never help me in any way. My elder brother was groomed by him to follow in his footsteps as an engineer. He was taken to several engineering schools, coached weekly on his career vision—that was the son he wanted! I was ... not. Even to this day, he called me once on Fathers Day a few years ago, just to yell at me. Oh well, I'm over it now, but at the time I could not come to terms with it. So I was upset. Always. And for many reasons.

Then I got into a big fight with him one time. He confronted me in raw hostility and I knocked him down. I had to leave and moved in with my grandmother, Nana, his mother, the Sunday School teacher for a little

while until things cooled off. Nana immediately knew I had a problem. She began to tell people I was listening to satanic music and it was very disturbing to her.

So one night, yes, playing a very demonic album, I was hit with another revelation. I needed to write. I got paper and wrote my first poem, and I called it the *Amalgamated Colors of Life*—my first poem really. It began as a way to describe the music I was listening to but right in the middle of it I prophesied.

Yes, I actually prophesied! Blah, blah, blah and then suddenly, “And you are MAN and NOT GOD!” and then more blah, blah, blah. I later took a poetry class in High School and showed it in class and people must have thought, his looks are crazy, his thoughts are crazy too! Why did you write that line, ‘You are man and not God?’ I said I don’t know, it just came out!

Later when I got saved and began reading the Bible I found this exact line in Ezekiel 28:2! Wow. I just about fell over! I certainly never had read Ezekiel before and this idea sprang right up out of my heart without ever having thought of it before! It was bold, clear and powerful, like a Fire and in plain contrast to the rest of the ‘chaff’ I was writing ... That’s really what prophecy is like! So I got my start prophesying by writing poetry honestly.

Another poem I wrote spoke about having a CHAIN across my HEAD and CHEST! which will be important later on. But this was my own special hobby! But I could never write a poem on a topic you asked me to. I had to wait ... if the inspiration hit me, I could write. If it did not, it was rubbish! I had so many inspirations I would get prompted to write three or four times a week. And well before I got to college I already wrote maybe 60 or 70 poems in my collection. It’s quite a lot for one year of high school!

So I didn’t know it until later but something, some ‘thing’ was ‘bubbling up’ inside me, giving me inspiration, ideas, thoughts, feelings—but I was truly so mixed up, confused, polluted that it was just a mess.

Ignorance *sans* the Bliss

Finally what I want to say about this period of my life and how I understood prophecy and things like that is that I didn’t. I mean I had NO DOCTRINE on prophecy. Not even a superstition. The idea that God was real was never openly discussed and so even that remained an abstract idea. To go one step further to face the idea that people could be Born Again, Born Anew, given Newness of Life or somehow in-filled with the

actual Holy Spirit were ideas no more real than a Christmas Card greeting or a holiday or birthday wish. To go one step further again and embrace the idea that God actually SPOKE to people and so sometimes spoke THROUGH people to other people was not yet even a fantasy. It was beyond anything we or I imagined. I mean there was no doctrine in our community about it not happening because the idea that it could happen was not even yet imagined. How can you deny something you never even thought existed? You have to think of it first to be able to deny it. So I was basically 100% ignorant on the topic. Not a great place to start, but we all have to start somewhere.

Well, I soon left for college. And without any parental guidance I completely messed up my application process. I didn’t take the SAT properly and applied to high-end schools I could never afford, and was even accepted into Boston University! Yay! But no one explained how I could come up with the money on my own to go there. Boo! So without options or knowing how to navigate the system I never accepted the placement; I didn’t know what to do and no one would help me even know there were deadlines I mean deadlines or who to call to get information or anything.

So I ended up trying to go to our state university but oops, those after-school classes I took to work on the school newspaper? Well, it wasn’t a club it was a class and I enrolled a few years in a row, but didn’t usually even go and so I got official F’s and it was now red flagged on my transcript, and well, yes, Boston University would take me, but my own state school would not.

Again I only later saw this as God’s hand in my life. The state university’s condition on enrolling me was first a year of classes on probation. Not at the main campus either where all the fun was, but at the satellite campus, the new one that was being held in an old disused mill building by the river in Manchester, NH. If I did good in these classes, got good steady grades, I would be allowed to enroll in the main campus *next year*.

So I moved in with my mother’s sister in Manchester and began part-time university classes, many at night, and mostly with an older crowd of adults working by day and taking classes in the evening. All I can say is that God is invisibly but undeniably and quite masterfully in control. This is how I now know that ...

Ron the Dreamer

One of the first people I met at school and one of the only people I could hang around with was Ron.

We were both poor students, single men, both a little weird.

My weirdness was self-evident. My purple hair, often a hue of fuchsia, stood straight up, or was rather teased into a thicket on top of my head like a bright purple frayed knot; I had many earrings, wore black leather—people often stopped me in the street to ask if I was in a band! I wore my weirdness on the outside. Why did I do this? Well, honestly I wanted people to know I was *different*. I mean deep down inside in a secret place I knew I was somehow not like other people. I had no way of knowing how to explain why or how I was different—I was just not like anyone else I knew. I dressed this way to express my awareness of how unlike other people I was. And I was arrogant and rude and it attracted a lot of girls.

But Ron looked on the outside like everything was good, normal, boring ... but in reality Ron was some kind of alien.

Literally!

He was part Indian, I mean like from India! He didn't look Indian or speak any Indian languages and seemed 100% normal American. But it turns out his dad was French, his family name was Rioux, but he was from the French part of India, Pondicherry or somewhere like that. In the city of Manchester where we now lived there was a large French section where many people were from Quebec and actually still walked around speaking French. They had come to Manchester to work in the mills many decades ago and their families set up a little French Quarter in town.

Ron was also learning Esperanza, he said so he could 'witness' to people from all over the world. He also had a shortwave radio and again it was so he could meet people from the other side of the world and 'witness.' This was years before the Internet and Facebook of course. But what this 'witnessing' meant was unclear to me. He even bought a new style of bag; it was like a soft fabric briefcase but on a hanging shoulder strap. Nowadays it's completely normal but this was a new kind of fashion accessory back then. He said he wanted—rather NEEDED a bag that had an easily accessible pouch that he could put things in it he called Tracts and easily hand them out to people. This was a 'witnessing bag' or something like that he said. What a tract or track was seems to be a little story in a small booklet about the Anti-Christ or sin or something. He used a term I never heard and often called them "Chick Tracks"—was it tract or

tracks? I never knew but try saying that fast ten times: Chick Tracks Chick Tracks Chick Tracks Chick Tracks

And we would also make rice—every day. I never had rice more than as a side dish in a Chinese restaurant before or maybe rice pilaf a few times in my entire life but Ron had a large pot ready every single day. As starving students we pitched in together to keep the rice pot full! One day we finally got enough extra money to buy flavoring for the top of the rice, dried herbs and celery salt! Wow, that was living!

Now I won't spoil the story but later on I married a woman from India from quite near Pondicherry; and now living in Asia people here eat a lot of rice! Every day, no, every MEAL they serve rice. Rice for breakfast, rice for lunch and dinner. Rice for snacks, rice dried and puffed, soaked and made into porridge. This time with Ron was a kind of introduction to things that would later feature prominently in my daily life. But I'll get to all that later.

So when I came over to visit Ron he would often leave a Bible opened in a noticeable place to try to start a conversation with me about the Lord and would try quoting some amazing biblical fact or other trivia to start up a conversation he would deftly steer towards telling me the gospel—none of which caught my attention. I went with him to some Christian meetings and met some of his Christian and also non-Christian friends. We were all young 18- or 19-year-olds, goofing around ... that's all pretty normal, but oh yeah, one more thing about Ron that made him ultra weird—Ron had dreams!

As the Dreamer Dreams!

Oh, the dreams Ron had!

He shared more of them as time when on, but he would have dreams so fantastic, so rich with symbolism, and so layered with conversations and amazing ideas that it was just beyond anything I ever heard of. I didn't know God was actually 'real' yet so I didn't consider whether he could speak to people and certainly didn't understand there was any such thing as God speaking to people in their dreams. All I knew was that Ron had something special going on—mostly when he was asleep.

One of his dreams he said he saw busts of famous ancient kings and emperors all lined up and he saw Nero and heard statements about the Anti-Christ and world war and patterns from ancient history repeating themselves, and the future being revealed ... I had no idea what any of

that meant either but it was altogether cool!

He even shared a dream that was so funny he actually woke himself up laughing! He dreamed he was in bed, and he saw a spider that he tried to kill by throwing a shoe at it but missed and it ran under the bed to hide. So he leaned over the side of the bed and slowly pulled up the blankets to catch the critter, but when he did there under the bed, in plain sight, was the spider! Nowhere to hide!! So to disguise itself it had tied a tiny pair of spider-sized fake moose antlers onto its head and was looking around casually like he was just a miniature moose minding his own business, waiting for the bus there under the bed ... the idea that a spider could think he could fool you by pretending to be a one-half-inch-tall MOOSE made him laugh so hard he literally woke himself up laughing.

I later learned more about Ron's past and the hardships he had with his parents' divorce and his unkind step-mom and I now think that this dream was actually one of the ways God was ministering inner healing to him. But at the time I was just so impressed with his unique life!

Per Severe Ants

So Ron and I were daily companions for several months and it turns out that when he met me he made it his personal goal to lead me to the Lord. It was a conscious and purposeful decision he made to do whatever it took to get me saved. Not knowing I think it would in fact take all his effort, stamina and patience to do that! I WAS ANNOYING!

It was many months that he had to endure my obnoxious attitude, outrageous wardrobe and immoral lifestyle. I annoyed him more than he was prepared for I think. But finally he—and the Lord, prevailed!

I don't know how he did it quite honestly and by the end of the semester he was barely talking to me out of anger and frustration. I made his life miserable I know, but by Spring he changed his course load, maybe he took a semester off from school, I forget—but he moved an hour away just as I was finally ready to take the next step in this thing he was always on about—getting saved.

One day I recall visiting him in his new apartment in Rochester, NH, and asking him casually, "So how does someone get saved, anyway?"

"You have to ask Jesus to be your Lord and Savior. Ask Him to forgive you of your sins and come into your heart." I think he quoted John 3:16 but also Romans 10:9-10.

"Oh, OK," I said, "That's nice. Anyway, I gotta go." I drove the hour

back home to where I still lived and halfway home, along Route 101, alone in my car ... I prayed that prayer I asked Jesus to be my Lord and Savior, to forgive me of my sins ... and nothing happened.

There were no angels blowing trumpets, no clouds parting revealing heavenly glory—I was actually a little disappointed. I expected something to happen to mark the moment, but nothing did.

I had forgotten totally about what had happened to me when I was 13 or 14 in church reading the Nicene Creed. I didn't mention it to anyone and I didn't even understand it had anything to do with what Ron was talking about. But in fact I had already confessed my faith in Jesus, I was already Born Again—that's what was inside me making me feel like I was just different from everyone else—but I had effectively backslid into the world and became so polluted by sin and unclean spirits that I was living like a carnal unsaved punk and needed to get my lifestyle sorted out, stop all the sins and bad habits and things like that. I didn't know any of that mattered, I didn't know it had anything to do with anything. No one ever taught me one thing about it.

All I knew by this time was that I did it, I prayed the sinners' prayer to Jesus. I was now a real believer, consciously, by choice, by my will. And maybe not dramatically at first, but undeniably, I began to change.

The Dawn of Hope

First, I slept through the whole night without nightmares. I had no more dread when I slept, which was a constant feeling since childhood. I went back to my childhood home and threw away bags and bags of old toys and things that I just could not part with before! Now I just knew I was going to be OK without them. Whatever I was keeping them for, whatever hope I was looking for or trying to hold onto in keeping these things I now knew I had found something so much greater. Strange how we think about such things!

I remember now having a strong and conscious feeling of hope—I can call it hope but it was like a feeling that there was a reality of Goodness and Peace that I HAD ALWAYS WISHED WAS TRUE but only in a sense like you hope in a fantasy, but now I was fully aware that it was actually real! This reality of Goodness was real. The shock that a fantasy I dared not hope for was now my reality was blowing my mind. That's how I felt but not just from a subconscious or vaguely indefinite feeling! No, it was a strong conscious perception I now had and yes, it was really like I was

awoken from a bad dream, but also like I woke INTO a heavenly bliss.

I still had my purple hair and clothing style and just didn't see the need for that to change. Yet.

But anyway within a few weeks I told Ron I prayed the sinner's prayer and he was shocked and probably relieved, but then with a few more days, maybe another week or so, I also had a dream.

That in itself is not very unusual I know, but this was different. It was vivid and memorable and in such detail, it featured so many very strange symbols and used words that I didn't really know the meaning of. I told Ron about it and he was so excited!

Dream: Here We MAKE Recompense

What I saw was a like a hallway of black and white floor tiles that led into a back garden area like a yard and so many things were going on I never imagined before. It was basically an army training camp! But the one thing that I did remember very vividly was seeing a tall pole, like a flag pole, but there was something like a toy army jeep perched on top of it and it was shaking around violently like a bucking bronco. Inside the jeep there were those toy army men that everyone now knows from the movie Toy Story, we grew up with those as well, only in my dream they were bright purple, the same color as my purple hair! The fact that the army men were purple just made me really pay attention—that was MY color. There was a drill sergeant speaking in the dream and he said something I can still remember, "Here we don't give recompense, we MAKE recompense." And the soldier was being shaken around and back and forth and I told Ron and he said it was amazing.

What was amazing? I didn't even know what the word *recompense* means!

"It's a message from the Lord, it's a prophetic dream," he insisted. And explained that *recompense* is like a word from the Bible, it means to pay back for what you did wrong.

Cool! I had a dream from God! Ron said so!

2

The Hair of your Head is Like Purple

By this time I was also friends with two other people Ron introduced me to, Bill LeClaire, a local musician who was a day laborer and a little rough in manners but friendly and a good Christian, and also Jim Coleman, who was much older and was from clear across the country.

I began to attend various church meetings and events, mostly with Ron but also increasingly with Bill. Bill, however, hated my hair but as far as I saw it, it wasn't evil, it was just a color. And why wouldn't he just leave me alone? I did not accept any word of correction on this matter, especially from someone like Bill!

As for my overall punk image, I was comfortable and I really had stopped 'sinning'—I didn't have a girlfriend or drink or do drugs or steal any more, and I even removed some of the punk symbols from my clothes, but there was nothing wrong with purple hair in and of itself, and also earrings. It's not listed as a sin anywhere, and I was reading the Bible a lot by then and I actually found two verses that strengthened my stubborn attitude.

One verse was from Leviticus, that if your servant wants to be your bond slave for life then pierce his ear with an awl and he will be your life-long slave. I would tell people who challenged me that I wore earrings because I was now Christ's bond-slave.

OK, that's weird but there is nothing about having purple hair in the Bible! Repent! It's from the Pit of Hell! If Christians didn't like something

in New Hampshire they would often say it was from the Pit of Hell! Everything they didn't like was always from the Pit of Hell!! Especially my purple hair!

"No!" I would argue, "It's scriptural! It's in the Bible!"

"Having purple hair is NOT in the Bible! It's from the Pit of Hell!"

"Yes, it's in the Bible!" And I would quote Song of Solomon 7:5, "The hair of your head is like purple."

You can probably tell I was going to become a lawyer.

I visited Bill a few times who was working on starting up a Coffee House as a place to witness and play music; it was a Christian outreach tactic back then—this was of course LONG before Starbucks existed so a coffeehouse was exotic and it was going to be called The Agape Open Doorway. I helped him paint and get it ready and some friends would come over to pray and sing and things before he officially opened.

One time I totally embarrassed myself there. Bill had a dream for me, he told me he saw me covered in black and white checkers and being twisted and contorted in pain. He said he heard someone quote the Bible verse about being 'double-minded' and this meant I was not following the Lord with a pure heart or something, being mixed with the world and sin or something. I just stopped listening when I thought he was talking about my purple hair and earrings and how I dressed and things like that. None of that mattered I said, God looks at my heart not my hair.

Later they prayed for a lady and she had been divorced and was asking the Lord for a new relationship and they closed their eyes and prayed for her and then started saying nice things to her, that she was so happy to hear. I didn't understand they were listening to God speak to them and were actually prophesying. So one guy said God has a new man chosen for you. Oh thank you Jesus! And someone else said God was going to make up for everything was lost. Amen, thank you Lord!! And well, they just were saying nice things to her I assumed and she was so thankful for it. I don't know! No one explained it to me, and I wanted to say nice things too!

So I added something I just made up off the top of my head ... but instead of 'thank you Lord!' or 'Amen! Hallelujah!' there was just an uncomfortable silence and the lady just stared at the floor, her eyes darting up to Bill and the other guy awkwardly. Well, they knew I was like a few months old in the Lord and had no idea what was going on, still wearing baby diapers—thankfully they didn't stone me!

Hearing God's Voice for the First Time

So I had only been a Christian for a few months and I began to read the Bible as much as I could. I started praying for things and God started answering my prayers so quickly. I asked for a MIDI guitar and found one just a few days later—what an unusual thing. Then I needed a job as well and prayed and found one in the mall at a New Age crystal cart right away, selling rings and stones and such. It was such an irony. All day long I just sat and minded the store and especially during the slow morning hours all I did was just read the Bible. I wore a little beanie type hat that I sewed for myself to hide my hair so I wouldn't scare the customers away—but proudly took it off as soon as my shift was over. But one day, sitting there I actually heard God speak to me. It was the first time I ever heard God speak and knew it was actually God speaking to me. I heard a voice like it was in my head, or someone speaking in my ear and I knew it wasn't my imagination, my own inner voice or another human person. I heard the voice tell me to get a new version of the Bible.

I really knew it was God speaking, especially after I told a few people, but then the thought occurred to me, that there were actually different versions of the Bible!? What were the differences? Which one was the best? I went to a Christian bookstore in Concord, our capital city, and started to ask a lot of hard questions. The son of the owner suggested if I really wanted a solid version to get a Rotherham, the emphasized version. It had to be specially ordered and it took a few weeks to get in, but the author was a scholar of both Hebrew and Greek and translated the Bible without trying to interpret it. Oh, he also added a special syntax into the text to show grammar stresses and other information contained in written Hebrew and Greek but lost in English. It seemed like exactly what I wanted. I ordered one and when it came in I read it cover to cover several times. It was my main study Bible for many years. One funny thing I found out soon, that despite it being such an obscure version that almost no one had even heard of, there was one person we knew who actually had one! Ron's dad!

Jim's Miracles: Patience and Love

Anyway me and Bill didn't get along so well, and by now Ron was fed up with my attitude and didn't barely speak to me at all.

But I also spent a lot of time with Jim who was the glue keeping

everything together. People think the big miracles are healing and deliverance but also you need to see clearly that love and patience can be even more miraculous and more powerful, especially to people who are so broken like I was at that time. I wouldn't spend my time with Jim because of the occasional miracles or supernatural stories, I spent time with him simply because he was kind to me.

Jim was working as a garbage man; he was divorced as well, as his wife would not tolerate him becoming a Christian. I think she had a new lover and there was a property dispute but he felt the Lord tell him not to fight or argue but to just walk away and he lost everything. He was from Washington State, (or *Warshington* as he would say it) and he heard the Lord say to move to New Hampshire—the exact opposite side of the country!

When I met him, he was the most joyful person I had ever known. He also was CONSTANTLY evangelizing. He even prayed for me one time when I got poison ivy, a very bad rash actually, and he prayed for me and the itching stopped instantly! The blisters began healing immediately and it was a real miracle. He prayed for me and I was instantly healed of poison ivy!

He told me he prayed for a man one time on a bus with a leg that was four inches too short and it grew right out into his hand as he was holding his leg!

He and Bill used to argue about my wild hairstyle but Jim had a different take. He said it was the best way to meet people and start talking about Jesus because every younger person who saw me ran over to see why my hair was bright purple, was I in a band? Am I famous? And Jim would begin to share the gospel or pray for them or something. He also told Bill I just wasn't ready to change and to be patient. I had only been saved a few months after all ... but God knew I needed to change and also that I needed a gentle nudge to get moving.

You've Got Mail

I moved in with Jim for a few months and maybe I was dragging my heels embracing God's freedom for me. In fact, I had decided I would keep my purple hair until I was 60 years old at least. Well, God had a *slightly* different plan for me.

So one night I remember we all got together in my car and it was Bill and me and I think Ron was there too, but Bill asked what we were going

to do that night!? Oh wait, he said, I know a guy who is prophetic and he used to have meetings at his home on Wednesday nights. But Bill hadn't been there in many years, maybe as many as ten, but he said, "I think can still find his place!"

Well, we drove from the city right out into the dark forests, back roads and unlit intersections, no gas stations, fewer and fewer shops or houses and even fewer street signs, a turn here, a turn there, until he finally said, This is it! He turned down another unmarked dirt road, then another and we finally pulled up at the edge of a large pond! There were a few cars parked in the driveway of a small house and there was loud folk music coming from the house lit with a cozy orange-yellow glow.

We walked in late because the service had already started and some people were deep in prayer with their eyes closed and others were dancing to the guitar music. That was only one of my first impressions, the second immediate impression I had was the tangible presence of God.

To say the presence of God was strong would be misleading—it was SO STRONG if felt like you were walking into a FIRE—not a painful fire, a comforting one. It was not just that you might have goose bumps, or your eyelids might flutter if you closed them, it was like standing in an atmosphere of manifested Light and Joy.

There was an Irish flavor to the music—one girl often played accordion—and they first played fast 'praise' music for about 30 minutes and even danced to the simple folk songs they played very enthusiastically—*This Little Light Of Mine, May The Circle Be Unbroken, Do Lord, Do Remember Me*—as well as several songs they wrote themselves, many from the Psalms. And then they would play about 30 minutes of slow 'worship' music and the presence of God fell like a heavy warm blanket. Then they prayed and it must have lasted a long time but simply felt timeless, like time no longer mattered in that atmosphere.

When people finally opened their eyes and saw me sitting there one had to hold back her gasp! Was I a murderer? she feared! I had a big leather jacket, that hair!, and so many earrings. Someone else later told me she almost shouted, laughing out-loud when she saw me, bright purple Mohawk and all—I looked so *ridiculous* to her! These were rural farmers' wives, simple people, good people and they closed their eyes to worship God and opened them and a full blown Mohawked, bright-purple-hair-sticking straight up-looking kid was sitting right next to them—yeah we laughed about that a long time afterward.

But I didn't know any of that at the time, what I knew was that I was captivated by the presence of God. It was the first time I felt it like that before. After the music was over and some friendly talking, the pastor shared from the Bible in a short message, and then they began to pray.

If anyone wanted prayer or a word from the Lord they said, they were asked to sit in the chair in the middle of the floor and they liked to call it 'reading someone's mail,' like they would read your mail without opening the envelopes! And basically they would let the Lord tell them a personal prophecy, a personal vision and to reveal personal details they didn't know naturally about the people they prayed for. So if someone had a real problem or needed a real word from God they were told NOT TO TELL ANYONE what it was they wanted, but just to let the Holy Spirit tell them Himself—that way they knew it was a word from the Lord and not something they made up.

Just for example, a person would sit down and laying their hands on their shoulders or head, after just a few moments ... "OK, I see an old red pickup truck in the driveway of a small one-story house, two bushes in front, the mailbox has a broken handle. There is a dog ... blackish brown, old dog, likes to sleep under the bush closest to the garage. The door has a sign on it that says, *Welcome Home*, and I see you inside the house holding your head in your hands because you can't pay the mortgage and it's very late and you think you are going to lose your house, but the Lord says, 'No, I will provide for you and you will not lose your house but stay there many years and you will discover me as your Lord and I will be your Savior and you shall be called by my Name and when you call on my Name I will rescue you,' saith the Lord; 'and this will be a sign unto you, tomorrow at 4 pm you will get a phone call from the bank and they will say there has been an error and your account is not past due, not past due, but over-paid, paid too much already, they billed you too much and you paid already what you think you are late on, and this is an easy thing for the Lord to do for you but it is to show you he cares for you and is Lord over all human endeavors. God will provide, you will not lose your house. At 4 pm they will call you. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Amen.'"

That was a typical prayer on a typical Wednesday at the Buckman's house. Yes, quite typical.

So this night they asked us if anyone wanted prayer. And both me and Bill said, YES! But I think Bill kind of pushed me forward—by all means Paul said, right? So I sat down and the pastor laid hands on me and said,

"You should go with what God gave you. Be yourself." He was talking about my hair and my punk style. I didn't appreciate that. I had some problems I wanted help answering, college direction, career advice, and not advice about the color of my hair! I remember feeling God's presence so strongly and feeling so alive and refreshed I wanted to come back the next week, and we did. But before that ... I had a crisis.

No Pain, No Gain

I think it was the next day and I woke up in intense pain.

Nothing would alleviate it. I was bent over and could not function because of the pain but it was not just like a normal headache or muscle ache, it was both combined. Me and Bill were out looking for odd jobs but I couldn't drive, so Bill drove my car and I mostly just laid in the back seat of the car bent over in pain. He drove around, spoke to a few people here and there and since Jim was working on his garbage collection route, I just had to endure the suffering.

The pain was intense but like I said, it was weird. First there was a headache but not a normal one, it was in a straight line across the front of my forehead. Second there was a pain in my arms and chest but it was also in a straight line, not like I pulled a muscle or lifted something heavy and strained myself, it was a pain that went in a straight line across from one arm, by my bicep but then crossed the empty space between my arm and chest and continued right across my chest very painfully, again skipping the space between my chest and my other arm, and then across my other bicep! I could not understand where it was coming from but it was nearly unbearable.

Once or twice Bill pulled over and prayed for me and the pain subsided for a little while but it eventually came back. I needed help. Bill decided we needed to see someone who was strong in deliverance. And I was in no mood to argue. We went to a new church that looked like a warehouse. It was a 'contemporary' style I never experienced before and I didn't really like it. They played soft music using chimes and probably nice lyrics but it was almost like elevator music, weak and without passion. The preacher was a lady with a Southern accent, not a New Englander obviously in speech or mannerisms. She gave a sermon I could not follow since I was in such pain, but the pain did tend to settle down as the service was going on and finally afterwards she allowed us to go out back to her office and talk.

I could not sit up straight and Bill did most of the talking, asking her if she would pray for me.

But to my surprise she simply said, “No.”

How or why would you NOT pray for someone? That and Bill’s surprise caught my attention!

“I see so many demons on him: confusion, pride ... There’s no reason to pray for him, the demons will all just come right back.” ... She was not only talking about my choice to wear my hair and earrings in that style but my general overall attitude. She started telling Bill I was not serious to follow the Lord but was worldly, sinful, stubborn, arrogant ... It’s probably all true I thought, only this time I was ready to listen.

I took a deep breath. I needed to stop trying to play the part of a punk rocker and just put it away and stop resisting the Holy Spirit’s leading to change. I was reacting to the people’s hard attitudes against me in forcing me to conform, not willing to look past their own bad attitudes to acknowledge that their advice was right, even if their own attitudes, mannerisms or reasoning were maybe wrong, harsh, unkind.

I sat up in my seat. I took off my beanie hat, and began to take out my earrings. For some reason the pain was subsiding and she looked at me and said with compassion, “OK, I’ll pray for you. I can see you are ready to change.” She simply laid her hands on me and prayed, I don’t remember what, very matter-of-factly ... no explosions. No fireworks. And that was it; it was time to go home.

I didn’t feel any demons come out, I didn’t get hit with lightning bolts or vomit a black gooey mass or anything dramatic at all. Like I said, she finished praying and we just went home. But on the way home Bill had something he wanted to say.

Christ IN you

He pulled over down a long, dark driveway and gave me a long lecture. He told me about the crucifixion that Jesus had to endure to purchase my freedom—the cost to him of my redemption and salvation. He explained the nails, the crown, the whipping, pulling his beard off, and so much pain he went through to buy my freedom, a sacrifice I was not honoring by clinging so stubbornly to the worldly image I had made for myself. But wow! When Bill was telling me this story his face started to shine like someone was shining a light onto it. I kept looking around to see if someone had a flashlight or if car headlights were shining onto

his face but no, it was just trees and darkness all around us. But to look at his face it was radiant, glowing, and not only shining but it looked like the image or likeness of Jesus’ face was being projected onto Bill’s face! I mean it looked just like someone was shining a movie projector of Jesus’ face onto Bill’s and Jesus’ face was superimposed on top of his. I didn’t say anything about it until later but yes, I saw Jesus’ face, it looked a lot like the paintings you see of him actually.

Meet the New You

The next day I went out and bought hair dye—brown not purple—but I didn’t have time to use it that day because we were busy. The third day when I woke up the pain was beginning to come back and I rushed—I mean I RAN into the bathroom and started to color my hair back to brown as fast as I could, just squirting that dye onto my hair and rubbing it in with bare hands, no gloves or apron or anything but as soon as I did something amazing did happen—something like scales fell off my eyes!

I knew that verse from Acts when Paul got saved, well when Saul got saved before he was called Paul, but that exact same thing happened to me. It was like something was blinding me and it fell off—I could literally feel something sliding down my face, falling off my eyes, and that’s when I realized I was not who I thought I was.

All this time I had convinced myself that I was a punk, that was my identity; that is who I was. My purple hair was such an important part of my self-image I was convinced it was my true identity and was going to keep it until old age, but really when something exactly like scales fell off my eyes and suddenly I saw clearly, I then knew that being a punk was not my true self.

I had a false self-image that I had created and in an instant it was removed and I was suddenly set free from a bondage that I didn’t even know I had! The pain was gone and I was now aware that I really was a new creation. I had a new identity, a true one. Not one I made for myself. Before I had been saying I was a non-conformist, but that also became something I was conforming to. But now I was free, free to be ME, whoever that was underneath all the exterior veneer was plain to see the Me as God made me in his divine plan was in fact made in the image of He. God blessed me by showing me a ME I never knew was me, one I never knew I could be. But now I was truly free, truly free just to be ... *me*.

It is in fact for freedom that Jesus has set us free.

“A Chain Across my Head and Chest”

What shocked me the most a few months later was finding a poem I had written in high school when I was going through my old things, just cleaning out more junk I left in my parents’ house and found this poem I wrote from before I got properly ‘saved’ and there was a line that jumped off the page and gave me CHILLS!

It said I was being held captive “with a chain across my head and chest” ... My mouth fell open! That was EXACTLY what I felt! The headache was in a straight LINE across my head, but more bizarrely was the pain across my arms and chest. Like I said, it went across my arm, across the empty space, over to my chest in a straight line, and then across my chest, past the empty space again, and then across my other arm! It was EXACTLY like it was a chain, an invisible one but a very painful one just the same, and it was holding me in bondage!

Did I actually write that? I didn’t remember doing it. But that was *exactly* the pain I felt! But there it was in black and white! Proof—painful, scary proof. I predicted the crisis I would have one or two years before it happened. Amazing. How did I know that before it happened? I had no idea at the time I was doing anything other than writing poems! Can you prophesy and not know it? Can poems have prophecies? I guess so! There’s one right there!

3

On Hallowed Ground

Going with What God Gave Me

I went back to the Buckman’s church the next week, and I looked, well, normal: ‘going with what God gave me.’ They said I looked good. Handsome! That was very nice!

Later during the week I was visiting again and asking for help to make a decision. Should I continue with college to get a degree, or just take a few classes here and there and skip the whole degree program, since the main learning I felt I needed was to simply learn the Bible and one day become a minister. Time may be too short anyway to need a degree, right? I really didn’t know what to do!

They prayed and didn’t tell me what God wanted me to do at all, but instead asked me what I wanted to do! I dunno. I just want to do what God wants me to do.

But what do you want if you had your own choice?

Well, I would go to school. If I had the money. They said that was what God was telling them He would do, let me do what I wanted to do. OK, I guess; I’ll go back to college. Later on I would not only finish my college degree but would go on to earn a Juris Doctorate and be the first Ph.D. in my family! But at that time I was ready to quit school and ‘serve the Lord’ as I was. God can take us and use us either way, but He has a plan already laid out for each of us. For me it was earning a college and then a doctorate degree. But we still get there one step at a time! Don’t despise the day of

small beginnings!

The pastor and his family lived only 15 minutes from the main campus of our state university and soon they offered to let me board with them, which would help my spiritual growth I was certain. The pastor said he would teach me and impart to me what he knew and so it would be like a kind of seminary for me; I also soon became the 'youth pastor' in that church of maybe 30 people and soon two more young men my age joined and so I soon had friends as well, Dan and Will.

But before I go on let me explain a little more about the Buckman's and their small church so you can understand how special it was.

There were three main prophetically gifted people in the church: Patrick, his wife, Sarah, and her sister, Mary. There were also a few of the "flower sisters," and the Deacon and others, but let me focus on the pastor first.

Pastor Patrick. He was from Newfoundland originally, Labrador and St. John's and all that. A construction contractor and Vietnam War veteran, but he was gifted in prophecy in a way that was and still is slightly unusual.

He grew up Irish Catholic and after the war got Born Again and Spirit-filled in an Eskimo church up in Alaska. A few weeks after getting saved and speaking in tongues he was invited to do some repair work on a street drain. Then he had a vision.

The Future Has Come Today

Well, it was more than a vision: he watched a future event play out in live detail as he witnessed it in his spirit body accompanied by an angel of the Lord. He watched as he was helping to repair a road drain, standing above the manhole by the side of the road, rocking on his feet back and forth when just as his heel caught on the edge of the curb suddenly there was the loud *SCREECH* of tires and looking to the nearby intersection he saw a small sub-compact car with an elderly driver who was still in the intersection when a brand new 18-wheeler truck cab—just the front truck, no trailer—in fact it had never been used before, it was still perfectly clean, no grease on the trailer hitch, three-leaf-clover symbol on the door—which came barreling into the intersection and *SMASH!*—ran right into the small car, destroying the back end, spilling fuel everywhere—but the engine of the small car was still running and with the driver in shock unless

someone did something it could all catch fire, explode and kill him and his wife. Patrick RAN to the help of the old man, telling him to 'Hit the gas, hit the gas,' to get out of the intersection before the spilled fuel caught fire! The elderly man did it, the car sputtered a few feet clear of the spilled gas and finally stalled but out of danger of catching fire ... and the vision ended—well, again it was not really a 'vision' ... it wasn't what you really would call a 'visitation' either; it was not really a trance, not a dream, well whatever you call it was now over.

Well that's a wild imagination, you say!

Bit of a fantasy, that is!

You'd think so too!

But then Patrick soon got a call, did he need some work? Someone needed an assistant to fix the drain under a street. OK, he went along and oh no! It was the intersection from the vision! He had seen it all before!! Patrick helped the brick layer repair the broken pipe and all the time kept as far away as he could from the curb!! In his vision it was only when his heel hit the curb as he was rocking back and forth that the accident happened. He figured if he could stop the trigger of the accident he could stop the wreck from happening. That's not true but that's what he was thinking. Anyway they fixed the leak, Patrick didn't touch the curb and they went home happily. Case closed.

He really felt that he cheated fate. Somehow he figured his touching the curb was a part of the causation of the accident, in his mind anyway! And because he didn't touch the curb, the accident didn't happen. So his analysis was correct! If it weren't for the call he got a few weeks later, "Hey Patrick, can you go back with me to that pipe?" There was a question of it being done right. "I need to inspect the repair." ...

So back they went, only this time Patrick was not thinking to try to stop the vision, he was just waiting around; it's a little boring to be honest to stand up there all day waiting for the other guy to do a full inspection and well, he started rocking back and forth on his feet when his heel caught the side of the curb and *SCREECH!*—it was the sound of brakes being locked-up and then the awful *SMASH!* of cars crashing and he looked over to the nearby intersection to behold ... a small sub-compact car in the intersection with an elderly driver in shock because—*BOOM!*—he had just been hit by a brand new 18-wheeler truck cab, never been used before, still perfectly clean, no grease on the trailer hitch, three-leaf-clover symbol on the door! Patrick knew the small car was spilling gas but the engine was still running so ready for action he RAN to the driver, who like I said was

in shock: “Hit the gas! Hit the gas!” The elderly man did that and the car sputtered a few feet clear of the spilled gas and stalled out of danger of catching fire, saving the man and his wife’s lives.

The Caribou Hunter

Then there was the caribou hunting trip.

Patrick was still saved only a few months when he took a nap and woke up in the spiritual realm. I don’t know if it happened the same way or was something different this time but the way he used to tell the story he was clearly present at the future scene but in a spiritual body, hovering a few inches above the ground. There was a large angel with him and he was looking at the scene of a car accident like it was frozen in time, or like he was a movie director planning a dramatic scene in rehearsal.

He said the spiritual body he was in was transparent but it also functioned with supernatural efficiency. When he THOUGHT, ‘I wonder what things would look like from up in the air facing the other direction?’ then suddenly HE WAS THERE. There was no difference between THINKING about something and DOING IT in the spiritual body he said. I’ve heard other people now say the same thing. The thought led immediately to the action. Forget ‘faster than light’ travel—in the Spirit we can move at the speed of Thought! When he wondered how far the tree was from the road, he suddenly knew exactly how many feet and inches it was. He experienced instant knowledge of things like measurements and distance and time and also the ability to think as fast as lightning!

He also witnessed this scene more than one time. He didn’t recognize the place or know how he got there, but was able to trace his movements in future time a little before the accident to see how it would play out from his own point of view. He was in the passenger seat and so someone else was driving and they were traveling on a road high up in remote Alaska further than he had ever been before. The Northern Lights were so bright and they passed by some unique looking tree stumps, trees on a ridge silhouetted in the Northern Lights, and suddenly they were passed by a Winnebago camper-van, which if you don’t know is a kind of van built with a camping apartment in the back with a kitchen, toilet, beds, etc., and an LPG propane tank to provide fuel for the cooking, so you can live in it as you travel around the country. People call it a caravan sometimes. Well anyway, it *zoomed* past them driving way too fast on that country road, then a bend in the road and another and then *CRASH!* As they turned the

next corner they saw the Winnebago had crashed off the road into a pond! A lady jumped out wearing black Asian-style silk pants of half length who was in shock and screaming about the LPG/propane tank bowing up while the driver, her husband, was unconscious in the front seat ... Patrick sprang into action, jumped out of his car and rescued the driver, secured the propane tank and saved the day. End of vision. Like I said, he said he visited this scene more than once and was able to go back to the same event frozen in spiritual time to analyze, look things over and prepare himself for action.

I’m sure people would have told him it was all a fantasy. It’s all just a dream. Well, wouldn’t they be surprised that shortly after a friend called to invite him, an avid hunter, to do what? Go caribou hunting way up in the north of Alaska, further north than he’d ever been before!

Days into the trip in very remote territory Patrick had never even seen before ... and Patrick passed by a stump he recognized ... then another tree, then the Northern Lights and the ridge silhouetted in the sky, then he prepared himself and suddenly ... *zooming* past them went a Winnebago going *way too fast* ... around one bend, then another and he tensed up to get ready for action because as soon as they turned the next corner the Winnebago was going to be crashed into the pond ... and there it was!

He jumped from his car, the lady in the Asian-style half-length silk pants was screaming; what about the propane? He ran to the driver to get him out and made sure the propane was not leaking ... and all was well.

Prophecy to the Prophets

And I’ll even tell you a third story that comes to mind.

It was a few years later and Patrick was in New Hampshire by this time and was a part of a small group of progressive churches that embraced the Five-Fold Doctrine from Rick Joyner, and so they embraced modern day prophecy and even called their leader an Apostle. That all sounds quite biblical, only Patrick had a vision that the Apostle was also embracing his young live-in housekeeper affectionately while his wife was asleep upstairs.

Patrick shared his concerns with the elders but instead of taking action they closed ranks around their leader in no uncertain terms defending him and began attacking Patrick! Those were all rumors, the accusations were untrue, who told you that anyway? Patrick just said he saw it in a vision. That did not go over very well, even though their churches taught about

prophecy and the Five-Fold Ministry—this was back in the 80's!—but having public doctrines is one thing—what they were doing in private is something else altogether!

There seems to have been a huge power play going on maybe and anyway the established leaders finally called Patrick to a disciplinary meeting to be officially rebuked for rebellion and disloyalty and I think Patrick was already an elder at that time and already had started his own house church as a part of their network, so they were probably going to kick him out of their fellowship and close down his work.

So Patrick prayed.

All night long.

He would not sleep until God told him what to do about the meeting the next morning.

Sure enough as dawn approached finally God spoke. He had a vision and witnessed the entire disciplinary meeting in advance. He took notes of the vision and wrote down everything spoken, word for word, during the whole meeting before it ever happened. And when it was done the Lord commented that he was observing the whole meeting, what they were doing, all that they had said, and all of it was from the Pit of Hell.

Patrick quickly cleaned up and went to the disciplinary meeting with his yellow notepad and sat quietly as they berated him, insulted him, accused him of insubordination for what I think was the better part of an hour. Patrick just flipped through his notes, nodding his head, “Umm-hmm, umm-hmm, yup, yup,” ... Finally, they must have seen they were not making him squirm and asked, “What are you doing with that note pad? What is that?” To which Patrick replied, “You notice I have not written anything down this whole time, right? Well, I am going to read back to you everything you have just said, word for word,” ... and he read the transcript God gave him that morning beforehand.

“Where did you get that?”

“God told me last night everything you were going to say today before it happened,” and showed them the prophetic notes, “This is so you will know that God is watching everything you are doing, listening to everything you are saying—and He said everything you are saying is from the Pit of Hell.”

So sure he was kicked out, and set up his own church independently from that network of some of the only churches in our state that embraced prophecy at all, and that helps to explain why when I arrived a few years

later they were so isolated from any other church anywhere. There were so few Spirit-filled Christian churches in New Hampshire at the time to begin with, and to have such a huge falling out with three of them in one dispute put Patrick's small family group out in a corn field, literally, with no one else to fellowship with.

It's ironic also to me that a church network that taught the Five-Fold ministry as early as that, which believed in prophecy, who even called their main leader an apostle ... would behave so carnally with regard to a genuine prophetic rebuke. This is the kind of thing I see far too often still: carnal soul in charge of the Lord's spiritual gifts. The gifts are functioning but are controlled and manipulated and used to fulfill the desires of the flesh. I still see this. I saw it in Hong Kong a decade later. God warned us about this affecting his work here in the Philippines just recently as well. It's the Flesh—Man's ways—that is making the Church sick!

So anyway that was Patrick. Not overly educated. An outdoorsman, a hunter, a construction contractor. A little rough in manners, independent and even traditional in many of his views, but gifted by God far beyond normal believers, even beyond most Spirit-filled believers would easily believe. He went home to be with the Lord a few years ago.

So do you think their understanding of prophecy would be much different from the views of the traditional New England churches down the road? You bet! But my exposure and my early understanding of prophecy was laid on this foundation.

I took his teaching word-for word, and only much later did I understand that he too was often using the gifts and his position of authority in ways that were a mixture of both flesh and Spirit, if I can say it like that. Also many of his opinions and even the foundation of doctrines we were taught from the main Five-fold community later turned out to be well, slightly un-firm. It was only much later when God began to teach me HIS views on prophecy and doctrines concerning the gifts that I was able to understand and divide many of the doctrines of Man from the Ways of God regarding prophecy, leadership, equipping, diversity of roles in the Body, etc. But I will get to that later.

The second personality I want you to meet is Sarah, his wife. Sarah did not really like me so much, especially after I developed a fondness for their youngest daughter. I even recall when Sarah said God told her I

would write many books one day — “Just don’t write any about me!” she added. I’ll be kind but honest—but did she see me writing this very book? Maybe that was God’s way of telling her to be nice?

But Sarah was from two generations of Quakers, who were a largely Born-Again Spirit-filled denomination common in New England once upon a time, but she also suffered from an alcoholic in the family and she so prophesied routinely in meetings, and on Sunday especially, but was a little cool towards me finding a permanent place in their community.

Third, there was Sarah’s sister, Mary, who was another very gifted prophetess. She was very serious. A tax accountant, she had horses, and she lived with an unsaved husband with her daughter and son. I know she suffered a lot because of the family situation. She was very spiritual, very prophetic, didn’t talk to me much, even over the three years I lived with Patrick and Sarah and I think we had only a handful of conversations over that time. But when she spoke it was usually to share a vision or word God gave her.

Her son really rebelled against God, and her daughter would have been killed in a horse riding accident if it was not for divine intervention. It happened like this:

Jumping Horses

One day, Patrick was having a nap in the afternoon on the couch when suddenly he was in the spirit realm in his spirit body, an angel with him and he was witnessing a horse jumping competition.

He again could move around, measure and study the place and situation with the sensory accuracy only the spirit-body knows, freezing movement and time and he watched as his niece, Mary’s daughter, took her turn to jump. She rode a large black horse, Patrick said that if you saw it you would think it was too big and heavy to jump. And she made it through the course until a high bar made the horse skid to a stop, but carrying so much momentum the rider kept moving and fell off the horse head first, hitting the ground and breaking her neck, killing her instantly.

I want to say he watched in horror as this happened but he was in his spirit body and just saw it, knew what it meant, but the emotions you’d expect to have were absent. I think he said he had spiritual objectivity and didn’t have a ‘human’ emotional reaction.

Anyway he watched the event a few times and took careful note of the place and set up, the horse and the course, the mountain ridges behind the

grounds and several other details. I think he actually visited the scene a few times also, maybe twice, before he shared it with Mary.

He was careful not to tell a lot of people. I certainly didn’t know and I was Patrick’s daily companion. He once drew a diagram of the course, the event space layout, the paddock, the bleachers, and described the horse, the large black horse, and finally went to see Mary to check her stables to find the horse and share the vision.

Yes, they had horses, and yes, they trained horses to jump, and yes, her daughter took part in occasional horse jumping competitions. Only one problem, they didn’t have a large black horse. Strike one! Also, the description of the layout didn’t match any known event venue in our entire state!! Strike two!

That was certainly confusing. Months went by and so they watched her jumping carefully. Anything that looked suspicious was cause for alarm, only nothing did look suspicious!

Finally, an invitation came inviting Mary’s daughter to a regional event, invitation only! And not in our state but in nearby Vermont. It would be something of a four- or maybe five-hour drive to get there and I don’t think Mary had a good truck and horse trailer. No problem, her trainer and friend was attending who lived further north and said her daughter could use one of his horses!

They rushed up-state to the friend’s stable and went down the line: this one, that one, third one, all either already selected by another rider or not suitable to jump until the fourth one, which was still available and sure enough, it was the big, black horse from the vision!

Then they went to the planned event grounds hours away, and yes, it was exactly the layout from the vision as well. The bleachers, the fencing, even the mountain range behind the grounds! So they simply forbade her from jumping in the competition ... and all was well.

Is God Over-Complicating Things Here?

And maybe now is a good time to step back and think this over because I think about this a lot when I talk to people about prophecy.

Do you understand what is going on here?

God could have done so many other things to prevent the niece’s death in that accident if God wanted to simply save her life. For instance, God could have had her land in a way that would not have broken her neck;

she could have stayed on the horse when it stopped and not fallen off; God could have made the horse just jump the rail; God could have had her use a different horse, had her not get selected for the invitational meet, just let her get sick for that week, or tell her not to go, make her not want to go, make her too busy with some scheduling conflict, cause her to get bored with horse jumping, etc., etc., etc.

Why save her life in this unusual way? Why show Patrick the event in the spiritual realm, twice at least, make them go on this long investigation, like gathering pieces to a puzzle over several months, finally figure it all out just to tell the young girl she was not allowed to go to the meet? I think it's the same with Jesus walking on water: why do that? There were so many other options: just walk on land, hire a donkey, wait for a boat, fly (or I mean be transported like Phillip with the Egyptian)—why walk on water?

So why save her life by showing Patrick this vision or visitation or whatever you call it?—spiritual time travel—why make such an open display of the supernatural realm under God's command?

Maybe simply because it makes such a good story.

And maybe to God it's all the same anyway. Is one miracle any harder than another one for God to do? I think to him it's all the same.

Anyway it does make for a fantastic story and this is now etched in my memory when I think of Mary, her daughter or horses for that matter—or also thinking of Patrick who for all his rough manners and simple world view was so favored by God and shown such divine mysteries when so many of us struggle to see a vision or get a word at all.

Maybe that is the reason after all, just to give us a good story—everyone loves a good story!

So Patrick, Sarah and Mary were the core people of that small church but there were several others that functioned in prophecy and even healing to a smaller degree, such as the “flower sisters.” They were called that because their family had I think seven girls, but it may have been more, and they each had the name of a flower or at least a plant! I never met them all, but there was Lily, Fern, Rose I think ... in our group we had Holly and Ivy. Holly was the most gentle and lovable woman. She learned to play guitar simply by watching people and would play without touching the strings so she wouldn't make any sound. Patrick was still primarily the ‘fast song’ praise music leader, but soon enough Holly was leading worship and when she played the Holy Spirit ALWAYS showed

up tangibly. Wow! God's presence was so strong in their meetings that you could FEEL it every time. Ivy, her sister had just been widowed when I joined their fellowship. She was quite short, wealthy and she also had a funny rural accent and would pronounce ‘wolf’ with no ‘l’ and things like that. Normally in worship Ivy would dance and prophesy, Holly not so much, but yes sometimes she did as well.

Then there was Elder Brown. He was far into his sixties but as strong and nimble as a man half his age. He was once a steel worker, and wore a traditional New England farmer's beard: thick beard no mustache. Every service, practically without fail, during a quiet time in the music Elder Brown would shout out loud in prophetic tongues in a high falsetto voice—high, loud and clear! Usually he would interpret his own tongues—not always but there was always an interpretation. During the 30 minutes of praise he was usually the first one to start to dance, then me and the other young men would soon follow. He never spoke to me really despite how small our group was, but was a stable element of that fellowship we had in the middle of the cornfield.

Let the Others Judge

A final thing I'll mention about the church and how prophecy was woven into the fabric of their community was their idea for the need of a ‘prophetic council.’ I've never heard of anyone else doing this. They got the idea from 1 Corinthians 14, that if someone wants to learn to prophesy to let them prophesy, ‘and let the others judge.’ To Patrick this meant gathering the elder prophets together and sharing recent prophetic words to let everyone discuss them and ‘judge’ to discern what the Lord was really saying, to clarify, to get confirmation and so to throw out anything from ‘the flesh’ as they called it, which meant anything not from the Holy Spirit but from a human, carnal imagination or opinion.

They met informally a few times a year to do this, but especially if someone had a serious warning word, and they would also meet over New Year's. Their custom was to go to dinner together on New Year's Eve as a small fellowship, and then have a worship and prayer meeting at home at 11 pm or so and ‘pray in’ the New Year. They expected God to give them a prophetic preview of the upcoming year and so God would—God responds to our faith. So God would tell Patrick, Mary and sometimes Sarah what things to expect, good and bad, over the next year. My self-appointed job was to record these words on a cassette player, and

then to write them down and print out copies for everyone during the council meeting the next week so it all could be understood clearly, openly discussed, properly weighed and judged accurately.

For me that made perfect sense, and since I was already a budding poet, I was used to writing down and keeping a clear record of my own ideas and thoughts. To a poet every single word, every syllable matters, so I had developed a keen focus on being word-perfect. Also I was not allowed to attend the council meeting, but since I worked so hard to make the record they let me in anyway. It's not like it was national secrets, but anyway they didn't want just anyone listening in when they discussed these things.

So what started for me with poetry in high school turned quickly, once I got saved and was exposed to prophesy, into being a kind of prophetic scribe, recording and protecting God's spoken messages word-for-word, a habit that has stayed with me ever since. The words of Jehovah are pure, as silver purified in a furnace seven times! Don't add to God's word or he will reprove you and show you are a liar! A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a setting of silver! I respect his word!

That's one reason why I can now write this book since I have a detailed written record of everything God told me during those early years right up until much later when the sheer volume of God's revelations and prophetic words to me were so high that it was impossible to write them all down, which he said would happen, and sure enough it did.

But during those early years it was simple to keep a good record because the volume of prophecy to me was slow and irregular. I kept up a very detailed prophecy journal from that time till today which is a habit strongly advise people to keep up themselves, especially if they are called to walk in the ministries related to prophecy. Write the prophecy down, God told Habbakuk! Write all of it clearly down.

So I hope you can keep all this in mind as I go on to share how I tried to fit into this world and the problems I had and then why I finally left.

These were good people, gifted people, but still simple farmers and rural townfolk, and sometimes our gifting is more powerful than our character. I mean people can be very gifted but still be very carnal, very normal, very human. I don't want you to judge them too harshly for problems that developed, and I probably should have expected that situation to be temporary as the Lord trained me as much as he could under them, or as much as I could stand in that environment, but then sent me out into a much bigger world.

4

On Uneven Ground

Moving right along let me explain how I fit in to this scene. Basically, I didn't.

Patrick was a hunter and a military veteran. I think he did not yet have a college degree, and before he was saved was a big drinker and bit of a troublemaker. My family were nominal Christians but the most alcohol they ever consumed was a cup of rum spiked into the Christmas eggnog and shared by a dozen people! I think a bottle of rum lasted ten years. My family were engineers, nurses, teachers and before I got saved I wanted to be a Physicist in Germany; I spoke some German, and had been to Germany. I had been a boy scout, an Eagle Scout actually, and had fished and had shot a rifle for my rifle merit badge, but I never killed a deer—I never even wanted to. I got back into fishing to fit into the scene but was more happy to clean the catch than to catch them.

I tried to fit in the best I could because I figured that was the best way to learn, and Patrick became a father to me in so many ways since my own dad was so distant. So I tried to play down our differences as much as I could and conform to his image of what a 'son' ought to be, one becoming a 'man' like him, and no, men do not cook Venison as Stroganoff! Who can even SPELL Cacciatore! Terriaki? You mean Terra-Yukky! No! Men do eat such things. Men eat very, very rare venison sliced with a hunting knife! Who needs one of those things, what do you call it? A fork!? Yes! Who needs it! You do? Oh, well, get a second knife!

I was having a hard time eating any wild venison at all and trying anything to make that 'gamey' favor go away—I didn't know flavoring

venison to make it edible to Eddie was something close to culinary heresy. I butchered the deer, I helped preserve the meat, I sliced it up ready to eat but I soon learned that total deer meat abstinence was the best way for me to enjoy this meal.

Oh Deer!

I remember one year praying for Patrick and his younger son and the neighbor's kid, before they all went deer hunting. Patrick would hunt prophetically he called it. Any gift manifesting to show him things was prophecy, but he would get a vision or word of knowledge of where a deer was and find it by following the Spirit. He was convinced this was how most hunters, and even sports athletes excelled in their fields, by following the leading of the Spirit like this, whether they honored God for it or not! Being 'in the zone' he felt was a spiritual activity at its heart.

Anyway, one year they were hunting in one a location and he saw a vision of a deer two hours away. He left his companions and drove the whole way there, got out of his truck, went into the forest just a few steps and caught a deer. (That's a bit of a joke; you don't catch a deer, but people who are not hunters say things like that. Did you catch a deer? No, ma'am, he's far too fast so we shot it instead. Yes, you SHOOT a deer you don't CATCH it! Just a bit of deer hunting humor!)

But this one year we were praying before they left, and they all asked God to give them a deer. Only 10% of hunters shoot a deer in any given year, Patrick always got two or three. When it was my turn to pray something strange happened. I prayed and suddenly it was not my ideas I was saying. I prayed that God would yes, give Patrick a deer, but to let it be a struggle. To make him work hard for it and not to let it just be too easy, not on day one, or on day two either, so they would appreciate the reward.

I opened my eyes, embarrassed! Why did I pray such a weird thing? It was not my heart that asked for that! I would have asked for the exact opposite thing!

They left and came back a few days later with a fine buck, but it was such a struggle they said. I forget the story but they had a very hard time and finally if I remember it right they finally shot one on day three. Later I realized what happened, I did not 'pray' this, I prophesied it and didn't even realize I was doing it!

So Patrick was a musician and so was my dad, and Patrick wrote a few songs himself, so he could not fault me for writing so much poetry but well, there is such a thing as writing TOO MUCH poetry you know! Enough is enough! So I began fishing, helping with the outdoor chores, landscaping, roof repairs, anything I could do that would show my appreciation and not earn me any disrespect from his young son who said I was 'girly' for helping wash dishes and things. Maybe I was trying too hard to fit in and was repressing my true self? But honestly, none of that mattered, what I was starving for was worth any sacrifice I needed to make to get it!—I wanted a living relationship with God, and this was the cost and I was very willing to pay it.

I began absorbing their teaching on the "Five-fold ministry" church structure from Ephesians 4:11 and within a few months began to teach people in church this doctrine. This verse states that the ministries in the Body of Christ include: Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers. We however still thought of it as a 'church structure' that men implemented, not understanding it's the way the Body was created by God whether men accept it or not.

Nevertheless, this distinguished us and was a way, first, to say that the ministry of prophecy was an integral part of the way church was supposed to function; it was biblically established and was still valid today. It wasn't extinct or a fringe ministry. And if a church did not incorporate prophecy into their function we would say they were 'Three-fold,' meaning they had evangelists, pastors and teachers, but not the roles that required supernatural gifts and manifestations of the Holy Spirit.

Flesh and Spirit

We certainly had a lot of prophetic experiences but what I now see was a very basic, even carnal understanding of prophecy. I mean it was flowing and manifesting abundantly in our midst but we only understood it as mere people might who had only been taught about the Holy Spirit and gifts by other Men.

Paul said from now on don't know people according to the flesh, even though we used to even understand Christ after the flesh, yet now we know him that way no more! That's 2 Corinthians 5:16, right? Well we basically knew people and even still related to Jesus, the gifts and everything after the flesh you can say. We understood the Spirit but as

regular men would understand it—I mean Him. We did not yet have what I now can see is a Divine Understanding of prophecy and the Spirit, etc.

That sounds funny I am sure, but consider an American who travels to a remote tropical island and meets people who never met an American before and only heard stories of this place they call America. They would understand him in one way—but it would be only according to their own culture and habits, beliefs and customs. But if one of them themselves were to visit America, let's say, and they stayed there for ten years or so, they could return to their island and explain this foreign visitor more accurately as he really is because now he understands Americans more as an American sees themselves, but also more as an American actually is.

That's a very human example. But we all start here seeing God through the mind of the Flesh. We understood the Spirit largely as carnal people might at first. We all start here! Let's be honest!

And people often say God can gift a person and it can elevate them up higher than their character can keep them. People get gifts but can abuse them by using them with carnal motives. That's basically what I'm trying to say, and not to say it too harshly. We still incorporated prophecy into our lives as much as we could but still largely saw things as mere men might, as mere men who functioned in a supernatural gift.

I'll have to explain that better later. After I share a little more about my own experiences hearing God in two-way conversation and being taught by Jesus and the Holy Spirit and sometimes the Father—that may help you to compare and contrast how Man understands God and things of God, like prophecy and gifts—and how the Lord himself sees things which is just so much different. But at that time, we did not have so much of a mature heavenly perspective. But like I said, we all start there!

Apt to Teach

So I learned as much as I could about prophecy and the prophetic ministry but I never really believed I could ever join their ranks as one of the 'prophets'—certainly never on an equal footing.

Our doctrine was generally biblical, based on commonly quoted verses and stories and also we were influenced by Rick Joyner's teachings. He was the inspired force behind the network of 'Five-fold' churches in our state that Patrick attended before having the big falling out with them, so we still maintained a connection to Rick Joyner's teaching as a foundation.

This was before the Internet so the only way we could actually learn what he taught was if someone had a book, and I think I saw a VHS tape of a sermon from him once. Sharing ideas was not as fast as it is today, for better or worse.

So we had a conceptual understanding of prophecy much like other Spirit-filled churches who embraced the gifts of the Spirit.

And we made a clear distinction that there were 'those who prophesied,' but then separate from them were 'the Prophets,' and that is probably a meaningful and valid distinction in some ways. In other ways it's bogus. God can give the most important direction or revelation through a lowly, non-famous, non-leadership-position holding, part-time janitorial staff floor-mopping new Christian. God told me he has given some of his best direction this way. We do need to endorse people we vouch for as ministers, for public trust and accountability, but we cannot ever discount a word from God because the vessel it came through was not on paid staff or holding a title in our church.

Paul talked about how he met the church leaders in Jerusalem, the 'super apostles' as he called them in 2 Corinthians a little sarcastically I might add ... and in Galatians he then said, "those who seemed to be influential (what they were makes no difference to me; God shows no partiality)—those, I say, who seemed influential added nothing to me." A few verses later in 2:11 he even says, "But when Cephas came to Antioch, I opposed him to his face, because he stood condemned." Cephas is the Aramaic name for Peter it seems. Anyway, men create positions of authority and roles in their churches, men elevate other men into these positions—but God does not think this way. The Kingdom does not operate this way. Man's church surely does—but God's Body does not.

So my hope of ever being included in that coveted group of 'Prophets' in our tiny church was largely kept from me. We even had a special prayer meeting one time and we prayed for prophetic impartation and to understand our gifts and callings better. When my turn came Patrick laid hands on me, asked God to show him my calling and future service to God and yes he looked into my future and told me what he saw: I was called to serve God ... as a teacher.

A ... teacher?

The Bible says a mature believer, a servant of God, must be able to teach, apt to teach, but still in our group no one was 'called' to be a teacher. Either you were a pastor like Patrick and ran a church or you were a prophet like Patrick and were called to have this exciting walk with the

Lord. We didn't know what an apostle was, we just said it was a pastor with two or more churches, not understanding what it really meant. And there were evangelists, mostly on TV, which we disdained. We were not good at evangelism. God constantly told us to stop trying to reap the wheat from inside the barn. I heard this word maybe a dozen times. We were not good at evangelism!

But Teachers? Well, they were the 'also ran' ministers in the Body. To say I was not called to anything *except* being a teacher was pathetic. It also meant I would not be allowed to preach in church. Why? Because to do that you need to be a 'preacher' which was fairly synonymous with being a pastor. Preaching was exciting, loud, energetic, animated, done in front of people during a church service! Teaching was BORING! It was done quietly, in private, in the living room during the week. This is not a biblical definition, which should have raised a red flag, but that's the way we understood things. A teacher was to be seen and not heard; or rather heard and not seen, or better yet, not seen or heard and just let the preachers do everything!

Deep Calls to Deep

Bill was there that day we prayed for impartation I remember and he also prayed for me and so much was going on. He said I was going to compose music like Beethoven. I was taking a class in music theory at that time and had many CD's of Beethoven's music and that meant something important to me. He said the Lord was imparting things to me so deeply—so deep, so deep, he kept saying. This was primarily an impartation for prophetic gifting and Bill saw it going so deep, so deep! But it was Patrick's opinion, Patrick's vision that really mattered. And according to him I was called to be a teacher; that's all. Nothing more, maybe less.

I don't want to overstate it, but it nearly crushed me and broke my heart and I wrestled with that for a very long time. Being a prophet, at least being a pastor or a 'preacher' were the only meaningful roles a person could serve the Lord in, and I was not called to be any of the above! They could clearly see that I was prophesying from the start, from the first few weeks I was there, and also they were praying for the impartation of the prophetic gift! So there was hope that God might someday speak a prophetic word to me and use me like that, right? Well not really.

Prophetic gifts were mostly inherited from our parents we believed (wrongly). There are a few verses that talked about Old Testament

prophets being the sons' of prophets, yet even in this there are prophets who are NOT the sons' of prophets, like Amos! Forget the fact that in the New Testament EVERYONE is given the Holy Spirit, meaning God is IN and can speak TO EVERY believer—My sheep hear my voice!—Ye, all may prophesy, etc. We taught that officially too, but in practice, a REAL gift was given at birth, like Patrick had, and this was evidence of your REAL calling, otherwise it just wasn't God's will for your life.

Other people only saw gifts manifest when they got Spirit-filled we knew, but again the gifts would openly manifest on their own. Why years later would you now ask God for what God obviously didn't choose to give you already? Why are you trying to be something you are not?

This of course is bad theology since Paul said to eagerly desire spiritual gifts, ESPECIALLY prophecy. And to pray in tongues and then to ask God to let you interpret! This means you start out NOT prophesying and not interpreting and if you ask God will add it to you! Why? Simply because you seek it! The Kingdom advances by force and the forceful lay hold of it. Ask, seek, knock! Here in 1 Corinthians 14 he even tells us to seek the gift of prophecy specifically! Why would a Christian reading this verse 'seek it' if they already had it? It simply means God will add.

There is also no discussion or emphasis on the value of human lineage regarding having spiritual gifts in the New Testament. None. Paul only said to Timothy he knows his mother and grandmother had strong faith and so he was confident Timothy would have strong faith as well. He didn't say it was due to their genes—it's more likely it would be from family culture and a mother's prayers and upbringing.

But then he also said in 2 Timothy 1:16 to fan into flame, or stir up, the gift of God which was in him through the laying on of Paul's hands. This was not there from birth, Paul gave it to him! And he even said next that God did not give us a spirit of fear—so what can block the manifestation of a gift is simply fear, insecurity, shyness. Timothy already had the gift but was too shy or timid or insecure to let it blossom! Cast out the fear, fan into flame the gift, and *Voilà! La prophétie est là! Il est facile de prophétiser!*

OK, but you say there's a reference in Acts of a man who had four daughters who all prophesied, Yes but IT DOES NOT SAY it is because it is genetic. It may simply be because their mother asked God to bless her all girls and her faith was in this gift! We don't know. What we do know is in Joel, foretelling of Acts 2, that God says he will pour out his Spirit ON ALL FLESH and our SONS, DAUGHTERS, even our servants

or HOUSEHOLD EMPLOYEES (who are clearly not related to the parents genetically) will ALL prophesy. It is the Spirit not the genes.

This is a more correct understanding, and we officially taught something close to that but didn't really act like we believed it.

Yes, we even prayed to impart the gift of prophecy to the young men, but how would that matter? You would never be called to be a REAL prophet unless it was from birth; God doesn't make mistakes or change his mind, right? He already has a plan for you from birth, so maybe these other people were just wannabe prophets and so OK, pray for an impartation to make them happy, but really? If God wanted you to be called to be a prophet it would already be self evident.

So maybe this didn't matter to most people but wow, it certainly mattered to me, and yes, this just broke my heart, over and over, but I soon decided that, well, if that's what the Lord's will was, to use me as 'just a teacher' and nothing more, nothing important, nothing spiritual and nothing exciting ... then I would do that, and do it with all my heart and to the best of my sincere ability.

So I embraced this lesser role, heart breaking and crushing my innermost hopes and dreams as it did ... but if that's what the Lord wanted, that's what I would do, I would see to it that this was done.

The Future: So Much More Than Just Teaching

NOTE: Long after I left their church I did work many years as a teacher, but only after becoming a lawyer. I was also a magazine editor then a magazine publisher. Then I also served the Lord as a pastor, and then the Lord called me as a prophet, I mean for real, as in a 'Prophet.' Then he sent me out as an apostle, a real assignment for revival that nearly killed me. He gave me a healing ministry mantle, and a gift of miracles too! All this they would have seen when they prayed for me at that time! In fact, the Lord even told me yes, they did see all this when they prayed for me and saw my future serving him prophetically and writing books and traveling the world ... and they not only told me none of it but only told me I was called to teach, and only to teach.

How can I understand this? It ruined my self-confidence and shattered the dreams I had in my heart as God was already calling me into the prophetic ministry, he was already prophesying to me so much and was training me, and in fact had plans to use me in so many ways more than

they led me to believe.

Now I do teach a lot, I write, I instruct, I train, I equip. But that's not what he said. He didn't say I would prophesy AND teach, and heal AND teach, go on mission AND teach. He said I would ONLY teach—that's the rub.

It's actually still difficult to talk about this.

My walk with the Lord was affected for so many years and I endured so much trouble that I could have been spared if things had not gone so crazy. Prophecy was certainly functioning in our midst and in my life. The gifts of the Holy Spirit, even healing and other miraculous things were manifesting certainly every week in our small group in the cornfield ... yet what was also manifesting was the flesh, ambition, jealousy, control, fear of losing control ... basically Man's ways.

A few years ago Jesus actually told me this, that "My church is sick, sick not with a disease but with Man's ways." We have gifts of the eternal Lord, gifts of the Kingdom of Heaven, but they are used and abused by carnal agendas, carnal motives, carnal understanding. Our growth from here on is not about needing more anointing or gifting. We already have this. The growth we need to avoid such problems is in our character being conformed to be more like Christ. It is also understanding the New Self and the impediments to seeing this new creation as God has already made us.

The New Self is like a superhero, but our past memories, our earth identity, is blinding us to the real nature of God already within us. Can you sin? Sure, and we sometimes do. But the New Self is already made in the image of God in righteousness and true holiness! How can this be? The Incorruptible Seed has already given birth to us—we are already born again of God—only we forget. We have old, bad habits and have free will and often copy things we see others doing. We mostly need to renew our minds, crucify the Flesh and walk in the Spirit and then we would be seen to ACT NOW in accordance with the Truth of WHO WE ALREADY ARE. Otherwise we continue to act the way unsaved people around us act, the way we used to act before we were born of the incorruptible seed. So renew your mind, walk in the Spirit, it's all going to be OK!

What is the Flesh?

So maybe this is a good time to digress for just a moment, and ask you a question: What is the flesh? When we say this most people blush; they

think we're talking about the sexual nature of people. But if that were true, then all sexual relations would be sinful, and if that were so then marriage would be evil and all babies would be born from sin, but that is not true. Sexual relations between man and wife are protected and even encouraged by the Holy Spirit. The marital bed is holy!

Also there are many sins of the flesh that are not sexual in nature. So really, when the Bible says the 'flesh' is hostile to God, to live 'in the flesh' is death, and that 'the flesh' cannot please God, what is he talking about? This is what Jesus later told me, the 'flesh' he said is five things: the human level Understanding, the human level Intellect, human level Perception, human level Motives and human level Desires.

So yes, sexuality factors into that equation certainly but it is so much more than just that; mostly it's about the normal human attitudes, mindsets, motivations and 'normal' thinking that is driving our daily actions. So yes, the Flesh can be in control of a church, a ministry and even prophetic ministry.

The Bible is God's word, but how you understand it may still be based in Man's carnal understanding. How you reason though the application of a scripture in any given situation may be using the right scripture but in the wrong way—or even the wrong scripture in the wrong way. Think about how you perceive a situation. It's not your fault you can't understand God's mind or understand how he views a situation. You are in your eyes innocent but your perception may still be completely wrong nevertheless! What your real motives are for preaching a certain doctrine, preaching a particular sermon, what you really desire in a given situation this is where we are failing. Not in the realm of gifting but how we manage the gifting.

Dream of a Church of Cockroaches

OK, so let me get back to my story because that opens a topic which alone could be a whole book in itself and it's not what I was asked to write on now.

I was having prophetic dreams from the very first summer I met the Buckman's and started going to their church.

At that early time of course I didn't know Patrick's history with the fallout from the three churches in our state but I had actually previously met some of the kids from those churches before I was a Christian—and most of them were as worldly as we were!

So before I met the Buckman's during my first summer as a Christian I met up with an old girlfriend from back home who was a Jehovah's Witness and a single mom of three. I knew her many years already but when I got saved I led her to the Lord immediately and then I met several Christians that were living right there in my own home town! So naturally I brought her to their local fellowship since it was so close to her home ... but there was strange friction with one of the pastors who had a son my age and me. This boy led the music at the youth group but he was rude, wild and flippant. His dad was one of the main pastors and he hated me and I had no way to know why. Shortly after bringing this lady into their fellowship the pastor's son seduced her. The newly saved girl was promiscuous but so was the pastor's son!!

I later then met the Buckman's who lived more than hour away and backed away from fellowship with those people in my home area. Patrick would begin to slowly tell me about some problems with their network of churches but wouldn't tell me the whole story, nor should he have!

But then I had a dream.

I was writing a lot of poetry and so I wrote it out in an overly serious style and like a poem I gave it a title, "Cockroaches of a House Defiled." The gist of it was this: In a vision I was inside a church and went down into the basement, floating above the floor since it was so filthy. I saw cockroaches everywhere in the church all living in a large pile of rubbish, and I could clearly see three sizes of insects:

First there were a few very old and large bugs that had been spray-painted red a long time ago. In the dream I knew that it had been a brother of mine who tried to expose them but didn't have the right poison so he used red spray paint instead of poison and merely marked them. This had been many years ago in the dream and so the paint had mostly worn off but it was still visible in the crevasses of the insects' shells.

Then I saw a second generation of cockroaches that were about half the size of the older generation, and then a third generation, very numerous, which were babies of the second generation. I was still floating in the air and I began to float over towards the pile of rubbish and became so disgusted and grossed-out because it felt like I was about to touch it and get covered in their filth. Then in the dream just as I was really about to freak-out I heard a voice say that dealing with this problem was not my job. [End of dream.]

It was so clear and vivid and every detail was stuck in my mind with

a kind of clarity that it was hard to forget. I never had a dream like that before! But yes, many like that since!

When I shared it with Patrick and Sarah they were excited and started to open up more about the real nature of the problems they had with the previous church near my home town, the infidelity of the senior pastor who they called an apostle, and the elders who knew of his sin but protected him anyway, kicking Patrick out instead of bringing correction and repentance to their head pastor. He shared the vision he had of their meeting with me then, about the strong spirit of 'control' there, and things like that. What's more when I mentioned in the dream that there was a man who a few years ago had tried to stop the cockroaches but lacked the right poison and just painted them instead, they both knew exactly who it was! A man named Arthur! Cool!

Discernment, By Any Other Name

What also functioned in me even from those early days was what I began to call a keen spiritual discernment, which is often called the gift of discerning of spirits from 1 Corinthians 12:10. I had a very sharp sense of what was going on around me in the spiritual realm and often had minor but specific spiritual insight from the Holy Spirit about the nature of a demon nearby, a problem that was about to happen, and even a foreknowledge of what the Holy Spirit was doing around me.

For example, in a church service I would often know which song they were going to choose to play next. In Patrick's church they never played a rehearsed play-list but would skip around playing random songs from a wide collection of music everyone knew well—Patrick would just call out "Psalm 100," or "As the Deer Pants," or whatever he felt led to play but I often clearly knew in the spirit what he was about to call out before he did!

Then I would know who would prophesy in a service. One week it was very memorable. I knew Elder Brown was going to give a prophetic tongue, which was not so unusual. But I also knew this time that instead of giving the interpretation himself that it would be given by Clement!! Clement was an older man who had just gotten saved and had never prophesied before! He was still working through a lot of habits and mindsets, but not only did I know that he was going to be given the interpretation, I also knew that he would not be able to handle it. From fear or nervousness or just inexperience I knew he would choke back the interpretation ... but not to worry, I also knew that Tom Locke, an

insurance broker, and also a novice in prophecy would step up and give the interpretation instead!

Then it began to play out—first the tongue: high, loud and clear; then Clement and um, well, ah, I think the Lord, well, um, oh never mind! Until finally Tom spoke up, The Lord says, *BOOM*, and he gave the word! I forget what it was, but yes, Thus saith the Lord!

After I went up to Clement and asked him, "What happened? You had the interpretation." But how did I know he asked? "I discerned it in the spirit," I said. But right next to me was Dan, a friend my age who was learning to play bass guitar, and he said, "Yeah, Clement, you had the interpretation!"

"What? Dan? How did you know?"

"The Holy Spirit told me," was all he said.

The various ways the Holy Spirit manifests in a diverse group of people is very intriguing. Paul said in 1 Corinthians 12:7 that each is given a manifestation of the Spirit for the common good. So if we can let it all flow it will work together for everyone's benefit, to build the people up, sometimes to correct them if that's what they need, but it all fits together for the overall welfare of the Body as a whole, as a community, as a family. But we're all learning how to function and flow with the Holy Spirit and it's not as simple as you think. There is actually a lot of learn.

So I had what I called 'discernment' about the events as they were unfolding but if you need to put a label on things Dan might have had what we might have called a 'word of knowledge,' which is a specific idea spoken to a person, in this case it was about the same event. 'Word of knowledge' is also considered a certain kind of prophetic manifestation from 1 Corinthians 12:8, and it is commonly a manifestation in the healing ministry. Others might call all these things just 'prophecy.'

Much later I began to experience what the Lord told me was the Mind of Christ. This is a higher manifestation of the Spirit than gifts of prophecy in fact—it seems to come from being more intimate with the Lord. I will wait until later to explain it in detail but the main part of enjoying this 'supernatural organ' is tapping into the 'limited omniscience' of the Son of God. It is not the Full Omniscience of the Father ruling every atom in vast galaxies—but that of the Son on assignment in a specific place in a specific time. Part of this causes you know people's thoughts—that's not prophecy, it's the Mind of Christ. To know the events unfolding around me without being told but to know them within my own thoughts is actually the Mind of Christ, not simply discernment and not a prophecy.

At that time I had even never heard of such a thing, so I just called everything that was happening a sharp sense of discernment. But also like I said, since I heard God prophesy to me that I would have a keen spiritual discernment, I just assumed that is what it was. It matters less to me now what we define a certain manifestation of the Spirit as, but we do want to be clear and correct, but it all flows from the same Spirit and everything the Lord does ought to be cherished, nurtured and grown.

More on the Mind of Christ later, or you can see my article on-line.

For Whom? The Bell Trolls!

Another time I was at university and during class breaks they would play a loud bell to mark the end of a class period, and then at noon they would play chimes over the campus-wide P.A. System, and often they were old Christian hymns but played by bells. I was walking to class this one day and heard the chimes and suddenly knew in the spirit that the students, in the name of diversity and ‘political correctness’—what we now call being ‘woke’—would attack the playing of Christian hymns on campus to try to have them stopped, even though they were just chimes.

I told a Christian friend who didn’t believe that the gifts of the Holy Spirit still functioned today, so to him they certainly didn’t, and he dismissed my ‘fears’ out of hand ... well, sure enough a few weeks later we heard the news that a group of students was challenging the public state university over the issue of playing Christian hymns over the loud speakers! Several people prayed and after a few weeks the school threw out the complaint for several reasons—one was in the name of diversity!

Fratricide—a Sword of Judgment

Another time I was working at the student-run radio station and I was running the Christian music segment, which was hosted early Sunday morning. And it was one of the hardest things I had to do. I think I had to get to work at 5 am, which itself meant I had to be asleep at something like 10 pm on Saturday night which meant I had to skip every normal social activity on Saturday night. But also I was alone in the station at the start of my shift and had to turn on the whole transmitter and power supply by myself and I barely knew what I was doing—also we had no music newer than maybe twenty years old! Try to make a three hour show interesting

to university students when all the music was that old, so boring and mostly completely unknown to me. I never even heard of Keith Green before I worked there, we didn’t play him in the Episcopal church! The Contemporary Christian music scene was just beginning at that time and I remember Rich Mullins just released his song *Our God is a Mighty God*. That sent shock-waves through the Body, literally, but did we have it at the radio station? No! We had the most progressive and cutting-edge collection of every modern, punk and folk music released in the country ... everything except for Christian music.

So I had a really hard time keeping it together, plus I can’t speak clearly and I had no helpers usually, and well, one Sunday I was walking to the station, before dawn, so tired, nervous, alone, maybe I got three hours of sleep that night, maybe four, and I was just passing by a fraternity house that was still in full swing party time—music blaring, lights on, drunk kids running around chasing each other down the hallways; yes, even as dawn approached.

Well, I was so irritable and cranky and tired and upset I just vented all of my frustration at that awful fraternity. I shouted, “In Jesus’ Name, I REBUKE You! I COMMAND you to get off this campus in Jesus’ name, NOW!!!” Wow, was I upset.

Well, tirade over I huffed and puffed and went to work a happy man.

I forgot all about it until the next week when I was walking across the lawn near that frat house in the day time and WOAH! I could ‘see’ a giant sword in the air hovering over the frat house. It was at least 50 feet long and I could ‘see’ it in my spirit, it must have been like a sign of judgment hanging over their roof! I had no specific word to describe this or any clear idea of what it meant—I ‘discerned’ it with only a ‘word’ of vision—anyway after pausing briefly, mostly in shock, I just went to class.

Well I didn’t have long to wait to find out what it meant exactly because just a few weeks later I passed by that frat house again and they were putting all their belongings and even their furniture out on the lawn in front of the building. I asked what was going on and someone told me they were being kicked off campus. What? Why? How?

I went to lunch and saw that same unbelieving kid who tried to calm down my ‘fears’ about the playing of Christian hymns on the loudspeakers being attacked, and he told me the details of the story. Turns out there was a surprise building inspection from the state building inspector’s office and they found so many problems with their building that were in need of such costly repairs that the fraternity house was

flat-out condemned! That fraternity happened to be an independent organization within the national Greek system, meaning that it had no national presence and without their physical building, according to the Greek system rules, the entire fraternity organization was disbanded and they were kicked off campus! End of Story.

I remember he added, "I'm glad someone finally did something about that fraternity. It was one of the worst ones on campus." They had a reputation for a lot of drunken misbehavior and I am sure I shared my prayer and my vision of the sword ... but that kind of thing was not his cup of tea.

Rebuking a Fever

Another time a friend came into the cafeteria looking miserable. Jenny had a very serious flu that nothing could help. Her boyfriend, Tim, said she had such a high fever for several days and was so sick that she had to stay in his shared dorm room just to be taken care of. Tim had told me the story at breakfast and later that day after English class I was walking by Tim's dorm room and I remember thinking that right at that very moment Jenny was up there in that room sick as a dog! So I just stopped for a brief second and shouted out, "In Jesus' name, fever I REBUKE you!" So now this was one or two days later and at lunch Jenny walked in looking like something the cat dragged in! People asked her how she was feeling, how's the fever, etc? "Better," she said. The fever just suddenly broke."

"Yeah, at ten past one in the afternoon," I said.

"Y-y-yes," she looked shocked and puzzled. "How did you know that?"

"Because that was the moment I was walking under your window and rebuked the fever in Jesus' name."

Awkward silence.

I wasn't really trying to be brash but just honest. Most of those Christian kids didn't believe in prophecy or healing or the Holy Spirit or anything, so maybe I just wanted to rattle their cage a little. But also just to testify that God just healed her and so that's something to be thankful for!

Lights out for the Power Team

Last story I want to tell about what I called having 'discernment' was going with an unsaved friend to see the 'Power Team.' They were a group

of weightlifters who did amazing feats of strength like breaking a two-by-four over their face, or tearing a large phone book in half with their teeth. That kind of thing. Then they preached a message of salvation and people got saved and it was a traveling ministry. So me and this unsaved guy were in the upper seats watching the performance and the guy was going to run through three or four two-by-four's being held by two other men and break them with the force of his own body momentum! Oh yeah! It was dangerous they said but they were professionals! Problem is, I suddenly knew he was not going to make it!

"He won't make it!" I said out-loud!

"Oh yes he will. It's all a gimmick," my cynical, unsaved friend said.

I didn't know how to tell him that I wasn't just caught up in the excitement of the moment but that God had told me that he wouldn't make it ... but I didn't have long to wait. A few seconds later, the guy was off! He ran into the row of boards, breaking the first one, *C-C-CRACK*, breaking number two, *Crack*, hitting the third which splintered but didn't make a clean break and then the fourth was perfectly intact and quite strong and flexible and—*BOING!*—it sprung him back like a rubber band throwing a rag doll and—*BAM!*—threw him down flat on his back so hard that he hit his head against the floor, knocking himself out instantly.

That's then I told my jaded companion, "I told you. God told me he wouldn't make it."

He recovered a few minutes later and they finished the stunt but we talked about that a little. Why would God tell me they wouldn't make it through the stunt? They were trying to preach the Gospel. Why would God ruin their stunt on purpose? he said. That made no sense to my unsaved friend. Well, his logic made no sense to me! God didn't ruin their stunt. Just because God told me their stunt would fail, does not mean God caused it to fail. And why would God tell me? Why not? God tells people stuff! You don't need to over-complicate things that are really quite simple. I think God just wanted to watch the show with us and be a part of the conversation!

So was that a word of knowledge? Maybe. Was it a prophecy? Probably not. Mind of Christ? Never mind—it just seemed that God was just chatting with me about the show, I don't need to put a label on HOW he spoke to me, that takes the friendship out of the fun. But again, I called these things 'discernment' mostly because when Mary prayed for me that's what she said I would develop—a very keen spiritual discernment.

So I basically called everything what she said would I would have— 'discernment.' So that's where my faith was strong, where my confidence was allowed to be firm and where my understanding rested. But I suppose I could just as easily have said it was 'word of knowledge,' or just 'prophecy' in general, or something else, but that's not what Mary said when she prayed, and I trusted her, so that's where my confidence was.

Actually different gifts or 'manifestations' do function differently. I didn't always hear 'words' spoken to me, I often could just 'feel' things in the spirit just like someone might feel the temperature or smell a smell. But 'word of knowledge' can manifest in strange ways too, which maybe I'll talk about later. In healing you may 'see' a word over someone's head, or hear a spoken word of the kind of sickness someone has, or in other cases actually feel the exact pain they feel—all of these are considered a 'word' of knowledge even when its a feeling and not a spoken word at all! ... And watch out for the section on the Mind of Christ, it's going to blow your ... um, well, it's going to be amazing.

5

On Shaky Ground

So I had maybe one dream every few weeks, maybe once a month or less, but I almost never head God speak to me personally, especially when I was awake. So this was an area of my walk with the Lord that no one could interfere with or silence me. It didn't depend on my confidence or acceptance by the leaders or speaking up in a public setting. When I was later able to talk to God directly I had fewer and fewer dreams, I think because he could tell me what I needed to know more directly.

And while I was increasingly glad to be out of the world, I still felt very guilty for my past sins and felt it would be best for me to remain single for the rest of my life and just serve the Lord that way as a celibate single man. Within two or three days of saying this to myself the Lord gave me a prophecy from my friend Bill, who at that time was actually renting a small apartment next door that was also owned by Patrick. And the word was as plain as could be: it was not God's plan that I remain single; He in fact already had a special woman prepared for me to marry.

It was just so funny. It was Wednesday and we were having home group. Patrick's house was on a large pond, and Bill's apartment was just across the small beach next door. I was just then telling someone before the service started that I had decided not to get married and at that very moment Bill was walking across the beach and suddenly God spoke to him—BAM! And it was even in a poem that rhymed and everything. That was very personal to me! This is the prophetic poem.

A Special Woman for You

*You can hear her name in the Breeze
as the Holy Spirit whispers "I know You."
You can see her face amongst a million Flowers—
She's as bright as the sun and as pure as the light,
don't try and figure it out because its not your fight.
I must take you to the Valley of Loneliness,
for the season of the Flowers is still away.
You're still a child in a Man's world—
slow down, don't run, I want to teach you to have fun.
There's plenty of time for building and plenty of time
for work, but to be a Masterpiece of a sculpture
you must be putty and a pliable piece of clay—
For I am the potter and you are the clay,
I have plans for you to prosper and not harm you.
Let go and let me work on you,
just believe, receive and rest with assurance
that I know her too!
—God.*

Then Bill drew a triangle and wrote 'God' at the top and 'man' and 'woman' at the two corners at the bottom and said God showed him a relationship works best when man and woman and God are all in a relationship together. This is how God designed us and this is the best way for a marriage relationships to work. That was August 1990.

I memorized that poem simply from reading it so many times! And I didn't know who the prophecy spoke of but there were only four girls my age in our entire church, two of them were the pastor's daughters. We did not fellowship with any other churches, none of them were walking in the real gifts, so if I wanted to get married, it was probably going to be one of the pastor's two younger daughters. Although there was serious talk that Ivy was still single, and almost 40, and well, it's the End Times, you never

know! I should seriously consider it—but no, I never did consider it.

But since I still felt very guilty for my past sins, I assumed it would have to be the pastor's second daughter who was my age but who I didn't really like. Oh, she was tall and very beautiful, but to me was just not my type. More rough and a little bossy so I figured she was the best choice to sort of 'punish me' in a way. I'm sorry to say it like that, it probably sounds terrible—she's really a lovely woman but just not my type.

His other daughter was so sweet and pure, younger than me by two or three years, and was more open in her heart to the Lord, and we had a real connection but I knew it was too special for me since I had such a strong sense of my guilt so I rejected the very idea of her and I ever being a couple. This contradiction tormented me a long time as the elder girl got a serious boyfriend, then got engaged ... I then had a dream about a trapeze ...

Trapeze Dream

So at this time we as a church started having training classes on Wednesdays to teach people about the Five-fold Ministry and prophecy and try to develop people to be better teachers and prophets.

In this dream we were all standing in line being trained to use a trapeze, which clearly represented prophesying. I saw the boyfriend of the older daughter of the pastor in line with her, and many other young people I didn't know. The person trying the trapeze first was a large woman, quite overweight and who was trying to swing but just couldn't do it. In the dream she had once been able to swing up very high, right up to the ceiling but no longer could. In real life this lady had actually begun to prophesy a little during meetings previously but was no longer very active doing so. So I knew this vision was a parallel of real life.

In the dream the pastor and his wife disagreed on what to do about her, and my reaction in the dream was very carefully NOT TO JUDGE them for their attitudes. He said move her out of the way so others can try. She said no, she can do this, let her keep trying. Soon she moved aside herself and others got their chance to practice.

The dream had two more scenes, one that dealt with the pastor's younger daughter and I, and the other dealing with my life falling into complete chaos. I knew better than to share the section about their daughter with them, so I left it out when I shared the dream in their council asking for advice and insight on the dream. I shared the next part,

which was this:

I was hesitant to try the trapeze and wanted to watch a little longer before I took a turn. I backed away and leaned up against the wall to observe but as I did, I didn't know it, but the wall was actually a folded-up gymnastic mat on wheels!! And when I leaned against it, it rolled away and so I grabbed for it to try to put it back in place but when I did I bumped it and it hit another mat instead, and then another, and another, and they all started to scatter like billiard balls in every direction. In the chaos I lost sight of the trapeze and all the people in the church and was in a panic and then I heard a voice, 'The pastor can fix this.' End of Dream.

I wrote that out and gave it to the prophets to ask them if it was from the Lord and they agreed unanimously that it clearly was. That helped me digest the scene I didn't share with them which was about the pastor's younger daughter.

In this scene that I kept to myself, I was watching the people in line and I saw the older daughter and her fiancée and that was ok with me, and then I saw the younger daughter and yes, I as having real feelings for her, only now in this dream she looked so immature, more immature than she was in real life. I obviously had feelings about her but was confused and being tormented by it. My attention was however drawn to her 'girlish' figure and it was not that of a 'mature woman' if I can say it like that. In the dream I got frustrated and decided I would not wait for her to grow up! So in frustration and anger I started looking around for a new woman to court, but as I did my gaze went right to her prophetic aunt, Mary, and in the vision, wow, she had a full woman's figure, quite 'healthy' as we used to say. I was embarrassed to see Mary this way and in the dream I then felt such a strong conviction that it was wrong to look away from the young girl in anger and impatience, and if I did I would be very quickly tempted to sin and yes, I felt so ashamed. I needed to be true to my feelings and wait, be patient, have faith.

Now at the time I didn't realize maybe God was saying there was a parallel between the young girl and the older aunt concerning their spiritual callings or ministries. What I now would say is that God was saying she may be 'immature' now but later she will be more 'womanly' but probably also more like a 'mature prophet' like her aunt some day; again, just be patient.

In real life I was already dealing with this confusion very strongly and I knew the pastor's wife did not approve of me and often said things like

that. I knew she did not want me as a son-in-law, after all I got saved from the world and was not a virgin, and her daughter was, so I was not worthy of her. End of story. In the dream I knew I should not get frustrated, I should not give up waiting for her, not look around for someone else, but also that I should not judge the pastor or his wife for their attitudes and that even if things went crazy out of control that 'the pastor could fix it.'

Unfortunately when it played out in my real life I was unable to do any of these wise things.

I didn't really understand the dream was giving me wisdom I needed to choose to obey, I thought it was telling me what was going to unfold regardless of how I acted, prepared or prayed. That's the worst thing I understood about prophesy at that immature time, that it was going to happen no matter what. It's not true in this case, and not true in many cases. A PREDICTION from God might be insight of an unchangeable future event, but a PROMISE is always conditioned upon people being faithful, walking right with the Lord and having faith. A prediction could also be merely a WARNING of what MIGHT happen IF I DON'T PRAY or repent or whatever.

Unfortunately I was merely a passive observer and didn't use the information in the dream to help me consciously avoid trouble at all. I didn't know I could or was supposed to do that. I didn't understand how to stand in faith against adverse circumstances either. When things went wrong I just fell apart and then ran away.

Barns on a Hillside

And as things got more difficult for me with the pastor's daughter and her mom, I had another dream.

In real life I had just gotten my first computer, a used Apple, and it had what we now all recognize as an attached computer keyboard. Before this many computers had a keyboard that was attached to the computer screen console. So a detached keyboard was still a very novel thing. In this dream I had a keyboard, just a keyboard, and I was typing on it as I sat on a hillside overlooking my future. Every key I pressed created something but it was only a barn, or a farm house, or a grain silo down in the valley I was overlooking. It was my future but I was unable to create anything more modern than old farmers' barns ... and in the dream I knew it was because I lacked a mate. Having a wife would for some reason enable me to create a modern future for myself.

In the dream I then turned around and there was the pastor's younger daughter, by now about 17 and even more beautiful than her eldest sister (who by the way won Misses America a few years back). In the dream I moved towards her to embrace her, but she turned away—and then I got upset and I turned away—but it was just as she turned towards me to embrace me! This back and forth went on a few times while her mom was running in between us to interfere with our relationship.

After doing this a few times I got really upset in the dream and decided to forget the whole thing and just leave! So I left and then all was black.

After a time I softened my heart and decided to go back and then I saw her but I didn't recognize her! She was so sick she was just a skeleton covered with skin and ants were crawling all over her. I picked up her limp body in my arms and was unable to say anything to try to explain the miscommunication and troubles we were having and all I could say in the dream was, 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' the way you would comfort a grieving friend or child.

The scene then abruptly changed to a third relationship scene. I saw two people standing face to face, and between them, between me and this lady, there was a patch of ground that represented the 'depth' of the relationship and to dig down was to deepen the relationship, but the ground had already been dug out very deeply and expertly in a geometric shape like a tapering funnel, a very artistic and refined shape, and it had been filled back in but only with loose sand and so it was very easy to dig down as deep and as fast as you wanted to without any real effort at all! It was some kind of divine provision for an intimacy between these two people! Wow! Really a special, chosen mate, for both of us.

Zeal Without Wisdom is Not Good

In real life I left their church fellowship after being with them about three years. I was heartbroken, rejected and confused, but I always felt somehow things would work out with the pastor's daughter—I saw a vision and I was anyway totally fixated on that outcome—I feel like I built my entire world around that one belief, but did not act in accordance with that outcome. The dream was clear and I trusted God to tell me the truth, but I didn't know I had a responsibility to stand in faith, to trust God, to be an active part of the spiritual process either.

I really had no wisdom and no faith.

I didn't understand yet how to pray according to a prophecy, how Paul said to wage warfare according to prophetic direction that went before me, or even how to pray to God to ask Him to act on his word.

If God said it would happen why even pray about it? I thought it was all like fate in Greek dramas.

God already gave a word and all I was supposed to do was sit by and watch it happen. That seems almost right, but it doesn't work. God is looking at the heart, it is in the heart that we believe. Doubt and rejection of God plans because it seems impossible is not faith.

Faith is rest, yes, but it is impossible to stand in faith without exerting a lot of effort to deny the flesh and lay hold of that rest. Maybe not effort of doing things, sending flowers, or writing love poems, but the effort that is required is putting your foot down in prayer with God to command the outside circumstances to obey God's word, and your INTERNAL thoughts and feelings to obey as well: cast away all fear and worry. God is in fact in control and will turn all things around to make things conform to his already spoken Will—if you remain faithful and steadfast.

Prophecy tells us His Will, but we need to be the one who will stand in the faith needed to see it come to pass.

So many things I could have done differently, but like I said, when things went wrong, I didn't seek His Heart to comfort my confusion, seek His Wisdom for what to do, stand in have patience with the right attitude ... no, I fell apart and literally ran away.

Another time God warned me about getting upset about this. It was a prophetic canoe ride. But I can't share every word.

Also I should have been more open to other options and outcomes than the one I had been fixated on. The Lord even asked me one time if I wanted to marry a different girl, my friend Dan's very sweet (and very attractive) younger sister, who was the same age as the pastor's daughter I was in love with. But I thought it was a trick question! He showed me her in the Spirit and she was beautiful, humble, talented, pure hearted ... I had no idea why God was showing me this. He asked me openly if I wanted to marry her. I knew it was the Spirit but I 100% assumed He only meant for me to marry the pastor's daughter. Other people had even come up to me to tell me this as confirmation—why was God giving me options?—was he just testing me?

So I rejected that offer flatly without considering it. Today it would have stopped me in my tracks! God was not tricking me. He saw how

things were headed already. He even told me, but I didn't understand the vision. I was fixated on one outcome but didn't know how to pray in faith—the closest thing I had was stubbornness I suppose. It's not the same thing.

And I also assume Sarah, her mother, was praying overtime to get rid of me. How does that work? Can two people pray for opposing things and God will take sides? I don't presume to know what God will do, but I know there is power in a praying mother, and not so much in a not-praying, angry, confused young boy! In the vision me and the pastor's daughter were trying to work things out, we almost connected, but Sarah was running between us trying to break things up. She succeeded.

Anyway, to skip ahead, a few years passed and yes, I decided to marry someone else, a lady from South India, and I moved to Hong Kong. I had no idea what to make of those dreams now. I was just confused. What I did know was that I had to endure years and years of such a difficult relationship—was I now being punished? After many more years, even after being in the prophetic ministry together, my wife left me, left the church, left God's calling and his own promises given to her—she left everything. I was frankly relieved because there was so much trouble in our relationship by then, the peace was so welcome but instead of the Lord slowing down my training at the time to let me grieve, he accelerated it!

That was the time He re-trained me in the prophetic ministry and when I learned the most about the Lord, my calling, the Kingdom and his plans for me in the future. Then he sent me on a real long-term mission to the Philippines, and while on that mission a few years after my wife left me I had a new friendship—completely platonic—but with a woman that was just so very special. There are people who grow up as friends with God and who walk with God in a special way for years privately. She was someone like that. More intimate with God even as a teenager, which was when she started doing missionary work, than many adult Christians ever will be this side of Glory.

But then God asked me to marry her and I was spinning in confusion. It was 20 years after this dream when he told me and I finally understood that I was not seeing three different stages of a relationship with one woman—my pastor's daughter—but three different relationships with three different women! And we got married nearly 10 years later.

God's Word will Endure

I also realized another stunning truth—God promised me a special woman, that he had prepared her and also that he would be able to knit us together in uncommon intimacy. God's Word is more trustworthy than any circumstance in the physical reality. This is where people get confused—I KNOW I had the option to make it work with the pastor's daughter, but if that failed, if she refused, if she died young, if her mother destroyed the relationship, if I walked away in frustration and confusion—NON OF THAT WOULD MATTER ... GOD HAD SPOKEN and MADE A PROMISE. He had a Special Woman for Me. If they took it away, guess what? God knew that before time began and already had a solution prepared to remedy it. Guess what? God does not FIND a way so his Word will come to pass, He MAKES a way for his word to come to pass. Guess what? God's Word has in it, itself, the Power to Make itself come to pass. The world may pass away but Gods Word will remain.

People are fixated on the girl, the car, the house, the date, the amount in cash, the visible earthly circumstance, but this is carnal thinking, based in the Flesh; what God is trying to teach us—but like weaning a child away from nursing—is that His INVISIBLE Word is Reliable above and beyond ANY physical reality; His Word is Living and Active, Eternal and if he said it, he will do it! We however are too attached to, and only believe in what we can see, feel and touch ...

What is the girl said no, her mom doesn't like me, she says I smell like elderberry wine—that does not matter. This is not a Greek Tragedy, this is the Kingdom of God. If he says you are going to have a baby and your wife goes through menopause, not recently but 40 years ago, IT DOES NOT MATTER because God has promised. Stand on his Promise, Be faithful to his Word!

Psalm 27:13-14. 13 I would have fainted, unless I had believed that I would see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. 14 Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord!

Proverbs 29:18 ESV Where there is no prophetic vision the people cast off restraint, but blessed is he who keeps the law (Torah/teaching/instructions of God).

We prophesy in part, and we know in part. Let's try to act like it.

So it's not the part of the prophecy you understand that gets you into trouble of course, it's the part you don't, or worse the part you THINK you understand but actually MIS-understand. We STILL have to walk in faith and humility. Trust God, he knows what he's doing. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage." Or as the Lord said to us, "Standing in faith is this: patience with the right attitude." Amen!

Wow, when God asked me to write this book on how I learned about prophecy I thought it would be fun, easy and quick—I didn't realize I'd have to relive my worst failures and troubles, over and over again. I'm far too private to share these things normally, but I will be honest—if I can help anyone to understand more about how prophecy works, how we misunderstand it and may be confused by it—if I can help anyone avoid the pain and mistakes I went through, it's worth raking myself over the burning coals a few times. I wrote a poem around that time called Trust the Fire, because no one needs to be taught to trust the Feather Pillows.

Everything Linked into ONE BIG PICTURE

Also, Mary had two visions for me. One was personal but the second was life-altering. Mary said she saw that God would begin to teach me himself and give me different revelations that would seem all like separate ideas, like building blocks, but seemingly not connected to each other, BUT ONE DAY, she said, ONE DAY God would give me a single revelation, an idea so Big and Profound that it would LINK ALL THE OTHER IDEAS TOGETHER into ONE BIG PICTURE. What once looked like separate issues I would then see how they connect together.

I wasn't told to go looking for it, how could I? And I now understand those 'building blocks' were really needed to lay a foundation of understanding to place that Big Idea upon. No, I could not just go looking for that—it instead had to go looking for me!

And when it came it completely revolutionized how I understand the purpose of ministry and being a Christian. It changed everything! That idea was the conversation he had with me revealing his view of Isaiah 61, which I write about a lot and you can find my articles and maybe book online. More on that in a later chapter. Is inner healing a part of the Gospel? How so? Is deliverance? Is character growth covered in John 3:16? Is there only one 'gospel' God has preached to us?

6

Some of Ye May Prophecy!

So while I was living with pastor Patrick I was still fairly insecure about my position with the Lord, my gifting and prophesying, and where I fit in with their small family group when I some day 'grew up.' We unfortunately had a principle that kept young people from 'putting themselves forward' and would often say that people should never 'blow their own trumpet' and should not 'promote themselves.' This meant people, myself especially, were not allowed to claim to be 'prophetic' on our own—we needed someone already prophetic in leadership to acknowledge these things were functioning in us and only then could we be allowed to claim to be properly 'prophetic.' How pathetic!

We simply do not condone doing things like this anymore. Withholding the acknowledgment of gifts and callings from people as a way to maintain control over the prophetic voice for the sake of order is not right or even necessary. It is quite carnal and very harmful, truth be told.

God speaks through anyone he wants to, at any time he wants to, on any topic he wants to. That's how God later explained prophecy to me. He told even me he has given some of his best prophetic guidance through lowly people not in leadership. I think he prefers doing things like this.

In fact let me quote what Jesus later taught me when I had a dream about people in leadership who were acting as true humble servants of God—something I had not seen in regular people very often at all—and these true leaders were even inviting and including new people to join their ranks as leaders and Jesus explained what these people were doing correctly. He said:

People are allowed, even invited to have access to leadership roles and decision making. That is what you want, isn't it? Yes, to share and contribute your own part. That is what MY PEOPLE want, to serve me where it counts ... I satisfy them, without letting go of order ... control is death of order, peace and satisfaction since it is the death of involvement of my sheep in affairs that affect them. They are allowed to be included in decision making; some of the best decisions I've made have come through innocent, benevolent vessels who had no power or authority in man's realms of 'divide and control' ... yet they were from ME. Think about it the next time you take charge, are will willing to do it without the help of my Holy Spirit because that is what you will unavoidably do if you offend Him; he'll stop helping you in the way you really need Him to. Like the Father, He's not a doormat either!

Remember, some of my weakest vessels are used in POWER by Me to do MY WILL, and you will never see this in action if you quench the leading of the Holy Spirit and only lean upon who you think are 'tried and tested' leaders among men ... I do not think this way ... and I do not want YOU to think this way. Trusting in Men who follow my leading is OK, but if you start trusting in Men to make decisions and do your job for you of discerning and listening to My heart, it will result in chaos. ... every man can fall away or fall behind or fall among thieves, traps and snares ... if you give men a blanket exemption from doing what is right, meaning to lean upon ME for his wisdom and direction and you let him choose HIS OWN WAY you will be doomed. Do not do this: let people lead, but trust them to need a little help from their friends from time to time ... you and Me both!

I LOVE being taught by God!

But back then I know they were so afraid of chaos engulfing their church if 'just anyone' walked in off the street and was allowed to 'claim' to be prophetic and prophesy. They had a real respect for God's spoken word I suppose, but this was mixed with fears and methods of the Flesh. Were these fears justified? Is restricting obedient people under you from

prophesying ever going to prevent disobedient strangers from speaking their minds? Won't it only mean the good-hearted are silenced and the true renegades remain free to speak? It's like making legal gun control measures to stop criminals from illegally having guns. There's a spirit of deception in this kind of thinking.

And I mean honestly, I lived in their house for three years! Was that fear of a rogue, crazy person walking in off the street and 'stealing their church' in my case really justified? And aren't there several other ways to handle 'chaos' from engulfing your church than denying the obvious manifestations of the Holy Spirit in the very youth you are entrusted to train and raise up? If you so distrust the very children your raised up within your own ministry, who will you be able to look to take the reigns of your work when you expand or retire?

Trusting in Jars of Clay

Also the way we understood prophetic ministry meant there was a necessary protectionism over the role or 'office' of being a Prophet. If someone was called a prophet, their words, their very opinions were held to be divinely endorsed. So if people were accepted as prophets before they were tested and proven then surely chaos would spread and ruin the fellowship. That sounds like a legitimate concern, right? It sounds like real wisdom. But is it really?

You mean to say that a prophet is somehow deemed infallible once you elect them to hold the 'Office'? If someone is in the 'Office' is there no longer a distinction between their personal views or opinions and God's prophetic word? That's the sin of the church of Pergamum actually. That's not even close to being true. Even in the Bible prophets had personal opinions that God said were wrong, look at Samuel himself choosing David's brother as king! Ooops!!

Also, we had a 'council' to test words and so that means they accepted even the 'mature prophets' were expected to make mistakes sometimes. Are the regular people really so idiotic that they can't judge people's character and motivation themselves? Are they so easily led astray? Won't they naturally distrust someone who sounds 'off'? I mean, will the sheep really follow another voice? Jesus said no.

So I agree, yes, you need to hold people accountable, not to be prideful, and clearly distinguish an opinion from a prophecy. Mere opinions of 'Prophets' are not to be considered infallible! That's just silly.

We are openly told in 1 Thessalonians, 5:20-21, “Do not despise prophecies, but test everything; hold fast what is good.”

First, he did not say to test the people but the word they speak. Judge the Word they speak, reject what is false and hold fast to what is true. This means even Paul knew true prophets made mistakes. Look at his treatment of Peter in Galacia! Ouch!! We need to esteem prophecy not just the Prophets, if you understand what I mean. We need to esteem each other, and be careful who you endorse. But are we actually only honoring the Title, the Office, the Man or Woman above the Word of the Spirit of the Lord coming through them? Are we putting our trust in the Jars of Clay instead of the Spirit of Jesus? Tsk tsk tsk!

I also know other churches facing this problem would simply ban the idea of prophecy and prophets outright because dealing with the prophetic ministry and budding young prophets just adds layers of difficulty and confusion to the already difficult task of pastoring a church. A church I later went to openly but jokingly would not allow prophecies on “mates or dates” the two areas where untrained believers make the most mistakes. Others just forbid it all outright. But the Bible clearly says not to do this; do not forbid prophecy!

But maybe more importantly the Lord explained to me WHY we must not do this! It is because ignoring prophecy is what is giving Satan the freedom to interfere and abuse people with this it! Prophecy is a gift God has fashioned and given to us to be a blessing, much like a special engagement or wedding gift. Because we are slow and even reluctant to embrace it our Enemy has been able to get between us and the Gift Giver and take control of the gift, and worse, he has actually figured out how to abuse us with the very gift God created and gave to us to benefit and be a blessing to us!

The right reaction to stop problems with prophecy is not to run and hide, deny it exists or ban it in our community, but instead to embrace it, practice it, wrestle with it and above all to cherish it, care for it and let it blossom. We need to develop a mature community, deftly handling the word of God, not an ignorant one with their head stuck in the sand.

That’s basically what the Lord showed me. Not the ostrich part but the part that prophecy is a wedding gift that the Bride has not eagerly embraced and so Satan has been able to interfere and abuse us with the very gift God meant to be a blessing to us.

A Few Other Dreams and Visions ...

In my life while all these things were going on consciously, including the chaos of adolescent insecurity and the politics of power in that small, family church, I just kept having dreams.

The fact that I was having prophetic dreams at all should have been enough for the leaders to recognize that I was already functioning in a prophetic gift. But since I was not speaking up giving ‘words’ during church services, something I was far too shy to ever do since I was not one of the real ‘prophets’ yet, well it just meant I felt I never would try. Seems exactly like my attitude in the vision of the trapeze, doesn’t it?! And the week I did prophesy in a prayer meeting, was my last week in their church; I was rebuked so harshly for being a false prophet for sharing my word, it was the last straw.

But I have a few more things to share before I get to that. So before I start the roller coaster ride, or rather gymnasium-mats-scattering-like-billiard-balls chaos, let me interject a few other dreams and visions I had during this period, which become important not much later on.

One was a vision of me staring at the Sun, which was somehow a symbol of a promise God had given me.

Promise of the Sun

In this vision on March 22, 1994, I was given a promise of the SUN, so I sat on the hillside facing West, watching the Sun for the promise to be fulfilled. But as I watched it only sank lower and lower and then to my utter confusion just disappeared over the horizon!

I didn’t move but was understandably filled with sadness and confusion because the Promise of the Sun had not come to pass as it was supposed to—it had instead become night! Did God really say? Did God really speak this promise to me?

In the vision I almost began to disbelieve in the Promise being true altogether but hoping against hope, I still sat there all throughout the night, confused, cold but still faithful to sit and watch. I can’t say I was in faith, I was confused, but I waited.

It began to get a little lighter: slowly dawn was beginning to break and the Sun was beginning to rise—not where I was watching for it, but on my back!

At first I could feel the warmth and it got brighter but I shrugged it off, dismissing the first touch of its presence and just kept looking West—frustrated, angry, but unmoving, waiting, watching. Finally I could feel the warmth on my back through my shirt and I had to twitch to see what it was that I was feeling but when I looked!—and did a double take!! Behind me there in the morning sky was the Sun! Just as He promised!

I stood up and just stared in bewilderment and thankfulness now facing the Sun, God's promise had not failed! And only then did I realize that the Sun indeed sets in the West—but it rises in the East!

End of Vision.

I also began to fall in love with PALM TREES. We have NO palm trees in New Hampshire and not anywhere even close! I had visited Florida a few times and saw them in person but for some reason at this time I began to LOVE palm trees but in a private, internal way. I even wrote poems about palm trees! Why would that be?

But this next vision made perfect sense ... only it was 30 years later.

I Sat By The Lamp And I Realized Faith

I stood in a serious faith that hurt me to stand in it.

It was painful because it required so much effort to do!

I then saw a light bulb in a tightly fitted glass case.

I touched it inside of me, from my heart I mean, and spoke to it in faith to say, "Do not be lit."

That would be easy, I thought, to destroy, to burn it out...

—it went out—

But then I said, "Now that you are burnt out—be lit!" ... and it HURT me to do it. It hurt me to stand in this kind of faith ...

—and it lit—
and I did it.

Just then some other 'soldier' came by and saw me recovering from the exertion of this feat and I said, "I lit this bulb," and he understood everything: he understood that it was once lit, and I burnt it out, and then I made it light again and he knew it was through standing in faith that

I did, but he acted like it was a common thing—"Yeah, it's by faith, it's easy," he said—but it was because even though he understood the fact of what I said and I did, he didn't understand the magnitude of the painful effort in faith that it took to do it. He was actually not in faith himself but in ignorance and couldn't see the difference. That was way back on December 26, 1994.

A River Guide

I was in lead
going down the river
I was taking the people
over where the big fish feed

What do you do
when you realize
that you are strong enough to go on
but all the people you are entrusted to protect
—your family, the people most important to you—
are not?

When this word about the River Guide, yes, written as a poem from a vision on June 22, 1995, later began to happen it was a painful mystery. There was no solution, no wisdom, just a question. So what do I do? Do I quit following God so people who are fearful will be happy? Or do I continue doing what I know is best by God's specific and very clear instructions, despite people blaming me for their mistaken and unfounded fears? God never told me what to do, only that it was a real problem I faced for many years, but especially later in Hong Kong.

Uphill, Both Ways

I had other prophetic and supernatural experiences over that time that mostly taught me about my own journey, and yes, much of it dealt with my love life. Honestly, God was still largely impersonal to me, but he was giving me fatherly advice on my love life the whole time anyway! I didn't know him this intimately, but he was there for me the whole time anyway.

And my personal prophecy journal from this time was nearly 100% complete, maybe 95% complete with what I heard God say to me, which

was easy to do since it was so important to me to record his words and also because he spoke so infrequently. Two things are funny to me now that despite so many weekly times when I could discern the events in our church services, so many dreams and other spiritual experiences, it was an uphill challenge to accept or experience these two simple things:

First, I didn't consider myself to actually be prophetically gifted.

And second, I never actually saw Jesus.

I knew 'God' was speaking to me showing me these things, but at the time I both dismissed the idea that I was really 'prophesying,' and also I never knew if it was Jesus' voice or the Holy Spirit, the Father or an angel who was speaking. Nowadays I can often tell who is talking to me and sometimes it's a dialog between me and the Holy Spirit about Jesus, or me and Jesus talking about the Father, or whatever. Back then it was just 'God' —and it wasn't really personal. I did see Jesus in Bill's face that one time when I was delivered from purple hair and that false identity, but other than that, no, I never saw Him personally.

Now this is one the biggest changes I've made in how I relate to prophecy, now it is not prophecy from God I seek, but Jesus personally and I hope he explains things to me when I see him. I mean I still need clarity, direction, help, but before all I knew was to ask God to give me a 'word' and it wasn't really about talking with Jesus on a personal level, as a friend, it was just getting the word. Now the main thing we do is seek to have a personal interaction with Jesus, or the Father or the Holy Spirit—it's a personal time with the Lord we are seeking, and the prophetic Word just naturally comes out of that.

So I'll share a few more experiences I had during this turbulent time that I don't want to weave into my personal narrative. It's easier to just share a few unrelated events and insights disconnected from the story of my life, otherwise I would need to really delve more deeply into my personal life ... and it gets way too personal. But also most of the things God said need some kind of context to understand and I would have to anyway explain who this was, what that means, etc. So back to talking about my personal life! I want to keep things focused, as God asked, on sharing how I learned about prophecy, but unfortunately to understand it, since it's almost ALWAYS something woven into my personal journey, I have to keep sharing personal struggles.

Prophetic Bike Ride

So one time I went for a walk and bike ride with Sarah, and her younger daughter, the one I liked, and I think her younger son, Johnny, as well and a neighbor kid too, and we went down an old road in the forest that used to be a stagecoach road to Boston, called Coffeetown Road, which was an old name for Boston. Parts of this old road were actually now paved as the main roads in a few places and even for a stretch it was the main rural highway, but other sections of it were disused and left as dirt to be reclaimed by the forest. There were old house foundations and artifacts from the 1800's by the road in the forest which I am sure are still there to this day.

We went down the forested part of this road by our house and came out on the main highway across from a steep hill with a radio tower on top of it. This is all in Northwood by Saddleback Mountain. So we came out to the radio tower hill and wanted to go up to the top but had to stop at the base since it was just too steep to ride a bike up.

I don't know why but suddenly I took it as a personal challenge to ride up that hill as far as I could and not quit. It was a kind of spiritual metaphor to me, what we would call a 'prophetic act' maybe, but I didn't know why I was doing it really. I only know I set my heart in the Spirit to do this thing like it was a prayer or sacrifice to the Lord—I don't know how else to describe it to you.

So I had a 10-speed bike and turned around to get some speed and rode up the hill as far as I could, it was maybe about a 45-degree incline, maybe a little less steep actually but not by much. And I pedaled as hard as I could, standing up on the pedals, pushing as hard as I could, determined NOT to quit like I was making the kind of personal challenge with my whole heart that only naive teenagers and young adults really ever do I suppose. I was going to give everything to conquer that hill, or ... well, or nothing, there was no other option. I was going to conquer it! Period!

Red-faced, standing up on the pedals, going forward so slowly it was hard to stay balanced but I kept pushing and pushing until I actually could not breathe anymore. If I was not so young and fit I could have given myself a heart attack, but I stopped more than half way up simply because I needed to breathe. I had come so far and I was sure I could go the rest of the way, it was just more of the same struggle; so if I could only get my breath and keep breathing I could do this.

Sarah and the kids passed me, and they were winded just by walking

up the hill on foot, and she said, “Wow, you rode so far up!” she was genuinely impressed—but I wasn’t finished yet!

I couldn’t even talk but finally caught my breath enough to continue so I turned back down to get a little momentum and then kept going up, pedal by pedal by pedal, and soon ... yes! I crested the hill into the parking lot by the tower!—but to make my victory complete, I drove past the parking lot, not touching the ground with my feet even yet, over the curb to the highest part of the hill and stopped only when I had reached the very highest physical part of the hill, a stone in the grass. I stepped off the bike onto the rock—I did it! I conquered it. I didn’t quit. It looked impossible. It was painful but I did it. What did it mean? I don’t even know if it meant anything. It was somehow an act of faith and determination, a prayer, but what of? A prophetic act you’d call it, but prophetic of what?

Twenty Years Later I Understand

Fast forward more than twenty years.

I had already moved to Hong Kong by that time as an attorney, then was called by the Lord back to His service, then asked to stop all my corporate work and later to stop almost all money earning work altogether and just learn to pray and trust God full time. I lost almost everything of worth people value in their lives, including my wife. Then God began to reveal great mysteries and secrets to me and world-class plans for my future life in the Philippines and the End-Times. Then I moved to the Philippines, endured the first earthquake, suffered the betrayals from Christians over and over again, and the struggles against everyone and everything to lay the foundation of the revival we were called to start there. The hardships we faced increased season by season but were the hardest over the last few years before writing this, and it was like we were always fighting uphill to consciously follow the Lord’s calling, fighting every day to keep going, to keep trusting, to eat, to move house again (I think it was 14 times in less than nine years), to just keep moving forward obeying the oftentimes daily direction of the Lord

And so I was walking the hills by the land we wanted to buy to start the fish farm the Lord had told us to start, and the Lord told me to just stop and climb a small hill and sit at the top of it because he wanted to tell me something.

I climbed the hill and found an open patch in the bushes and sat

down on a limestone rock at the very highest part of the hill and the Lord reminded me of this prophetic act so many years ago riding my bike up the radio tower hill, and he said, “You’ve completed the vision.”

What?! I climbed the hill in real life, not a physical hill but so many challenges blocking my path to obey and follow the Lord to walk in the calling he chose for me. Struggles I had to face and conquer but I didn’t quit, even though it had been so hard for so long. I did it! Anyone else would have given up, he said, but I didn’t! I overcame!

Angels

The Bible says to be careful to entertain strangers because by doing so some have entertained angels unawares. During that time I met two that I was aware of.

One was when I was working at a pizza restaurant in nearby Epsom, Louie’s Pizza. I did not believe God would really ‘speak’ to me openly yet like I do now; I didn’t have that kind of confidence or friendship with him yet. But in one area when I needed to hear his direction immediately I must have let my need overcome my lack of faith and I would hear God tell me his will instantly ... it was for picking up hitchhikers. If I drove past someone who needed a ride I would ask God if I should pick them up and since I needed an answer within the next few seconds, I pressed in and opened my heart to hear his will immediately, and I would always hear him tell me what to do.

One time He said, “Yes, pick him up.” He was a drunk and just needed someone to talk to. Another time a guy was walking and when I gave him a ride he said you must be a Christian. Why? Because only homosexuals and Christians pick up hitchhikers and you’re not a homosexual so you must be a Christian, he said. I would do what I could, share what I could about the Lord, and just be kind and drive them as far as I could and then go about my business.

Pizza Angel, Please Come to Me!

Well, this one day I was coming home at early one night from work at Louie’s Pizza, and I passed a hitchhiker and asked the Lord if I should pick him up. The Lord didn’t say yes or no, he said, “If you want to.”

That completely puzzled me. What would what I want have to do with anything? If I want to??

I passed him right by too busy in contemplation of what to do.

Turning around trying to understand what I was supposed to do, I came back and pulled over next to him and asked him, "Hey do you want a ride? Where are you going?"

He got in and said he was going to a small town on the way to where I lived called Canaan, New Hampshire. I knew the town, but it was only a gas station on a back road. It was not even on most maps. Canaan?! Where are you coming from? He said California ... Wait a minute! He came from California ... all the way across the country, probably took him more than five days, maybe more like a week or 10 days ... to visit a town that's not even on the map!?

He looked pretty scruffy, not dirty, but had a beard that needed a trim and well, we were just chatting about different things and it was getting late but Louie's was still open and I felt it would be nice to offer him some food. So I asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I could eat," he said, and so I turned around again and brought him all the way back to Louie's Pizza!

While we were driving back to work he started asking me all kinds of strange questions. He asked me if I knew who the governor of my state was. Sure I thought he's ... um ... well, many years ago it was Sununu, now I had no idea I realized! Never mind he said, and then he asked me what my goal was? My goal? I had begun prayer walking my university campus and doing things like that but I didn't want to tell him I was a Christian walking around with a shofar blowing it off in the middle of the night behind the English building ... so I just said, "Well, I want to make my university a more spiritual place."

".... But," he replied so quickly, "you're too busy to do everything by yourself. You need to be a HUB. Find people to do different jobs and put them in those positions, and if someone is not working out in a position, don't fire them, just move them around." He had the most blue eyes I had ever seen, piercing, and he put one dash of salt and one dash of pepper on every square inch of his pizza! I can still remember that.

My pastor was amused and said he was pretty sure he was just a drunk, but it was such a very unusual conversation in so many ways that I kept it close to my heart for a long time. Later I decided to become a lawyer and learn about the political system, I even taught US Government at university in Hong Kong. Much much later, maybe twenty years later, the Lord began to give me so many plans and projects and it was not only over my head, it was more than 100 times over my head! One of

the developments He asked me to do would cost over a hundred million dollars alone, and there were more than three dozen other large projects he had shown me specific details on and gave me specific instructions to do! A fish farm earning US\$4 million monthly even when it starts, a new town, a 217 room hotel, 50 luxury houses, a huge village for children and the elderly, condominiums, manufacturing, restaurants, car racing series ...

So anyway I was working on these projects one day, researching, planning, drawing, making budgets, sourcing components, studying concrete and structural steel, learning marine aquaculture and even though I am used to working mostly alone I realized that I could only do so much by myself and would need a lot of key people to bring these projects to life. Jesus told me no one was helping him do his planning and he needed all my attention right now. So I pressed in despite the numerous hardships we endured as missionaries. I then saw that my main task would fundamentally have to be to simply catch the vision from the Lord, catch and explain his prophetic direction, and then to clearly lay out the main project objectives to other people as best I could. In these projects God was our client, and I needed to express his desires and instructions accurately once I found these other people to fill in most of the technical gaps and even handle most of the actual implementation. So what I needed to do really was be some kind of ... *hub*. That's when it clicked! That's exactly what I needed to be. Thank you pizza angel!

The 80's Lady Angel

There was second person at that time who I met who I am now sure was an angel also. It was a year or two later over the summer before my last year at university and I was working in our state capital as an intern at the Attorney General's office and I was sitting on the lawn of the Capital Building having lunch and learning to play guitar. I was writing a song and was learning to play it when I looked up to see a lady walking towards me across the lawn. She was dressed like it was a movie set in the early 80's—black ankle-high leather boots, tight blue jeans, jeans jacket, and a red bandanna—I mean who wears those red bandannas anymore? No one, that's who! It was fashionable for a while to wear one around your neck like a bolo or scarf or something, but not anymore, not by a long shot! Fashion victim! And she walked straight towards me, there was no one else anywhere on the lawn, and she walked by placing one foot right in front of the other like she was trying to walk on a line, and then sat

down right near me listening to me play. Hello! Personal space!! This was New Hampshire after all, and no one walks up into your personal space and sits down and listens to you play guitar. I stopped after a minute; I was still just a beginner and not very confident or skilled, and then she held out her hand, “Can I play?”

What on earth?! Who does that?! But OK, I handed her my guitar and she fumbled around for where to put two fingers on the fret-board like it was a chord, which it wasn't, at least not a normal one, and tried to get adjusted and I thought, Woah, she doesn't even know the basic chords! I was learning music theory in school and trying to do things 'right' and I was stuck in a rigid mindset, about several things obviously. But I laughed at her trying to play and not even knowing the very basics ... until she began to sing and it PIERCED MY HEART like a dagger!!! Yes, she strummed a little, and made another non-chord change, strumming away, and I was annoyed but then she sang and it wasn't lyrics about God, she never said Jesus' name, it was all about, 'he said this and she said that' and blah blah blah ... but in my heart I felt a sharp penetrating stab—she wasn't playing real chords and her lyrics were vague and a little random but the power of the Spirit in her song was undeniable, tangible, overpowering, and able to penetrate my heart past all my defenses! I grabbed by chest, Owwww! It actually pierced my heart!

She stopped, put the guitar down. I was flabbergasted! She left.

I just didn't know what to say. I was shocked, embarrassed and didn't move. She got in a car, a huge old car, like one from the early 70's, and to leave she had to drive down the one-way street past the lawn I was still sitting on and as she passed by she stopped and leaned out the window and said one last thing, “Sometimes my car won't start. And I pray to God. And it starts.” And she was gone.

What I learned from her singing is that the power of God is not inherently present in our choice words, or in our orderly, planned programs, not even in our famous worship songs or our overtly Christian movies. His power is in His Spirit, and if we can learn to carry his Spirit, we will carry his power. But if we offend Him, or ignore him, or act without his guidance or presence, then no matter what 'correct' words we use, what 'Christian' songs we sing, or what Bible-based programs we make, it will be powerless, fruitless, a waste of our time and efforts. It is not by our might or by man's power—in this case I should add: it is not by lyrics, not by chords ... but by my Spirit, says the Lord.

7

I'll Give You Whatever You Ask For

So going back just a bit, I remember when it was New Year's Eve and as I said before, our church had a nice habit of 'praying in the New Year.' But this year as I sat quietly observing the prophecy being shared the suddenly they turned towards me because the Lord actually asked ME a question! I was a little nervous, after all God didn't speak to me like that! Dreams are one thing but God talking to you in public to ask you a personal question was something else entirely.

He asked me what I wanted. More than that, he actually said he would give me whatever I asked him for within the next 24 hours. Ask wisely.

That's sounds crazy, right? But it's actually in the Bible, “All things you ask in prayer, believing, you will receive,” *a la* Matthew 21:22. But it's one thing to read it on paper, but when God says it to you in real life it's another altogether. And yes, I believed it 100%!

But as for me, I didn't know what to do! I had 24 hours to think it over, right? Someone suggested I sleep on it and tell the Lord the next day. We got to bed by 1 or 2 am that night and I woke up and thought about it for a long time the next day. What should I ask for? Money? Ministry? Health? To be president? Honestly, if God would give you ANYTHING you asked him for, think of the possibilities! I first figured I shouldn't ask for money, well, maybe I should. So OK, I did. To get all of that out of the way I asked for wealth and success and big things. But I wasn't finished yet. I looked at the Pastor's daughter, who I was already having an emotional tug-of-war

with. I had seen her in several visions already so I knew God was already talking to me about her specifically, but I did not ask the Lord to put us together. *Stupid! Stupid!* Instead I asked the Lord to give me ‘whoever he chose for me.’ I don’t even know why I said that. I knew she was the Lord’s choice for me, but that’s not what I asked. But that still wasn’t the big deal.

I then got inspired.

We had been teaching about preparation and saying that it’s only in the trials of the Lord that we really grow. I was 19 or 20 and I prayed the kind of prayer only a 19- or 20-year-old person really ever prays. I said, “Lord, I want to be used by you in the greatest capacity possible for me, and I know that means I need to be tested and tried to the greatest extent possible that I can withstand, so please put me through hardships to the greatest extent that I can endure ... and when I cry out for you to STOP, DON’T LISTEN! Only stop when I’ve reached *the limit of my ability to endure!*”

Do you think God answers prayers like that? I now realize it was God who led me to pray it! And you bet he answered it!

Larry Randolph calls that praying the ‘stupid prayer.’ I don’t think it was stupid, just not very wise. I think it was inspired by the Holy Spirit, but yes, Larry is right too—it’s the kind of prayer you pray, in ignorance but with an overabundance of zeal, and you have no idea but God intends on answering it in ways you have never imagined. Zeal is essential, but leave it to Solomon to rain on my New Year’s parade by adding, “Zeal without wisdom ... is not good!”

Years later God said he actually likes this about me, that I will give myself to something bigger than me. That I will obey, not counting the cost as we should, but putting the obedience above the cost, to obey at whatever the cost. Some people understand this. I know some soldiers and police officers, nurses and some teachers will nod and agree. Missionaries get that too! To everyone else it’s probably reckless and crazy. Anyway, He said He would give me ANYTHING I asked for that day and that is what I prayed for. I want it ALL!

You don’t need a prophetic word to pray like that. Like I said, it’s in the Bible, plain as day. But for me, I needed the prophetic word to make it real, to give me that faith but also help me understand things later as they inevitably played out.

When things really started to go crazy in my life I would be reminded of that prayer. Oh, yeah! I asked for this! So was the crazy run-away gym

mats actually God answering my prayer? Losing the pastor’s daughter was MY CHOICE? I didn’t really think of that until YEARS later, in fact, just as I was writing that sentence. I asked God to USE ME, prepare me, and to do it to the very limit of my ability to endure. So yes, I guess so!

In fact, God does not need our permission to use us, prepare us, call us or train us, even to put us through extreme hardships ... but growth only really happens when we are willing to participate in the testing of the Lord and not rebel against God and the process. Much later God would actually tell me this, that people need to wrestle with Him to work through his training and calling in order to be transformed into the image of his Son. If they aren’t willing to do this, to wrestle with God, then God can’t teach them, and so he really can’t use them, not willingly, willfully, cooperatively in any case. He actually told me that!

What’s more he can surely force people to do any things he wants, but he simply won’t. What’s more people like to sing things like, “More of You and None of Me,” and He won’t do that either. First, he doesn’t need slaves, he wants Sons, both male and female. Second, he’s not trying to destroy us or obliterate us. He’s not trying to ASSIMILATE me into his collective and in doing so erase my identity. He’s trying to TRANSLATE me into his Kingdom and then blossom my uniqueness into a perfected state of Me-ness. He’s not making salves or clones, he wants to join us with himself and in doing so fulfill us. It’s not Him or ME, it’s Him IN Me, he told me—we are becoming joined as One, but he’s not going to erase me.

So back to my prayer, I now had actually ASKED him to let things go wrong if it would help me grow—how wrong were things going to go? How soon? I didn’t even have a clue, or very long to have to wait to find out. Almost immediately everything I valued was in chaos.

Troubles in our lives can drive us closer to the Lord, but they also may tend to drive us away. I mean at first when we have hardships most people blame God, accuse him and we fight God over the trials, until we learn that it doesn’t really work. Go figure! At some point we realize, “Oh, I get it! He’s God, and I’m not,” and he can hold his breath and wait out a tantrum a lot longer than we can! And at some point (I hope) we just stop fighting God over the problems and just fall into his arms instead and cry—clinging to Him to get us out through the trials instead of being angry at him that the trials exist.

Until such a moment arrives trials drive a wedge between us and God, but at this moment trials instead drive us closer towards him. Did you

know that yet? I wish someone had given me that advice when I was 21, but really if they had, would I have even listened? Are you listening now?

So moving right along, I want to give honor and credit to a few other ministers who I met at this early time who helped to teach me about prophecy as well. Three stand out who I want to mention.

First, the Irish.

Jeanny mackers! It's the *Oyrish!*

They came to American on a mission and I met them at the airport in Boston and drove them all the way back to the pastor's house. Their accent and speech were very unique, even though Boston is half Irish; they were a novelty. A small team, I think this trip it was just three of them. They set up their instruments, Nick played my guitar, Fiona played the keyboard, and Paul the leader sang softly. It was just traditional hymns like *O, Lord My God*, and *Jesus, Name Above All Names*, old songs like that. No drums, just soothing music—today we have a name for that, you may call it soaking music, but before we had no idea what to call music like that. It wasn't worship music, it wasn't praise music; it was spiritual, soothing, but not sleepy or boring.

But the real thing was as soon as they started playing—the power of God manifested and people started to fall over healed! They hadn't even prayed for anyone yet! *BAM!* Another one just fell over!—Then I got healed!

I brought my mom to one of their outreaches at our church in the cornfield and I was so excited for her to get saved when *WHAM!*—the Spirit of God hit ME! and I began weeping and weeping uncontrollably! My mom comforted me, "It's all right Eddie. It's all going to be OK!" I didn't even know why I was crying. But God was healing my broken heart. I wanted God to touch my mom!

In their ministry there was not just an anointing, it was the atmosphere of Jesus' miracles. Paul would then preach usually the same message on Isaiah 53, and then invite people to come for prayer for healing and everyone would get knocked down by the power of God. People had angelic visions, visions of heaven and when Mary came to one of their meetings she was shocked at the way they played their music. It sounded like the music she had heard in heaven. She had heard heavenly music one time and somehow the Irish team knew how to reproduce it here on earth.

Today we would call their ministry Power Evangelism, but even that's not why I am talking about them.

It's because Paul was in constant open conversation with the Lord.

All the team were actually, but Paul was the leader and talking to him was difficult because he would be having a conversation with you, but also with the Holy Spirit at the same time, who I could not hear but who was always commenting on what we were talking about. And so Paul would reply and comment on things either I or the Lord said, interchangeably, and since I couldn't hear what the Holy Spirit was saying I was always confused trying to understand what Paul was talking about or to whom!

Then one time Paul wanted to drive a car since he hadn't driven for a few months and I let him drive my car and he said, "Look! Look!" and the gas gauge started to go up, up, up to almost 3/4 of a full tank. I had a few dollars for gas, but I guess he didn't need it. God gave him free gas. He was always talking to angels and commanding them to go here or there to prepare a venue for a meeting, or help a person with a problem or whatever.

He told me one time he was just chatting with the Lord driving in his little car down the highway and the Lord casually said, "Pull over." Obedient and willing he did it as he was asking, "OK, why?" and just the next second a big lorry, a 10 or 12-wheeler delivery truck came barreling down the highway on the WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD and it would have smashed his tiny car to bits. Heaven is a wonderful place, but please not today! God saved him by simply asking him kindly to pull over. What would YOU have done? Started an hours-long argument about your schedule, being late, why was God always interrupting your progress? Etc., etc., etc.? The lesson to me was 'Be willing and obedient and you will eat the fat of the land and not be killed by on-coming traffic, oy!'

The next year when they visited again he brought more people who were just helping with luggage and things but when he left, to go back to Ireland, some the staff stayed behind and even they began to function in hearing God speak openly and tell them any secret about any person they asked about. One shared some good things for me but it was a little unnerving. I trusted Paul not to talk to people about me, but the other people in the group were younger and less stable, or mature I suppose and it made me nervous. God was telling them my secrets!

This idea of being able to hear the Holy Spirit in conversation in your

own heart anytime you want to hear him talk to you is ... what is it? It's amazing. It's scary. It's wonderful! It's what we now call enjoying spiritual communion, or *koinonia* in Greek, but the Lord just calls it having fellowship with him.

We asked Paul to teach us how to do that, but he couldn't. Their lifestyle was very devoted. They fasted every other day for going on ten years already. And at the drop of a hat, for any number of reasons the whole team would fast for three days, or a week, or ten days. They began to hear God speak to them in their hearts and were unable to teach me any more than that. Fast, a lot, and after many years go by maybe you could hear God as well.

Many years did go by and yes, we discovered this great blessing on our own and began to teach people that yes, everyone can hear God's voice. You don't need a special gift or a prophetic calling. You just need to quiet yourself down and listen. The anointing that abides in you will teach you all things. That's what the Lord told us—and it works! And it's truly wonderful.

More, much more on this later.

Sharing a Mantle

I also just want to add that my friend Dan, who I mentioned a few times and whose sister the Lord asked me to consider courting, well, he lived in a suburb of Manchester, about an hour away and they were connected to some of the bigger events and churches in a way that we were not. One time there was a minister visiting from out of state who was going to host a seminar in the city on prophecy and I went with Dan, but I think no one else from our church went.

The auditorium was so huge I think it probably held about 2,000 people that night. I think we came late and I don't remember any of the music or teaching but what I remember has stayed with me to this day. The minister said he didn't have time to prophesy over everyone in the meeting, so he would instead spread his prophetic mantle over the whole audience, and if we would get into groups of two or three and pray for each other we would be able to operate under his anointing and prophesy to each other even if we had never done that before.

Wow! Can you really do that? Well he did! How did the 12 do miracles before any of them were baptized in the Holy Spirit? Remember only Jesus had the Holy Spirit baptism until Pentecost. How then did they

do miracles before then? It was obviously under Jesus' covering mantle. This minister had that idea too and so I paired up with a stranger who was older than me by maybe ten years and we prayed for each other and I looked intently at the blackness of my closed eyes and saw ... nothing. Then suddenly I saw a white flash. That was it. But it was one of the first times I just asked God to give me a vision, and he did, even though it was meaningless to me. I told the man, "Sorry, I saw nothing until a bright flash." "OK, OK," he said, "I get it, thank you." It was the same as a word he had before and confirmed that he would be rewarded for pressing into the Lord even though there would be nothing to see for a long time until ... BING! The lights would come on. Something like that. I'm glad it meant something to him!

But for me he said he had a few visions before and yes, he saw a very clear picture for me. It was darkness oppressing the light, but the light would not go out; it would be pressed down and squished into a very small place but it would just continue going on like that, going on for a long time, the light not going out but being under the weight of the darkness pressing down on it for a very long time until ... everything turned GOLDEN.

I later had a similar dream myself to explain the same thing. I saw a dream like a vision of just darkness at night, but I was awake and aware and watching and then I started to see faint shapes in the darkness begin to form: dawn was breaking! I kept watching and saw the shapes get more clear and it was the horizon at sea and the outlines of stones in the sand—it was a scene of dawn breaking at the seashore! The light slowly got stronger and yes, I could see the waters and the rocks in the sand and they were smoothed and rounded and cast shadows in the growing yellow light, which kept increasing until, oh! Wow! The rocks were not yellow in the light—They Were GOLD! It was ALL GOLD—all these black stones by the seashore I was tripping over in the darkness—when dawn came it showed all these worthless rocks and annoying obstacles were actually all gold!!

God does not always confirm every word, sometimes it's already perfectly clear, or there may not be time, but this lesson to me unfolded over a few decades and yes, God had the time and reason to confirm it to me. So this was a confirming vision or dream I had that I always think of when I remember the Manchester word, and sharing someone's mantle.

So God was probably telling me there would be hardship until a breakthrough I guess. I began to hope it would not be as long as three months to wait! How could I endure three months of hardships! Then at six months, I sure hope it's not six more months! How can I endure so much hardship! After two or three years, yikes, it surely must be over soon. Five, ten, fifteen ... I kept looking back and thinking if I had known it was going to take this long I think I would have quit a long time ago! ... I had no idea that it would take 20-plus years to BEGIN to see things start to change, at nearly 30 years things were now starting to break—I'm actually glad I didn't know it would take that long. Honestly if I had known it would take decades I would have surely fallen into despair. I think it was David who said it was the Lord's vision that led him on and kept him from quitting when it was really hard. We need a vision from God to lead us through the hard times. It may just be a Scripture he burns into your heart and you seize with unshakable faith, but he speaks so much it's probably going to be a personal prophecy, maybe more than one.

So yes, that meeting in Manchester stayed in my mind a long time but for other reasons as well. It was the first time I was allowed to just seek the Lord for a word and give it. I was actually encouraged to function freely in prophecy in a way that I didn't really feel free to normally. Maybe I can't really say that since I was never TOLD NOT TO PROPHESEY, and maybe my reluctance was mostly my own shyness. But there was still a feeling that I was not really invited to grow into the role of a prophet in our church community even though it was maybe largely unspoken. But I was already hearing God speak so much what more was I waiting for to happen? Just start to share! Maybe it was six of one and half a dozen of the other, but I now understand this need and so have learned to try to encourage people to grow and function in spiritual gifts and do whatever I can to help draw them out of their own shyness in a way that I was not encouraged to myself. If something is manifesting from the Holy Spirit, I'll be the first to acknowledge it, not to over-do it, I want to see real manifestations, but coaching and training people is much more fun than oppressing and controlling them.

God does turn all things around for good for those who love God and are called according to his purpose, so you really can't count anyone out unless they themselves refuse to keep walking with the Lord and believing. Yes, God is very good at turning all things around. Amen!

Vaughn Gerald: Arizona?

And so should I also mention Vaughn Gerald? He was a British guy living far away in up-state New York and had an ability to prophesy for an hour or two over anyone or everyone. He would get into a 'flow'—we needed a word for it, so we said he would 'flow' for as long as you cared to let him speak. He visited us a few times, maybe twice I think, and one time he prayed for me and he said he saw me in the near future in a desert.

Later I was restless and wondered if I needed to get out of New Hampshire for a while, you know, see the world. For some fool reason I wanted to go to Arizona. I had some relatives there but also maybe it was the exact opposite of where I lived in every way. I was making plans, basically looking for direction and purpose in my life, looking for an excuse to run away was more like it maybe, but Vaughn prophesied over me so I later went up to him to clarify. "You saw me in a desert." He looked funny, he was probably trying to remember what he prophesied since he was praying for a lot of people for a long time and probably wasn't listening to everything he was saying, I wouldn't have—maybe he was tapping back into the Spirit to replay the word? But anyway he finally he shook his head slowly, "Yes, a desert."

Good he remembered, so I pressed in, "You mean a desert ...like ... Arizona?"

"Hmmm ... yes, like Arizona."

Oh good! That's all the confirmation I needed! I was moving to Arizona!! Woo hoo! How soon can I leave!

Since that time I've traveled the world and been to a dozen or more countries, worked in China, been to India, lived in Hong Kong, Philippines, I love South Africa, and Australia, but parts of Europe are also so good and nice ... but to this day I have never set foot in Arizona!

What did happen, was within a few months, maybe a year after this word I was left out in the cold without real Christian fellowship or a church and began to really feel alone and just awful. It was like all the things that once supplied God's living water to me were cut off and now I was living in a very isolated and spiritually dry, emotionally desolate, meaningless and purposeless landscape, lost almost like a being in a ... *desert*.

I realized afterward that God was not telling to move to a desert, but that my spiritual environment would soon drastically change to resemble one. I'm glad I didn't pack up my stuff and drive out West!

But anyway let me finally get right to the real turning point in this season, and talk about Erskine and David.

A Catalyst for Change

I was growing up, I was 21 and no longer wanted to be treated like a child—I certainly wasn't one! But if I was not a child there was no safe place for me to remain in their fellowship under their wing anymore. I had no role, no position and I had repressed myself for a long time to remain in an immature role, but it was harder and harder to do that and really I just wanted to be treated like an equal, like an adult, which I was.

So there was another traveling minister I met who had been all over the world and planted hundreds and hundreds of churches. He visited before and God revealed the importance of having a kind of rite of passage for young people to help them know they are included and accepted as members of the adult generation in a community. The Lord said however that it was not a big deal so I didn't talk about that here, but I had met this famous and very humble minister previously, Erskine Holt.

On his second visit he brought a younger man with him, David Bramble, who he was training and grooming to take over his itinerant ministry when he soon retired. Well this was the third visit but now David came alone walking in the ministry of his predecessor.

I, by this time, had been with this church for three years and I was now 21. God was speaking to me and I knew it, I was growing, I was sick and tired of repressing myself just to stay under Patrick's wing. I was an adult, I was prophesying, I needed to find my life companion. I was a man and it's only right I be treated with common dignity and acceptance as such. The pressure was building and it was time for things to change.

So David visited our church Sunday but had small meetings in other places as well in town. I went to see him at one of those other house meetings in the afternoon and he simply encouraged all the people to share whatever God had given them to contribute since God speaks to all his children. I played a worship song I had written, something I had never done before. Other people shared impressions from the Lord, etc. Then he shared a revelation that God was leading us deeper into worship than just singing songs. He said God wanted to get us past the music and just worship him in silence, in the Spirit directly, to meet him beyond the confines of our music, and especially in the silences between songs.

I went back to our church for Sunday evening service and the friction

and frustration was coming to a head. We had our normal Sunday evening service at the pastor's house but like it was scripted by God the worship moved into something we had never experienced—between songs there were long pauses where the Spirit of God just flowed in such a personal and intimate anointing that we could worship God in the silences between songs and no one dared play any music. Wow!

One lady said how uncomfortable it made her feel to have 'that awful silence.' What? Did she not sense God's deeply penetrating presence? I think maybe she needed to open her heart up a little and let the sunshine in! To me this was a breath of fresh air, the Spirit of God was flowing! But maybe some people were not yet ready for that deeper level of intimacy?

But then I prophesied.

I shared what I knew the Spirit was telling us, what He was telling me in my deep heart. I felt it, I knew it, so I just shared it. It was a confirmation of what the visiting minister was sharing so it was not entirely a new idea but I could feel the Holy Spirit telling me this was his message to us here, now. AND we had also just experienced it—being drawn to worship God in silence even beyond our music—so it was not really going very far out on a limb to say this! So I calmly said God wants to lead us deeper into worship, beyond words and songs into the silence between songs.

Done.

I did it!

I heard God and I shared what he said and the world didn't collapse! That would happen about 45 minutes later!

After the service I was taken into the nearby kitchen and really harshly rebuked!

First Sarah started to vent all her frustrations against me mostly about wanting to date her youngest daughter but it covered several unrelated topics. But as she began to accuse and insult me I felt a giant SHIELD cover my body—I could see it! The Lord was being a SHIELD to me! It was bigger than my body, bluish but translucent—it or rather HE was protecting me and her words didn't hurt! I could hear them and understood what she was saying but I could sense the presence of God's protection stronger than her words could sting.

So yes, a big problem she mentioned, probably the biggest problem underlying everything, was my feelings towards her daughter which she so greatly resented to the point of characterizing it as being grossly immoral, sinful and evil. Because obviously it was OK if I married an older woman ten or fifteen years my senior, which they suggested I

seriously consider. Ivy was widowed three years ago and still single and I was 21 and she was close to 40 and that would be OK, righteous even, despite having nothing in common with Ivy personally, nothing more than feelings you'd have towards an aunt maybe, certainly no 'chemistry' or even curiosity or anything like that at all! Why this match would be mentioned, not in jest, was baffling. But they said you never know, it's the End Times, anything could happen! This seemed to be the kind of correct thinking on dating for me. But if I wanted to marry someone closer to my age, someone I've been close to for several years, well that's not just inappropriate—it's *evil!* Just don't mention that *anything* could happen since it's the End Times because *this* was just NEVER going to happen.

And because I was being covered by a spiritual shield I could see the ridiculous nature of these accusations and not get emotionally muddled. If I didn't have that shield covering me I would certainly have had to process what she was saying and defend myself, and that would have been a mess—but as it was I saw things very clearly, objectively, dispassionately ... I just wish I had more wisdom later to stay behind that protection or know how to act on these things and maintain that control over my emotions as it played out. Oh well.

She had several other colorful things to say about me that the Lord does not want to me repeat even now.

And then finally she said that when I was prophesying that day that it was not from God, but from the flesh!

OK, you don't like me, you don't want me to be your son-in-law, I get it—but how does that make me a *false prophet?*!

At that I spoke up and defended myself and I repeated what I prophesied which was that God was leading us deeper into worship! How can that ever be wrong? And we had just experienced exactly what I said God was leading us into! It's plainly just happened. Patrick just stood by silently, looking back and forth between her and me just watching all this unfold until I turned to him to ask him pointedly, "Well, what do you think about what I said God is saying, that God is leading us deeper into worship."

Patrick looked back and forth between us again and then said, "I think it was from the Pit of Hell."

Doctrines vs Attitudes

I'd like to stop and calm down and maybe give an overview of our doctrines on prophecy right now ... but God told me he didn't ask me to do that. I felt again it's a good way to clear my head, let me catch my breath, dry my eyes ... but he said again he didn't ask me to do that.

In general all I still want to say that doctrines, beliefs and rules are largely birthed from our attitudes. People of like attitude seem to develop like doctrines. 'Birds of a feather' and all that ... We don't believe what we don't want to believe. We believe what we want to believe. So attitudes largely give rise to our doctrines and beliefs we embrace—this seems to be where the heart really rules the head.

For me to remain in good standing in that fellowship I felt I needed to consciously suppress most of the prophetic gifting I was already walking in, and deny I had the very gift that we openly prayed every one of us and me specifically would receive! That's crazy, right? We prayed several times to impart the gift of prophecy to me and several of the youth, not acknowledging that several of us were already functioning in the gift we were still asking an impartation for. So it turns out we didn't need another impartation. We already had it. What we needed was just acceptance, guidance, encouragement and leadership that would allow us to grow up into adult members of the fellowship and walk in what we had been asking God for. Is that really so hard? Evidently so!

What we figured was the most complicated part of prophecy, the supernatural part, was already accomplished! Several of the Gifts of the Spirit mentioned in the Bible in fact were already obviously functioning in me and in others—the problem was more that we as a church were operating in the heart of Man—control, jealousy, insecurity, maybe even ignorance—but the flesh was largely in charge of how the Spirit was manifesting, and that ended up ruining most of the progress we were making in the Kingdom. Newer doctrines would not save us, more gifting, more prophetic experiences ... no, the only thing that would have helped would have been to repent from walking in the ways of Man and the Flesh, but we didn't even know we were doing such a thing!

So I won't discuss our doctrines beyond what I've already shared, which is a lot. But it shows me that we must become more of how

our doctrines and beliefs are affected by our personality, biases and mindsets—our attitudes are behind very much of our beliefs, actions and leadership choices. If we are broken inside, how can we have right teaching?

This is therefore why inner healing and curse breaking which bring healing and freedom to a soul affect people's doctrines much more than study, memorization, even indoctrination. Jesus came to set the captives free, which itself leads to being able to embrace truly correct doctrines and right theology. There's so much I want to say on this!

I Only Teach is the Word of God!—But Are You Sure?

But I'll also briefly add that sometimes you hear people justify their beliefs and say 'Well, everything I teach is only the word of God,' implying everything they say is right and true because they have a verse to back it up but Jesus told me no, this is not so. **There are in fact so many verses in the Bible that a person can ALWAYS find a verse to back up their opinions, Jesus said.** Citing a verse after an opinion does not mean it is the correct understanding of God's word.

'It's just the Word of God!' they insist, but no, people still only teach THEIR VERSION of the word of God: the one they understand, the one they agree with, the one that aligns with their attitudes and biases.

The Flesh is still affecting our teaching and understanding of the Bible. The only way I found that we can be free from the flesh within us affecting our doctrines is to be consciously taught objectively from the Holy Spirit and learn from him what HE says and thinks is so. Not having a vague 'feeling' or mere 'leading' will suffice. People need to be taught by God: openly, consciously, intelligently.

That's what I was led to experience a few years later: open two-way communication with the Holy Spirit. You ask a question, he gives a full answer in reply. You ask to clarify the reply, he explains that as well. Being taught by God! The church is built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, not the teachers and administrators. We need to be guided by the Holy Spirit openly, consciously, to clearly hear his voice teach us, saying, "This is the way you should go, walk in it."

But at this time in my life that was beyond reach, beyond fantasy even still—well, the Irish Missionaries with Paul Kelley were doing that! But no I could not catch that fire! Not at that time anyway!

Just Remember, These Were Good People

And not discussing the doctrines we had at this time also frees me from having to discuss any more errors we taught that I now see. This frees me from having to discuss any more flaws in the teachers as well. Patrick was largely a loner, not highly educated, a woodsman at heart. He preferred isolation and independence, hunting, fishing and maybe some of this reclusive mindset came from the falling-out he had with those educated urban hypocrites. He knew the sin God was revealing about their leader was a cancer in the Church; the elders attacked the messenger and he may himself never had healed from that wound. But a Newfoundland native living in rural New Hampshire? We are independent, self reliant, resilient. I wish we were less so because it affects how we submit to God, rely on God and allow God to guide and mold us, but that's the way they come! That's the way I was and still am sometimes!

I say this because I think this attitude of isolation and independence surely affected the development of our own doctrines in some way and I don't want to rake Patrick over the coals for his flaws, any more than I have to rake myself over the coals for mine. So thankfully if I don't have to dissect his views I don't need to expose his weaknesses any more than I already have.

For all the faults we could discuss I tell people openly to also remember that he took me in to his home when I was a new Christian, treated me as a son, freely imparting to me what he had to impart, whatever I could absorb. Even the friction I had with his wife was also not unexpected. Her alcoholic father just gave her some red lines I certainly didn't know about beforehand and that I probably crossed, again and again, I don't know. I wanted to court her daughter and we did have a special friendship—God even told me that was his Plan A for my life, our lives. But we can't always follow God's Plan A, can we? Thank God he is a God of second chances; he has a Plan B, and a Plan C ... and certainly if we need one a Plan D ... He turns all things around. Our failures didn't catch him by surprise. He didn't cause us to fail, but he knew we were going to, even before we were born! He saw it coming even if we didn't—but not to worry, he has a beautiful way out! He will turn all things around and it will all work out in the end. Just trust him!

Castaway Without a Sail

But at that time the falling out was particularly harsh on me and derailed my walk with the Lord for many years to come, but I am not blameless in this regard either. God warned me NOT to take offense at what was coming. He showed this to me in the vision of *the Trapeze Dream, Barns on a Hillside* and other words. When it all come to a head He protected me with a shield of the Spirit when they were insulting me and calling me ‘straight out of the pit of hell’ for sharing a prophecy that God was drawing us into deeper worship.

Yes, it was more than that. They were dealing with their own unhealed wounds and unresolved issues, and classic mother-in-law issues. And no, I would never have been happy living in a cornfield for ever. God’s plan for me was global, international, I already knew that even if during this time I kept it under wraps to try to fit in.

Maybe also they were just very happy with where they were and not ready for a new generation or new wave of revelation to bring disruption that New Wine unfortunately always brings? Patrick often talked about ‘the plateau’ people reach when they cease being teachable—I guess he should have taken his own teaching to heart. But I cannot fault him for any of this. I also asked for this on New Year’s, didn’t I?

And without our fellowship being better integrated to the larger Body there was simply no way for us to be challenged by other churches’ successes and breakthroughs. So likewise there was no, or at least very, very little growth in our small pocket of the Body in the cornfield. And without allowing the youth to grow up and integrate into the leadership, to find a meaningful role in the community, there is no fresh vision, no building of generational blessings, no new vigor to challenge old ideas and so again no real growth.

Lots to learn in hindsight. Hindsight is not 20/20 either, we still only see in the past what we want to see, Jesus told me. Only through Him can we see truly, learn from the past and correct the course we are on.

Phase Two

8

You Will Travel Far From Home

The next Sunday I attended church and saw the service differently. God’s presence was there during worship, and Patrick read a passage from the Bible, but there was so much else going on that was just not the Lord. It was Patrick preaching, excited to talk about his own pet ideas, emphatic gestures and animated body language to emphasize his ideas ... but it was just a lot of hot air. I never went back.

And I tried but I could not deal with my broken heart. I was wounded beyond my ability to self-heal. Second we openly taught that we were the ONLY real church in New Hampshire. We didn’t just believe it, I believed it! This was years before John Paul Jackson set up a prophetic ministry in the area and yes, the prophetic ministry was nascent, but it was there had I only been open to asking God to show me.

It is certainly not biblical to act or speak like you are the only people following God; that is the common indicator of a cult! This exclusive mindset caused me more harm than anything else because I firmly believed we were the only real church in the whole state, certainly the only real prophetic church within several hours’ drive, and now since I was an outcast from it, there was nowhere to turn to find new fellowship, let alone a prophetic community, not even hoping to find a family!

In fact there were several communities I could have gone to; yes, not so

many at that time, but they were there. When I then went to Law School in Rhode Island there was one with an entire Bible School quite close to my school, had I only been open to looking for it.

My last year of university was then starting and I moved onto the main campus into a very fun dorm and stopped hearing from God mostly altogether. My guilt fueled my backsliding and that fueled my guilt.

Let's skip the whole next year ... then graduation. Skip it. Then next summer: I was working at a restaurant on Lake Winnepesaukee back where I grew up called the Naswa, maybe some of you know it. I'll skip over the details again but after a late night at work, then after work stuff, then I was driving home and the sky was becoming light and well I figured it was almost dawn so I'd just drive around to a hillside and try to see the dawn. I grew up in that town but there was a road and a hill I had still never gone to and I remember looking up at the clouds and realizing that clouds circle the earth just moving from country to country, nothing stops them, no border, no language. And I heard a word in my heart, "You will travel far from home." I knew I was soon going to move to Rhode Island, it was about three hours away, but that's not what the Lord was talking about.

Just as I moved into law school in my first-year townhouse I heard the Lord speak, "You are exactly where I want you to be." I didn't hear from him again for maybe two more years.

First year of law school was hard. Second year as even harder and I began to feel like I just needed to get out of Rhode Island. So I enrolled in an overseas summer law program in Hong Kong in 1996 learning about technology transfers for foreign joint ventures with local factories in China, and that's when I met a woman from India who was working as a flight attendant in Hong Kong and we started a very intense email-correspondence long distance relationship. She then came to visit me in New York, which since she was a flight attendant was not so unusual for her to be able to do, but when I went to visit her I felt two very strong impressions. First, I felt like I was falling. I was falling. Was I falling in love? I couldn't discern it exactly but I just felt the very real spiritual sensation of falling. Second I felt the Holy Spirit around me.

Just then I got stuck in traffic. I missed the light on Metacom Ave turning left to New York City and a huge procession of bikers in leather used the intersection as I waited and waited, feeling like I was falling.

Falling

I cannot understand how anything I was doing was God's will anymore. I remember the visions, the interpretations of so many previous visions was plain, the pastor's daughter was my chosen mate. Why was I now feeling the Holy Spirit leading me forward like this to go see this woman; why right now? But if God's presence was with me going to see her and I was falling for her, falling in love I assumed, just falling forward in God's leading at least, I just didn't know what it was ... but I was in.

We had met in Hong Kong in July I think, and we got engaged in Boston by November; we visited her parents in India over Christmas break and then we were married by March in Hong Kong during my last year of law school. We got pregnant on our honeymoon and I moved to Hong Kong immediately after finishing classes to be with her and start working, skipping the graduation ceremony actually. Oh, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Everything in our courtship was really so awesome ... perfect. Her British accent and Indian mannerisms, quite like a princess to me, tall, exotic, adorable ... it took me in. Her parents were charming. Her father was a financial controller but his hobby as a Shakespearean scholar was to reveal patterns of institution building from Shakespeare's plays. Erudite, tall, dark, with a deep toned outdated British accent. I was totally sold on the idea of marrying her and not a warning sign to take note of ... until coming home from the marriage registry in Hong Kong.

We were sitting in the double-decker bus in the front top row on the second story which in those buses had a very large wrap-around windscreen window looking out over everything. It was in March and as soon as we signed the marriage license and were on our way home I saw a great demon fly into the bus through the window and it went right into my new wife of only two hours and instantly she began ranting and saying wild and confusing things. It never manifested in the many months of our courtship, not even a clue, not even a hint, not even once. The strongholds in her family were hard to break and I'll skim over most of it since it is so awful, but that started a very long and very unhappy season but for which I am now very grateful.

After the March wedding in Hong Kong I went back to the US to finish the last few months of my law degree and soon she visited me again on duty, I think it was late April maybe, but this time she was feeling ...

different.

I had a sudden inspiration to show her the New England seacoast. The last time she visited New England we had no time for sight-seeing and it was cold, and so I wanted to show her where I used to SCUBA dive and some local sights in York, Maine. But driving around she was feeling sick and on a hunch we stopped at a 7-11 in New Bedford, Massachusetts (the same New Bedford of literary fame near Nantucket) and we got a pregnancy test—we were pregnant!

I was ecstatic! Over the moon! She ... not so much. Rather cool to the idea if I can say it like that, an abortion was our ONLY option she insisted. We were not stable, only newly married and so many other reasons why it was the best, no the ONLY choice to end the pregnancy.

Avoiding the Rubble at Nubble

This was suddenly very serious. I had been pro-life many years and this was not some hypothetical baby, it was MY baby and no, never would I let anyone harm it!—not it, but ‘her’ I later found out but at that early time I didn’t know if it was going to be a girl or boy!

So we were still on our way to the seacoast to show her where I learned to SCUBA dive but I was unsure which exit to take off the highway to get to Cape Neddeck and Nubble Lighthouse. Coming from university we drove up the New Hampshire coast past Long Sands Beach but now I was coming from a different direction and just not sure how to get to where I wanted to go.

We always joke in New England, “Ya can’t get there-ah, from here-ah.” Well, I was trying! From Massachusetts to Maine you first cross the measly 17 mile coastline of New Hampshire, which by highway only takes a few minutes. York, Maine is the first town across the border from New Hampshire and so obviously if I went any further North once I crossed the border I would get stuck on the long highway to the outlet stores in Kittery, Maine, which I knew had no exits for a long section of the road if I went that far. So the ocean is everything to the East, I need to NOT go North to Kittery, so I couldn’t get too lost if I keep my bearings heading that way looking to take an exit to the right as soon as we cross the border into Maine. I then saw signs on the highway for Kittery right ahead so I quickly pulled off the next highway exit ramp and the Holy Spirit fell on me.

Having an In-Body Experience

This was not a vision; at the time I described it more like a prophetic act, but that’s not right either. I was not acting out my faith in a symbolic way—this was a sovereign move of God’s Spirit on me.

I was more than filled, I was enveloped, enshrouded in the Holy Spirit’s presence and I stayed IN my body but was observing everything with an outsider’s perspective. It was like I was a movie director watching a movie of my own life, starring me. I was hyper-aware of myself and everything around me, as if in a cloud of God’s tangible presence—everything seemed to have a prophetic significance, like I was watching myself, listening to myself and recording everything around me in super detail, and all of the real life events were a prophecy.

Off the highway I looked at the unfamiliar road sign in front of me, the Holy Spirit tangible on me and I didn’t know if I should go left or right. I considered my bearings and decided to go left and my wife started to complain very emphatically, “That’s the wrong way, we’re lost!”

I drove just a few minutes and noticed we were heading North again, parallel to the main highway towards Kittery, but I knew the ocean was still to my right and so I was looking for a road headed to the right. I suddenly passed one but was going too fast to take it so I turned around in a parking lot of a lobster restaurant and thought a minute. It seemed right, so I went back and took that road.

Meanwhile the Holy Spirit was still around me like a cloud and I was aware of every tiny detail, and yes, my wife kept complaining, but now she was getting more and more upset and saying things like, “You ALWAYS do this; you always get us lost!”

I was beside myself in the Holy Spirit, observing things unfold with an objective perspective and so I spoke, “Well, we’ve *never* gotten lost before and we’ve only taken two car trips together, ever. How can I ALWAYS do anything? That makes no sense.” Logic to the rescue! But she wasn’t having it!

“No, this is the wrong way,” she firmly insisted. “Turn back and take the other road!”

I reminded her, “You’ve never been to Maine a day in your life! You’ve never been to this part of the world, ever. How do you have any idea where we are or where we are going or which is the right way to get there?” Captain Logic! Thank you for showing up!

But she doubly insisted, “This is the wrong way; you NEVER listen to me.”

In the Holy Spirit’s weird presence like that I knew this trip was itself a prophetic message, but it was still very weird. So the way she was acting was probably symbolic of something, but of what? We all joke about common misunderstandings between men and women, and maps and directions but that’s not only what was going on, and so being within the Holy Spirit’s presence like this I kept watching everything objectively and very carefully.

We drove through some beautiful areas and by such pretty, large Colonial-style family houses with such beautiful roses and lush gardens and then suddenly I hit the brakes! There was gravel in the road so I skidded a little before the car stopped. “THIS IS IT!” It had only been a few minutes since turning around at the lobster restaurant and I saw the road sign that points to the Cape Neddick peninsula. I usually came up by the beach from the south, but this time I just came East past what used to be York’s Wild Kingdom, a seasonal Zoo, only I didn’t know it at the time. I backed up and drove up into the peninsula access road! “Here we are!” I said matter-of-factly, and frankly a little relieved!

“No, we’re lost.”

“No, this is the actual road. We’re on the right road. See, the sign.” But she still wouldn’t have it.

“No, you always do this. You never listen to me. We’re lost.”

We passed some large homes on a cliff overlooking the ocean and for a moment she became so happy and even said how nice it would be if maybe one day we could have a house like that: big American house, set on a cliff, overlooking the ocean ... but then went right back into her complaining and accusing: you always do this, you never listen, we’re lost

So I pulled up into the parking lot facing the lighthouse; I mean the parking lot parks you right in plain view of the famous lighthouse—no mistaking it! There it is! Right in front of us! But she kept saying it, “No, we’re lost.”

!!!!???

So I made a demonstration of turning the car off as is to say without words, “There, can’t you tell we are here?! The car is already off ...” but she still would not stop.

So I said, probably with some gravel and cold wintry slate in my tone of voice, “We’re *here*.”

But she was still not convinced. The Holy Spirit still enshrouding me. I didn’t know what to do!

So I finally opened my door, and the car open door alarm started to sound—*BING BING BING*—and I slowly got out. But she kept talking, now to herself, accusing me of always getting us lost, never listening ... I closed the door and left her in the car still talking to ... *no one!*

I walked over to the rocky ledge where the waves were splashing, and the Holy Spirit was still covering me so I looked right out into the cold wind and told Satan, “I don’t care what you do, I WILL NOT QUIT!!”

Wow, the wind was cold! And I stood there, alone, for a minute or two. The cold wind and barren rocky coast on a gray, overcast day was not beautiful. I came all this way to show my wife something special of my past, a beautiful landmark, a lighthouse that’s a part of American heritage, but actually it was just a cold, wet, dreary day and all of the beauty in the world would simply fade into gray, all it’s wonder and charm would simply die away if people were going to be upset this way.

My heart sank and I was about to give in and turn around and just drive the two hours back home in defeat ... when I heard the car door open—*BING BING BING*. I didn’t move until finally she came and stood next to me and even put her arm around me!

And just at that moment, maybe you don’t believe me, but it was like a moment from a corny movie but a *huge wave* came rushing ashore and just at that second *CRASHED* right in front of us against a big rock like it was on cue, and the water shot straight up into the air maybe twenty feet or more!

“WOW!! Amazing!” she said!

Only I had never seen anything like that in my entire life, either here or anywhere else! She must have thought that’s what I planned to show her all along, but I didn’t know that could even happen! And we were at that very second facing the exact right spot and at exactly the right moment to see it!—and then the Lord spoke.

“You will get to your destination no matter which way you take. And what you will find when you get there will be better than what you came there for.”

The Holy Spirit’s enveloping presence then faded away. It was a prophetic ... well, I don’t know what to call it. A prophetic lighthouse-journey-crashing-wave event? Maybe. A prophetic car drive? OK, sure. It was a prophetic car drive. And good or bad it was a model or pattern

for me in my life over the next many years. Later still, I asked the Lord what did he mean, 'I would find something better than what I was looking for,' and He said, we would find Him, personal intimacy with Him, even though we were not looking for him in that way in our journey, especially not back then. We didn't even know at that time that it was possible. But that's what we would find, even though we were looking for something else, probably just careers and things.

Oh, one more thing: back at the lighthouse it was still cold and windy so after a moment or two we did leave and as I turned back home taking the familiar way along the beach that I normally drove to get to Cape Neddeck, to my great shock the whole Long Sands Beach road was under construction!

I mean it was gone!

The road had been dug up and was being redone from the sub-base level up! My new car bottomed out as I drove into the huge ditch—*CRUNCH!*—and we bumped and banged our way down the stretch of the beach towards York town. I didn't know it, but the road we first took, unknowingly, was in fact the best, most smooth, most direct, fastest and most scenic way to get to the lighthouse after all.

Jumping Water Bowls and Saltwater Aquariums

So that prophecy began to come to pass from that time on and really helped me understand the journey, in a way to help me stick with it and not quit. It was quite brutal actually. We were not on good terms most of the time over the next 15 years—until she left.

As for me, in Hong Kong despite there being so many US law firms there, try as hard as I could but I just could not find work as a lawyer. Hong Kong has a UK-based legal system and I had a US degree, but that wasn't it. If God closes a door, NO ONE can open it!

I later had several dreams about NOT being a lawyer to help me understand this was God's will not just my bad luck. Initially I did work in China for just a few months for a US law firm and it was simply awful. One day driving in a taxi in Guangzhou I had a real inspiration to write a poem about marriage. I used to get inspirations to write poetry a few times a week in university. I wrote more than 600 poems before I finished university, but in law school I only wrote legal papers and was even published in International Law, but I wrote no creative writing for years

until this moment.

What I was hit with came out as a 20,000-word poem I called *Lovepoem*. A man's journey from Java, into the North, and back to Pondicherry: traveling through time and culture to discover the mystery of the Sun. But that's neither here nor there, and no I'm, not quite done.

But my salary was so low I could earn more by teaching children English; I was losing money working for him and so I soon quit and had a string of bad jobs I was either way-overqualified for, shunned for being the only non-Chinese person in the office—or both.

Giving birth was not a happy time. Lots of teaching English, and some editorial work, and divorce threats almost on a weekly basis. My wife was battling depression, and later what I saw was 12 demonic strongholds in her life that manifested to do anything possible to cause trouble. We went to church only very rarely. It was far away and we were not on the same page. I didn't see a lot of hope.

But one day we went to a garden metalwork factory in the rural areas of Yuen Long and they had a sound vibration bowl; it's got water in it and you rub it a certain way just like making a wine glass sing, and the water jumps all over the place. I did it; there is a certain trick to it actually but I knew I could figure it out and I did. I'm good with stuff like that. But then she did it—and she did it exactly right her first try, only the water did not jump quite as high as me, and God spoke, "She will be exactly like you, only a little less."

Amen! There is real hope!

But it's funny right? He didn't say all the things I heard in this word. He didn't say we'd stay together, we'd serve him together, we'd be happy and successful as a couple. But that's what I heard or at least believed. But all he said was she would, one day, be just like me, only a little less. Later I remember Jesus saying, "I'm not saying everything you think I'm saying." Funny how we hear. Jesus said, be careful how you hear!

At one point I almost started an English Tutorial School since I was doing so much English teaching and organizing classes for companies and schools and I heard the Lord speak and say that if I stay with it, that school would become the biggest English Tutorial company in Hong Kong within a few years. But no, I didn't stay with it. I should have. I could have. But no, I didn't. He never mentioned it again.

And like I said, I went a few times to the large ICA church in North Point, and even brought my wife a few times with me but she greatly

resisted it. We lived an hour and half away and one time we got all the way to the top steps out of the train station within view of the church and without any reason she starting raving about money, and my attitude and this and that. We weren't even talking about any of those things! But suddenly a few feet before we got into the church it seemed so important that she had to stop and turn around and go the hour-plus back home, alone. Talk about intrusive thoughts!

The International Christian Assembly, or ICA, was a good, middle-of-the-road church in an old theater but after service they had a few people ready to pray for anyone and these guys were actually Spirit-filled and they often prophesied too! They gave me a word at that time, sometime around 1999 that I lost but found again just when I needed to hear it five or six years later. I am not a failure, God said. Apart from his word I had no evidence to convince me to agree.

Then one day I went to the washroom at ICA and walking down the stairs my feet were echoing in the concrete and tile staircase when suddenly I heard the echo of my footsteps DOUBLE—I immediately knew it was an angel walking next to me! That freaked me out!

Then one time I finally was able to bring my wife down for prayer after service. I admit it—I tricked her. I said I wanted prayer and asked if she would come with me. After my brief prayer I asked if they would pray for her, and she tried to escape but we caught her! They prayed the sinner's prayer and prayed for the Holy Spirit baptism and she got so nervous, "I can't speak," she said, "If I speak some rubbish is going to come out of my mouth!" Oh, she caught it, alright! She was now baptized in the Holy Spirit. By all means, Paul said!

And we used to go to the plant market street and the goldfish market street a lot to get plants and pet fish and one time I decided to set up an ocean tank with seawater. When I was a kid I used to have so many tropical freshwater fish and that was so easy to me, but the ocean tank idea was the next step up—but it was a total disaster.

I remember setting up the tank the first time and I heard an angel speak, "It is not time to make a seawater tank."

I am pretty sure from the presence next to me and the tone in the spirit that it was an Angel. I didn't ask God first if I should do it, and didn't think there was any plan of God involved in such things. But he spoke! Why??

Soon all my fish died; the banded bamboo shark ate all the blue devils

and everything else and then died itself. I converted it all into a river tank for turtles, but what a strange thing to hear God say? It was not time to make a seawater fish tank? He didn't say don't do it, but only that it was 'not yet time' to do it! That means ... there would some day be a time when it was God's will for me to set up a seawater tank. How strange!

No Adequate Magazine for Filipinas

I often worked for myself because no one would hire me, and I briefly shared an office with a real estate developer from the Mainland and it was way outside the city center on Electric Road in Fortress Hill, far from all the action. The one thing it did have was a small coffee shop called Just Java. Starbucks was a new thing and I never drank coffee yet. In law school I felt I would drink tea, something I learned from the Irish Missionaries, and it was less caffeine than coffee so if I really needed an extra kick I could take the next step up. Strange thinking, sure, but that was my mind. But now right next to my office lobby was this nice little shop and run by Western guys my age. We never chatted much but it impressed me. I was getting lonely. And I started drinking coffee on a regular basis.

It was there that I heard the Lord say like a whisper that I would soon have an office downtown.

Sure enough not long after, I opened a small office on Pottinger St., near the city center; I used it to teach English, and one morning as I was walking into the building I heard a voice speak to me. It felt like it was an angel because there was something like a holy presence located there by the entrance to our small building lobby. What it said was, "There is no adequate magazine for Filipinas." It was the Lord, but it seemed like it was coming from an angel.

I had to puzzle over that. I knew nothing really about 'Filipinos,' or the feminine form that God spoke 'Filipinas,' besides what I learned from our own domestic helper and live-in nanny. Hong Kong at that time was a huge labor importer of domestic helpers from the Philippines mostly. There were about 130,000 Filipina domestic helpers working there at that time, mostly all ladies. And most all had the same day off, Sunday, and they had nowhere to go and not much money so they just swarmed the public spaces in Central to sit on cardboard mats, eat, share stories, sleep. They kept to small groups of ladies from their own village back home mostly. But others spent the day in church, others in bars, or worse. So I started to do research. What I found was astounding. It was all tabloids,

very trashy ones, and of very poor quality.

A week later, same day, same doorway, same voice, “Do the magazine.”

So I tried to learn the publishing business myself. I had worked the previous year as an editor for a textiles trade magazine but now I had to learn the design and layout software on my own too, do sales and get contacts in the foreign Filipino community that I knew nothing about. We published our first issue I think just at the end of 1999 and even did a second issue and by then we had real models and real photos and better stories, real advertisers lined up. It was going to be very good but I could not hold it together with income only once in five or six months which was how long it took me to make an issue, and so little real help.

But we made such an impression in the market that it actually changed the publishing environment for Filipinas, how magazines looked and how they presented themselves ... but I had to close it down before the second issue. My wife was completely against the idea and only after it closed, maybe a year later did she say what a shame it was to stop it, it was such a good magazine! But when it was running she would so often call me at work and be really so upset that I was doing such a stupid thing. I tried to take it all in stride; the failure was hard but I really did achieve so much with so very little. And I learned so much. We needed to be in production faster, do more in-house production, we needed a real distribution company and help with sales. I learned so much so fast but I could not self finance it like that.

But that wasn't the lingering question on my mind. It was God's direction. Why tell me to do this? I know He did. Why tell me to do it and then let me fail?

Promoduck, Asian Lawyer, Planet Build

I then worked at a premiums manufacturing and sourcing website as a marketing manager with a big salary, far away ... and was fired very soon after joining when their real choice for marketing manager arrived. I was only hired as a stop-gap measure for a few weeks and they just didn't tell me. “Supply and Demand!” she said. “Supply and Demand!”

I then worked for a legal tabloid, and learned photography and better graphic design. This was before digital cameras so learning photography was slow and expensive! I also became well acquainted with most of the large law firms and many of the partners who were mostly British and a

very friendly lot.

The magazine I worked for was a scam. It was filled with nonsense and they lied about their print run by a factor of about 90%. The owners were real scammers and most of the sales staff worked at ‘bucket shops’ before, selling fake ads and making high pressure scam sales to business managers in the past. You can bet I fit right in! But Buttersworth bought them out just after I joined and so I was there during the merger transition.

I revamped the magazine quickly, upgraded the content, format, graphics and quality. They didn't care but I did!

I then got fired a few months later as my new boss wanted to hire her girlfriend to replace me as editor. But during my short stint there I learned a lot and made a lot of contacts. And then in the span of one week I heard two or three different people say the same thing about there not being any good magazine for construction in Hong Kong.

Hong Kong was constantly under construction and they were then in the process of expanding the rail network, building a new airport, two new large cable-stayed bridges, two of the world's tallest buildings and other Grade A office towers. And in fact there were magazines for construction, two or three. Why would I hear this same opinion spoken out-loud at least twice in the same week from totally different engineers? I saw an opportunity.

I had met so many lawyers in my magazine job that when I got fired I quickly asked a few partners I knew for help to start a magazine for construction and engineering but with a legal base—basically a way for lawyers in construction to ‘advertise’ to the engineering field by contributing legal articles for the industry since outright advertisements by law firms was illegal. And frankly it was awesome. *Planet Build!* Lasted a year until I was robbed by my staff when I was away on Christmas break. It was 2001 and we came out just as Discovery Channel was doing their production series on big construction as well.

This time I did all the engineering site visit interviews, photographs, writing, editing, graphics, layout, computer troubleshooting, sales and distribution. I was everywhere.

I finally hired some sales staff (who later betrayed and robbed me) and after one year into it were just about to make it work: we got a real advertiser, Siemens, and were getting things into a faster production pace when I made the next issue's printing films. We used to have to use four half-tone cellulose films per color per page. Now it's all digital, but these physical films were expensive and important. I gave them to my

sales manager to bring them to the printer who lived down his street and over Christmas I went to Sydney with my wife on a free ticket, and felt unusually, abnormally liberated.

I came back to find the office ransacked, a note from my sales guy claiming responsibility, the films and proofs, some of which belonged to advertisers, all stolen, nothing printed and within a few days started hearing people ask why was I still in Hong Kong, they had heard I “took the money and left” but that my sales guy was going to honor their contracts with me and give them ads in his new construction and interior design magazine! He actually faxed all of our contacts with this story that I was gone and “took the money” which no one had been billed yet, but it sounded sinister, and I won’t elaborate any more than that ... it was a mess.

Speedflex – Round Three – TKO!!

New season, new partners. I was very soon contacted through a mutual friend that a local printing company wanted to ask me if I wanted to make *Planet Build* together with them. They did a lot of contract publishing work and so I said sure, but what the really big idea I had on my mind to do was a magazine for the legal community with a lot of high-end lifestyle thrown in—not a tabloid, but high-end legal-lifestyle. It was doubly awesome—*Eye Witness*. Our first issue blew everyone away. We interviewed the Attorney General, had articles on malpractice, the opera, collecting Delorians, yacht racing ... our first issue made HK\$200,000! First issues are giveaways, but ours made a lot of money!

Then we made the first issue of *Planet Build* with the new team and it was top shelf. We interviewed Sir Gordon Wu, I mean we just visited Hopewell Center and asked him what he had on his mind to talk about ... he retreated to a back room and came out with detailed architectural maps of the Pearl River Delta. “There’s several roads to Shenzhen from Hong Kong, but none to Zhuhai – Macao. If we can make a bridge-tunnel like the one in Chesapeake Bay we can connect Hong Kong by road to the south bank of the Pearl River and drive a container from Hong Kong to Vietnam in less than ten hours.”

This was in 2002 OK, and the bridge/tunnel idea had been panned by lawmakers for many years and we asked if he could give us the graphics and explain his idea in our magazine, and so we did. We printed it and gave free copies to hundreds of government engineers and policy makers.

Not long after my ‘partners’ fired me, saying they were going to keep the magazines for themselves, crushing me and stealing my ideas. But in Hong Kong you can’t sue based on a promise of a future payment if you win, a contingency fee arrangement, like you can in the US. That is illegal. You need to secure payment for fees upfront by law, and my very rich partners knew that so they just laughed at me. They were a cash rich 20-year-old establishment run by five or six top Western businessmen, all millionaires, and they said correctly, You have no money, you can’t sue us. Go home!

The magazine of course collapsed within an issue or two in their hands ... but within a few weeks the talk of the town was Sir Gordon’s bridge-tunnel. A few months later it was being discussed in the parliament for feasibility and funding. A few years later it was planned, approved and under construction. You can now drive it yourself! I know all of this was ONLY because of our story. But by then I was already out.

9

The Blessed Village

And Now: A Word from Jeremiah

This was all in the Spring and then Summer of 2002. We had just moved to a beach village on Lantau Island. Moving out of a 48-story high-rise into a small three-storey 'village house' in a rural Chinese ancestral village surrounded by forest with a mountain in back and the ocean in front felt like I was being released from prison. I had a new company, was doing real publishing work and had a bright future, or so I thought! Within just those few short months I had lost two magazines, one of them twice, and was now more than broke. I was broken. Defeated. I started to have panic attacks.

My assistant at the magazines came home and stayed with me three days to help lessen the shock of the magazines being stolen from me to my wife. God provided this miraculous support and I didn't even ask Him for it; I know having my friend stay those few days saved my family life.

I was never far from divorce, and I knew now I was in real trouble. My in-laws from India were visiting for a few months and somehow we kept things together. But I was trying to hold on to nothing. I had no more hope for myself. It was just one disaster after another.

I went to the private beach in our village, my heart beating out of control what I now know were panic attacks. I decided I needed to leave Hong Kong.

I decided I would just go back to the States and just get any job and in

a few months, maybe less than a year I could bring my wife and daughter over ... although I knew it would never happen. Leaving meant I would lose my daughter, Tiara, the greatest and most precious thing in my life.

I asked God for help and all I got was a verse from the Bible, but it was enough. It was in Jeremiah. I was no longer prophesying enough to hear God speak to me, I had no friends who were Christians and I had no one to call for prayer even. I just took out a Bible and asked God to speak to me through his word, I opened up the Bible randomly and it opened up to Jeremiah 42, I saw verse 10 which reads:

If ye will still abide in this land, then will I build you, and not pull you down, and I will plant you, and not pluck you up: for I repent me of the evil that I have done unto you.

The verse continues:

¹¹ Be not afraid of the king of Babylon, of whom ye are afraid; be not afraid of him, saith the LORD: for I am with you to save you, and to deliver you from his hand. ¹² And I will shew mercies unto you, that he may have mercy upon you, and cause you to return to your own land.

¹³ But if ye say, We will not dwell in this land, neither obey the voice of the LORD your God, ¹⁴ Saying, No; but we will go into the land of Egypt, where we shall see no war, nor hear the sound of the trumpet, nor have hunger of bread; and there will we dwell: ¹⁵ And now therefore hear the word of the LORD, ye remnant of Judah; Thus saith the LORD of hosts, the God of Israel; If ye wholly set your faces to enter into Egypt, and go to sojourn there; ¹⁶ Then it shall come to pass, that the sword, which ye feared, shall overtake you there in the land of Egypt, and the famine, whereof ye were afraid, shall follow close after you there in Egypt; and there ye shall die. ¹⁷ So shall it be with all the men that set their faces to go into Egypt to sojourn there; they shall die by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence: and none of them shall remain or escape from the evil that I will bring upon them. (KJV)

What I understood in my heart as a paraphrase was, “Stay and I will prosper you, but if you leave you will be destroyed.”

I had totally bottomed out ... again. And had to pick myself up. Again. I got work in a few weeks as a government English teacher, but at a discounted salary, and since it was such a light work load for me I

wrote my first and very autobiographical novel, grew a beard and started wearing colorful shirts again. Since law school I only wore white or maybe light blue button-down office shirts—at the government school constantly surrounded by several hundred children I started wearing brightly colored tropical flower print shirts, what you would call Hawaiian Shirts, but what we know as a certain style from Thailand. I was de-stressing and loved working with the grade 2 and grade 4 children. It was super easy, I was super popular at work, but felt my marriage was in super trouble. That’s when the divorce threats became demands.

The irony of the illogical arguments about not having a job when I was at school working! But anyway you’ll lose it eventually so it’s the same as you having no job now! It was just like the Nubble Lighthouse car drive, so I was ready for it in a way.

I remember once my phone was very low battery, I was leaving school for the 1.5 hour trip home and she called: it was final. I reasoned with her but knew I was doomed. My phone had maybe five minutes of power left before it died. I just kept saying, ‘Oh, just hold on,’ and I just prayed in tongues, rebuking everything, ‘Ok, I’m back’ ... it was already 20 minutes and my phone didn’t die yet ... then 45 minutes: talking, praying in tongues, calming her down ... over an hour and I was almost home and she finally acquiesced and calmed down. Then my phone finally died. No natural way to explain that! Thank you Jesus! The God of Cell Phones! And with his help we were holding it together ...

But then SARS hit.

SARS

SARS was scary because people caught it and sometimes died within 24 hours. It was a type of pneumonia but very serious. Everything in the city changed. I heard God say it was a preparation for Hong Kong, but a preparation for what I didn’t know—until Covid!

My school was the first in the City to close in fact since we had the first kid who got pneumonia in that month—it wasn’t SARS he caught but just normal pneumonia, but which is still quite lethal, but I broke down in tears ... and then the whole city shut down. I had no work to go to but a full salary from the government for about two full months. Many friends of mine lost jobs, companies, some left Hong Kong altogether. I was on paid leave!

I don't know what would have happened if I still had the magazines that were built on advertising sales but it made a kind of sense to me why God let me lose the magazines before SARS hit ... it would have ruined me but with much higher stakes! Imagine if I had dozens of staff to pay and a huge office to rent ... but later that's not what God told me was really the reason he let this fail.

He said He allowed the magazines to be taken from me because I was not yet ready for the success it would bring; but second, he said he wanted me to work on this project at that time so I would have a boost in confidence. Oh that's for sure, I said to Him! I now know I can create and run a world-class professional magazine for lawyers; I can do that! But the success it would bring He said I was not yet ready for.

So SARS hit Hong Kong in 2003 and by the end of that school year anyway I had to leave my job as per my contract, and I next found work at a tutorial school teaching university classes for American universities hosting extension branches in Hong Kong.

I then had two prophetic dreams: one about generational problems in my family back in the states and another about writing a book on modern prophets covering all major modern prophets and their prophecies. It was a large book I saw in my dream. Maybe I need to write that?

By the next Spring I had very little work, a very light schedule and wrote a lot on my second novel, quite a bit better than my first, but for some reason I could not set it in a modern setting. The most modern I could make it was the 1930's and in a rural farming area of Pennsylvania. I made an outline for a third novel, set in the early 1800's.

What was going on? It didn't occur to me that God had already explained this problem to me and had given me the dream in 1995, what I called *Barns on a Hillside*, where I was typing on a keyboard and everything I typed in the valley of my future was only a barn or a silo because my wife was not "with me" and I could not write anything more modern than barns and silos without her help and companionship.

It was literally coming to pass but it could not be true also.

In the dream the next thing was three scenes with my old pastor's daughter. First, was me and her and the pastor's wife, who was interfering with our relationship. I left in anger and there were two more scenes as I recalled: after I calmed down I went back to her but didn't recognize her and she was so sick, just skin and bones; and then the third scene we got along so well we had a supernatural companionship. By this time I had

heard the pastor's daughter I liked so much had also gotten married and I had no desire or consideration to go back to the States to try to make it work it! But maybe she'd get divorced and so would I and then ... now that's just crazy talk. So this dream just made no sense, even less sense now. How could it be from God?

But yes, inexplicably, the first part where I could not imagine or write anything more modern than old farmers' things was clearly playing out and literally happening to me. I understood in part, but in another part was totally confused.

An Expat Enclave

Anyway, our side of the 'Blessed Village' was mostly foreigners, which in Hong Kong are called Ex-patriots, or just ex-pats, and our little street had 14 different nationalities in only 10 or 12 houses. SARS had given us a lot of free time to spend together hosting BBQ's and parties and we all became very close friends. We had a Scottish engineer who was married to a Filipina lady. We had a German cargo broker. A German chef, in fact the head chef at Cathay Pacific Airlines, where my wife worked, no less. His wife was Chinese and played piano in the lobby of the Shangra La hotel. Michael was also Scottish, a construction Arbitrator who was a Christian and was healed by God of heart cancer, was the world's longest survivor of that condition in fact. His wife was British, a close friend of mine and often offered me work. Their daughter and my daughter were best friends. The third little one in that group of giggling girls was the Filipina daughter of JP and Malou, who were both Filipino; he was an aircraft engineer. Then there was Tom, who was British and a construction engineer with the KCR or maybe it was the MTR, I forget which one, but those were the two subway (I mean underground train) operators in Hong Kong, and his wife was also Filipina! One of my direct neighbors was an Air Traffic Controller from New Zealand, but he left and a pilot from Chilliwack BC, Canada moved in, and then when he left the owner of his house came back who was also a pilot from Canada with a lovely, sweet and kind wife from Thailand, one of the nicest people I knew, Mimi. Nice kids, such a nice family! I was an American, still am, but there were no other Yanks in our village at that time. My wife was Indian, and there were two other Indians, one also a flight attendant also at Cathay, and her husband, a Sikh, only he cut his hair! That means he could no longer be a Sikh! They both later became Christians. My other neighbor was local Chinese, one of the few in

our street, Nora. She worked at the Airport in administration. Then there was Patty Kavanaugh, an Irish military pilot who now worked in Cathay Pacific in management and his wife from England. The house at the end had Julia and Grace, both Filipina flight attendants at Cathay. Grace, from Cebu, was married to Jun, who was unquestionably the life of the party. Julia, a real sweetheart Filipina from near Bacolod was always trying to get us to go to her church and evangelized and prayed for everyone. She lives now in Seattle! There were two families from England who were construction engineers. One was married to a Filipina and they had such good looking kids! And for a time there was a family from Switzerland who were in town on a contract to build the cable car. They were also Christians, such genuine and nice people and had nice children.

Leo and Jane were musicians with the Philharmonic, and both had quit during the shakeup at that time. Jane was British and played violin and her sister was a Christian and Leo was full local Chinese and played the cello I think. Oh I can't forget Boz! Craig Boswell was a Kiwi, a Government English teacher obsessed with surfing and had a Filipina wife and a cute daughter. He was a Christian but was so heavily into yoga as an instructor a few years before that it messed up his walk with the Lord I think. He died recently from a brain tumor. Oh, and Felipe, a French Vietnamese film maker who looked handsome and dashing and his wife was, you guessed it, also a Filipina! Oh, finally the Argentinians. Again, such nice people. Xavier was a pilot and when the economy crashed back home he became very affordable to Cathay Pacific, as did several of his friends. Three Argentine pilot families moved together to Hong Kong and lived on our street, but Xavier and his wife and kids were the center of any barbecue party— tenderloin and chimichurri! And she was a real hostess! One of the three married pilots freaked out and ran off with a Chinese flight attendant, another was quiet and withdrawn but Xavier and his family were likable in every way.

SARS brought us together like a real neighborhood and I really miss their company. Spiritually however it was probably my lowest ebb and we were drinking every day—I would normally have a double scotch every day as a minimum when I got home. My British friends of course drank beer every day and during SARS we had eight barbecue parties in 10 days and set a trend that was hard to break.

Then I started consciously coming back to my spiritual foundations. Julia helped me so much by praying for us, and I started having more dreams over that season.

Jesus, Take the Stage

Then one night I actually saw Jesus.

He delivered me from anger and alcohol!

It was the first time I ever saw him, except that time I saw Jesus in Bill's face when I was delivered from purple hair.

My wife and I were never on really good terms and I don't know if I already said it but I would routinely endure three-hour long lectures that were not only circular and illogical but also factually wrong and very emotionally draining.

Sometimes they would coincide with local pagan holidays and of these there were many. I began to watch the calendar to prepare myself beforehand. But other times it was unpredictable.

So I would just wait them out, get some chocolate, wait for her to tire herself out and fall asleep crying, give her chocolate, a headache tablet and water, apologize in the middle of the night when she was too tired to argue, and that was how I lived.

This one time however, I decided to actually discuss her accusations and it was a big fight. I went to bed in the small office / storage room and was just fed up with this life when I fell asleep and saw Jesus.

It was first like a cartoon actually. But when I saw him I began to have convulsions. I could not look at him—and yet I was electrified, rather *electrocuted* and I could not look away either—as I shook and shook uncontrollably watching this cartoonish play, He was standing on a stage and things were upside down and then turned right-way up and I broke out of the dream—it was terrifying to look at him and impossible to look away even though he was like a cartoon in appearance, but I broke out of sleep and sat straight up in bed and I was totally empty, hollow. I mean I was delivered of both my anger and my taste for alcohol. I had always had a knot in my stomach, I felt that knot for years and years, but now it was gone and I was ... empty. Empty but free.

I felt in a way like I was on a diet or a fast or something. Why was that!? But I knew my anger was gone, and from then on I never drank alcohol again. I went back to my own bedroom and apologized for being angry and we both slept soundly.

A Career Move

By that Summer I had two good job offers. One very close to my house on Lantau Island which was a two-year contract to work again as a government English teacher but in two small local junior high schools. They were too small and rural in the mountain and beach areas of Lantau Island to have their own government teacher each, so they had to share one! It was a choice position: teaching English to children by a tropical beach and forested jungle only a few minutes away from my home! Second offer was from a University about an hour away and they wanted me to teach English, and I felt it could also be a great step forward. Done with magazines for ever! Only during the interview they kept asking me about my experience with publishing, especially with graphic design. I told them yes, I did all that, but I had moved on. Well, they said, what they were really looking for, besides an English lecturer, was someone to replace the recently departed graphics design teacher! They called me in for the interview not for English but mostly for teaching graphic design!

The University really pushed to convince me that their offer was a career move for me, and I could apply for tenure by the second semester. Even though the pay was less than the government English teacher job and they were an hour away from home, it was the best opportunity for me. How kind of them to explain it to me like that. It was also a very mediocre University and to get to it you had to walk through the new mega mall in Kowloon Tong. Funny, my first summer in Hong Kong I took classes at that school for my overseas law program before the mega mall was even built! The architects were Ove Arup and they had a swanky office in it in as well, you'll hear their name come up again soon as well. It's a small town after all.

So ... I decided to take the real job, the University job. It was great. I had a few hundred students who wanted to learn graphic design software and even though I was self-taught I really knew the stuff better than I thought I did. The English I had to teach was English for construction engineering students and was very easy for me. I was also super popular with the students, easily the most popular teacher in my department. So I decided, what a relief this was! I was done working for myself and this was a place I could settle in for the next 10 to 20 years, write more novels, and the offer of tenure was really a draw. I could be tenured in four months! I did the best I could and probably out-shone most of my colleagues, I went the extra, extra mile any chance I could and just jumped into the role with my

whole heart.

No wonder I got fired!

My colleagues were less educated, less intelligent, less hard working, especially since for me it was like being rescued from drowning, so I did all I could to be the best instructor I could ... so it was very easy to fire me before the next semester began—this was a common pattern in Hong Kong jobs. People who worked too hard were commonly singled out and removed. An American proverb is 'the early bird gets the worm.' The Chinese equivalent proverb is, 'the bird that flies above the flock gets his head chopped off.' Being an overachiever makes life harder on everyone else around you who are just trying to survive. If you go and raise the bar like that, you're going to get the chop! It's like what they call the Tall Poppy Syndrome in Australia. I had friends who warned me. And I did, I got the chop.

But it was also because the guy I replaced, the guy who quit and took half the department with him, negotiated to return to his old post! It was an academic blackmail tactic for him to try and get a pay raise; it worked. So they fired me saying I didn't fit into their department because my Ph.D. was not an academic doctorate but a professional doctorate, so I was not qualified to work in their department actually. But you knew that when you hired me! The same guy who tried to convince me this was the best job for me, a proper career move, was now trying to justify why I was fundamentally ineligible to hold that position! But it was just their excuse. How ironic that just as I had decided I could settle down, be safe, secure, take it easy—Bang!—there it was again, the open door. Freedom—horrible, horrible freedom!

2005 ... And thus it begins ...

Prepared ... Positioned ... Perplexed. Things were surely about to hot up.

January 2005 and first, my main concern was finding an income but I also decided I needed to pray every day and so I set aside an hour daily to do that. It began to bear fruit immediately and God gave me two visions and a dream about my income.

About my financial stability He first told me, "What you want won't come by handing out CV's." A CV is the British version of a résumé—I certainly didn't share that with my wife at the time, I knew she would say it was just my excuse not to find a real job.

About a week later I was praying again and again it was for money and provision and I heard God say, "The whole world is yours, just take it."

Surely not, I said! So I told God, "That's not in the Bible! You can't say that!"

I bet God loves it when we correct his mistakes. Sure enough, that or the next day I opened the Bible to Psalm 2! It reads, "Ask of Me, and I will surely give the nations as Your inheritance, And the very ends of the earth as Your possession." I later clarified, "Are you serious? Will you *really* give me nations as my inheritance?" And faster than I could anticipate and with more emphasis than I asked him the question he said, "ABSOLUTELY!"

About a year later I would actually see my inheritance as a room in the spirit, only a few feet above my head, set aside before I was born and IN MY NAME and with everything I would need for this life and all I needed

to do to withdraw any of it was to take it by faith.

That's crazy, right?!! But then we must have a God who's crazy!!

But God was teaching me step by step everything I needed to learn or asked him to teach me. It was slower than I wanted but it was real progress.

Rising Out of the Forest, the Purple Puzzle Piece.

Meanwhile that same week in a vision, or maybe in a dream, but I first remember seeing like a messy image, like things were a mess, but I could see movement so I knew it was a vision and soon it looked like I was rising, like I was being picked up, being raised off the ground; yes, and then I saw the tops of trees and realized, Oh, OK, I've been lost in a forest! Over the treetops I could see the ocean and a bay, and a second bay that extended further out into the sea and these two bays had a very distinct shape. I could draw it, it was so clear. And since then I looked all over for that view and could not find any ocean view that looked out to two bays like that. Like I said it was a very distinct shape. And anyway as this was happening I said out of my spirit in the vision, "I will rise up as on the wings of eagles." And the part that comes first, "They that wait upon the Lord," well, I must have already been doing it because now I was actually rising up.

Then in the vision I looked up and there was a puzzle being put together in the sky; it was all purple (my color!) and the last row was being put into place, piece by piece and then, Wow! That place was for me! and I was put into the exact place where I belong—I fit in like a puzzle piece fits exactly where it was made to fit in.

He also told me that week that if I would make up with my old pastor Patrick from New Hampshire, that God would bless me. So I called him on the phone and even sent him some money as well.

Is the Puzzle Solved?

Now, concerning the Purple Puzzle Piece, I won't fully spoil the surprise, but nearly 10 years later I was already in the Philippines sent by God on a real mission, not a weekend vacation, but a real life-purpose-fulfilling kind of mission. The Lord unexpectedly gave us a luxury 9-bedroom mansion overlooking the ocean and shore of Panglao Island,

a house that I would guess was about 9,000 ft²—a small hotel actually. The upstairs wrap-around balcony overlooked the ocean and had nightly views of glorious sunsets, but on holidays also gave us a vantage for many dozens of private fireworks displays, very popular where we live in the Philippines. We would sit out on the balcony and say, Well it's getting late, we need to go to sleep, so let's count just three more shooting stars before we go in, which would only be about five minutes later. It was a beautiful but very trouble-attracting house.

So one day I was photographing some family ministry guests on the balcony. I turned around to face the floor-to-ceiling glass walls that lined the balcony so I had my back to the ocean view and in the camera view, right behind the people I was photographing, I saw the reflection of the ocean view—AND I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! IT CANNOT BE! But yes, there it was, the two bays from this 10 year old vision. I had been staring at it for months in this house—it was the view of the ocean and shore of Panglao Island—but in reflection. It meant I was soon going to find where I fit in, exactly where I was made to fit. What a wild ride!

So back in 2005, and well, I can't share all the prophecies I got at this time, the volume becomes quite high. The more I prayed, the more God spoke to me, pure and simple. Most of what God talked to me about was my marriage, and love life—sometimes quite explicitly, which I won't share! I not only asked God about my love life, he was happy to counsel me, even during moments of private intimacy! I wasn't hiding anything from the Lord and he was blessing me in every area I let him into!

Do you let God talk to you about sex? If you don't let him into your sex life to cover it, then who rules it? Whatever you give to God he will prosper and bless. Just think about that a little.

But still back in Hong Kong 10 years before, and my wife would still very frequently get upset and give me lectures that yes, still often lasted three hours! It was not just illogical but circular and often factually backwards. The best thing I could do was just listen. If I commented and pointed out a contradiction or mistake or wrong memory it would just prolong it.

After one of these long lectures I went to my office space shaking my head and God spoke to me, "It's not You she's angry at." Well, that helped but then who was she angry at? I was the one taking all the abuse!

God's Desire ... for a Mainstream Magazine

Later in April I was at my computer and I realized I had just taught so many kids how to make magazines, I had freshened up on my publishing software skills, and I was going to Julia's church. Her pastor was a Filipino architect, and the whole church was mostly all Filipinos, mostly kids of domestic helpers, but the law had already changed a few years before and domestic helpers could not bring their kids to Hong Kong anymore. So this was a small group of Filipino kids in Hong Kong and they were very gifted as dancers and musicians. But they had a lot of trouble with drugs and sin and things, but I thought, maybe I could design a concept for a Christian magazine for youth in Hong Kong. I worked on it for a day.

The next day at the computer it hit me! Literally. I was thinking about the magazine for Christian youth and wondered what about making a mainstream magazine for Christians?

And it was like a BOMB of JOY that hit me so powerfully I nearly fell over laughing. God's real joy was to talk to his people in a mainstream magazine! So I started on the project immediately.

Then I recalled the old instructions I had to make a magazine, an adequate magazine for Filipinas. Before what we made was more like a fashion lifestyle magazine, this would be a Christian magazine. God confirmed it. In the youth magazine we added a small comic strip, *The Chronicles of Silver*, which was about angels helping people in Hong Kong and angel warfare and things and which just kept getting bigger and longer ... and then just as we decided the comic strip should be its own comic book—my wife began to hear God's voice herself.

About this time my wife was on a flight and they had a massive engine fire at night and the trail of fire behind the engine was very shocking. You are supposed to go back, land, change the crew, take on a fresh team, but the pilots did not want to do that and made the same ladies get back on a new plane and go all the way to Australia, an 8-hour flight after the very scary fire. Over the ocean there was intense turbulence so bad that people were crying and praying not to die. This also happened to coincide with a serious back injury she had. She was off work for many weeks, and ever since 9-11 she did not want to fly anymore anyway, but had a lot of reasons to stay—my own lack of a steady career the main one.

Understandably growing up modestly deprived in India and getting a job as an international flight attendant at Cathay Pacific, well you can

image how hard it would be to let that go. She was wrestling with the idea and went to the beach to pray. She got back and I asked her, "Did God speak to you?"

"No! But the funniest thing happened! I was just running my hands through the sand and asking God, 'If I quit my job where will our money come from, just thin air?' And at that moment I picked up some sand and let it run through my fingers and there was a coin! But I said to myself, 'No, that's not God talking to me!' Then I saw a caterpillar in the sand and it couldn't walk in the sand so I put a stick next to it but it was too stupid to see that I was trying to help it. Just get on the stick! I'll help you!"

"But God didn't talk to you?"

"No, but," ... and she began to laugh. "Maybe that was God talking to me?"

Her Sacrifice Bore Immediate Fruit

She soon did quit her job, took a BIG leap of faith and we used her severance money to live on for a time while we started the magazines. But this is where things start to get interesting.

One day I made breakfast and came back to the bedroom and she had her head under the covers. I think it was Sunday because my daughter was home without our helper and I asked suspiciously, "What are you doing?"

She took off the sheet, "God is talking to me."

"That's good," I said, incredulously.

"No, wait ..." and she quieted her heart and started speaking what God was telling her and it knocked me to the floor!

Any question we asked God, even what I asked God privately in my own heart, he would tell her the answer to!

He was mostly chatting about us, about my daughter, about his love for his people, but then we asked him about specific people like the kids and people at church and the Filipino pastor and his wife, and for every person he had something unique and personal to say about their true heart, their journey, their future.

Then I got really upset.

I had been hearing God's voice for maybe 15 years and NEVER had a personal conversation with him. Here my wife was fighting me almost every day over everything, especially over church and religion and the Bible, and now he was just talking to her in her heart like they were best

buds! That's what I was thinking when God spoke, "And tell Ed not to be jealous!"

"What? I'm not ... jealous!" I lied.

She closed her eyes and listened more and said, "God says, yes you are, but don't be. I speak to everyone in their own way."

Well that made me TWICE as jealous!

My 'way' was piecing together indecipherable puzzle pieces for fifteen years, scattered dreams and ideas that made no sense, and 'her way' was to resist the Lord, the Holy Spirit, refuse to read the Bible, make my life miserable for following God and WHAMMY, she gets to talk with him like BFF!! That was TOO MUCH!

"But also," God continued talking to me through her, "EVERYONE can hear my voice in their own hearts, if they would just quiet themselves down and listen."

Learning to Quiet Myself Down And Listen

This began an intense period of learning from God while we struggled for everything. Making a magazine is hard, making four, without proper help or money was painful. We hired two very talented local Filipina sisters from the church to help with the comic. One drew, the other colored and shaded the drawings in the computer. Their whole family were musicians, extremely talented I might add. But our money ran out, our food ran out and God was still trying to teach and lead us the whole time. He said things like:

"The same principles of solving a problem of paying \$500 apply to paying US\$5 million, which you will also pay out ... you will buy and sell houses."

"How to claim a promise from God? By faith. When I speak a promise to you faith will grow in your heart and you can act knowing with 100% certainly that I will not fail. The world calls it taking a risk, but THERE IS NO RISK if I made a promise...."

"God is telling us to DREAM BIG, pray like in a dream not bound by reality but only by WHAT GOD CAN DO. Pray and wait in faith; this is your faith, patience with the right attitude...."

I'll share a few pages of those conversations in just a minute because I don't want to keep jumping back and forth, but the five main areas of struggle I needed God's help with included first, our immediate needs as our cash flow was so low; the constant ongoing friction with my wife; third, the Filipino church we were attending was small and family run and they didn't know what to do with us; fourth, our new magazine publishing ministry/business was a huge challenge, and coming in last was God's teaching of us and His preparation of our future calling.

You can be a Prophet, if you want to

So at this time I was praying daily and taking frequent walks up into the forest to a cemented catch-water that ran along the valley hillsides above our village. There was a wide paved road for service vehicles by the deep cemented river channel where we saw turtles and one time a baby barking deer! I used to go up there to pray a lot. One time I was up there and God asked me point blank if I wanted to be a prophet. He said I could be one if I wanted to.

I thought about it for a while.

Well, I guess so. It's not going to be a problem or anything, right?

It also confused me. I was prophesying a long time already, at least I was getting dreams, a few visions and things already. What would it mean to NOW be a prophet? How is prophesying different from being a prophet?

The next day up there again and God asked me if I wanted to raise the dead. I avoid death and horror movies and anything of the sort. I don't want the spirit of death anywhere near me, but then I thought, well, if someone died and I could raise them back to life, it would mean so much to their kids or parents or just the family and friends in general. If I could do that and refused, I would feel awful.

I found a dead lizard, a small gecko, all dried up and laid my fingers on it and told it to rise up, come back from the dead. I waited. It ignored

me. Hmm, there must be something more to this than just using the right words. OK, I said, Yes. I will raise the dead. I just needed him to teach me how. Later he said, of both offers I think, “The price / burden is high.”

God the Provider

When my wife was praying about my law school debt, she saw a vision of a hill and it was split in half so you could walk through the middle of it. God would ‘split’ it in half maybe? Anyway we’d get ‘through’ it.

And I was fighting to carry the weight of this season, knowing I was following God but also fearful I was about to collapse. I had no fellowship, no support, no friends but a lot of naysayers and discouragement—and then I found this prophetic word that I got from the ICA church six or seven years before. It was exactly what I needed to hear right now! It was this:

You Are Not a Failure

“You are not a failure. From your mother’s womb I created you to be unique. I have plans for you. I have a destiny for you. From your mother’s womb I created you. Do not be like Gideon who thought he was too small—the Angel of the Lord is there to fight for you. You are a mighty man of valour. {have faith in God, not trust in the flesh} ... I have plans for you to prosper and not harm you. There will be a change of circumstances as God rearranges the situation. A change of accommodations. Tell your elders what God is doing in your life, bit by bit, tell the elders. And when it is hard, set your face like flint. Follow God’s purpose. Prophecy for God’s glory NOT YOUR OWN. A pillar in God’s building. I saw a pillar of strength. Strength and Determination, Conviction, Faith. A small room does not need a pillar, but a large building to allow open spaces.” [End]

Wow, that was from ICA six years before! People were hearing God like that right at ICA and I missed it! Maybe we could have skipped six years of this wilderness, well, maybe not, but God had been moving right there the whole time.

And what did God mean, Prophecy for HIS GLORY not my own? I didn’t ‘prophecy’ like that. A pillar? Unique. Don’t be like Gideon. These ideas stayed with me, guiding me ever since. But right in the middle was that phrase, burned into my memory from reading it so many times over

and over, “I have plans for you to prosper and not harm you.” This was spoken to me in the word, ‘A Special Woman For You.’ What did it mean?

Then we began to have occasional weeknight prayer meetings, like a home group, they called a Home Cell, and one time I was praying about my overall situation and suddenly ... oh, no! ... God was about to show me something absolutely terrifying.

Vision of Satan’s Fortress

I published this vision later in our prophecy journal, HKI; it has a slightly different tone than I am writing in now. Just go with it!

But what happened was we were praying at home for breakthrough during a time of intense intercession. The Holy Spirit’s presence was so powerful that it felt like we were standing in spiritual fire. I was proclaiming the Lord’s promises in the strongest faith I had; I demanded breakthrough in Jesus’ name against Satan regarding my finances, and in the flow of the Holy Spirit I quoted the strongest promises I knew. I was desperate.

Then I sensed the presence of a stronghold of Satan as if I was approaching it, as it were, just around the corner. I could not see it yet but I knew I was about to. I froze—what would I see? I was thinking it would be some kind of great fortress from *Lord of the Rings*, mighty and powerful, made of stone like a castle, fortified, hosting an army, immovable, impenetrable. I knew Satan’s fortress was spoken about this way and so that is what I expected to see. I was hesitant to face it, and honestly, fearful of this challenge.

Satan had battered me so badly in this area for so many years I was fearful and I often believed I was totally defeated in the area of finances and that I would never have success in it no matter what I did—as many family and friends constantly reminded me.

Yet God had also given me several personal promises, as well as so many general promises in Scripture, that I would have great victory in this area, far greater than a mere reversal of the situation, which itself would be a great victory. God encouraged me that this would become an area of very great strength in my life ... if only I would believe.

So this night I pressed in, strengthening myself in God’s power to demolish Satan’s works as best I could, and the spirit of warfare, like Samson had, or like David’s Mighty Men, fell on me. Jesus later told

me that “Faith is the fight against Fear,” and that’s what I seized on to destroy: FEAR! I began to pray in God’s wrath against the enemy in total confidence of HIS overpowering ability. I have to say I love being in that anointing—it’s just so powerful!

And so I began pumping myself up for a mighty struggle in the spirit, and all I would do was rely on God’s power to help me overcome this obstacle ... if Satan has a fortress, God’s weapons MUST still be superior. If Satan has a garrison defending it, God MUST HAVE an ARMY far greater to attack and destroy it! OK! Let’s face it! The fight is on! Let me see it! ... and then I did ... and *I BURST OUT LAUGHING!*

This is what the Lord showed me ... To put it simply, I saw that Satan’s ‘fortress’ is a TOTAL LIE.

It is not so much of a fortress as a badly constructed play fort. First of all, it was small, not huge. Second, it was made out of tree branches and sticks held together with bits of frayed rope and pieces of string! It was basically weaker than a play fort I made when I was about nine years old. This ‘fortress’ was staffed ... but by only ONE demon, which was short, fat and rather dull. Sure, he was armed ... but only with a homemade spear, made from a sharp rock tied to the end of a stick and he was banging it on the floor and chanting, trying to sound like he was a numerous, powerful army, ‘*Hooga chooga, hooga chooga.*’ The greatest asset this great ‘fortress’ had was the hyped-up propaganda telling us lies about how powerful it was. It had no strength, no army, no weapons, just ... LIES!

Really, when I saw it with God’s sight I actually broke out laughing!!! I too had believed the hype that Satan’s strongholds are a mighty fortress, and really when I saw it for what it was, it was such a *JOKE!*

When I was laughing at the shabby ‘fortress’ made so badly, with such useless materials I heard the demon speak like an embarrassed weakling and say, “Don’t laugh! It was all I had to build with,” which made me keep laughing all the more!

It was so weak I realized all I had to do to destroy it was just wave my hand in the air dismissively and say something like, “No, you don’t exist. There’s nothing there to even think about,” and so we destroyed that stronghold against my finances with just a wave of the hand. Then that demon ran away yelling, “Get back, get back! Here they come!”

I saw that we have been taught and have somehow believed Satan’s lies that he is powerful, and so we have never attacked him in the fullness of the Spirit in us, as it says in God’s Word to do. But when we finally

build up our faith and courage in the Lord, (not in our own strength) it isn’t even a fight. Imagine the onslaught of a professional army of mighty modern military power—going up against a child’s play fort made of tied up sticks and string—that’s God’s power against the enemy!

Yet this stronghold was preventing me from occupying a very large territory in my life, and with this stronghold gone, I could redraw the map of my life, changing the very way I live, and now be able to occupy and build on that land extensively.

Can We Build With The Same Materials?

When I realized God was talking to me symbolically in a way, I began wondering if I should ‘reclaim the materials’ from Satan’s fort, and reuse them somehow, but the Spirit told me they were not suitable building materials for anything.

I later realized that the Bible says that everything we build will be tested with fire. (1 Corinthians 3:13-15) I also later read that God’s word is a fire (Jeremiah 23:29) and there are other verses as well. So I proclaimed that all of the materials Satan used to build with would be thrown away and burned up.

Then I had to think, now that I am going to build a new life in this territory which was held back from me, what should I build with? To stop me from having access to this territory, this freedom—my finances basically—Satan used the materials “he could find,” which I understood to be lies, fear, doubt, insecurity, or my memories of past failures to discourage me. But when I build I will use the most expensive and most sturdy materials I can get, namely the Word of God, God’s Wisdom over Man’s ways; God’s plans over my ambitions from his prophecy to me, etc.

This revelation is so powerful because it debunks the lies we have all been taught and at some level all believe until we confront the reality of Satan’s power in our lives with Faith in the power of Jesus. Ask anyone to describe their idea of ‘Satan’s fortress’ and they will all say similar things as I first thought.

One person even told me this revelation was false—she felt I was not giving proper fear to the Enemy, and for a time that thought greatly discouraged me. I was wondering if it was possible for it to be a false revelation, a demonic lie, because the anointing was so powerful when I saw it, we were in such a tremendous time of intercession, and it gave me

so much hope. That same day while I was privately thinking these things, my wife told me that she was in prayer, and Jesus confirmed the vision to her without me asking anyone about it. The Lord said to her, “Caleb and Joshua saw the giants in Canaan as Ed saw the fortress of Satan.” That means this vision is the truth of the reality of Satan’s ‘fortress’ when we are in faith in the ultimate Power of the Lord Jesus.

Now I suppose that the ‘giants’ if unchallenged, remain whatever Satan says they are. But if challenged in the power of Christ, not in our own power, then the power of His Word will consume Satan’s lies as fire consumes stubble and chaff.

I thank God for this revelation all the time, and share it whenever I can, because God has really encouraged me with it, and it helps me to trust in His power to deliver us from evil. Praise God! [End of Vision]

Still Too Much to Share

There’s just too many things to share so I’m having to skip over many dozens of words just in a few months alone—things on our situation, other insight or teaching he was giving us—I need to keep this focused primarily on how I learned about prophecy itself.

I will mention that my wife then fasted about the opposition to our Filipino Christian magazine and God said it was a Demon of Religion (religious spirit) and that it would fall like the walls of Jericho. He later said this magazine “must reflect Joy, peace and Love, for that is my true character.” We never even did any more on the magazines! Maybe not yet?

And it was also about this time when I met a British man, Adrian Bell, who was married to a Filipino lady, and they lived nearby in Mui Wo and who became close friends of mine. More on him in a few pages.

How God Sees Annoying People!

Also we were still trying to help with the ministry in the small family-run Filipino church but they really did not appreciate it. First they said we were not knowledgeable enough to teach so they revived their training program for new Christians, like a post-Baptism catechism. It was good for my wife I figured since she was fairly new but she had already read the Bible so much by then that when exam time came she got the second highest marks. I got the highest, higher than all their leaders.

But after this the pastor dismissed it saying it still was not enough to

be a teacher or preach or anything since people can be full use useless knowledge, like empty coconuts, and can’t teach God’s word properly. He raised only objections and obstacles to stop us, but who were the people qualified to teach and lead ministry? His teenage children, of course!

We began to feel the snub very personally but I heard God say not to leave—not yet.

Then the pastor held a training session on prophecy and spiritual gifts himself. I think he wanted to make sure he had the first word on this topic to take the wind out of our sails since we were both prophesying so much and wanted to start to share and teach. He found a book and taught what he was reading about, sometimes reading entire passages straight from the book and it was just so frustrating. He had no idea what he was saying personally and was getting things mixed up. Word of Knowledge is knowledge not wisdom; word of wisdom is wisdom not knowledge. Just as I was boiling over the Lord opened my eyes, or rather my heart, and for about 20 minutes during that session I could SEE the pastor through the eyes of the Holy Spirit, to FEEL through the heart of the Holy Spirit, and for lack of a better term He was basically in love with the pastor. He was saying such nice things about him, pointing out his good traits, his service to the community and I just remember feeling the Lord’s feelings of love towards him stronger than you would feel towards anyone else in real life. It was not a word, or a message—I was allowed to share the heart of the Lord, and all he has for us is Love.

Seeing how God sees our struggles and frustrations helped me calm down and have a more ‘sober’ perspective. Surely the God of Vision sees!

Then God gave me a vision and I saw my ministry and his. We as people were both represented as DOTS and the influence we were having was an area around us. Towards the lower section our ministries overlapped, at least they touched and shared a connection, but my ministry was much larger than his, maybe 10 times larger. Then God spoke, saying, “If you do what they say, they will follow what you do.

“They will learn much from you.”

You WILL Eat Adobo!

Then we had a gathering at someone’s house and they made a Filipino dish, adobo, and everyone was so eager to eat it! When I smelled it, it made me sick. I couldn’t eat one bite. The recipe calls for some vinegar,

which I do not like, and they obviously added an extra, extra measure to their own taste! I'd eaten food in India, China, Australia, Thailand, Singapore, Europe ... and this was the worst tasting food I'd ever eaten—I didn't eat any, it was sickening.

Later at home God spoke and said, actually very sternly, "You WILL eat Adobo!" A few years later I was pastor over some Filipina ladies and they made adobo for sharing food at church—everyone was encouraged to bring food for Sunday if they had it to share and they called it 'Pot-Bless,' and I had adobo again it was so good!! It's like a barbecue soy sauce garlic and herb kind of taste. I have no idea what happened that first time! But God knew my first impression needed to be corrected. Now we have adobo all the time, for a season it was probably at least once or twice every week.

But back at the Filipino family church during church service itself I had a vision, a real vision, I mean one when I was awake and in church worshiping and what I saw was three people. One was a Middle-Aged Filipina Woman; then I saw a young boy from India, I'd say maybe from South India by his appearance; but then I saw an African baby and he was crying so bitterly, his hair was not all black—probably malnourished—and it was tightly curled but sticking straight up! I assumed from this that God was calling me to help these three people groups, but he didn't say a word at that time to explain it!

Teresa Seputis and Shandy

Then a lady from America came and hosted a seminar on prophecy, it was not an information session but a practice and training group. She came back a year or two later and held a seminar on healing training. She was wonderful. Practical, empowering, no-nonsense. She was Teresa Seputis. During the worship of the healing seminar a local Hungarian pastor and prophet named Lazslo Kinics (who now goes by the name Lazslo Kings) who is a classically trained pianist as well as a very prophetically gifted minister, well he was leading the worship and I started hearing angels singing!

I was about to get excited and God spoke to me in my heart, "So what? You have GOD inside you!" Wow!

And the first visit she had a helper who was a very young man named Shandy and he prophesied so powerfully to me at a pastor's meeting before the main meeting. He said:

"You Are to Release the Captives; Don't Forget the Vision—It's Important"

"I know that you are a writer and do publishing, but I saw you take a sword and start cutting things. And I saw 'Breakthrough' over you. I saw walls crumbling down, and there's seed ... you're in a preparation time, where God is preparing you for what you dreamt about.

"It's like you are on your training wheels and God is preparing you to ride your bike. There are some things that God is in the midst of doing: Preparing people, and preparing ways, places so you can go.

"And I just see, 'Don't lose hope!—Don't lose the vision and the dream that God's given you because it's important.'

"Simple things,' I heard simple things mean a lot to God. Don't look down on the simple things. The enemy will want you to look down on the simple things but the angels are with you, they come along side of you and God is looking down and saying, 'I love him, I love how he just does what I tell him to. No matter the cost, you're someone who will give his life to something. Throw away everything in front of you at every cost,' and God loves that about you. He's going to use you very powerfully to break down walls; to bring Freedom to people; to break them from the demonic strongholds. I just see all these people getting set free; and you telling people that are in dungeons in the spirit, 'The door's open, you're free,'—I see that in the church.

"There are a lot of people in the church that think they are in jail. That I just see you walking up and saying, 'The doors are unlocked—come out.'

"And I saw a lot of people running with freedom, a lot of leaders, running with freedom because they didn't know that they were free.

"And I saw kids too, I saw like little kids being set free; I just see this heart for kids, to minister to kids—I saw this great army of kids.

"And I saw you have the eyes to see the leaders.

"God is homing in on your eyesight, so you can see which ones are the leaders. Because the leaders will rise up and lead the rest. If you try to take on the whole group, you'll feel overwhelmed; I just really felt like God has called you to the individual. That as you minister to the individual you are ministering to everybody else.

"So lead.

"And don't be discouraged.

"God is very proud of you. And he is very, very proud of you.

“He loves you, and he has not forgotten you.

“I feel like this kind of this Rejection, and this Lonely thing, and God says I am right there, I am right there to give you a hug and support you, because he is your greatest support, and he is THE greatest support. And I just hear him saying, ‘Run my child, run my child,’ like a father looking at his kid on a bike, saying, ‘You can do it, you can do it,’ and he says, ‘You can do it, you have the strength.’ But the Joy of the Lord is your strength, don’t ever forget that; the Joy of the Lord is your strength, your peace and in every situation that’s what will sustain you: His joy, not anything else. The enemy will want you relying on other things.

“And you’ve been learning that doesn’t work.

“And I just really feel like God is bringing you back to the basics.

“That you were a man of simpleness and the enemy tried to get you to be complicated, and God is bringing you back to simple.”

Then he prayed:

“I pray that you will just comfort him you would open his ears and his heart to what you’re saying, that you would confirm everything, because you are a loving God, and you have not forgotten him, I just see other people rising up, alongside of you, your Aaron and your Hur.

“Praise God.” [End of word]

Setting the Captives Free

What is now obvious is the fulfillment of this core idea, we are called to set captives free. Sure, but HOW? And HOW to do it to people who are already in the Church? There are people who think they are in prison, like the Church is a giant jail. This is the effect of the religious spirit, and comes from confusion when people do not understand the ministries that heal broken hearts, set captives free and enlighten them to a living relationship with the Father allowing them to enter the blessings of the Kingdom. Man’s church is bondage, but God’s Kingdom is freedom.

That is the biggest idea Jesus ever taught me, but only much later I was able to ask him to train me and he openly explained Isaiah 61 to me. I write a lot about that and you can see articles on-line about that I am sure.

What I discovered is that the Gospel of the Kingdom is more than the Gospel of Salvation, and the key thing a person needs to be able to possess the promised land, the Kingdom, which is within them, is to have their hearts fully healed, set free and enlightened with a personal experience of

the Father. The Kingdom will come when we conquer every ‘walled city’ within our hearts.

This is the description of the ministry of restoration described in Isaiah 61: heal the broken hearted, release the captives, give sight to the blind ... the restoration it causes will transform people into ‘Oak Trees of Righteousness,’ a planting of the Lord, Displaying his Splendor, and who will then go on to rebuild the ancient generational ruins and be known as ministers, priests and even the ‘Seed’ (of Abraham, of Christ)—those whom God has blessed. It’s a very big deal.

Many years before this Mary prophesied to me, this was way back in New Hampshire, and said I would learn many things from the Lord that would seem like separate ideas but one day God would give me ONE BIG REVELATION that would link them all together ... what she saw was God telling me his interpretation of Isaiah 61—and this is what Shandy was prophesying to me now again—but I was still pretty much 100% clueless!

Halloween Dream....

Finally, before I share some of my wife’s journaling, I also had a dream in this season preparing me for her breakdown. He gave me about 30 clear visions of what was coming but I was probably more in denial and when she left I was still unprepared and totally confused.

In this dream I was only wearing a towel. I mean I was naked but for the towel because I had so little money I could not afford anything for myself. It was all I owned. But anyway it was Halloween so I figured people would assume it was a costume and I got back to doing what I was supposed to be doing and just following the Lord.

But I didn’t even have any shoes! And I looked and there were dry branches on the ground and they can be very sharp and painful if you walked on them with bare feet *but I didn’t care!!* I was so adamant that I was not giving up that I started stomping on the sticks breaking them, defying their power to hurt me, and then continued on my journey.

We had come to what seemed to be the last leg of our journey that was like an eco-challenge or something like a cross-country endurance trek, and next we had to cross a small stream but it was called a ‘river’ on the maps but actually it was tiny. My wife was actually already sitting on the opposite side, but she was resting her feet on this bank still, that’s how small it was, but she was complaining, “We can’t cross the river! It’s too

big and deep.”

That now reminds me of the vision I had about the River Guide, when God asked me, What do you do when you are able to keep going but the people you are entrusted to care for are not?

But to see her already on the other side of the ‘river’ before me, her legs spanning the whole distance, complaining that it can’t be crossed, well it wasn’t funny, it was upsetting.

I just jumped over while she was complaining to show her it wasn’t really an obstacle, but she ignored me, but I also saw that she was wearing clothing, had food, provisions, etc., and all I had was a bath towel and not even any shoes! I mean it, I had NOTHING but still wanted to go on following Jesus.

Her being unwilling to move or see she already had crossed this ‘insurmountable obstacle’ and it making me so upset, I decided to just leave her there and I kept walking on towards the goal alone but immediately got ambushed by all kinds of perverts and weirdos along the path. It was more than temptation, it was sick. I knew I needed my mate to be with me to protect me as well! I was willing but I was unable to do this part alone. So I went back to where she was and said, “OK, let’s just start this leg all over again.”

Then I saw the map showing the small ‘river’ where we were, and it showed ‘by tomorrow you’ll be over here’ but it was like 1,000 miles past the river! How can you go that far a distance in only one day of walking? And the river that had stopped us was not even noticeable on the scale of the journey. [End]

A few months later our money ran out totally and I remember sharing this dream. We needed to pay rent and buy food and owed the two sisters money who were helping me make the magazines. But when we prayed I think I heard God say she was hiding money. It’s preposterous! There was no money to hide.

So I shared this weird word innocently, and she just got up and walked away suddenly. I didn’t understand why, but then she started to cry and said it wasn’t fair. The money was hers and it’s not for me to waste it. What money? And I’m not wasting anything! In the dream I remember she had ‘provision’ with her and then she said, well, when she left her job they gave her a severance package and she secretly kept part of it for herself, so I wouldn’t even know about it.

That’s really none of my business! I wasn’t upset that she did that, it

really was not my money and I didn’t want any of it. But God saw things differently and God said she was hiding it, God provided it for BOTH OF US for these expenses in FOLLOWING HIS WILL and He was the one saying all this, not me!

Talking things over with the Lord herself he asked her to use the money he gave her for what he gave it to her for, mostly household expenses but also some to pay the girls to help me finish the magazines.

I really did not feel comfortable with any of this. I am not asking for anyone’s money, especially when she obviously was not willing to even let me know it existed! I’d rather go completely without anything than even desire her money or anyone else’s. I then got worried about how God was seeing this. I don’t want to mention the people’s names in Acts who lied to God about their money and how it cost them.

The dream came in July, and our money ran out in October near Halloween when we had this conversation. But five years later, also on Halloween, was the last day we lived together. She left our family around 11 or 12 pm on Halloween night, secretly, in the middle of the night and moved out, that’s when she left the church, the ministry and our family. The dream had a double fulfillment. But maybe I’ll get to that later.

Orca Jumping—Dessert with Disney

My wife also had a dream of the impossible situation we were in and walking out on a floating pier by the shore and saying something like, “It’s not like God is going to just have a big miraculous solution appear!” Just as she said that, a huge orca, a killer whale, jumped out of the water and passed over her head and splashed down on the other side of the pier! I guess that’s exactly what God had planned! [End]

I also had a dream of Disney giving me a big check and giving me a huge dinner party; I mostly remember the desserts. Everyone left and I was alone with all the desserts and a big check from Disney. [End]

Lastly before I share those nice words from the Lord to my wife directly I’ll mention going to the Tree of Life Church the first time.

We were still trying to get our magazines produced and started to talk to other ministries and churches to get the word out. No one was very supportive, some openly said they would not help us. I even went to a church called The Tree of Life Church, [not their real name actually] which

had just moved into a large office property downtown and I met with two people to discuss our project. One was Kurt Tomlinson, a musician, and son of the co-head-pastor Mike Tomlinson, and another lady, an American, from the wealthy area of Discovery Bay. I had not spoken to any more than one or two Americans a year for quite a long time and it was both comforting and disconcerting at the same time to sit and talk with these Western Christians. How had I lost touch with my American background so completely that I was uncomfortable even meeting other Westerners like this!

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Have a Talk with God

OK, so here's a few pages of personal prophecy and what we later called 'prayer journaling,' most all of it is from my wife over that time. She was so close to the Lord and hearing his voice so clearly for a long time, it's amazing to read these words and think how things later unfolded.

Remember when she was hiding under the blanket hearing God's voice for the first time? Well, this is what she was hearing. It's ten pages long so I can only paraphrase it, but God was telling her how he sees her, me, our daughter, Tiara, telling her our daughter will do great things in God's name one day—I think Tiara was 8 years old at the time—etc. Asking about her, my wife asked God:

"Is she a diamond?"

The Lord: "Yes."

"Is that my word? What would you call her?"

The Lord: "A jewel. You are proud of her, that's good. I trust her in your hands. She can be the jewel that you shape her to be. There's some people I take care of, and there's some I give to others to take care of. I gave her to you. I like watching Tiara play. Nice imagination. She brings me joy. She's doing an 'Ed' on me."

The Lord: "If you make your heart pure, you will see me."

The Lord: "The meek will inherit the earth. Jesus is humble. He's the example. Be like Jesus. Jesus knew everything. He has my wisdom. He was the closest anyone can get to me. I love Jesus."

The Lord: "I am a happy God. I love to laugh. It's easy to make me happy."

We had been on safari in South Africa over New Years and saw many kinds of animals but didn't see any cheetah and she asked God about that. God said, "They were right there. Right in the grass."

"This is bizarre," she said.

The Lord: "I am a bizarre God! I can be goofy too. I love it when people get to know my lighter side." Then he told my wife she has to lighten up adding, "I knew Ed would like that but I'm working on him too."

He said our daughter was anointed to pick up the good things. "She'll see the good. She'll see me. I talk to Tiara all the time; she listens very well." Then added, "Tiara should eat apples instead of drinking apple juice. She should eat it because I made it. Eat what I made. People ask me to bless what they made, but you can eat what I made for you and it will bless you. You can eat what I made.

The Lord: "People don't recognize how close to them I am.

The Lord: "You can eat what you made, things are really not bad, but wouldn't you prefer what I made?"

Then Tiara said, "God's people eat the fruit of the Spirit and it's fruit that never goes bad."

God said, "Listen to her! ... Eat an apple. Thank God and it will bless you truly, and I will bless you. I made it with a lot of love."

Then we started asking God about each of the kids in the youth group, about 30 of them in all, and other people in the church, including the pastor, and even some neighbors. What was so interesting is that when He gave a personal word for each one of them, each one was in a different style matching the personality of the person he was talking about!

About one he said he had a pure heart, another he said was special in his sight, another girl he said was "My Heart" and that she had a close relationship with her sister that God liked so much.

Another teenager God said was, "My baby. I will protect and nurture him. He will do good things in my name. I love being with him. He has a lot of peace and compassion, kindness, joy, humble, meek, My Baby!"

Then the older boy, "David, the anointed one, has a very big heart. I will use him mightily. Tell him everything he wants I can give him. Dream,

dream BIG. If he keeps his willingness, I will show him the way. It's up to him. David's job is to choose life. He will always do great things as long as he keeps choosing life."

To one of the pastor's daughters who was a gifted singer and worship leader, he said she was, "A flute, a sweet harmony, peace, praise. She will lead the angels. She is a torch that will light the darkness and shine forth brightly, from bottom to top, she will sing for me, she will protect God's people with her song, she will bring me into the presence of many."

To her sister, the pastor's other daughter, he said she is, "a darling girl. She will heal. She is soft. She will find herself in me. She has gone through a lot of what Ed went through. She will rest and have peace and joy in me and abundance in me."

To an older lady in the fellowship he said she, "will have the desires of her heart. Tell her I know what she wants. I am giving it to her. She will bless and touch many. She is pure. Thank her for opening her house (to home group meetings). I will bless that home for it." I know later she earned a lot of money and built a nice mansion in the Philippines!

Another lady had worked in Mozambique with Heidi Baker for a summer during the bad floods and God had so much to say about her! He called her, "My love, my joy. I delight in her. She has a baby. (At the time she was trying but could not get pregnant) She has me. She has many, they are all hers. In Africa. She did more than so many mothers. She had babies that call her mother who knew of a mother's love because of her. She doesn't know that. She blessed my children. Tell her, She's the best mother. I will never forget that. She is gold for what she did."

To the Filipino pastor's wife, "You are a mother and I am your father. They have you and you have me. I have with you what you have with them. I will always love you, give you. Take care of these. My people are yours. Be cautious, be mighty. I shall bless the work of your hands."

To the pastor, "My gold poured out. Molding, shaping. Trust me, give me. I am yours. I will give you. You are mine. You gave yourself to me and I accepted. Thank you. You will bless Ed, and he will bless you. You will glorify me ... in a way, together, but not together. ... Angels will sing as you do my will. You are mine and I will make you holy in all places. Rise up and shine, go forth, reach out."

To the one girl who had the most beautiful heart he said, "The power of meekness—too many people don't know the power of meekness. Fools! Wake up and be wise! When will you get it? See the power in humility, in meekness, in love. Love conquers all. Love destroys everything. Why

is Love weak? Does that make any sense? How can you fall for that lie!? I AM LOVE. Look what I have done. How can Love be weak? Look at Jesus. Look at how he drew people to him! Strangers! Crowds upon crowds. Why? Humility, meekness, purity, calmness, peace, gentleness. There's a radiance. What figure in authority can do that? Can anything from Satan do that?

"What draws a crowd of strangers to you? Jesus! People like Jesus. The power of humility. The power of a servant heart. The power to raise the dead because he was humble, because he was a servant, humble, gentle, love. He loved. He loved everyone he spoke to and everyone he spoke to knew and felt that.

"The Power of Love."

There was 10 pages of personal words like this that first day alone.

Then he went back to talk to us more about Tiara. "Tiara will bless her Mom and Dad. I gave her to you as much as I gave you to her. See what you got—equal. Three vital parts. We are a team, stuck together.

There will be a fourth. When he comes ... (like a boyfriend) ... Tiara can" But she could not hear the rest clearly.

Then she understood who was talking was specifically Jesus who said, "I love little children. I love little Tiara. I want to be with her all the time, tell her stories, put her on my lap and talk to her. We can play the harmonica together. I'll show you pretty places, flowers that you have never seen before, butterflies that you have never seen before, water that you have never seen before, waterfalls that you have never seen before, beauty that you have never seen before, a dream land. Music that you have never heard before, birds ... a beautiful place, and you will write stories about it, 'The Land of Jesus: where little children play.' I like your imagination Tiara, write about me. Paint for me."

Then God said to me about the girl who was drawing Silver, our angel warfare comic, "Listen to her vision for the magazine, for SILVER. Listen to her sometimes, more often than you do. But it's you two (me and my wife): I will give you many who will teach you and guide you but you will always lead."

I still think about this: we were already finished with the comic issue 1 and 2 and had to soon close it all down. We never did any more on it. Not yet anyway! But he told me to listen to the artist more than I did. Am I going to remake it? Make it into a movie? Hmmm ...

Concerning the magazines, that yes, we closed down shortly afterwards but he said it was, "A great and glorious project. Like royalty marching through the desert. Camels laden with silk Victory all the way!! Steadfast, loyal, Royal, Regal." She saw me as a king wearing ... Purple! She said it was, "a caravan in a wasteland!"

Now all I wonder if these projects will be revived? Why not?

And A Dialogue About Intimacy:

This is one of the special early conversations my then-wife had with the Lord.

The Lord: "Ed is my pet, look at him. How can you not like him? I gave you to Ed, because you can love him like I love him."

My Wife: "But I tell him off sometimes."

The Lord: "Yuh! Sometimes you get a bit carried away but a lot of times he needs to hear what you have to say."

My Wife: "He bugs me sometimes though."

The Lord: "Yup, me too. But you still gotta like him! I made him like that. He bugs me too but I like it!"

The Lord: "You will go places."

The Lord: "**I want to experience my people. I don't just want them to know me, but to experience me. I want to get personal with them.**"

My Wife: "Do we have something to do with this?"

The Lord: "You have everything to do with this."

My Wife: "Is this what the magazines are for?"

The Lord: "Yes."

My Wife: "What about our slogan 'maturity through unity'?"

The Lord: "Important too, but I LOVE my people. I want to get personal with them, like you just now. Baby, this is what I want. **I want my people to enjoy me. They respect me, but I want them to enjoy me.**"

The Lord: "Tell them Baby, Tell them Ed. I love my people, I am proud of you, I am your father. Come to my open arms. Let me embrace you, you are mine. You are everything to me."

Ed: "I want to talk to God like this too."

The Lord: "It's about Love, not about pride—he needs to hear that. You are MY son, you are MY boy."

The Lord: "Love, love, love, love. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you—I'll shout it from the top of the mountain if I have too. Once he gets Me he will never let me go; that's why you are worth waiting for."

The Lord: "Ed, you are my everything."

My Wife: "What do you mean by that?"

The Lord: "He will get it. He will understand, discover it."

The Lord: "Ed is dynamite. Ed is separated for Great Things."

My wife added: "God likes the word precious, but not like in Lord or the Rings, no funny little man. He likes colors."

My Wife: "You are an amazing God."

The Lord: "Yes, thank you."

My Wife: "You are the God that made these hills, this beautiful greenery, you created all this, how come you are talking to me?"

The Lord: "You need to get this, this is what I like."

My Wife: "Thank you God. But I mean, there's sickness, poverty, so much else to take your time, why is something like this, just chatting with me, so important?"

The Lord: "I have sickness and poverty in my control. I can take care of that. **But I can't force people to love me.** There are many of my people who are giving themselves to help with sickness and poverty, and I am very blessed by that, but I want you to tell people to love me."

My Wife: "I'm sorry it's taken me so long to fellowship with you like this."

The Lord: "That's OK, little girl you're here now."

Then my wife asked Jesus again to help save us from my law school loan debt, which really terrified her, and she saw my law school loans as if on a balance sheet—and it suddenly started getting smaller and smaller and then went to zero in a matter of mere seconds! She also heard: "You will buy and sell houses."

He later said, "A test of faith is a test of character" He explained that a lot.

And He said, "A trial about money ... is NEVER about the money." That's quite interesting! Since most of the trials we endured for 15 years or more ... were about not having enough money! Hmmm.

In July He explained a passage in Psalms 2, and said this was how we were created but we've been lost so long (meaning humanity) that we think we've been made in Satan's image!

God then said one day, "Eddie will find himself in me."

Later I reminded him, "I don't like being called 'Eddie.'"

"I know; you will."

How Do You Claim A Promise From God?

"Faith is how you claim the promise from God. Take a step out in faith and boldly do something because you know for a fact that the promise exists. He prepares you bit by bit and you practice with smaller things then go bigger and bigger, but you are always called to higher levels of faith—it's what the secular world calls 'taking a risk.' You do it according to God's leading and the guidance of the Holy Spirit—you can't pretend it, you can't pretend your faith exists, you can't fake it. You can't have a 'let's give it a try, I'll give it my best shot' attitude. You pray for it, you ask for it, you dwell on my promise and you allow your faith to just grow and it bubbles over and your heart just overflows with confidence that nothing and no one will shake. And you make a decision and take a step out in faith because you know 100% that you will see the promise come to pass. **There is no doubt when you take a step in faith, there is no fear when you take step in faith, most of all, you know with bold confidence that THERE IS NO RISK when you take a step in faith.** Again I say you can't fake faith, you can't force it, you can't pretend it—faith just is.

"And it grows in you as you grow in Me, and when you dream big as I ask you, parallel to your dream will be a rise in your faith. Faith is how you claim and faith is how you get the promise—it can't be taught—it's a natural consequence of opening your heart to Me.

"A declaration of faith is a declaration of a truth that is in the future. You can't pretend it's true—you KNOW it's true. This kind of faith comes through prayer and asking. I will teach you, I will guide you. All you do is seek it and listen when I teach. It is how all the disciples learnt and eventually operated in the same faith as Jesus." [End]

God Is Telling Us To Dream Big

“Dream big, do it according to the will of God, and then dream the biggest dream, get the biggest vision.”

She explained God was showing her that God works through his people, and His dreams for His people are big and he works through those who are willing, and can be a source that he can use to let His Will come to pass.

So if your dream is of anything according to His Will—like having a good job to provide for your family, to be provided for abundantly over your needs so you can bless others—then dream and have a vision to let your imagination stretch as far as it can.

He uses the word ‘dream’ because to us, it’s like desiring in a fantasy, it’s not based on reality, because mostly, most of us, if we’re thinking of reality in our vision, and build upon reality, we can only go so far in our vision. So he says ‘Dream, unbound by reality.’ And then he can bring it to pass. That’s the seed that you plant, and then he has what he needs to work with and he makes that dream come true; this is the Covenant Promise that he made with you.

Your dream should be based on who your Father is, what he has told you that you can accomplish, and he said that if you have faith as small as a mustard seed you can move mountains, regardless of what the world says about you. He said, “The fact is, every believer has this ability. I can use each believer to move mountains but they have to exercise that faith and that comes from believing and knowing in their heart that I am their God!! I am their father!!! AMEN!!!”

When we asked about the difficulty we were having printing the magazine first issues he said:

“Just stand in faith. **This is your faith: patience, with the right attitude.** You need to understand you failed me in this every time before. You have to go through this test—‘yea, though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you shall fear no evil for I am always with you.’ Show me you understand that. Show Satan you have strength in ME; you are doing well, you are doing fine. You’ve never walked this far with me before, keep your aim, keep doing it, faith and patience will see the promise come to pass, that’s my word. I cannot make you do this. But it is my strongest desire for you to walk through this with me. Believe me, I

want you to have this promise a lot more than you do.

“Finish the race with me, then help others finish the race with me, I want as many of you taking that extra step that you never took before and you will help me, I know you will.

“All you need to do is get to the finish yourself. Don’t worry about anything else right now. I will give you clear signs—if there is something I want you to do, I will give you a clear sign. Now I want you to believe in the promise—hold on to your faith, with expectancy, joy, confidence, stay determined, do not lose sight of my promise, but know when your actions and decisions are a result of losing sight of my promise—you plant the seed, you give out the magazines, you water the seeds, which is to pray for every person, bless them, pour out every good thing out of your heart into them, pray protection over them, pray for my hand upon them according to their need: judgment if their need is to be free from bondage, and I will destroy Satan in their lives, blessing if their need is freedom and a deeper understanding of me. Your attitude when you pray over the seed must be love, that’s all you do, then you exercise faith, believing and knowing that I am increasing your seed, I am making it grow, and DO NOT, PLEASE DO NOT, PLEASE DO NOT try doing that yourself. Ed said it beautifully the other day, ‘Just let God be God’—that’s all you do, that’s our partnership; you plant a seed, you water it with prayer, and you stand in faith, patiently, and stop there—I will bring the fruit—I always do my bit if you do your bit—we have a healthy vine—This works for every seed—financial, your words, sacrifice, an emotional response (meaning an act of kindness), love, every time you plant such a seed, you then pray over it—also, you do it because of LOVE FOR ME, so pray over it, and call upon Me to bring the increase. And stand in faith—with patience, that’s it.

“Get rid of the weirdness you feel when you tithe [to the church as they were very pushy about it]—you are giving—you’re blessing the church—don’t feel weird—plant every seed in love because you are giving to me and pray over it—remember when you are praying for my hand of judgment on anyone—the feeling in your heart must be love—if it is anything else, you are in sin.

“Jealousy, ego, pride—when the body of Christ attacks each other mostly it’s done in competition, jealousy, fear, ego, pride and it comes out as ‘I am protecting my sheep from false prophets.’ They are saying it right, but the heart behind it must be love—not fear, jealousy, ambition, competition, or having a critical spirit. Remember that at any time, if someone is not accepting you, or is not treating you right, you must

understand that they are just like you—maybe in that area you are stronger—but definitely they are just like you. They don't need criticism, but prayer, just like you don't need criticism, but prayer." [End]

About Doing Sales Calls:

"Call with confidence knowing that I am your source, not them. You know anyway that you are not going to listen to the naysayers. You know that you will not take any negative thoughts. All naysayers will get prayed for by you. You need to have just one thought and focus: 'I am your source!' That's your source of expectation—no matter who says no—I say yes!—That is all you need to focus on—even if the entire world says no—if I say 'Yes,' my word is above theirs. Your faith, confidence and expectations are from me, not from people. When you talk to people, expect from ME not them. It's the reason why Joshua, Caleb, David, Joseph kept their joy, their confidence. I am your provider, that's all you need to care about—How I will provide for you is my job. And if you need to know how I will, who I will use, or whatever, what's behind those questions is distrust. Remember, I am your source, not people.

"Remember your joy and expectation comes from knowing I am your source—that never changes—so why should what anyone says affect you? They don't know. YOU know. Walk with your head held high for one reason and only one reason—I am with you. Regardless of whether you achieve something or receive manifestation of the promise, there must be only one reason for your head to be held up high—because I am with you. This will keep you humble in victory and confident when you get any bad report."

My wife then asked, "Why are you telling me all this? Isn't this something I should have to figure out myself?"

The Lord replied, "**No ... I will tell you everything—you don't need to guess and have a hard time trying to figure things out. Ask me and I will explain everything.**"

A Test of Faith is a Test of Character

"When one is standing in faith, it is faith in GOD and not in one's ability to stand in faith. And the test of knowing it is when there is manifestation, is the reaction going to be 'God is Good! He delivers. He

keeps his promises.' Or will it be, 'I was right all along. I did everything right. Everyone else was wrong and I was right.'

"Test as to who your faith is in. In Me or in you? Is it about Me, or is it about you? Seek Me for My kind of faith, My kind of heart, My kind of love. It is all from Me, ask Me for it and I will give it to you. Stay with Me, stay near Me. **You can't learn My ways away from Me. You can't learn My ways if you don't spend time with Me. Come first to Me in everything and don't leave Me until you have your answers. Make time for Me daily.**" [End]

And Money got very low and we could not earn any money from the magazines and they were not being distributed and then God said this, primarily to me. In fact when things didn't work out I fell apart. I could not understand how to stand in faith against the facts around me. This was what God told me through my wife:

I Have Prepared A Beautiful Way Out.

"This is a test of faith that you think you've experienced and passed before. You've experienced it but have never passed it. I ask one question. What are you doing differently today that you haven't done before?"

"Come to me with an open heart and let us work this out together.

"I love you—all is well.

"This is my year of Judgment but also Overflow. Get out of judgment and come into overflow.

"Cast out fears, cast out doubt. I have prepared a beautiful way out. You must trust me and let me heal you. Come to me my son, my arms are open. Repent over the bad seed Ed. Cast that out.

"You ask what bad seed? Come to me, no one else knows—only you and I. Let us destroy it and take you into overflow." [End]

A New Paradigm was Dawning

It may seem obvious to you now, and I hope it is, but this God who was revealing himself to us was not the God I had imagined he was. It bore no resemblance to the One I believed was on the other end of the prayer telephone I was talking to all these years.

He was not indifferent, or aloof: he was worried about me. He was not angry or exacting: he was funny and often joked and made silly puns. He

wasn't being a strict taskmaster, he had made beautiful plans for me!

He told me he likes colors, he likes orchids, he likes numbers, he has personal interests, opinions and feelings. It took me many years of healing to embrace this reality, but it was plain for me to look back and see that already at this time He was revealing himself like this to us. God was just not the cruel taskmaster I imagined all these years that he was.

And I remember later when I was writing the first edition of the book on Communion and I was trying to explain what it was like talking with him and I was explaining the Holy Spirit is God's mind, will and ... and before I could say 'emotions' I stopped because I was about describe the Holy Spirit the way we often describe a human soul: our mind, will and emotions; and he knew my thoughts and said "Yes, for the purposes of talking with me, the Holy Spirit is my soul." I said, "No, God you are wrong, you don't have a soul. The soul is the part of fallen people that is malfunctioning, right? ... right?"

But he was silent and I already heard him the first time. So I opened the Bible search program and searched for the word 'soul' — does the Bible say God has a soul?

God's Soul

Of course it does, many times in fact. Different version use different words and the NIV is notorious for sterilizing the text, taking away key spiritual words and substituting easier human terms that common people like and understand more instead (misunderstand, really). But even the NIV did not erase all the references of God saying things like, 'My Soul hates the people who do evil,' and 'My soul delights in the upright.'

Here are 10 verses where God mentions his soul in the KJV:

Leviticus 26:11 And I will set my tabernacle among you: and my soul shall not abhor you.

Leviticus 26:30 And I will destroy your high places, and cut down your images, and cast your carcasses upon the carcasses of your idols, and my soul shall abhor you.

Isaiah 1:14 Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.

Jeremiah 5:9 Shall I not visit for these things? saith the LORD: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

Jeremiah 5:29 Shall I not visit for these things? saith the LORD: shall

not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

Jeremiah 6:8 Be thou instructed, O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee; lest I make thee desolate, a land not inhabited.

Jeremiah 9:9 Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the LORD: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

Jeremiah 12:7 I have forsaken mine house, I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hand of her enemies.

Matthew 12:18 Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased: I will put my spirit upon him, and he shall shew judgment to the Gentiles.

Hebrews 10:38 Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.

God has a 'soul' and he explained to me that we are made in his image, and even our emotions are something like his, only he is not corrupted like we are so we are not functioning emotionally like him exactly. But he gets angry, he gets happy, he's an emotional God he said, and explained this in more detail a few years later, but all I mean is until I began to talk with him like this I just didn't know him this way.

Faith is the Key to Fulfilled Promises

The second most profound change of perspective regarding understanding prophecy I had was understanding prophecy is fulfilled by faith—it is not Fate. I'll try to explain this but I'm not very good at explaining it sometimes. I say with personal prophecy it is not like a statement of FATE that I cannot avoid, but more like an OFFER OF DESTINY that is being proposed to me.

Faith he said is the fight against fear. It's a natural consequence of opening our heart to Him. And this is our faith: patience, with the right attitude.

I now see Hebrews where he says in Hebrews 3:7 to 4:3 that faith is needed to enter the promises of God, which section can maybe be summarized with the verse Hebrews 4:2-3 (CJB)

"for Good News has also been proclaimed to us, just as it was to them. But the message they heard didn't do them any good, because those who heard it did not combine it with trust. ³For it is we who have trusted who enter the rest."

And so you end up also saying, "Today, if you hear God's voice, don't harden your hearts." That is, when he speaks open your heart to hear his word, soften your heart and believe it!

Really people do hear him speak but they do not receive because of their hard hearts, unbelief, unwillingness to stand in faith.

God's promises are *On Offer* but are only claimed, received, laid hold of and enjoyed by the people investing FAITH in them.

The big learning here to me was that God's promises do not just come to pass on their own.

Like Isaiah 55, God's word is like rain AND SNOW that waters the earth. How does snow water anything? It's frozen! Well, it has to wait until it MELTS. If God's word is like Rain and Snow, then the Snow is like a Word of Promise spoken that needs a warm season to melt in order to come to pass. I had seen dreams of snowfall and people acting badly because they had no faith God had a plan for them. The promises of God had not begun to melt, so they wrongly figured they were void, null, obsolete. No, they just needed to invest faith in them to melt them so they could come to pass.

OK, someone will say, maybe it wasn't the right season either. Sure, but notice that for Jesus it was ALWAYS the right season for God's promises to come to pass, especially for personal promises of healing, comfort and provision. For people of more faith they pray and get answers faster than those of less faith for healing or protection or money, etc. So are you sure things don't happen for you because it's not the right 'time'? I think maybe, sometimes—but the Kingdom does not advance by 'time' but by violence or force. **Jesus told me it's not human violence or force but the force "of a faith that won't be denied."**

God's promises have inherent power within them, yet they do not come to pass in our lives ... UNLESS someone puts faith in them.

Then someone will say: there are things God says that will happen no matter what and are not conditioned upon anyone's faith. Yes, but so many others still are, especially personal promises. What is the difference and how do you know? I can't give a witty reply. There simply is a difference. People may say 'God spoke it so it has to happen,' and well, that's good if it helps a person stop doubting, put the questions away, and still their faith, but actually it's the Faith that moves the mountains. Personal prophecy is not a spectator's sport!

Realizing God Could Teach Me

A third realization I began to firmly grasp was that God actually knows what he is doing. It was especially clear that He knew what the Bible actually means AND he was willing and able to teach me.

The effect this has on me was to make me very skeptical and unable to teach with confidence any doctrine or belief that I had heard men teach me but had not heard Jesus confirm. This uncertainly lasted many years concerning some of the common modern teachings even I used to preach. Issues of authority, money, faith and deliverance, well, too many areas to list here by name, but when I found out God could explain things to me plainly and brilliantly and his ideas were so different from the things man had taught me, I just wanted to learn from him alone, and also only wanted to teach what he taught me himself. This is actually 1 Corinthians 2:6-13: and allow me to paraphrase:

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard, nor has entered into the hearts of man the things that God has prepared for those who love him ... but he has revealed these things to us ... by his Spirit. ... We have received the Spirit so that we may understand the things God has freely given us ... and THIS is what we speak about.

We as teachers and preachers often act as if God did not know, does not reveal and would not teach us his ways, so we must decide what the Bible means on our own, and that means it means anything we want it to mean. People teach any idea or doctrine or theory they come up with and confidently proclaim it's the True Gospel, the Full Gospel, the Only Way to Believe.

But the more I heard God speak the more I was able to test what He said against what we taught in church and it was not always the same. More than it being a problem of words, it was often a problem of heart. More than doctrines it was attitudes. More than titles and roles it was relationships. And really more than a text or a book or a doctrine it was about the presence of God, the Spirit of God, the person of God abiding.

Many spiritual things began to clarify themselves and I began to be able to distinguish man's ideas, man's motives, man's ways from the pure motives, pure thoughts and pure ways of the Spirit. The Flesh was coming into focus allowing me to be more aware and avoid it more than I ever could before.

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Class is almost over

Wow, I have to skip over a lot of things to focus on what God was teaching me about prophecy as a ministry. So much to skip over!

But I had two dreams within a few days where God said I need to not waste any of my time and be diligent to learn his ministry and that people were waiting for me to open things up because I had the keys. Later He gave me a second dream and said it's like learning to play football, you need to practice, you kick and throw the ball and sometimes it goes out of bounds—but that's a normal part of play. It's OK to try out my wings, learn and people are there to help me and not to be afraid of making mistakes.

How different man's view of prophecy is: Stone ANYONE who makes even a slightly perceived mistake! Why wait to test and judge? *STONE THEM NOW!*

But also I didn't know what I didn't know! He said I could be a prophet, but where are we heading exactly? How do I get there!? What do I have to learn? I wanted to know beforehand. I was flying blind! ... But you may say, well, at least I was flying!

We continued having real frustrations with the Filipino church, actually no, not the church, just the pastor whose blockage and insults were increasingly hard to bear. But God spoke, not to leave yet, so I just waited for a clear sign. And I knew God loved the pastor as he had shown me by letting me see him, and feel God's love towards him through God's

Spirit, so I was very careful to behave and not speak out how I felt, but we needed to leave.

He was also not really happy with the magazines we were doing, and refused to offer any help with contacts or content even though one was specifically for the Filipino community! One of the older ladies, however, did see the opportunity and asked to advertise in it and thought how it could help her remittance company. But the pastor was not so hot on the idea.

Angel at Adrian's House

I began having many more dreams and started attending a weekly home group with the British engineer, Adrian Bell, who I mentioned above. He lived nearby and was married to a Filipina, Aida. They lived in Mui Wo, by the beach, the town where the ferry to Central was, so I had to anyway go through that town quite often. He was helping two Filipina sisters set up a church right on the beach, and the first time I met him he was just there to tidy the place up, but when I walked in there was a HUGE ANGEL standing in the front by the altar where the sisters, Rose and Gemma, often knelt to pray and cry to God—it felt like a furnace of fire—he was unaware of it.

But anyway Adrian had been in Hong Kong many years and was a part of the trendy Tree of Life church and a funny story but one of the first engineers he recruited from England to come work for him was one Mike Tomlinson, who was now the co-head-pastor of the Tree of Life!

Because Adrian lived nearby we began meeting together for prayer or home group on weeknights at my house or at his.

First, the Filipino church I attended did not like the idea that I was having weekly meetings in my house! They said it was unauthorized and I was rebelling. I lived well over an hour from town, travel subject to infrequent ferry and bus schedules, and two hours more from the Filipino pastor's house. We needed more time praying and wanted to reach our neighbors and the accusation made me feel confused and guilty until God spoke to me and clarified my own heart motives to me. The Lord told me this accusation was untrue, I was not being rebellious but I wanted to help people. Also Jesus said (I knew it was him talking) that they even called his servant David a rebel and others who were faithfully serving God, so not to take it to heart.

My Daughter Saw an Angel in Armor at Adrian's

Then my daughter began to hear God's voice even though she was only about 8 or 9, and then in a prayer meeting at Adrian's house one week she saw a huge angel wearing the Armor of God! When she saw it her shoes popped off—backwards!! It was holy ground!

She said he was so tall he had to tilt his head to fit in the room. His armor was silver and gold. His fingernails were gold. I remember she said she saw words on his armor: his belt said, "Speak The Truth." His breastplate said, "Righteous," his shield said, "FAITH" and his sword said, "The Bible." His face was so bright she couldn't see it! He wore metal shoes on his feet and on one read 'J E' and on the other 'S U S' so together it had the name, 'Jesus.'

She said when she saw him it felt like she too had wings on her feet, and if she jumped up she would never come down.

Adrian later was instrumental in introducing me to missions trips to the Philippines and led me to discover Bohol where we now are based. I am very thankful for his role actually, he may think it was small but it was vital.

God Provided to Print the Magazines

Anyway, by then we had three first issues of our magazines ready to print: a comic on angel warfare, a mainstream English and Chinese bilingual magazine, and a Filipino language magazine, but had no money to print them. I was in town at a Christian businessmen's meeting one week and I wasn't looking for money but maybe some help with how to run this business successfully and primarily prayer to know God's way to move forward. One of the men was a Malaysian guy whose home group we used to go to and he invited me often to this prayer meeting. So although I never really felt comfortable I felt led to go this one time and a man I didn't know was walking by me and suddenly stopped and looked at me. "You need money," he said, but not so much as a question.

"Um, yes, I'm making magazines and I can't print them and we're having a hard time."

"How much do you need?"

"What? I don't know." I made some hasty calculations and said, "Ten thousand US Dollars?"

"God told me you need money and told me to give you whatever you

need. Let me give you a check, is that ok?"

He worked for an international Christian television network, TBN I think, and I think he was a director or something. He gave me ten thousand dollars—I wish I had asked for fifty! But just like that God provided for his vision.

Now I didn't really know how much we needed, but we got three of the four magazines printed, and in the large numbers God asked for. He asked us to print 20,000 copies of the first edition of the comic!

The next obstacle however was to distribute them which we were never able to do. We got a lot of resistance at every step of the way, mostly from the established churches and bookstores, and even some underhanded competitive dealing from other ministries, which I won't talk about. When one Christian publishing office saw our comic about angelic warfare he said it was just too violent and they would not back us. Walking out God commented, "I did not say it was too violent!" I felt it was the right story and would be popular, but I needed some traction.

So I briefly mentioned we had been to the Tree of Life Church a few times for seminars and to hear visiting speakers, and once I went to introduce the magazines when we were still making them, but I still didn't know the people who ran the ministry very well. And then I had this dream.

Tree of Life Church Foundation Built on Sand

It was October and I had a very detailed prophetic dream about a certain church at a beach and there was a foundation dug deep down into the sand, but actually it was a solid concrete basement and done quite well. I'd say it was a right foundation. Later when I shared this dream someone said their church was built on a foundation of prayer many years ago. But I think along they way maybe they forgot this key of success.

Anyway what I saw was a problem because the youth were left on the beach at ground level to build the upper structure themselves and were without tools, materials or oversight! They were left to do everything on their own. I recognized a youth leader I had seen once and well, I saw them gathering driftwood to try to build a staircase DOWN to where the leaders were in the basement. That's not just backwards, it's dangerous! The leaders were not training or leading the younger members but were somehow cut off from them, separated from them, and not connected or

raising them up to be a part of the leadership group.

(This idea will become more clear when I explain the prophetic word on the Church in Pergamum, which is this problem in a nutshell.)

But so I saw the leaders in the basement and there was a huge bag of seashells, about three or four feet tall and maybe two feet wide, and it was a collection of some of the most beautiful rare shells mixed among many common ones and broken corals, etc. They had collected these shells from the beach but they said they had so many of them, and nothing to do with them, that, "Pfff! We give them away like 'candy!'" They were treated as almost worthless trinkets. Was this is in part from their humility? I had rarely seen such beautiful shells which I knew to value very highly!!!

I later realized these shells represented the people of the church the leaders were set over, some were normal believers, but many others had special gifts and callings—that's the 'special shells' I knew were valuable in the dream, but these leaders failed to see their worth.

Then two of the leaders began joking about the shells, and they picked up one each and joked like the shells were mating with each other, making grunting noises, like naughty unsaved children might do. It was a silly, worldly kind of joking but it was actually inappropriate.

But I didn't rebuke them in anger, although I wanted to for a second, because I expected the leaders to be more spiritual, but instead I added, also jokingly, "I'll pray for you, mate," in the way you would gently admonish a teenager who had just come out of the world—but this was one of the pastors and a senior staff!—an elder I later found out! I recognized one of the people in the dream by his bald head and the other I recognized from speaking at events but I didn't know their names or real positions.

Meanwhile the younger workers were still trying to make a staircase to connect the ground level down to the basement and had found a massive weathered beam, maybe one or two feet in thickness and maybe twenty feet long, and had decided they were going to use it, as they found it, to make the stairs. They had it at ground level and were nailing thick nails into it to try to make it the top of the staircase but it was so unstable it rocked back and forth if you stepped on it and it could easily fall into the basement. You could have tried to use it like a stringer as it is called to carry the weight of the stairs going up from the lower level, it might have worked to do that, but they didn't know that and were using it like a tread going sideways without any support under it! Completely wrong!

Other young people found or made similar rough cut wood pieces, but

like 2x4's, but like someone inexperienced had chopped driftwood into 2x4 posts with a hand tool: they were better for firewood than building materials really. But that was all they found for materials at the beach site and without anyone teaching them how to properly build they were determined to use them. It was clear to me that such construction materials were totally unsuitable for a building especially in that environment, also as the beach had just undergone a severe storm or small tsunami, and any building materials they use should be very sturdy and be able to withstand termites, ocean water and high winds.

As I woke up I realized what they really needed was a plan!! They needed to train the youth; they needed to do things like make the staircase out of reinforced concrete, just like the foundation. If they knew they had to build it to certain specifications, or with certain materials, then they would search for those things, reject improper materials, and do it right. Otherwise their time and energy would be totally wasted and they would not do anything useful.

There was a second part of the dream about me trying to leave Hong Kong and things not working out if I tried, so I knew in the dream in that part that I needed to stay in Hong Kong to be safe.

So I think I recognized the people in the dream, the bald guy, a pastor and even the youth leader building the staircase; it was the people at the Tree of Life Church.

I don't want to cause a commotion, but felt it was important revelation for their core direction and a church that embraced prophecy like them would want to know and appreciate the word.

So I made an appointment to meet with the pastors to share the dream. I don't remember that first meeting at all, except that it was just with one of the two co-pastors, Henry Greenhurst, the one in the vision actually. He ended up filing that word away under ... the sink. Nothing was ever done based on that insight as far as I could see anyway. But that's not my job either! I gave the word, I gave it carefully, honestly, it was now in his court.

Prophetess Linda Hartzell

But he did say it was good timing to come that day because there was a speaker, a prophetess, in the afternoon from the US, which was arranged by Linda Ma, a well known business woman, both of whom we may want to meet.

The conference was organized by Linda Ma, but the speaker was Linda Hartzell from the End Time Handmaidens, which was led by Gwen Shaw, a lady who I met years later who used to serve the Lord in China and speaks very good Mandarin! Later we were given a book by the Lord of a man's 40 Day Heavenly visitation to republish that was previously printed by Gwen's group but this was a few years before that.

Prophet Jim Smith

Anyway, about this time another visiting prophet came to speak, Jim Smith from England. Jim was still an active minister in the Anglican church, the Church of England, and he traveled around the world at his own expense to give prophecy to places the Lord called him to, South America, Africa, where he had a missions base and orphanage, and now he was sent with a message for Hong Kong in Asia.

He was a real prophet, no games, no gimmicks, he just traveled the world at his own expense to deliver words to various countries, "Thus saith the Lord..." Simple! He gave me a nice word about my broken heart from many years ago being healed. But He had a hard word about Hong Kong.

Just Because I'm Near You

First, he taught a few sessions on Saturday, which I was eager to attend. During one of the meetings where he was teaching about the travail of a prophet, being in Gethsamane in anguish between a Holy God and a Sinful People, which he said was the real role of a prophet, a friend of God.

And during the session his anointing covered me when I got near him and I would see visions. He wasn't even praying for me! One vision I was just thinking of a few days ago. It was hills like we have in Bohol, the Chocolate Hills, and they all MOVED out of the way and opened up a large valley of a grassy plain right down the middle and a river sprang up down the middle of the length of the valley as well. It was obstacles moving out of the way, God making a clear, straight path and a river to refresh me along the way. Such a clear vision in picture and in meaning! And I got this just because I was standing near Jim!

Anyway, he did pray for me later and saw a vision for me of me wearing armor, but it was not God's armor, it was Satan's armor! It was a trap, probably unforgiveness and distrust caused by the pain I suffered

from my past church in New Hampshire, like it was a hardening of my heart. He said it trapped me inside this false armor, but now God was going to put His Armor of Love on me instead, and turn everything that Satan had done for evil to me into good. He saw an arrow that pierced my heart and God was removing it but laying it across my chest as a reminder only.

He said God is going to make Satan pay dearly and will turn this around and bless me many times abundantly for all the things Satan had stolen. Then as he turned away he said, "He will pay dearly for laying a hand on this brother! Satan meant it for harm, but God used it to refine your character, make you sensitive and teach you ... a great outpouring."

One of the things the Lord had just told my wife in her 'prayer journaling' was that I was 'Dynamite.' I was not sure what that was all about. Later Jim said about our visions, they they'll all come one after another and so many too. God will make up for lost time, and God confirmed that is what He meant by the DYNAMITE. He said, God's will for your life will manifest one on top of another and all that was stolen will just be given back all almost at the same time.

God told me that again, four times over, even many years later: a volcano erupting, a dam bursting, etc. Satan never stopped trying to block and divert God's provisions and blessings and this just made a pressure build up behind the obstacles because God is faithful to his promises, we just have to be faithful not to quit! It was a tsunami wave, a volcano erupting, a dam being burst, a sudden melting of snow on a high mountain causing a flood ... God repeated this word to me many times over before it finally came to pass many years later!

Everything Before—Was In The Flesh

Then I heard God say that everything I did before (in USA) was done IN THE FLESH! That really made me think.

How can you prophesy ... in the flesh? And I even saw a few healings and small miracles, but it was all done in the Flesh? How? But that's clearly what he said.

I tried to understand and in a way it actually began to make sense. Not that the gifts were wrong, that was all fine, the Spirit was true, the words were real ... but basically everything we had to do with was wrong: the interpretations, the application, the power struggles, insecurities, especially how I reacted to failure, loss and obstacles, especially in

not walking in faith regarding prophecy when they were delays and confusion—everything on my end was done in the Flesh.

A little later God explained himself more clearly and told me the 'flesh' is five things: human level Understanding, human level Intellect, human level Perception, human level Motives and human level Desires.

That now makes a lot of sense actually! And I'm glad to know it now! That can be a valuable lesson to people! It's a valuable lesson to me!

Standing in a Heavenly Council

And, oh, I really want to share this.

The next day on Sunday Prophet Jim was upstairs praying before the service when he was going to share a word from God for the whole city. I was standing near him and as he was quietly praying I had a vision of the Lord's hand and he was holding a crown on top of a circle of pillars. It was Hong Kong, and it was as a crown in his hand. So beautiful.

I didn't know it until he started to preach his message during the service but that was the word God gave him to share.

His prophetic word for Hong Kong was that the city was ... a royal diadem in his hand! Wow! A diadem is a crown! He had the verse, "You shall be a crown of beauty in the hand of the LORD, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God." Part of Jim's message was a prophecy for Hong Kong about it fulfilling its destiny! That's what I just saw in a vision when I was upstairs standing next to him before the service!

Anyway while he was still preparing, I figured I'd back him up by laying hands on his shoulder and praying for strength for him, as you do. He was tall and I was ready to reach up to his shoulder but when I got near him—I saw it!! Oh no! He was standing in a heavenly council.

Only I was suddenly there too; I was seeing where he was getting his instruction and direction from and he was actually IN heaven. I was standing in a corridor a ways behind him in an area that was a little less illuminated like down an access corridor, hidden from view of the council he was openly conversing with—it looked like it was circular tiers made from ancient stonework. He was standing out in the middle of the area in front of many tiers of chambers in a circular formation, each like an arched alcove, and they rose up, stacked up one above the previous one, far out of my sight. He was standing right there conversing with prophets, saints and elders listening to their advice, getting his message prepared.

I peeked in and was beyond stunned! The verse in Jeremiah 23 asking about those prophets who have been in God's council suddenly became literal—absolutely real. God has a council chamber and Jim could go into it and be a part of the heavenly council meeting getting their wisdom to do his ministry here on earth!

Seeing that council was beyond astounding—*SHOCKING*. I have no words to describe my feelings seeing that.

I didn't dare look too closely and looked away before I made eye contact with anyone but it seemed like it was famous ministers and elders in heaven, not so many angels—I just wanted to hide! Have you ever read in Hebrews 12 ... that you have come to Mount Zion ... and to the assembly of the firstborn ... to the spirits of righteous men made perfect." Prophet Jim was standing in heaven in the fellowship not only of God, or angels, but of saints in heaven who were in council advising him. He certainly didn't need my feeble prayer to 'back him up.'

Who was this guy anyway!

Just a regular guy, quiet, humble, worked for the Anglican church in London in a minor role; he had an orphanage in Africa too, but he was just a very humble man ... but one serving God as a real prophet. Amen!

You Don't Know Him!!—Submit Under Him

About this time we went to a Sunday evening service at the Tree of Life and I saw the other pastor, Mike Tomlinson, who I was not yet familiar with. He was thin, gray haired, had facial hair, and I mistook him for someone from a different church who I met a few years prior who had a weird spirit I didn't like or trust. Just as I looked at him and I said, "Oh, I don't like that guy!" —that very *SECOND!* the Lord nearly shouted at me and said, "YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM or what he went through!"

Oh sorry Lord!! I really mistook him for someone else. I should not be so quick to judge! And God didn't like my attitude.

Only a few weeks later the Lord asked me to "submit under him," under Mike Tomlinson that is, and finally leave the Filipino church. We finally got God's direction—were joining the Tree of Life Church! Yay!

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Fitting Right In!

The next week I went to meet with the pastor God pointed out to me, pastor Mike. He was a high level materials engineer with a very well-known international architectural firm, Ove Arup, in fact the firm that built the mega mall in Kowloon Tong attached to the university I briefly worked at which I mentioned before, and that was where his office was.

The Tree of Life Church was a large international church of hundreds of locals and expats: so there were local and 'overseas' Chinese as well as British, Americans, Australians, a few South Africans, professionals, young adults, and dozens of Cathay Pacific staff, a few Indians as well and many Filipinos and an increasing number of refugees. Attending the Tree of Life was where you would expect people like us to go and yes, we did soon fit right in. They also had several people prophetically gifted or what they said were 'prophetic voices' or people 'gifted to prophesy,' they didn't say they were actually 'prophets' but several of these people were from the US, and as God said to me a few days later, we were home!

The first sermon I recall was on David and Saul, a topic God had been talking to me on for many years. Saul being the flesh and religious spirit group, and David being the spirit-led and Kingdom group. The sermon was, 'How long will you mourn Saul? There is a David in front of you; let go of Saul!' This was truly where I belonged!

But my old church was none too happy with us leaving and made their displeasure abundantly clear. But God had spoken and I obeyed but I was lured to a meeting to discuss supporting my ministry but actually it was a secret council called together to rebuke me for rebellion. It became

clear the real reason was more likely simply to ruin any chance we had of making the magazines work and to sabotage my standing in the new community at the Tree of Life—especially my relationship with the new leaders—they didn't need to do that. Prophecy would do it for them soon enough. But they tried their best anyway.

Serving the Filipino Ladies

But within a week or two of joining the Tree of Life we were invited to oversee the Tree of Life's Filipino ministry because the previous Filipino pastor had just left and took all the people with him to make his own church ... and so we inherited a ministry of five or seven ladies who stayed with the Tree of Life but who all wanted to be in charge. We refused to be called 'pastors' but just taught them, loved them, served them, and soon led them all to hear God's voice the way we were learning to. God told me each week we needed to have five things: **Food, Music, Testimony, Teaching and Prayer**, and we ran it for about four years. It was a good time and very fruitful and these ladies became like family to us.

I also joined the early Sunday morning gathering of intercessors to share prophecy and pray for the church during the morning service. Faithfully in attendance every week was Eufemia, me, my wife, another Indian lady, and a few other people who came occasionally.

And we also attended EVERY church function they hosted, every leadership meeting, every outreach, and since the church was so big and well-known they were host or co-organizer of every international event and visiting minister coming to Hong Kong. Whatever they were doing we were there to help!

Home

Home. Prophecy. ... You can be a prophet if you want to! Now you are Home! What does the Bible say about 'home' and 'prophets'?

In fact if you have one of those Bible search programs, look up two words: Home + Prophet, and tell me what you find. That's right, I was home, but God was training me as a prophet, and then would soon release me and use me as a prophet in their midst. How wonderful! Only a prophet has no honor in his own home among his own people. The honeymoon was short.

This was a self-proclaimed prophetic church and they taught almost

the exact same things I learned back in New Hampshire about prophecy, we had nearly identical doctrines, we quoted the same verses as you do, Numbers, Amos, 1 Corinthians 13, etc. There was no sharing of prophecy during worship however, as God often leads. This church had a very highly developed music team and they had recorded several quite good worship albums. Maybe they didn't allow people to give prophecy during the worship in church services because the music was so highly produced? I don't know. But many people were gifted and it was a good community.

Gates of Provision Shut

God soon confirmed the word from Prophet Jim that things would be delayed but breakthrough would follow. It was a month or so later in February 2006 and I saw a line of gates, like water sluice gates, and they were all closed to me. One was open but it was only allowing a small trickle of water to come out. I then knew the water was money, or cash flow, and what was coming through was barely enough for a person to live on. Why were all the gates that were supposed to allow provision to flow to me closed like this? It was very worrying and I just stared at the vision for a time until ... something like a HUGE TIDAL WAVE of water towering overhead burst over the scene. If the gates were three feet high and the trickle was barely enough money for a person to live on, then the wave of provision that finally came was hundreds of feet tall, and so surely in the millions of dollars.

But for the time being the gates were shut. I didn't get any explanation as to why. Was it stubborn people, because I would not seek God deeper if I had money, or was Satan just blocking it? Maybe all of the above? But I didn't get any explanation but the vision was clear, after a time of barely getting enough to get by, A FLOOD of money would come. I just needed to be faithful and keep serving God until the times of refreshing came.

I was still wrestling with unspoken but deep doubts and disappointments, confusion and big questions regarding what happened back in New Hampshire and his words that seemed like they failed, but then the Holy Spirit even told me at that time, quite sternly that, "**I will fulfill every promise that I have made.**"

I could not face all the issues and understand my past. Why did he let them hurt me so badly? He warned me not to take offense but I could not help myself. I was the one who finally just got up and left. But his plan just seemed impossible. It wasn't my fault. Or well, maybe it was?

OK, just forget everything, I don't want to think about it. I was going through so much healing, and was calming down in my anxiety over not understanding everything. We know in part and I was going to try to trust Go with the part I didn't know and I just kept going forward day by day, keeping my head down, just hoping it would come right later.

But then I also heard God say, actually it was Jesus, and yet he spoke with a real tone of disappointment in his voice, "You don't let people believe I provide well." I still read that and just shake my head ... I'm sorry, I really am. I'm trying! But so much just didn't make sense to me.

People really don't like it when I share things like that and they say it's not God because it's not the way he talks: he's always encouraging, happy and positive they say. This voice they say was condemning, harsh and mean. But first, it wasn't any of those things at all. He was sharing his emotions to me in the way I probably needed to be encouraged to step up and stop doubting. You don't understand it maybe, but it's what tugged at my heartstrings the most. Jesus vented his frustration and even mocked people a few times; why? It was the only way to get through to them. He loved the people, even the Pharisees, only they rejected his love, so he had to treat them in the way they needed to be treated sometimes. Second, people who've never heard God speak and never had a long, emotional talk with him, never heard him cry, speak in pain, speak in frustration and are now telling me how they know God does and does not speak, always and never—and it's all based on their doctrines with ZERO experience—and *every time* I can find specific examples in the Bible where God does the exact opposite of what they insist he will never or always do. All I can say is well, don't cast your pearls before swine.

HK1—Journal of Prophecy and Intercession

Then I remember thinking what we really needed was a prophecy magazine. I had just printed three entire magazines and almost finished a fourth and I felt like God was talking to a lot of people, sometimes about important prayer direction and so I asked God what he thought about doing something like that. My habit was to ask God before I did anything! And He said **Yes, to do it. To 'lay the foundation' by March, make it a monthly publication, and make it available for free.**

But I had no funding and we were still struggling for food and rent and so I figured I needed to show people more clearly what I was talking about

so I first made a mock-up and overview, we call it a dummy sometimes in publishing—it's like a concept brochure representing what the final publication would look like. I laid it out, showed a few people who were prophesying or in intercession what they thought about a monthly prophecy journal and the response was unanimous—it won't work.

Mostly they all said it could not be done simply because there was not enough prophecy to publish in a monthly newsletter.

But I got Rick Joyner's publication back in the early 90's a few times and I knew by now so many years later that there must be even more prophecy being shared by God, surely enough to make a monthly publication of—not only that but God had begun to openly talk to us about prophecy from his point of view, teaching us Himself and these were things people would benefit from learning—not only that—Jesus asked us to do it! What really perplexed me was that no one seemed to understand the value of such a thing, even people who were prophesying on a regular basis!

I kept showing people the idea but there was just no interest. Before I knew it a year had gone by with no progress! But I'll get there in a minute.

More Than You Can Write Down

So I was hearing God so often, and mostly he was teaching me who He was to me, who I was to him and things about my walk. At one point he even said **He would give me so much prophecy I would not even be able to write it all down.** That soon began to happen. Hearing God speak was daily and sometimes I heard multiple short words a day. I was filling up a 200 page journal in a few months and trying to reflect, record and share it when important was very time consuming.

Some of the things I heard him say in this early time at the Tree of Life included:

In January I had dreams where God was teaching me about hearing him, how prophecy works, how hearing him in 'communion' worked. I can't share it all now, but being taught by God about prophecy is the best teaching you can have.

God said the blessings that he has given me have been held back by the enemy and they will all be released in a flood. It was almost the same word as the Gates of Provision Being Shut, which I now heard three or four separate times already.

He said, it was 'Blindness in the body' that was making believers unable to see their need for good Christian media. He illustrated this

concept to me in great detail.

He said, the main opposition to our ministry is from the Demonic Spirit of Traditional Religion (what we call the religious spirit), which prevents all new ministries from coming forth. This is also against God TV (a new business at the time) and other media ministries.

He said He will release supernatural covenant provision to our ministry in a mighty way that everyone will know it was God. Amen!

He said, "I am making Faith for the End Times in you. ... My grace for the end times includes your wife." Later he explained, "Faith is the fight against fear." Much later he explained what Grace actually is, it's Paul's word for the anointing basically, which I'll share shortly.

I saw a vision that up to the borders of my life were in full growth. This is Psalm 16, saying something like, "The boundary lines of my inheritance fall in good places." That's what I saw!

He said success will come when we work with many other ministries. So I kept trying to find people to work with but we were unfortunately unable to really find anyone for many years who valued what we were doing and hearing from God to do next. It was quite frustrating!

Then he said, "From now on you will have rent money." But for a very long time I didn't. But he said I would! It was confusing. I still didn't understand how to stand on a word in faith and claim his promises. I know you will remind me God TOLD US THIS a few months ago and yes, He did but I still didn't understand it!

Then we were trying to deal with a large Christian bookstore to revive the distribution of our magazines and I had a very detailed dream of them being an Aircraft Carrier, but with so many internal problems they could not function. I heard they could be repaired 'in three days' and sent back out. I shared this with some people casually and a young girl, whose parents I didn't realize owned that bookstore and she said, it was uncanny! How I did know all the things that were going on with their company! I didn't take credit—I was asleep! God knew. Later we were asked to pray for people during the service but it was very rushed and they asked people to just stay in their seats so we walked aisle by aisle and just prayed for everyone very quickly where they were. I prayed for her and felt there was something to do with a pregnancy, and that's all I said, "God said something about a pregnancy." It was personal and not very clear and I was rushing but she looked at her husband in total shock! How did I know she was pregnant!? She only found out herself just a few days ago and didn't tell anyone yet!

It was around this time that I had at least TWO dreams of NOT BEING A LAWYER to help settle some questions I still had in my heart about my career choice serving the Lord as being the best one for me, which despite the learning curve definitely is!

Not Ready For Mature Intimacy

Then I had this adult-themed dream and I'll share it but it was not like a normal sensual dream. It was a prophetic picture of my maturity.

In the dream I was like a young girl being undressed by her lover for the first time. In fact it was Jesus and as he began to undress me I felt exposed and it was like I wasn't ready for this. It seemed that I was attractive to him, but I was thinking, Is my body attractive? Am I ready for this intimacy yet? And I was not! Then he put his hand on my inner leg, and ran it up my inner thigh AND I SLAPPED HIM really, really hard! and yelled, "No!" And then he said, "You are not ready for mature intimacy yet." In the dream I felt, 'Well, maybe we'll try again tomorrow!'

When I woke up I felt so bad. Am I STILL not ready to be close to the Lord in my heart? That's pathetic! But God had a remedy!

Later I heard him say to me, "I accept you." Still later he said, "I will give you your own Empire." He confirmed that a few more times before making it clear he was speaking literally—it is literally true! That has to do with the forty or so development and ministry projects in the Philippines he would later ask me to do! More later maybe.

He said, I will help people sit on their thrones. Then he said, "**I will do to you what I am going to pour out all over the earth.**" Later when we were fluently leading people in hearing God's voice in 'communion' he said **this was going to become widespread all over the earth** and what makes us special now will no longer be so special. I'm glad for the warning, and also glad for the global spread of that prayer discipline, we discovered it, we have our own take on it, but many are discovering the same or similar thing, and it is for EVERYONE to hear God's voice! Amen!

And He did say I would get more visions than I could write down, and I am just trying to skim over a few of the important ones in these few months. Oh, this stands out in my mind: I remember money was still so tight and I made breakfast and had a little cheese and some Indian herbs and was very careful to make an omelette just the way I like it which was

hard to do. And as soon as I was done he said, “Now are you going to throw that away?” Oh, no! My mouth was watering and I was hungry and this was a special meal to me. But if he wants me to, I’ll throw it in the trash right now. But then he gave me the verse from Isaiah 66:9 “Shall I bring to the point of birth and not cause to bring forth?” says the LORD; “shall I, who cause to bring forth, shut the womb?” says your God.

I understood he was saying; **he was preparing me, he was going to use me!** Amen! I ate the omelette!

You Should Be Ministering

And there were visiting evangelists at the big Hi-Tech convention center in June and it was bi-lingual (English and Cantonese) and drew a huge crowd of youth in the many thousands and when I was there the Lord said, “Look around. What do you see?” I opened my eyes and saw thousands of youth worshiping God and he answered his own question, saying, **“It’s the Body of Christ.”** Then he added, “You should be ministering, not being ministered to.” Then thinking of trying to find a way to let these established people give me an opportunity to share it was disheartening. They are always so protective and never like what I share. But then he said something like, **“I allow a measure of disunity within my Body. It keeps the sheep safe from leaders who will try to dominate and take control.”** Even when I try to share THAT people get upset, but it makes sense, maybe that’s why I was on the outside? But anyway that’s what He said.

So there was just very much going on, with new friends, new activities, great music, the Filipino group, which was hard to manage at first but things soon settled down and we became close friends to so many ladies from the Philippines. There were also a kind of test-bed ministry for us to experiment with hearing God’s voice, training people to hear him themselves, doing inner healing, deliverance, and we learned so much together.

For example, this was when God explained his meaning of Grace to me, what I had never heard another human teach before. I now meet people who do understand this, but it was God himself who first taught this to me.

Grace: Strength to Overcome, Not Permission to SIN

What happened was we had a very bossy lady in our Filipina ministry group who lived near me and Adrian. She had been married to a Westerner who ran a very popular bar in Wan Chai; she was now widowed, was older than me and she wanted to run everything on her own. One day she decided she would undermine us and destroy the group to take everyone away to follow her instead of me and my wife, and so she began to sabotage the meetings, and spread gossip and slander. Very hurtful lies and wild rumors began spreading about me in the small community; these were not half truths; they were outright lies.

I had helped her out so much for so long that this was a personal insult to do this to me. I felt her loneliness, broken-hearted jealousy, and other unhealed heartache was behind it, but it was causing real damage to our small group and threatened the flow of the Spirit bringing freedom to these broken lives.

So I prayed and prayed and God said something like, **“If you play things right you will come out of this smelling like roses!”** Several times when I was just too angry and could not understand what to do about her I just went up to pray in the forest under a footbridge over a mountain stream where it was cool and quiet and I just prayed until I calmed down enough to be able to handle myself properly.

One time doing this he opened up my vision and I saw the Throne of Grace, I write about this often. It was yellow and there were a lot of people there and he said, **“You have now come to the Throne of Grace ... Bring people here!”** He said if you’ve ever asked for strength this is where you’ve been. You don’t usually see it, but this is where you have been and from where he empowers his people to have strength to do any good work, to have or use any gift, to do any ministry, to mature, to overcome sin or hardships or whatever—**there is NO Strength without Grace,** he added. I had other visions on ‘grace’ but didn’t really understand it yet, and I had to look it up and realized this word, *charis*, does not mean forgiveness, favor or kindness, in the Bible Paul used it to mean the flow of God’s Spirit—it is basically what we call the anointing.

I write on this a lot and you can look up my articles on-line for a more detailed explanation of this very often misunderstood revelation. I began to teach this and employ this revelation and it is so important God

included it as one of the main chapters in the teaching *The Foundations of the Kingdom*.

Simply put, people who are misbehaving lack the grace/strength to act right. They KNOW what they ought to do but don't have the strength of character from a flow of God's Grace to act it out. Grace is not permission to sin, but the power to stop sinning.

But the real thing I want to share over this time was inner healing.

Cleansing Stream to Hearing God in 'Communion'

One of the elders, Eufemia, was from Guam but whose ancestors were from Xiamen in China, on Gulan Yu where I used to work actually! What a small world. But she was gifted in several ways and brought in an international ministry based in California called Cleansing Stream. They still function I think and are a deliverance ministry disguised as a personal inner healing and cleansing course and retreat. They lead entire communities into a preparation period of several weeks where they attend small groups, watch videos and pray together before a retreat where every one of the several hundred attendees will get personal prayer for inner healing and deliverance for seven or ten different but specific issues.

The Tree of Life asked all ministry leaders to go through the seminar and I gladly did, and the second time I led my entire Filipino group through, which needed special arrangements since they were all domestic helpers and only had Sunday off and could never attend a weeknight preparation session. And then the third time I co-led a normal small with Pastor Mike, as he observed me, and then I think I even led a group myself another time, but I forget, maybe it was just three times. But I also did things like run the sound board and videos and whatever they needed done really.

And for me the effect was profound. By that time I had my prophecy gift reactivated and I was having dreams and words during worship the same as I used to back in New Hampshire but more frequently; I was praying more and getting more words in prayer and just during the day in general, and I had a certain spiritual sense of what is going on around me, a sharp kind of discernment as I still called it at that time.

Only when I went through the seminar the first time the way my 'gifts' operated changed. I could still sense what was going on around me, but it was fainter. I needed to be more quiet and focused to hear the same way I used to, but if I would sit in God's presence, which I could also do for

longer periods of time now, I was also more able to hear him talk the way my wife discovered previously. That shift took about probably 12 months in total I would guess but it happened in stages.

The second time going through the seminar it was the same effect. My 'gift' got dialed down and I needed to draw nearer to God, to be a more active listener to hear God the way I used to. But when I did draw near it was much more interactive than ever. I was becoming friends with a God whom before I knew ABOUT but never actually knew personally. The Inner Healing affected my heart attitude towards God the most. I distrusted him less, wasn't so scared of him knowing my inner heart and secrets, and I just felt like he understood me more and more.

Then the third time around doing the seminar and it was like my gift was switched off. I even started saying that in surprise! But what I found was communion—live fellowship with the Holy Spirit. Interactive two-way conversational fellowship with God via the indwelling Holy Spirit—or maybe you can think of a better way to describe it? But it was not talking to God with a gift, which Jesus said is nevertheless important. What I understood I was simply communicating with the indwelling 'abiding' anointing of the Holy Spirit who was always with me.

This is 1 John 2! (ESV)

2:20 But you have been anointed by the Holy One, and you all have knowledge.

—and —

2:27 But the anointing that you received from him abides in you, and you have no need that anyone should teach you. But as his anointing teaches you about everything, and is true, and is no lie (some versions say not a counterfeit)—just as it has taught you, abide in him.

This verse describes a reality we were now becoming very well versed in. 'Communion' is what happens when the Veil that separates Man from God is truly removed. For many people that barrier remains in their minds, they maintain their ignorance, their separation. This is what 2 Corinthians 3 says also: a veil covers the hearts and minds of many people reading the Bible, not just Jews reading Moses, it happens to Christians reading the NT as well. Their hearts are hard and dull. But when they turn to face the 'Lord,' that 'veil' of separation and ignorance is removed. The text actually says the word 'Lord' here means the 'Spirit.' So it is when

people turn to face the Lord in Spirit that the veil is removed! Wow! And it continues, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is FREEDOM. In this case, specifically, it is freedom from ignorance, blindness and darkened sight of being unable to see the Lord who is right there in front of them all the time. Finally in verse 18: (ESV)

And we all, with unveiled face, beholding the glory of the Lord, are being transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to another. For this comes from the Lord who is the Spirit.

Being able to 'face the Lord' in Spirit and open one's spiritual eyes to BEHOLD him causes us to be TRANSFORMED into his image, from Glory to glory. It's just so obvious!

And no, it does not matter what you call it, we called it 'communion' — but whatever you call it, it simply allowed us to experience a direct fellowship with God through the Holy Spirit that was simply beyond anything I had ever imagined.

Oh Wait! This is what the Irish were doing all those years ago when they visited us in New Hampshire! This is why Paul Kelley was in constant two-way conversation with the Holy Spirit! We found it!!

And yes, I wanted to have a clear scriptural explanation of what God was doing so I used the Greek word *koinonia* that in English is 'communion' to describe what we had discovered. But Jesus said, **"You call that communion, but I just call it having fellowship."**

40 Days in Heaven

I then found a great testimony on a website of supernatural experiences. He had Sahdu Sundar Singh's materials, Watchman Nee and Ian McCormack and this testimony in particular with a long, awkward title. I loved it! I printed it myself on regular paper, and then later made a homemade bound book for myself so it was easier to read. One day I was reading it and the Lord spoke. He said, "You don't need those chapter divisions." The chapters were divided by the interview with the man not by topic or plot. I looked up to where the Lord spoke from and said, "Why? I already have a copy. Oh! What do you want me to do?" He said, "I want you to republish that book and make it a first-fruits offering of your book publishing ministry."

It was very hard, and at one point when I was almost done both my

hard drives failed within four hours of each other! Then I had no money to print it but God provided that much at the last minute, just in time to have it ready as a gift for the church members at Christmas. I asked to give everyone a copy who wanted it, for free, and the church obliged—but failed to mention it was a book I made and paid for, leading people to think the church had done it and funded it themselves. We had no offering or collection to help us with food costs or publishing costs. But Good! That made it all the more pure an offering from me! People not only didn't know it was from us, but the church didn't even allow it to be for sale on their lobby book shelf next to the book the pastor's daughter-in-law made on 'worship through arts and crafts,' etc.

Later one man sought me out and asked for a box of books for his colleagues and ministry workers in China or North Korea and he gave me an offering that covered pretty much the bulk of the cost of printing all at once! That's how God so often moves in my experience!

So I had renamed the book *40 Days in Heaven* and I published the full book text on-line for free to read, no gimmicks, no tricks to boost sales. In fact LOSE sales that way because people can not only read it for free, they can get the pdf and make their own copies, and people have! I ask people to please share some royalties with us, we are missionaries, especially if they sell copies and earn money from it, but so far I know many sales this way and yet I never got any money from anyone. It's OK, I tell the Lord, if I am owed money, please just make it up to me directly and forget those debts! **The gospel, and such testimonies going out, is more important than getting an income.** He told me that and I agree!

So people can buy it on Amazon too if they want a hard copy. God said, yes, we can sell it and earn some money from it, and even promote it a little, "Just don't PUSH it!" he said. I am not very active promoting it because even how much we've struggled as missionaries, it's a holy thing to me and I need to err on the side of humility on this one. But it's really such a wonderful story!

Class is OVER!

Well, I'm still listing the dreams and visions from that Summer of 2006, and that's when I had a dream where I was in class, so bored with the classwork that I began hacking through the forms, getting past them. People said, Don't do that! But I was doing it!—looking at how the whole thing works underneath the surface and then people began to get up and

leave and there was a loud announcement, “CLASS IS OVER!” And then a huge rushing wind filled me, and I sang to God, “My identify is you.” [End of Dream]

Oh too many dreams I have to skip over. I saw a bus terminus and my daughter and wife and I were there, but we went different ways. My daughter and I went on the train and the Russian Mafia were trying to kill us! We evaded them and I climbed the mountain above the trains and buses to see where my wife went to. Oh, there she was, WAAAAY out in the ocean. She left and went so far, far away, but well, it seemed she could still make it back if she wanted to. I could hear her saying things about me, some of them good, like she was telling people I was indeed a prophet of the Lord, but nevertheless she was no longer with us. I stomped on the soil I was standing on and it oozed water like the mountain was made from a huge sponge. The water was the Holy Spirit. [End]

I dreamed I learned to use a motorcycle and it was faith—**all you do is turn the throttle and the machine moves for you without any effort on your behalf**; I had several passengers. Faith doesn’t require my actual effort to move things. Yes, the faith some effort itself, but it is only the effort of turning the throttle. The effect it produces however is like using an engine to drive. And I then saw a cement truck skip the curb. I saw and heard it before it happened. It was supernatural discernment. [End]

Then another bus dream, entering the Bus of God’s rest. I won’t share that now but the **Kingdom is made for children**. But there are some people who just can’t enjoy it. [End]

Then another dream of being in exams and being SOOO BORED but also so impatient to just leave! School was already over and I just wanted to get my exam results and Go! You know that feeling of the last day of school of senior year? I was in line for my exam results and my wife was there but she really did not like me, but she still respected me as a prophet and would not speak badly of me in public but she no longer was talking to me personally. I didn’t understand that at the time. But suddenly my name was called out! I grabbed my results—I didn’t even care what my grades were. I passed! Let me out of here!!

I pushed open the double doors and there in the parking lot was a huge bus, like a bus converted to be a tour vehicle for a band or something.

The engine was on, the door was open, they were waiting for me and I JUMPED in—they slammed the doors shut and we were off!!

The driver was the son of pastor Henry Greenhurst, and he was weaving a little, a little inexperienced but it was OK, we were safe. Then the driver changed to a young Chinese boy I did not know. Then a storm hit so I opened the sliding door on the side of the vehicle to look out while were still moving. The rain water was high in the street, maybe already a foot high, but the bus was so big and powerful it just didn’t matter! We kept right on going! [End]

I saw a vision of a pile of Books. **These were the IDOLS of Man’s doctrines and beliefs** of the Bible based on man’s ways that were not only wrong but were also Idols of people in the Church. God spoke solemnly saying, “**These books never should have been written.**” [End]

I had a dream of being denied a church covering because I had no money. If I had money or was famous they would ‘cover’ me—the covering was just fabric and nothing important, supernatural or special in any way. [End]

Then five dreams in one night: 1. a thick leg bone, balancing up on another, it was my grandmother’s ‘bones’ and it was the passing of a generational blessing to me. Promises given to her that she could not lay hold somehow would now pass to me; 2. the Current of Holy Spirit flowing through me; 3. me and my daughter sailing, but my wife not joining us and in fact she was holding the rope to shore to prevent us from sailing. It was a little dangerous and I could feel the tension because the Wind was blowing quite strongly pushing the boat out—but she was holding it back and it was shaking under the strain. I think she finally let it go and the boat took off into the wind without her. Two other dreams I’ll skip. [End]

Released

And so finally I’ll add this, really skipping over so many words and anything not useful to show how I understood Prophecy as a gift and ministry. But our church was very musical. They were founded by a few friends who were all musicians and had cut many CD’s of their own worship music over the years. So there was a dance video performance

the week we joined and now about 10 months or a year later there was going to be a huge live CD recording with video and everything, (so I guess a VCD). We rented the ICA church since it was larger and an actual refurbished movie theater. This was the same ICA where my wife got Spirit-filled. It's a small town!

So I asked who was on the prayer team, who was going to pray for the event and no one really was. I was alarmed so I volunteered and that drew some interest from a few other people to cover the venue with prayer for the event where thousands would come from all over the city.

So I was singing and running around praying, praying in tongues, proclaiming, binding, loosing, you name it! I was going up to the main balcony, down to the main stage, anywhere I felt the Lord ask me to go to pray, and then suddenly when I was on the way back up to the balcony again I heard the Lord speak. **"You are released."**

Did I Just Get Fired?

I was confused and nervous. Did God just fire me? Maybe the recording was half over and it was enough prayer and I was taking it all too seriously? Maybe I wasn't really praying very effectively? Was I discerning things right? Why am I being let go? Why am I being 'released'?

Then it began to click. Released!?! I was being Released! Not fired, but released into my role as a prophet. I gasped! It was so ingrained in me not to 'blow my own trumpet' or 'put myself forward' that even when God said this I was slow to catch on. I wasn't doing a bad job, I got promoted!

I then reflected on the recent word that I should be ministering not being ministered to, and that Class was Over! Was it true? Am I now the Lord's Prophet. So no certificate, no ordination ceremony, no lapel pin or name tag given to me to wear at church breakfasts. No human even knew. And that was just perfect with me!

This was so cool! And scary! It's going to be a lot of fun, right? Right? I forgot he said the price/burden would be high, not that it would have mattered to me anyway!

Meanwhile we kept leading the One Body Filipino ministry and so were a part of all leaders' meetings and were so eager to serve he attended every event we could just to help out. It didn't matter if we were needed to serve food, handle the sound board, tidy up after people but always we were there to intercede and pray for the Lord's will to be done.

Soon I went on my first mission trip to the Philippines! I want to share on that now but it's not about prophecy. There was a lot of prophecy to guide us but also warfare and if people are not ready for stepping into spiritual combat they tend to act quite badly sometimes! —but it's not about prophecy so I'll have to skip all that right now!

You Said You Wanted To Be A Prophet, Right?

So I was adapting to my new spiritual environment where the inner healing I went through allowed me to communicate with the Lord quite freely. It took all-in-all over a year and maybe nearly two to complete fully and that will eventually lead into my next phase of learning, what I am informally calling Phase Three. But meanwhile many things were going on to round out what I am again informally calling Phase Two.

I said I wanted to be a prophet right? Is it too late to change my answer?

In fact yes, many are called, gifted, invited, empowered, but it is a choice—a daily choice—to continue serving the Lord in that often stressful way. God won't force us to do anything: he won't force us to stop sinning, to repent, to seek the hidden manna, to persevere in trials, to serve him—especially to serve in such a difficult role as this. I chose to stick with it even when the going became so difficult; I just set my face like flint, determined to not give up. The price was actually quite high.

"2008 by 2008" Church Vision Was Not From God

So at the turn of the year 2007 the church had a vision-sharing theme of sermons, which was usually done in January to give people a focus for the New Year. This year it was '2008 by 2008,' which meant their goal was to increase church membership to 2008 people by the year 2008. They were outlining some steps they wanted to take, such as starting a Bible school, and other things.

I was very excited when I heard talk about a Bible school and hoped to be involved in that since it was exactly what my skills and desires were.

A few weeks went by and no one mentioned anything to me, then there was another vision sharing meeting and they presented the person chosen to lead the Bible school initiative and it was not who you would think of as a good choice. But I recognized him! He was the guy who ran the coffee shop by my old office in Fortress Hill. This was the man personally responsible for addicting me to coffee!!

He introduced himself and openly said he had no experience or background and didn't have a higher degree or anything like that but was willing to try. What he was an expert in ... yes, was coffee. And surely a nice guy, but ... well, I was crestfallen. Even with several YEARS teaching experience, they didn't want me involved at all! Then they floated the idea of making a kindergarten too. Eyebrows raised with hmm's and ohh's across the room. A kindergarten in Hong Kong is a serious cash cow. The general consensus was that it was a very smart direction ... a financial boon mostly ... but then God spoke.

“Do you know why you can't see yourself in their vision?” he didn't wait for me to answer and continued, “It's because it's not my vision. It's man's view of their own progress.” Then the Lord showed me somehow without speaking that there was a path set before the church and they had a choice to make, to either go their way and follow their plans, or go the other way and follow God's plans. This was primarily regarding education, but these were somehow mutually exclusive directions—I mean if they did one they could not do the other. If they chose to do their Bible school (and kindergarten), that it would mean they would not be able to follow God's plan for them which seemed to also be something about training or education. God didn't tell me what His plan was, but it seemed like it would take the same resources or time or people or something. But it was clear that it was one or the other!

It was around that time, maybe at the same meeting that I heard God say, **“Many opportunities have passed them right by,”** since they would not listen to the Lord's direction. How to MAKE people listen?

And God didn't tell me I had to share this word so I kept it for a long time to myself and that let me also think over my own feelings of being passed over but then I felt, well, it's better to share it. Ezekiel 33 and all that. OK, some people may not be familiar with the verse. It's this:

² *Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman:*

³ *If when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people;*

⁴ *Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head.*

⁵ *He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall*

be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.

⁶ ***But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.***

⁷ *So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.*

⁸ *When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.*

⁹ *Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.*

I prepared myself to be calm and not emotionally invested. I then told the two leading co-pastors that I had a word I wanted to share because it seemed they ought to know what God was saying to help them make the right decisions. They scheduled a private meeting and it was not warm and friendly. Mike was a reserved and thoughtful engineer from England and his foil, Henry, was an extroverted insurance executive from Australia. Henry had 2,000 friends on facebook by 2007, and seemed to know everyone, EVERYONE in town. Not that he seemed to, he did. Mike was quiet and more introverted.

Before I shared the word they began to tell me that I was just saying these things to try to take over the church! They said I was really just ambitious and simply not fitting into their 'DNA' but instead just following ... 'Jesus'—saying it like it was an insult and I was a fool.

I took pains to explain that I was a lawyer and gave it up to follow the Lord's calling, not always willingly but God helped direct me and closed many doors, but I still have choices. This obedience has caused me so much stress and lack and disrespect and did they think I liked living in a shack in the forest when I could live like any of them in a luxury high-rise in town?

If I was really so ambitious why would I sit there in a small room in private with a hand-full of domestic helpers from the Philippines dealing with their myriad personal problems week in and week out—was there anything any of those ladies could ever give me? Money, a job,

respect, success? Why would I not instead just join the 'real' leaders—the businessmen's group; why be a missionary at all? Why not just go back and get a corporate job like I did before? Did they think I have no job because I'm too stupid to know I need money or I'm too incompetent to find work? I'm suffering to do God's will and I don't care if you make a Bible school or not! I actually want you to make a Bible school, all I really want is to be a part it, but God said if we do that we can't at the same time follow his will. It's the only thing I want to do, to be a part of a Bible school program and it's the very thing God said we should not do. I'm on your side actually—but I'm just sharing what I heard God say.

Henry retorted, "But we don't even have a Bible school! We didn't start it yet. It's only talk."

"I know, and like I said, I actually want to be a part of it, but it's what God said we should not do if we want to follow his plan. We can't do both."

"What is his plan?"

"I have no idea. He didn't tell me what TO DO, only what we SHOULD NOT DO if we want to find his will. It seemed like his plan was very close to our plan in a way and it would take the same resources or something so we could not do both." I said what I knew. It seems the ball would now be in their court to ask God himself what he wanted them to do! That should be easy enough!

I finally convinced them that I was not there to try to and 'take over their church' ... but then the discussion became why if God is speaking to me do I seem to always hear things that no one else hears? And why is it that I hear always 'negative' words. That was a real damning label in their teaching, to give a 'negative' prophetic word to someone, because they felt God only spoke 'positive' words. They openly taught this.

I said, No, that's not true and listed several instances of people in their close circle who were hearing the exact same things I was sharing but those people wouldn't tell them!! There were six or seven specific cases I mentioned. And I said, "You can ask them why they hear all these same things, sometimes the exact same phrases, but keep silent." And I also didn't want to share this word but it may help them make the right choices in their leadership decisions.

Also I said, "And it's not a 'negative' word to tell someone they are driving too fast with their eyes closed and will crash if they don't slow down and open their eyes. A warning word is not a 'negative' word; it's life if you obey it." I just thought of that at that moment! Thank you Holy

Spirit!

OK they said, What was the word?

It said it again, it was very simple, we had the vision sharing and I was so excited to be a part of the Bible school but was not chosen to be involved even though I am so skilled. They didn't know my CV very well and I explained I was three years in seminary in New Hampshire, then my English B.A., then my Juris Doctorate...

"You have a Ph.D?"

"Yes, a doctor of jurisprudence; we call it a JD in the States, but yes, it's a doctorate degree. And I've been a teacher in University for several terms, as well as secondary school and even did a year as a Government English teacher in primary school, plus I did private tutorial classes for corporate clients for many years, so yes, I have many years teaching experience as well, making my own university curriculum, and materials and everything. I also have studied the Bible in about seven versions and am very well versed in history, geography and theology."

"Why didn't you tell us? Were you just waiting for God to say something to us?"

"Yes, of course."

They shook their heads.

But I wasn't on a job interview. "The word God told me was this. 'Do you know why you can't see yourself in their vision? It's because it's not my vision. It's man's view of their own progress.' And then He showed me that if we do the Bible school and go in that direction we won't be able to follow his will, which like I said, I don't know what he has in mind yet, so we need to seek it."

Things calmed down and we prayed and I left feeling like I had actually given a prophetic word and stuck with it until they actually took it to heart. But no, a few months later they announced yes, they were going to do a Bible school, they called it the Manna Program, completely ignoring my prophetic word, and they were already working on getting it started under their coffee expert, the guy who ran the little coffee shop, Just Java, outside my old office in Fortress Hill.

And as a footnote, no we did not get 2008 people by the start of 2008, nor by the end of it either. It simply wasn't God's plan.

“My People Do Not Know How To Repent.”

Later I came across some random verses one Sunday morning but it felt like the Lord was high-lighting them to me maybe. It was Jeremiah 6:12-15, and then 8:4-13 and the key phrase, repeated twice is, “They have healed the wound [or brokenness] of my people lightly [or superficially], saying, ‘Peace, peace,’ when there is no peace. Were they ashamed when they committed abomination? No, they were not at all ashamed; they did not know how to blush.”

It was just a curious passage to me really until later that day during Sunday worship when I heard the Lord say that He was grieved.

We were holding a joint service at the fancy Shangri La hotel, this was in 2008 I believe, and the venue was supposed to be large enough that everyone who attended any of the various services could all come to once place at one time. I was on the prayer team interceding for the service and we were loudly singing our happiest praise songs—but it felt like the Lord was unhappy. So I tried to rebuke that feeling and maybe it was pollution from the hotel venue, so I kept pushing to cast out that heaviness but finally, finally, I realized it was actually coming from the Holy Spirit himself and I lowered my hands and just said, “OK, Lord, what’s the matter? What are you so unhappy?” And he immediately spoke, “**My people do not know how to repent.**” No explanation; that was all.

More Than I Can Write Down

He had said before that he was going to start talking to me so much that I would no longer be able to write it all down. This now began to happen very obviously. The volume of revelations, words, visions and dreams increased to a point that I could only keep up with the things that I felt were the most important. So many things that I have to skip telling you here as well, but they are either lessons on other topics or words about people or ministry in general. There is just too much to share.

God was showing me his secrets all the time, some of them not very flattering, but these were necessary to refine me and bring other people back to the right path. It was God’s love and mercy to show them their, or even me my errors, so we could be corrected, freed from deception and find the way he will prosper. I was not yet grasping the deep issues or seeing the Kingdom, but he was preparing me by showing me many building blocks of spiritual truth step by step.

Jesus, The Word, Speaks NON-STOP

People don’t always hear God speak so much and often ask, Does God really have so much to say? Well, one Sunday I was walking to church from the ferry and was on the very busy elevated walkway which we call a flyover, and I was about to enter the mall. It’s a main walkway in the city and very crowded with people when I just suddenly ‘tuned-in’ to the voice of Jesus like turning a radio dial and finding a radio station and **Jesus was just talking about EVERYONE and EVERYTHING all around me NON-STOP.** People walking by going the other direction, total strangers to me, and he was talking about their lives, their feelings, their struggles; the lady in front of me, people behind me, people I would see soon at church, and others I had never seen before and would never see again, and he knew EVERYONE and every detail of their lives and was just talking non-stop about what they were going through and what he wanted to do for them—so much to say! Then as suddenly as it started I ‘tuned-out’ and could no longer hear his voice. It was overwhelming but now I knew him in a different sense. He’s knows EVERYONE and EVERYTHING about them, and really has so much he wants to say! **He is the Word of God!**

Vegetable Words and Fruit Words

Or can one person hear all He has to say? Well one evening I heard God say **He was going to show me things beyond my wildest dreams: things I never thought of, and beauty I never dreamed about, only because he knows I appreciate it, but which is also how he made me.**

The next day, I think it was just as I was waking up, I had two sudden revelations in the blink of an eye! One, “**to the pure all things are pure**” and Two, “**the spirit of a prophet is subject to the prophet.**”

To the pure all things are pure means many things. One of them had to do with learning, revelation and understanding. Regular people learn about the Lord in a very human way of reading books written by people, listening to sermons and teachings given by preachers and teachers. These teachers were also taught by people, by reading books written by other humans, and so on. Eventually it goes back to the Scriptures themselves. Specific words were heard by a prophet such as Moses for example, and written down but then are translated into some other language. But what did he mean in ancient Hebrew? What is the best word to describe this now in a modern and often vastly different language? Then again it all

goes through books and teachings and sermons, on and on and on. What they learn goes through many filters, layers and opinions and may not be exactly what Moses meant to convey.

However, there are other people whose hearts are more pure and they can learn from God directly and will know with certainty what Moses meant, even so accurately as to be able to explain nuances between different word choices and concepts. We actually need the Spirit to teach us accurately, but not everyone has a pure heart and will allow Him to do so. It was more specific than that and I can explain it in more detail maybe but the Lord says to skip it.

The second idea was that as God speaks His prophetic word over the Body but each one 'hears' only one part of the overall message because each has their own 'zone' or 'department.' The same way that in a large grocery store one section has vegetables, but another has fruit ... they are very similar but are not the same, and so when the delivery comes some things go to the vegetable section but others go to the fruit section.

This is like prophets he showed me.

God speaks his Word and it spreads out over the whole community but some of it goes to the 'vegetable' prophets, some to the 'fruit' prophets—meaning plainly that not all prophets are 'fruity'—some are more like 'vegetables'—sorry, I couldn't help myself with that one, but yes, that's what he showed me.

So the delivery of the Whole Prophetic Word is much bigger than people in either of those specific areas can hear, receive, handle or steward. God made the Body with various parts that are all a little bit different so collectively we can handle his larger message—we prophesy in part. So people in those areas are responsible or able to receive only their part of the Body-Wide Word, but we need to work together to get the whole, complete message that He is actually speaking to the Body at large. Cooperation brings a special kind of blessing.

I saw those two ideas in a *flash*—like in the blink of any eye.

So in a large meeting you may get a word that is connected and a part of what other people are hearing, and what they hear may be the exact same thing, the same thing in a different explanation, a connected idea a step or two removed, or something completely different than what you heard others speak.

But it is all a part of what the Spirit is saying to the Church and Body at large. And we should let everyone share what they hear so we can receive all of God's intended blessings.

HKI Launch 2007

So after winter I looked around and realized it had been an ENTIRE YEAR since God asked me to make a journal for prophecy and I realized I had to just start it somehow on my own. He said it needed to be monthly and for free, and without any money to print it, I realized it would have to be a digital publication, at least to start with.

So in March a year after his first instructions I made the first issue and published it at the start of April 2007. I worked with what I had, which was a lot of words from ourselves, but I soon found a site where a man was collecting prophecy from every website and chat-room he could find and just posting it in text format on his site. The main concern people had was that there was not enough prophecy to print in a monthly journal. I was now myself in 2007 reading through over 500 pages a month, just in English, to narrow down the key words to publish in a short journal of 24 pages or so. Yes, it was often the same authors who made the cut but about half of the words were from people who posted once, and never again. So I felt I had to read everything to make sure I wasn't missing anything!

It was very hard and drew a lot of warfare I had no real back up to deal with. But it was very well worth it. I did it for several years until I just no longer had the strength, my assignment changed and I was deployed to the mission field. It was such an important service **the Father Himself told me how important it was to HIM!**

Authority to Forgive Sins

And how does God teach us? Must we always do things the old fashioned way? Or can he somehow teach us directly? Well, one day I heard God say, in modern speech, **"I will show you things that will BLOW YOUR MIND!"** He was quoting Jeremiah 33:3 but in the vernacular. I understood. Later I was ready for sleep and flipping through the Bible I read the story in Mark 2 about the people who lowered their paralyzed friend through a hole they made in the roof where Jesus was talking.

Jesus said, Son, your sins are forgiven. Some people didn't like that and Jesus knew the reasoning in their hearts and said like, *Whaaat?!* Is it easier to say 'Your sins are forgiven' or 'Arise, take up your bed and walk,' BUT THAT YOU MAY KNOW the Son of Man has authority on earth to forgive sins.

I didn't know it meant anything special. Jesus said you are forgiven and it healed the man and I don't know, maybe it didn't mean anything? I just closed my eyes to go to sleep but within a few seconds—*BANG*—I sat straight up in bed! I **KNEW WHAT IT MEANT!**

BUT MORE THAN THAT when I sat up and opened my eyes I saw clouds in my room—not like that, I saw that I was looking into a cloudy sky but from the point of view of being up in the clouds myself! It was more real than normal reality. There were several billows and their edges were very distinct and they stretched for what seemed like miles but the best thing was the **STAR**. It was a point of light, like a star, moving away from me and through the clouds. I was seeing a vision with spiritual eyes into the spiritual realm! Later God told me that the 'star' I saw was my angel that had just delivered the revelation to me! God taught me by depositing a revelation into my spirit by angelic delivery. Incredible!

But what was making my head spin, wasn't the vision of the angel, but the understanding of this verse. **WE ACTUALLY HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO FORGIVE SINS!** It's like a grace you can release, an anointing that will wash away any lasting effects of sin or any of Satan's works in a person's life: it can dissolve the anchor of a curse, it can heal a wound, break bondages and any stubborn residual effects of sin. You can minister it by laying on hands! When my angel delivered this revelation to me. It literally **BLEW MY MIND**, just like God said it would!

Then I got nervous thinking of having this kind of power! What if I forgive someone's sins and they don't deserve it? I can't simply dish out the judgment of God! But Jesus calmed me down, saying, **"That's not your responsibility. You pray to release forgiveness when I prompt you to, and I'll take care of what happens next."**

Now it's funny to me to think I was concerned about praying for forgiveness of sin for people who ask: that's the very basis of the Sinner's Prayer in fact, asking Jesus to forgive you of your sins. But I just didn't see it from that point of view and just never heard about laying on hands and ministering to release the grace of forgiveness until Jesus showed it to me by personal divine revelation via angelic delivery!

T-shirt Slogans and Small Beginnings

And I simply can't count the number of different ways God speaks to us. I like the deeply intimate 'communion' the most but sometimes it's hard to be that open and vulnerable in heart. I also remember several

times when God spoke to me from t-shirt slogans.

I was getting McDonald's one Sunday after service and my thoughts were wandering about my personal situation. God kept saying he would use me, and I was getting profound insight but I was being increasingly ostracized from the very people I felt like I was called to teach. I was getting older and older and it seemed increasingly futile. This one day I was in line thinking about this and the Lord said, "Look Up. Look up!" I looked up and the man in front of me was wearing a t-shirt and printed on the back up by collar was a phrase in small letters. It wasn't printed on the front or middle of the back, but in small text, less than an inch tall up by the back collar and it said, **"Do not Despise the Day of Small Things."**

I knew the verse, kind of, 'Who would despise the day of small beginnings?' It's what I was thinking about at that very moment.

Around the same time I was worried about becoming 40 years old. Leaving my career path and all family and friends, I felt like I was still immature, like I was barely 30 year old yet, like I was missing in action for a decade, but in fact, I was now over 40. Have I really just wasted ten years of my life? And the Lord said, "Look over there!" I looked and a person had a t-shirt on that read, "Life **BEGINS** at 40!"

Then a girl from the Mainland asked for prayer at my house and it took hours. She had many strong delusions and irrational fears, mostly about romance and identity and things. The day after she left the demon that was harassing her came to my house—it was probably over 12 feet tall, like a giant gorilla. It was the same size as the principality of lust I broke down over the Village of Mui Wo which I'll share later. This was the demon making the girl crazy over boyfriends, to the point of being suicidal, which is a common affliction of young people in Mainland China.

So now it was a year or so later and I met her downtown and she asked to pray for me; she had a strong feeling from the Holy Spirit that I needed prayer and she had a word for me. So we sat by the waterfront in a quiet place and she saw a vision of a big ship that was getting maintenance. It was in dry-dock and being cleaned, refitted, getting repairs, being fixed up and soon would be ready to go back out to duty at sea, "But God," she kept asking, "What is this ship?"

My eyes were closed praying and at that point God told me, "Open your eyes." I did and just at that moment there was a young lady walking by—I did a double take when I realized she was wearing a t-shirt with an English phrase in large letters which read, "You are my Ship."

It's Not Arguments but Love That Opens the Heart

And I'll just share a nice conversation I had with the Lord about my attitudes, fears, worries. I'm being a little vulnerable, and it's personal, but I hope it blesses you.

The Lord: "I will help you get out of the mire. Place your trust in me.... Let go of your fear."

Me: "What fear?"

The Lord: "Your fear of abandonment."

Me: ???!

The Lord: "You are still fighting my acceptance of you."

Me: "Jesus, I don't want to be having this problem anymore. I don't know what I have to learn but I want it to stop."

The Lord: "Then let go of your pride, ego. Just let it go."

Me: "What are you talking about? How?"

The Lord: "Embrace humility. Let's face it, you've backed yourself into a corner trying to protect yourself—from Me—Yes, you think I am a harsh authoritarian. I assure you I am not. Taste and see that I am sweet as honey."

Me: "OK, let's deal with this ... Dad: (and now I understand the jealousy people have about getting spiritual gifts like prophecy from you. Without the gift of prophecy I would not have known all these things...)"

The Lord: "No, you don't understand this. They think a gift is God's way of saying 'I love you,' but it is not true. I love all mankind and I am not a respecter of persons. People think I play favorites because they do and their parents do—even you think that—but I don't."

Me: "Jesus, how can I be healed and set free? I WANT TO GET THE BILLS PAID!! I'm really sick of this!"

The Lord: "Open your heart to my love ... It's been a process."

Me: "Help me get out of this prison of distrust. Perry Stone said be humble, do an act of trust, pray fervently. I understand there is a root ... which means it's hidden, deep, but something shows on the surface to reveal that it is there.

[Then I prayed to know His promises are really for me, and I realized I was distrusting Him. I then saw the presence of something dark in me.]

"I see a bad attitude (inside my heart).

[Then I saw God moving to begin healing me of it in my heart.]"

The Lord: "Do you want the [provision] delivery truck now!?"

Me: "So much inner healing is needed."

The Lord: "**Once you are born again many blocks need to be dealt with. The Promised Land has walled cities in the best locations.**

"It's not a question of BLAME!"

Me: "I'm so sorry God, what has been wrong with me?!"

The Lord: "**You had the wrong image of God in your heart. Your pain blinded you to my Love. That's why arguing won't help—it never does—because it does not deal with the reason why there is a block to seeing a particular truth.**"

Me: "Can you give me an analogy?"

The Lord: "A light switch."

Me: "A light switch???! Can you explain that?"

The Lord: "It turns on and off the light but it's just a mechanical switch. It has nothing really to do with the electricity. **If the light won't work, if there's a short circuit, a blown fuse, a burned out light bulb, or a broken wire, flicking the switch won't help.** Yes, if there is a problem with the switch being in the right position then flicking it back and forth can help, but trying to fix the fuse, circuit, bulb or wire by flicking the switch is pointless, meaningless, useless. **Arguments align the mechanical switches in people's minds, but if there is a block in the heart, arguments do no good. People argue when they are only focused on what they can see and do themselves. It's not argument that opens the blockages, but prayer, love and compassion.**" [End]

Bring All Ideas Before Elders

And God spoke this to me on February 21, 2007 I believe. I was struggling to separate His voice from Mine, and wavered back and forth between these two. You can see what I mean. I finally felt comfortable to just let him speak finally and it begins to flow better towards the end.

But what he said was, "to bring all ideas / direction before elders / directors. Let them mull it over. Tell them my ideas, but be quiet and let them give their input because they will defer to you, thinking you are a prophet and know it all. Do not debase yourself, but be humble. Let them steer the direction of the ministry under you and your wife. I have chosen you to handle this part of the work, not all of it, but his task has fallen to you. A seat of Honor, and of temptation—temptation to be

proud, arrogant, know it all, show off, all the sins of the flesh will want to manifest through you here—do not let them destroy MY work, Edward, or your wife.

“Always be humble of mind, of spirit, of tongue, of attitude, of temperament, of style, of life, of mind, of will, of heart, of advocacy, of ***lies*** [even errors/jokes must be humble]—even your flesh must be humble to carry this torch and ride this horse, to carry the flame of this burden / torch to nations.

“The enemy is against all works of the flesh, to destroy them, corrupt them. That was not how it was supposed to be, but since he has access to the flesh through sin he has dominion over all works of the flesh. **You have something more noble, works of the Spirit. Done through you these are incorruptible, pure, like silver refined in fire of trial and affliction; what you hold onto will be left, pure, handling the world of life. Like a doctor cleaning before surgery, it is not a burden when you consider the work that has to be done after you wash; so do it; do not be afraid of the fire that will purge your works of the flesh because all must go through the refining fire to be used mightily of the Lord God.** Rush into the breach and I will save you, every time; it is my covenant between you and me, my son. Empty yourself into the breach, heal the narrow wall, strengthen it, support the weaklings, for they are my sons born of my Spirit.” [End]

And before I share the words God gave me for that church as his Prophet in the next few chapters, I’ll just add three more points:

Starting ‘Prayer Mountain,’

and the Discovery of The Mind of Christ

God asked me to start to training and equipping ministry and he asked me to called it Prayer Mountain. It’s funny because when he first told this to me I was standing at my house up in Kau Tsuen, Mui Wo, at the foot of a very large mountain, one that was nearly impossible to climb from my direction and I asked him, ‘What? Do I have to climb the mountain to pray!’ No, thankfully the mountain was in the Spirit. But climbing the physical mountain might actually be easier for a lot of people to do!

So while seeking the Lord one time for the program of an upcoming training and equipping ministry night, I heard Him say it was going to be an impartation meeting. After more prayer and searching I finally heard

the Lord say **He wanted to impart the Mind of Christ.** I was unsure what this meant, but to answer my hesitancy He then said, “**You have it.**” And later, not as a question, He said, “**You will impart it.**”

So now I heard Him give me my directions, but I still didn’t understand what the directions meant. So I spent even more time in prayer to get a grasp of what this thing was he was calling the Mind of Christ ... and how to impart it! The Lord is ever faithful, and He showed me by prophecy, illustration and by explaining some personal experiences I had, what the Mind of Christ really is. And it is positively amazing!

The Mind of Christ is a mystery. It’s actually like a supernatural organ—a spiritual Mind, and it’s linked to a spiritual heart, the Heart of Christ—so it does not function in us like a gift of prophecy does, it’s more like sharing Jesus’ ‘limited omniscience’ within us—our thoughts and Christ’s thoughts are ONE and we literally THINK his thoughts in our own minds. He does not ‘tell’ us anything (prophecy), we already ‘know’ it (omniscience). And the Heart of Christ is the same thing but for supernatural emotions.

People have an internal dialog, but looking around the room you don’t tell yourself what you see—oh, the cat is orange and asleep on the rug, the window light is dim but its 2pm so it’s going to rain, my arm itches—you don’t need to SAY these things to yourself, you just KNOW them without the internal dialog. Well, the Mind of Christ is that intimate and God is *not telling you things, you just know his divine thoughts about the things that concern you and your area of service to him.*

By this we can know solutions to problems without having to analyze them—but again, it’s not like a word of knowledge, it’s more intuitive.

Then what I experienced was having a kind of x-ray vision where I could SEE what the Father was doing in a kind of blue highlight, like augmented reality, but it was a supernatural sense of vision—I could literally SEE what the Father was doing.

And notice how this verse of John 15:9 is so often quoted right but understood and explained wrong where Jesus said he only did what he SAW HIS FATHER DOING. Then when people explain it they usually say he only did what the Father TOLD HIM TO DO, which is not what he said, and not what he meant, but it’s because they only understand prophecy. But the Mind of Christ is a higher union than this. **You see what he sees, you know what he knows, you think what he thinks.**

If there were a separation of speaker and hearer there would have to be a message transmitted between them: a word, a prophecy, a vision, a

conversation—but when the separation becomes UNITY there is no more need to speak a message, **one already knows the message, since speaker and hearer are united as one.**

He then told me the Christ, the Son, is in a certain relationship between the Father and Holy Spirit—he said **the Son is always focused on doing the Will of the Father THROUGH THE POWER of the Holy Spirit.** The Mind of Christ therefore is the ‘supernatural organ’ as he called it that enables us to connect to the Father and know his will and then to operate in the power of the Holy Spirit to accomplish it. I think people can operate in this without knowing what it is. I certainly did at first and when I prayed for a famous prophet to impart it to him he even said, “Oh is that what that is!” He experienced it often but didn’t know what it was called.

When Jesus ‘knew their thoughts’ it is not prophecy but this ‘limited omniscience’ at work. And yes, people do often experience this. My wife Ann often hears the prayers of people, and yes, often even knows their embarrassingly intimate thoughts. God is not speaking to her telling her, he is letting her know his omniscient knowledge of what concerns her going on around her. (This is Ann I’m talking about, the Special Woman he foretold me of 30 years ago—but I’ll get to that in just a second.)

So the Father has unlimited omniscience for every atom in the universe, but the Son does not need to bother with such details right now; he is on assignment and his range of omniscience is ‘limited’ to the tasks at hand.

For more, look for my article on-line or in the book *Foundations of the Kingdom* where the Lord asked me to include that as one of the chapters. Learn about it, ask for it, receive it, and start to walk in it! Amen! Wonderful!

And at another one of our meetings at Prayer Mountain we discovered one of the underlying bases for ‘communion’ because every person visiting was prophesying and I did not understand how everyone could have the gift of prophecy, but Jesus then explained it was not because everyone did, it was because there is a realm beyond the gifts. Hearing God is not only about gifts, which are still important he said, but we can interact with the Lord directly because his Spirit dwells within our spirit and he said actually everyone can hear God speak to them if they would just quiet themselves down and listen. My sheep know my voice. Ye all may prophesy!

The Perfect Storm

So the Tree of Life Church was actually very suspicious of this ministry work because they assumed I was spreading criticism about them behind their backs but I never did that. I didn’t share publicly the things God was telling me for them. I was careful how I shared.

But God was in a season of exposing the hearts of everyone in his Body, purifying them, and if people were under a religious spirit or a had adopted a Pharisee attitude or had embraced the flesh they were always drawn to chafe against me.

And after a few years the church reached a point of no-return and I felt I would stop going to the intercessors’ meeting Sunday morning. It was increasingly futile and one of the ladies was always striving against me. I even heard Jesus say that **the intercessors where defending the very thing He was trying to remove.** I’ll share later the dream of the lead intercessor NOT killing the Bears (attacking the large demons) that were embracing the pastor, perverting the church, and only she had the weapon to do it. I gave the warnings God gave me to share but NO ONE stood by me to confirm or collaborate what I said God was saying. And when I did give words others also had, there was still a spirit of deafness to them.

Soon afterwards the church lost two elders, people who were more sincerely trying to follow God than some others, and they ‘appointed’ two young investment bankers to be ‘voted in’ to replace them. They then held an elder’s meeting to vote on whether to move the church to an old theater used for pornographic films in Wan Chai, the Imperial Theatre, near the prostitution district, and the meeting was marked by a kind of unity they said they never had before—the elders were 100% unanimous that this was the right direction to take the church in. Never mind that it was only a 15-year lease and the evil unsaved owner retained control over the property and oh, the renovations would cost HK\$50 million, 50 times what the church was taking in from total tithes and offerings in a month.

It was a few months after I stopped attending the intercessors’ meetings and I remember hearing that the lady who always fought against me in the intercessors group confessed that when I gave the word about the church going into the wilderness, the one that caused so much backlash, well, *she had the exact same prophetic word* but would not tell anyone and would not back me up. She even said this, “When the leaders were all against Ed, I didn’t support him but God told me the same word! Now it’s too late, they’ve already signed the lease.”

The Great Falling Away—The Apostasy

Tragically my then-wife was also hearing many personal warning words about her own falling away. In one there was a tree in a plant pot by a sand dune, which prevented it from ever growing to its full potential. She knew it was the ‘religious spirit’ that had bound her but we ministered against this counterfeit Holy Spirit so often! How did this happen to her?

She then had a vision of the ground splitting, dividing the remnant sheep from the goats in the church. She was standing with the sheep—but her heart was anchored with the goats. God told her this himself.

I’ll share some these words in a few chapters in more detail but not to embarrass her—I **never mention her name here to protect her identity**—but because this is a very real danger we are all facing right now.

God often spoke of this season as the Great Falling Away and gave many detailed words about it in general and for her personally, but even with almost 40 warning words, her falling away from the Lord was so unexpected to me, so complete and so painful for us—I was still caught off guard. I think I was just in denial, or just trying hard to not entertain the voice of the enemy that was trying to pull me down as well.

I just wish these ample warnings had been able to affect the outcome of her decisions. But like Jesus said, it’s the Great Falling away and these people are becoming **apostates, no longer trying to solve problems or understand what is wrong, but now only looking for someone to blame.**

I later dreamed I was crying in anguish over the people in the community who were not going to make it to heaven. My crying disturbed a lady who only wanted surface talk ... I told her, “HALF the people here will die!” She didn’t want to hear it. In the dream I shared this with the pastor’s son, Kurt, who was a worship leader but he strongly explained away every part of it, and would not hear any warning or anguished concern. I had a similar revelation a year later, that Kurt will not hear the Lord’s word. I was not to share anything else with him. [End]

Around that time there was a very good powerful youth retreat where a city youth leader, Jack Y., got a very serious warning. He’s the son of one of the major ministry owners in Hong Kong and he’s a nice guy but comes off as being very shallow and fake. He himself shared at that meeting that God told him personally that the DEATH of many people in the community was going to be on his hands. What a tragic landscape.

And no, I never shared most of these smaller visions or dreams with

anyone. It may have just been for me to know to help me to pray and know what to do with the words he did ask me to share. I’m just sharing many of them things now for the first time but only so you can get a better context for that I am about to share: three chapters of the prophetic words for the Tree of Life.

But I first need to begin to mention Bohol.

I’m Inviting You to Bohol—You Will Conquer Bohol!

We gave a prophecy to an investment banker about a coming economic downturn in 2007 or early 2008. He got a confirming dream and planned his investments for a bear market as they call it. His friends mocked him, then the market crashed and he made a TON of money. He then gave me HK\$100,000 as a gift to say, ‘Thank you.’ But I told God, I don’t prophesy for money! God said it’s OK. It’s a gift. Keep it—we really needed it too!

It was WONDERFUL! We asked if we could go on a family mission trip with Adrian and a few others over Christmas 2008 to the Philippines and God said OK, but afterwards our family needed a rest. Adrian suggested we go to the Island of Bohol, near Cebu. It’s where he goes to rest, and it’s one of the most beautiful places in the Philippines, and that says a lot!

After training many ‘traditional’ pastors to hear God’s voice in Negros Island, we then arrived in Bohol on January 1 and went SCUBA diving and had a great time. But God then began speaking about his plans for us there! **He said he was inviting us to Bohol, something he did not do often.** He said I had to come back as soon as I could to learn the need of the people on my own. I came back in late March for a week and in that week God gave us over 100 prophecies, visions, words and insights. Some of these prophecies and prophetic words came through my wife of course!

I cannot share it all now but you can look for it on-line if you want the full story of the Bohol Vision with the revival, theme park, new town, etc.

Well, during that week I felt the Lord leading me to go to the middle of the island to the Chocolate Hills in Carmen to pray and got a few pastors to go with me the next day. God moved supernaturally to arrange this.

These unique geographic features are 100-meter tall conical limestone hills that turn chocolaty-brown in the dry season. They are quite steep and covered in loose weathered limestone rocks. God said to wear my sport sneakers that day but I didn’t think it was him—it’s too hot! Well, we got there and to climb the hill we wanted to pray atop we had to borrow a machete, a bolo, and hack through the tall, razor-like grass on a nearly 45

degree slope that had no pathway! These are unique geographic features that Carmen, Bohol is so famous for. And I was wearing beach slippers! Next time, Listen!

When we got to the top and I saw THREE EAGLES, very rare actually, hovering stationary in the strong wind so close it was like I could reach out and touch them—three eagles and we were three pastors! And God spoke. **“You will CONQUER BOHOL. Do you want the rest of the vision now or when you get home?”** I already had dozens of words and was so tired I asked could he please tell me when I got home? But when I returned to Hong Kong we suffered a complete blockade on our finances and it was brutal! But also, God told me almost nothing about the plans for several more years! It seemed like maybe he was waiting for something to happen to tell me more? But anyway I was busy with so many things the Bohol plan was just on the back shelf for a long time!

Hope Restored

It was not all warning words in this season by far. I once dreamed I was talking to a lady who used to give me a lot of corporate work, and whose family name is Keys. She had been married to my friend Michael who died of cancer around that time and in the vision she was trying to court me! I also saw my wife who was not longer with me but she jumped off the pier to harm herself just to get attention, which was completely unnecessary and also inappropriate. But I didn't want to be involved in any of these dramas, so I turned around to follow the Lord. A friend wanted me to follow him but took a very treacherous path—didn't he see I had kids with me!? That's incredibly dangerous! So I just went straight forward and had to climb over many obstacles but once over them I saw an angel holding a large set of keys. He handed them to me saying, “Nothing has been lost; everything has been preserved.” I looked and there was a luxurious black BMW executive's car, almost like a limousine. I took the keys, got into the car—My car—and drove around to test it out! Everything was perfect and so I took off! [End]

But still, I should get back to the main focus at this time which was the prophecies for the Tree of Life church. These next three chapters have some of the words the Lord spoke to me over that season to help steer that church back onto His path. **These are serious words, serious topics, and there are high stakes.** Please be mindful that I am not sharing this lightly.

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Words for the Tree of Life Church 1: Pergamum: Where Satan Has His Throne

God is warning me to be careful here.

I'll only share about twenty of the most serious words from that season in the next three chapters. This is dealing with judgment and God's holiness and it is not to be repeated or shared carelessly. Please respect the seriousness of this situation. This is also so important to me because this is where I learned what it really meant to be a Prophet.

The Tree of Life Church was cool, trendy, wealthy and fun. Full of young professional ex-patriots and overseas Chinese, they did a lot of work with refugees and music. They were started by a group of mostly musicians and by the time I showed up they had developed their music ministry into a professional level of entertainment and performance. They called their style of ministry 'Tree of Life DNA,' which was modern, used media and had money. The problems facing their ministry were invisible to most people—I certainly didn't know this was a problem until God graciously showed me—but the spiritual heart of the ministry was being

eroded by temptations of power, control and making money, not serving the Lord but serving their own purposes and goals—preserving ‘Tree of Life DNA’ itself became the goal. **And I would have been just like everyone else myself if God didn’t stop me and show me these things. He even told me this.** He also told me he was now going to give me what they were all seeking—I suppose it was because I had given it up and sought Him instead, but he was mostly responsible for me doing that as well.

This was not the first word God gave me about this church, the beach vision was. And I also had a few dozen words before this story I am going to tell you, but this is the biggest and most detailed explanation of a prophetic word I shared with them so I figured I’d start with it. Sorry if it’s a little ‘academic.’ And I did edit a few points now as over the last 12 years or so Jesus taught me even more on the topic to further explain this situation that I’m sharing to help you understand even more.

“My Word for the Tree of Life IS Pergamum, and I’m SERIOUS.”

So it happened like this. One week we had a guest speaker from Australia and he gave a message on the Church in Pergamum from Revelations, and at first I was shocked he would do such a thing as give such a serious rebuke to the church so casually! But when he read the passage, HE OMITTED THE REBUKE!, and just said that God was going to give us a white stone (acquittal) and a new name (forgiven). He had a small pouch with white pebbles in it, and every time he said ‘white stone’ he took one out, made a comment about forgiveness for sin, and dropped the pebble onto the floor. Then got another pebble, and another and it was a cute gimmick, a real rehearsed stage performance.

Leaving the meeting entertained but unsatisfied God spoke to me and it stopped me cold in my steps, **“My Word for the Tree of Life IS Pergamum, and I’m SERIOUS.”**

I read the passage but had no idea what it meant so I did a lot research and discovered something very profound. I wrote this article and published it in our journal HKI without mentioning it was for our church since I didn’t want to embarrass them publicly. But I gave it to a few elders who were also prophetic and would understand.

So the Lord said this was His word to the Tree of Life, “And I’m serious,” He added. It took me six months to get this interpretation ready and I finally told an elder and he said he did not have to listen to my word because I am not an elder. Only an elder can give an elder a prophetic word he said, which was not our doctrine but he also added defiantly, “So I will disregard this word.” Funny, because that is the exact manifestation of “Pergamum”!

Later we needed two more elders, since Eufemia the intercessor and he himself both quit, and the leadership chose a businessman who was a casual attender and a young investment banker whose brother was a youth leader to fill those roles. According to their by-laws a vote of the members was required to approve this change in eldership. So they hand chose these two replacements and then announced to everyone, ‘Come Wednesday to vote for these two people to be elders.’ Again, that is Pergamum. The church of many hundreds of people were being asked to vote not for new elders from the pool of church members, and not to vote to choose two out of five or six candidates, but to come and vote ‘yes’ to two candidates chosen by the current leaders to fill two positions. Not until a few days before the vote did Eufemia say it was funny to tell people to come to vote them in, shouldn’t they have written ‘Come and vote then in or not.’ I said, that’s not even half the problem, and explained my view.

[Now here I’ll cut a section on the idea of government separation of powers, since it really is not prophetic but political science. But if you are familiar with either US Constitutional Law or political science in general, you will understand the basic ideas of a free government and safeguards against tyranny, famously first from Alexis de Tocqueville. To have to evoke a discussion of concepts of secular government to teach professionals in church leadership what corruption looks like, well ... they needed the insight so I shared it impartially. People need to know what’s what without judgment or condemnation sometimes so they can be more free to make the right choices.]

But it became more evident to me that the real goal of the Nicolaitan spirit in Pergamum is to divide the leadership from God’s counsel in the Body, to remove any checks or balances on their power. It is the creation of two classes of people, the rulers (clergy) and the common people (laity), whereas while God has ordained leaders, we are an equal brotherhood of

priests, people who all submit one to another. **There is no such thing in God's Kingdom as a 'clergy class'** who have power over the 'laity class' and are unapproachable or unstoppable by them. This is heresy! Although sadly it is also very common. This strategy is to lead the leadership away from God's will and destroy them, driving them over a cliff, into God's wrath, whatever. This problem in our midst had been confirmed several times, but left unchecked for years and now was bearing fruit. Here is an in-depth look I published in our journal and shared with key leaders.

Pergamum: to Exalt Man / Be Joined to the World

The seven church prophecies in Revelations describe real churches in the first century, as well as an age of the church's overall development over the last 2,000 years, as well as the spiritual condition of specific churches or congregations that could exist at any time during any age.

The section of Revelations that deals with Pergamum is **Revelations 2:12-17**. This was a real Greek city now in modern day Turkey.

The recognized "Era of Pergamum" is generally held to be from the start of the reign of Constantine for about 300 years. During this time there were several developments in general Christendom, some good others bad.

"Pergamum" can literally mean two general things: First, it means **"to exalt and put something on a pedestal,"** since Pergamum was a city built high on a promontory, a cliff overlooking the sea, so this word came to be used to mean "to exalt" and to worship something, and it even was used to refer to the idol pedestals themselves used to display idols of pagan deities in the home.

And since Pergamum as a city was known as the first and most prominent place Ceasar was exalted and worshipped as Divine—it carries a sense of it being the church where men in leadership are exalted and 'worshipped' which leads to obvious forms of abuse.

Oddly enough it was also during this age of Pergamum when we first saw the clear separation of "clergy" from "laity" which was the end of the real operation of the priesthood of all believers.

So while in Pergamum the City we saw the establishment of a kind of pagan hero worship of leaders, in the Church Age of Pergamum we saw the creation of a clear leadership hierarchy of rulership over the "common" saints, an artificial creation of a leadership class separate from the regular people.

The second meaning of this word *Pergamum*, comes from the Greek word itself which seems to be derived from the word "to marry." The "marriage" suggestion of this condition is equally disturbing because it refers to **an open mixture of the sacred with the profane.**

Constantine himself is one the clearest example of this pollution. Constantine was a pagan general who adopted Christianity without a spiritual conversion experience of becoming 'born again' or repenting of his sins. He adopted Christianity as one may adopt a patron benefactor, or become a fan of a sports team, and he did this when he supposedly saw a vision or a dream of a kind of crooked cross before a victorious and decisive battle in Rome.

It is noteworthy that he did not see a vision of Christ causing him to repent of his sins, or meet Jesus and experience conviction and a need for salvation, nor did he confess or repent of his sins, and never gave up his pagan practices, but in fact openly embraced and promoted paganism alongside Christianity until his death.

Some accounts of his vision are devoid of seeing anything other than a slanted X. Others include the phrase *"In Hoc Signo Vincas,"* meaning "In this sign you shall conquer." The most spiritual account of his revelation was seeing Christ who told him to paint a certain kind of cross symbol on his army's shields. The vision he claims was of Christ was at best lacking in any real spiritual significance and at worst, this visionary experience may have even been totally fabricated, as his previous vision of Apollo certainly was, which he used to justify shifting the basis of his allegiance and his legitimacy as a ruler within the turbulent Roman empire. He swapped teams basically and said Apollo told him to do it.

Constantine was tolerant of Christians during the Great Persecution under Diocletian and when he came to power after a civil war he did establish the *Edict of Milan* granting general religious freedom to everyone, not just Christians.

Even later in life Constantine still was never exclusively a Christian but continued to offer oblation to several pagan deities, even holding the title of *Pontifex Maximus*, meaning Head of the Pagan Priesthood, his entire life—a term that very much later morphed into a title of the Catholic popes, but at his time only had a pagan meaning.

So while religious tolerance was a mark of his government, it was at the expense of allowing pagan mixture into the church, and even by

having a secular government leader become *de facto* head of the Church, involving himself in all major church decisions.

So we first can read “Pergamum” as exalting men in leadership, and also as allowing a mixture of holy and carnal or worldly ways, especially regarding earthly leadership and control. This sets the tone for much of the other prophetic symbolism in this prophecy.

The other spiritual indicators of this church which make this picture more detailed are the presence of Satan’s throne, the martyrdom of Antipas, and the presence of the Nicolaitans and of Balaam.

Where Satan has his ‘Throne’

A throne is a reference to a seat of authority. In Revelations 2:13 Pergamum is referred to as *the place where Satan has his throne*. This throne was first a physical shrine, which was probably the monument known as the Pergamon Altar removed to Berlin in the early 1900’s where it still rests at the Pergamon Museum today. [Modern prophets have seen the coming Man of Sin given global power by world leaders in the aftermath of the chaos caused by the rapture, and this meeting will be held in Berlin where they will all give him their political power and authority, and he will then ascend and seat himself on this actual throne in Berlin. That is just a note and has nothing to do with this interpretation but bears a brief mention I think --EJ.]

However the idea of a ‘seat of authority’ surely has a secondary, spiritual or prophetic meaning as well ... in this we hear the echo of Ezekiel 34:4

4“You have not strengthened the weak or healed the sick or bound up the injured. You have not brought back the strays or searched for the lost. You have ruled them harshly and brutally.”

So ‘Pergamum’ is the place where Satan’s style or spirit of authority is exercised within the church. This I think defines the overall nature of the spiritual condition that this prophecy stands for. People mistakenly think the gospel doesn’t include such ‘tangents’ as leadership methods and styles, so pastors are free to do as they want, but this is wrong. HOW we lead, doing so as servants, as brothers, as those who have to give an account is mentioned well over a dozen times in the gospels. In town

there is a stature of a man in Spanish garb wielding a sword spreading the gospel. It’s from the Knights of Columbus, but the facts are the same. Can the Gospel be spread through murder and rape as it was under the Spanish Empire? They built dungeons and jails and committed torture inside their churches. That may seem like an extreme example, but you can clearly see the WAY we obey God is also a crucial part of the Gospel. What we preach is integral to How we preach it. **We simply cannot spread the Gospel employing a worldly style or spirit of leadership. That’s what this reference boils down to. And the other prophetic symbols in this word clearly support this idea. Let’s look at them one by one.**

Antipas, Who Opposes the Regime

“**Antipas**” can probably be correctly read as the “one who opposes the pope,” —or generally the one who opposes a supreme human leadership figure in the church who is a man but who is treated as divine, or at least as divinely infallible and unquestionable. More in a few pages.

But this tells me that there is obviously conflict in this environment between the errant leadership and true followers of Christ who will resist their error. What would such leadership to do dissenters?

The Nicolaitans, whom God Hates

Then the “Nicolaitans” which reads plainly as someone who “rules the people like a tyrant,” and refers to an authoritarian control spirit where the class of leaders are likely to hold themselves to be immune to rebuke or correction, most especially by the “laity,” and so lead with impunity more as overlords or CEO-type leaders than true servants of Christ. Those in the “laity” class of non-clergy or non-leaders are often intimidated and marginalized. **Jesus also told me that in this situation a leadership “inner circle” will always exist;** this is a group consisting of the people who are groomed to protect the leaders in exchange for perks and benefits, and sure some may even one day hope to receive the leadership torch themselves, but mostly not, they get the benefits really by being the powers behind the throne, not by being the public figurehead in the spotlight. **So the problem is not an individual leader, but a class of leaders or even a system that supports him or her to share in the money and power.**

This is all clearly sinful and carnal.

This spiritual power is also mentioned in the prophecy to the Church in Ephesus in Revelations 2:6:

But you have this in your favor: You hate the practices of the Nicolaitans, which I also hate.

‘Nicolaitan’ is a universally negative connotation.

(Note: Regarding other ways to interpret “Nicolaitans,” there was an ancient sect of followers of a “Nicolas” who led people into obtuse sinfulness, even during worship services, to celebrate their belief that “grace ended sin.”

I don’t believe this is the reference being conveyed here because such a doctrine is hardly common in any modern church and never was a type of the whole Body during an entire age of its existence. So I don’t think this kind of extreme hedonism is what is alluded to by this reference to the Nicolaitans, but some do, and so I want to mention it. Instead I do think the leadership control problem is much more likely and is confirmed by the other issues raised by the term “Pergamum” itself.)

Balaam, Who Was Rebuked By A Donkey

And then we come to “**Balaam**,” which has two sides, both of them bad. This Hebrew name means, “to devour the people,” very similar to the first way to read ‘Nico’-‘lait’-an.

On one side of the possible interpretations of this spiritual demonic power, he helped Israel’s enemies destroy her spiritual covering by luring the men into sexual immorality. Balaam knew this sinfulness would destroy God’s hedge of protection around them and it did! He taught the enemies of God’s people how to break their Divine covering by tempting the men into sexual immortality and this caused the deaths of many of God’s people. So Balaam leads people into immorality, both sexual and spiritual no doubt. (This may support the second meaning of *Nicolaitan* admittedly!)

But Balaam was also a hireling, who would do anything for money, even witchcraft, and this is less scandalous an explanation, but a more common problem in my opinion. **Certainly leaders in Pergamum, like Balaam, are hirelings**, and don’t authentically care for the sheep, but serve

primarily for a salary.

Now I know not everyone who serves and gets a salary is “Balaam,” for in fact the ministers of the Gospel are SUPPOSED to be paid for their ministry work.

1 Corinthians 9:14, *“In the same way, the Lord has commanded that those who preach the gospel should receive their living from the gospel.”*

But there is a difference between the sincere servant who has bills to pay, and the charlatan who hides his wrong motives behind a veil of propriety. Balaam wears the mask of a true servant, yet is not one at heart, which the Holy Spirit will reveal ... and judge.

Balaam is therefore unfaithfulness in leadership, which can clearly be called both adultery and idolatry, so this second side of the character of Balaam actually validates the first in a way: He spreads immorality, unfaithfulness and idol worship, leading the people into destruction, and he does it for personal benefit. A false teacher has false doctrines as well as a sinful heart motive.

So in Pergamum We Have:

1. The **exalting of carnal man** as divine, meaning leaders tend to be regarded as infallible, unquestionable, and untouchable, which is usually based on their position or title;
2. A **mixture of the sacred and the profane**; carnal ways, secular goals, worldly motives and desires infect the community of saints and so are “married” to the spiritual administration of the church and the doctrines of Christ, preventing the operation of one without the other. It is systemic pollution, mixture, corruption;
3. It is noteworthy to recall that this city is first described as **the place where Satan has his throne, or seat of authority**, which I think specifically refers to this combined environment of perversion in leadership—control and harsh rule over the sheep, meaning not genuinely healing the people but probably in our age entertaining them instead, or ‘healing them *slightly*’;
4. The **Nicolaitan control spirit of the clergy over the regular people**

makes leaders unaccountable as “lords” over the normal “un-ordained” members, who are excluded from meaningful participation in core church functions, especially such things as teaching, decision making, finances, preaching or leadership.

The existence of a leadership ‘inner circle’ of yes-men who defend the leadership class and promote the doctrines that defend their power is practically guaranteed—this is what Jesus told me—it is a group issue, more than an individual acting on his or her own. This strongly reinforces the idea of carnal men with titles acting as being infallible and above common scrutiny;

5. **So Hirelings shepherd the people** and “Balaam” them, devouring them as they are polluted and deceived and led into immorality, unfaithfulness and idol worship—what idols? First and foremost the idols of the leaders and of the organization ‘brand’;

[Note: Later God told me it was for the sins of Jeroboam that he was upset, which I will share in the coming chapters, and it is this same thing: making idols to secure the loyalty of the people to the organization, and appointing unqualified loyalists to positions of influence instead of ‘Levites’ who are chosen, equipped, and anointed by God to teach and serve.]

6. We would also expect any real challenge to the growing apostasy of leaders not to be tolerated, and this is how one may read of **“Antipas” who struggles against this system and is in fact “martyred”** or persecuted in this community by unrepentant leaders.

The goal of this demonic strategy is to separate the decision makers from the protection of God, and the correction or real leading of Christ, which will often intentionally come from God through the humble, regular members of the Body in the ‘laity.’

As the leaders make a power-grab, a hijacking of the community, and insulate themselves from hearing or being accountable to the voice of God telling them to repent, such leaders will often believe their own deception, that they have a divine infallibility since they are the leaders God has chosen and appointed, so they cannot possibly make mistakes—at least they often say such things! The result is that they will shipwreck the community.

Such leaders operating in this deception of legitimacy rule for

themselves, by themselves, for their own comfort and privilege, to establish their own dynasty and protect their own heritage ... and end up leading the people who follow them over a cliff!

This is why the Bible says the **blind lead the blind who follow them and they all fall into a pit! (Matthew 15:14)**. We have an obligation to see this error, *and not follow it*.

So likewise the people who discern and correct such errant leaders are often ostracized and “martyred”—remember this was where “Antipas” was martyred—**martyrdom is not failure, but a precious sacrifice in the Lord’s eyes of a person’s comfort, opportunities and acceptance in a system for the sake of Truth, in order to help restore the people to walking the Lord’s path.** “Antipas” will be passed over for promotion, ministry opportunities, financial support and endorsement within this system—which are ways Christ’s true disciples suffer persecution from false leaders in the modern church—but incidents of actual martyrdom are still prevalent and are increasing in most parts of the world.

This is also James 5, isn’t it?! That the rich in the last days withheld the wages due to the “workers who mowed their fields”—Jesus told us he’s not talking about farmers here, but the cooperation he intended between members of the Body, some who have jobs in the city and others who will go out into the ‘fields’ to ‘mow’ or ‘harvest’ the crops, the souls for salvation. He says the wealthy withheld this support and lived in luxury while condemning and killings those who did not oppose them. How so? By withholding crucial support: prayer, money, manpower. Consider this carefully when someone says they are raising money for overseas missions and you instead want to redecorate your living room. Missionaries far too often suffer, are jailed and die because they lack basic support in various ways.

‘Antipas’ suffers in this church environment, as do all of the Lord’s true servants.

Overcoming Pergamum

And so the promises to the overcomers of Pergamum are clear and wonderful: **hidden manna**—deep revelation others do not have; and a **“white stone”** with a **“new name”**—maybe meaning acquittal or forgiveness and a new identity, and I would expect these victories in this environment would somehow reflect their struggle against abusive

leadership thinking. They will understand true servanthood better than probably any others since they lived through the opposite regime.

But also, the promise that God WILL avenge is very strong!

He WILL attack Pergamum, **fighting against unrepentant usurpers “with the sword of His Mouth,”** meaning the prophetic word surely, but also the Living Word of God which will DO what God has THREATENED and bring justice and freedom! It is not a harsh tongue-lashing that Pergamum will endure but the living, active proclamation of Divine wrath, energized by the Spirit of Indignation. God’s church WILL BE PURE when He comes for it.

And so “Antipas” will likewise be rewarded.

And the reason why I am explaining this at such length is because this Pergamum church is pretty much the exact opposite picture of how leadership functions in the Holy Spirit.

Jesus later explained to me that the spirit of leadership in the World is a Spirit of No! Where the leaders stand on top of the organizational pyramid and look down on the people and say things like, “No! You can’t come up here! You can’t get a raise! You can’t get what YOU want! No!” He said the spirit of leadership in the world (even when it is manifesting within the church) is the ‘Spirit of NO!’

But then Jesus said, in his Kingdom this is not how leadership manifests, and he took the pyramid and turned it up-side down, with the point at the bottom where he was holding it and he said, “In my Kingdom I hold EVERYBODY up! And I say things like, ‘YES! Yes, you can do it! You can achieve your calling! You can achieve your dream ... You know what? Let me help you achieve those things. TOGETHER, YES you can do it! Yes!’” He said the spirit of leadership in his Kingdom is the ‘Spirit of Yes!’

So in fact in Pergamum this kind of worldly, oppressive organizational atmosphere or leadership style will literally SHUT or CLOSE the Kingdom, first in people’s hearts, and then in the community. **“Church” may very well go on for years unabated I am sure, but the blessings of the Kingdom will be far from them. Man’s ways DO NOT produce God’s blessings!**

And notice that much of what we are talking about is NOT doctrines or core beliefs of the Christian faith. The problem is not so much a matter of theology of God’s deity, Christ’s atonement, the validity of the Bible, the major End Times events, doctrinal positions on social issues or general

morality, baptisms or spiritual manifestations.

The problem with Pergamum is more subtle than that! And more devious! It is the way the leaders see themselves, see their role, act in leadership, treat others, and the way they operate to administer the ministry they think is Christ’s. It is the hearts of those who claim to shepherd the people on Christ’s behalf. God sees the hearts and it is through the hearts of leaders that the Kingdom manifests in a community, especially knowing God, or is blocked from manifesting.

If you want to be great—that’s fine. You can do it, but you must become like a child, like a servant to all. This lesson on who is Great—even who is Greatest in the Kingdom is not only mentioned once. Not only twice. Most of our doctrines have ONE CLEAR VERSE, to find TWO verses is strong confirmation. Do you need a third? Well, this lesson on servant-hearted leadership is in the Gospels over nine times. In Mark 10 it is in the same chapter TWICE! Yet here we are again having to dissect Greek words and review ancient history to explain to church leaders that it’s wrong to be a tyrant and Lord it over the People. What is the Greek word for being a Goat? How do you say ‘Unwise Virgins’ in Aramaic?

And God dealing with this situation makes me think of the ending of the parable of the Tares as well, **Matthew 13:24-43**, the key parts are here:

^{39b} ... “The harvest is the end of the age, and the harvesters are angels. ⁴⁰As the weeds are pulled up and burned in the fire, so it will be at the end of the age. ⁴¹The Son of Man will send out his angels, and they will **weed out of his kingdom everything that causes sin and all who do evil.** ⁴²They will throw them into the fiery furnace, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. ⁴³**Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He who has ears, let him hear.**”

The other verse that comes to mind when talking about this kind of church is **Ezekiel 34**, God’s judgment against the false shepherds, and even between the sheep, judging between the ‘fat’ and ‘lean.’ God WILL remove abusive leadership from his faithful sheep, especially now during the fullness of time when the harvest is becoming ripe, which is what the parable of the Wheat and the Tares is all about. Amen! [End of teaching]

The Result? Repentance, Right?

So that's not a normal prophetic interpretation but more like a scholarly research paper. But good! First, God only told me 'Pergamum' was his prophecy for the church and didn't tell me anything about it. The publicly available research was so clear I felt it was enough to present it like this, these were professionals I was talking to after all, I figured when in Rome, you know, do as the Romans. So I should talk to them in the way a professional wants to be spoken to. What a great lesson to learn!

Later as I became more able to hear God speak to me for long conversations and I got real prophetic interpretations from the Holy Spirit for dreams and such, I would have preferred to sit in the Lord's presence long enough to hear him explain this word from Revelations himself, but I couldn't really do that at that early time. But I still think this is a good and understandable exposition of a biblical prophecy and I think by the Holy Spirit that it is correct.

And so what happened? Did it arrest their wayward ambitions in their tracks? Did they repent in sackcloth and ashes, declare a fast and weep bitterly for the sin of their midst?

No, they simply ignored it.

Making the Nazirites Drink Wine

Even worse, I'll share this ... I told you that a few years before this God delivered me from alcohol and then gave me two dreams asking me not to drink anymore: first he said it was a bad example, and second he said I am a king, and drunkenness it not befitting a king. It was my choice, my sacrifice for him. It was easy, so I didn't drink alcohol anymore ... Oh! wait! That's not entirely true! There was that one time ...

I was helping pastor Mike to apply to the government to be awarded a disused court building for the Church and Ministry. The application with the best proposed use of the old building would be given it for free. It was a long, very extensive application process and since he worked at a famous architectural and engineering firm, he was able to get people to help with the technical aspects as volunteers. He was team leader and I oversaw the writing, editing and compilation of the submission; it was not easy.

When we had finally submitted it he invited everyone to a celebratory meal in the Kowloon Tong Mall and we were with the team of mostly unsaved volunteer architects and engineers and the pastor asked me what

I wanted to drink, a cocktail or glass of wine or anything I wanted for a celebration drink.

I said, "Not any more, thank you." But then he tried to pressure me by saying I was being religious and just fearful, and I had to decline pointedly several times. I explained I'm not a recovering alcoholic, and I think it's fine for Christians to drink a little if they want to, but God asked me not to *personally*. It's my choice.

Oh come on! And he ordered me a wine and needled me about being afraid and bound by made-up religious legalism. Am I scared of what one glass of house white wine will do to me?

"No, it's not sin, and I CAN drink, I just choose not to."

"OK let's have a toast, pick up your glass."

I was embarrassed for his sake, I don't want to make a scene in front of his staff, most, like I said, were unsaved. Knowing my freedom in Christ, and to avoid a *faux pas* scene in public I sipped for the toast to the team. Cheap white wine? What's the temptation?

I was above any silly moral dilemmas on the issue. This was not a question of sin or disobedience. God never TOLD me not to drink alcohol, he said it was wisdom, being a good example, it's not for a king to get drunk. The Lord never threatened me with punishment. I was obeying this advice out of respect and honor to the Lord, not from fear of a threat of punishment. God's kindness leads us to repentance. Those who love him obey his commands. I didn't have guilt or a crisis in my conscience. And I'm certainly not thin-skinned, but I got home, and I was feeling well, slightly disrespected I think, that's all. I didn't take the matter to heart, but it seems that someone else did. I just grabbed the Bible casually—I mean it was instant—and it opened to this verse that I wasn't even familiar with: Amos 2:12, which read, **"But you made the Nazirites drink wine, and commanded the prophets, saying, 'You shall not prophesy.'"**

I even shared this with him later. Let him ferment over that for a while!

Words for the Tree of Life Church 2: Sinking in Quicksand

The other visions and words I had are much shorter as you will see. For example, praying for the church in 2008 I saw these two visions: **the Abusive Gorilla**, and **Remove the Idol** (or I will come and strike with a terrible plague!). And I also heard this short word, **'They ask for a sign.'** These are very serious warnings.

An Abusive Gorilla

First, I had to leave during service one week as the spirit during the music was so polluted and mixed it was making me feel sick. I went to a mall tower nearby and went up to the roof garden and prayed and I had a vision of an Abusive Gorilla. I heard, "This is a ministry heavily geared toward 'marketing and media'" ... so it's a ministry that is turning 'church' into a marketable product for entertainment, but also not focused on more important matters of the Gospel or Ministry. And I felt it was a word for more than one ministry but definitely he meant it for the Tree of Life Church as well. The Gorilla was about four or five stories tall and the left arm was a tree trunk that was attached to the ground. The right arm had

a boxing glove on and was furiously POUNDING the very ground that supported it.

When I saw it, the violence of its abusiveness and beast-like character was more than deeply distressing, it hurt me to watch it, and with such pain and grief in my heart I asked God something like, “What can YOU do about this?”

Then suddenly a crack appeared on the left shoulder and the arm that looked like a tree trunk was severed! **At losing the supporting trunk** (their cash flow / support I think) **the gorilla suddenly keeled over and actually died**—I mean it just fell over and disappeared. But soon a few smaller gorillas appeared on the landscape but they were not as big, and none had boxing gloves on—obviously to me this is the people from the Big Gorilla who wanted to carry on its doomed, carnal legacy, and copy its style of church being a marketed media event, a business selling entertainment.

NOTE: When I published this in HKI I tactfully did not say or even hint it was the Tree of Life Church in question, but it clearly was. I assumed the leaders were reading our publication, if for no other reason than to see if I was slandering them publicly, which I would never do. But I assumed they read it and anyway this vision surely applies to other churches as well. People need to read it, share it and pray about it. That’s why we made the HKI, to share prophecy to the intercessors so they could better direct their prayers. God does not take striking down an entire church lightly because it scatters the sheep so harmfully.

And when I published this the Lord gave me an accompanying prophetic teaching about ‘Emotions, Covering and Submission to False Spiritual Authority,’ which is such a powerful teaching I am including it afterwards in Chapter 19: Being Taught by God, as “Emotions, Covering and Submitting.” They are related topics but I want to focus here on what Jesus actually told me concerning this specific church at that time.

Remove The Idol

So then just a few minutes later after seeing the Abusive Gorilla I saw a picture of the huge idol mount for the Big Buddha on Lantau Island in Hong Kong that now has the cable car going up to it, but the idol itself was missing—it was just a mount with many stairs going up to a big empty space. I hoped He was going to say He would take down Hong Kong’s idols or something like that, but when I asked Him what it meant, He

instead said, **“Remove (take down) the Idol you worship or I will come and strike with a terrible plague!”** What is this idol? I think it is the man-made, media-focused Ministry Brand itself, the trendy church “DNA” that was built with slick marketing and professional entertainment—they made their ministry brand into an Idol.

They Ask For a Sign, the Sign is ... Someone Will Die ‘In a Day’

Then He spoke about the people who hear His word but want a sign before they believe and repent.

I actually had lunch with an elder that week. He was a Californian, an American! A pilot in the same airline my wife worked in for many years, and to me we were cut from the same cloth. That he was now inviting me to chat and be a friend could mean a door was opening to actually embrace us, befriend me, was this maybe even an opening of the gates of support for us finally? But I was mostly eager and happy to be invited to hang out and get to know each other better as friends.

We went to a trendy sandwich shop near all the Grade-A executive offices in the big mall, IFC, right by Exchange Square. My old stomping grounds in a way. I felt so happy. Maybe I could share some of the deeper things God was teaching me!

But instead of friendship, as we sat down he actually directly accused me of being a satanic false prophet, right to my face and like if I really was a demonic liar I would just confess and give it up over a sandwich. He then said he does not think the spirit in me is God, it must be Satan, because God does not tell him the same things I claim He tells me. He then demanded I produce a sign to prove I am a real prophet of God.

I pointed out that he was quoting the Bible alright, but the accusations of the Pharisees as they attacked Christ and blasphemed! I was very upset and left angry and just very disturbed.

These visions happened that very next Sunday and this is what I heard Him say next ... it is so terrifying I never shared it in print until much, much later.

Jesus said, **“And for those who are given the word of God but want a sign before they believe it and repent ... the sign is that ‘Someone would die ‘in a day’”** ... Monday the old Tree of Life pastor’s son had a bad rollerblading accident in Australia and was hospitalized. That helps

us know the date. But the next day, Tuesday, Ben Scent was walking downtown with a lady friend from work. They both worked at the main newspaper I think and they were just getting lunch when she just suddenly fainted and died that night of un-diagnosed leukemia; she just died not the next day but all 'in a day.' You can ask Ben about this although I didn't dare until many years later when he collaborated it, but he didn't know it was a sign of course. I never told most anyone that word! Would you have? But he never told me to share it either. I can't even share this now without feeling sick to my stomach.

The Time Has Come To Be Holy

Then there was a monthly prayer meeting where everyone was asked to come and pray for the church and we were given three specific things the pastors wanted us to pray about. They seemed very trite and when I laid them before the Lord he ignored them completely—I mean he did not want to even comment on them at all. Instead, He gave me this word, which I publicly shared in tears that night.

Thus saith the Lord:

"The time has come to be holy as I am holy. The onslaught has come. It will destroy all Sand Castles, all things made on the sand. Things built by your imagination will not stand. People's very salvations will be TESTED and many of my beloveds will fail; they will fall away.

"Now man's work shall be tested. What have you built with? Wood, hay, straw? Or have you been wise enough to SEEK me for MY WISDOM, knowing your strength shall fail you in the day of battle—My strength does not fail. It is unconventional strength. It cannot fail because Love cannot fail—not even in the end times.

"Yes, things are now in motion that cannot be taken back—The end times are upon you—Don't look back to what used to be, to what once was—much of what you have seen and believed in was (and is) an illusion—don't look back at failures, short comings or successes—it is a new playing field, a new day.

"You say hindsight is 20/20 vision—that means you think you always see things clearly in the past, but that is not true. You still only see what you want to be true.

"I say, DISCERN THE TIMES AND SEASONS through my Spirit at work in you. I say, look up!—above the roar and rattle of your everyday

battle and you shall see ME coming to your aid—I ride a white horse in the clouds—purity and strength—and I am coming to my faithful ones. DO NOT be found wanting in MY SCALES. I tell you, many shall be found wanting—many on that day shall walk away. I did not say I would leave them—but they would walk away. Many here today, many in this room, many hearing my voice say these very things will face that. And many shall fall away.

"I love my beloved children yet many shall fall away. Many of you standing here today do not possess what it will require to see yourself through the end days.

"Do you think that is you?

"What should you do?

"YOU SHOULD RUN TO ME, that's what you should do!! I AM the starter (the author), as well as the completer (the perfecter) of your faith—so just come to me and let me hold you in my loving arms. I can make everything you fear go away—I can lift you up out of the mire and set your feet upon a rock. How else will you stand?

"There is a house that is built upon sand. And there is a house build upon a rock." [End]

"The Tree of Life is Going Into the Wilderness."

I also heard this word from the Lord ... five months later on February 16, 2009. A long time before others picked up on the problems surrounding the decision to move into the new building they were calling the 'Tree of Life Center 2,' or 'TLC2' for short. I briefly mentioned above that the church leaders wanted to expand their building and were debating what to do. An option came to renovate and rent an old theater, the Imperial Theater, that was notoriously used for 'blue films,'—pornography. It was near the infamous Wan Chai prostitution district. Well, the renovation cost was several million dollars, I think it was a fifteen year lease at a cost of renovation of HK\$50 million (about US\$7m) plus the cost of rent. I think the church had a revenue of about HK\$1 million per month and some money on hand but not that much! But they said very

loudly that they would let God provide, and would not borrow and not cut their aid to the hundreds of refugees they were caring for, etc. In the end they sucked every bit of money from the whole community for this one project, borrowed a lot of money and cut their programs so tight many ministry activities were stopped.

God said the 'TLC2' was a 'perfect storm' to chastise them, and let them know they have insulted the Holy Spirit and followed their own will. So I got this word many months before the other intercessors even began to ask if people should maybe pray about the decision to relocate the church at such a high expense into such a dubious neighborhood. They didn't know God had been speaking openly about this for more than a year?

By the time I got this word, well, it does not sound conditional to me. Two or three months later the other intercessors started to seriously pray for the decision to embark on TLC2. God had already told them several things that were ignored which I knew of. Also the Lord said that **the intercessors were defending the very thing He was trying to remove** or take down. Anyway, here is the word...

Lord: "Read Ezekiel."

Me: "Oh, my old friend!"

Lord: "No, it's not like that.

"Hard times are coming to the *Tree of Life Peeps* [Tree of Life people]—"I've warned them but they will not heed the cry of one calling in/from the wilderness—so into the wilderness they shall be led of my Spirit of hope (the hope that they repent).

"OF OLD I have told man not to trust his own reasoning or lean unto his own understanding—yet here we are again—a dead end as they say, spiritually speaking.

"Now I will come and drive them from my [tabernacle / habitation / dwelling place]—into the wild—the wilderness.

"They shall know how to call on the name of the Lord before they emerge, unscathed, but having lost all and everything.

"NOW IT BEGINS"

Me: "And what Lord, would you have me say and do?"

Lord: "Watch. Be ready to forgive my wounded sheep when they come back, lest they be lost forever.

"The times of the great falling away have come." [End]

The leadership were oblivious and it was very upsetting. A few days later one of the elders, John Mac, saw me in the lobby and I said, "Well, going into the wilderness is a GOOD thing really; it's where you become intimate with the Lord," thinking of the verse from Song of Solomon, 'Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?' He asked what I was talking about, he obviously didn't hear me share any of these words.

So I told him honestly, "The Lord said the Tree of Life is going into the wilderness."

"Wilderness! Wilderness!" he said incredulously, "That's the Old Testament!" like a 'wilderness experience' was somehow bogus theology.

Ha! If I had quoted Psalm 91, or Psalm 23, or Genesis about Abraham's Blessing, or any number of other verses he'd say they were valid promises of God, but the "wilderness" was no longer a valid season because we are now in the New Testament! How dangerously ignorant some of these Bible teachers were. He was in charge of teaching the new believers and all the refugees! Incredible.

It Will Delay No Longer

In 2008 or early 2009 I recall Eufemia, the lead intercessor, saying that my visions are always a year or ten years down the road, and that night or that week the Lord gave me a verse from Ezekiel 12. I shared it with her.

²⁶ The word of the LORD came to me: ²⁷ "Son of man, the house of Israel is saying, 'The vision he sees is for many years from now, and he prophesies about the distant future.'

²⁸ "Therefore say to them, 'This is what the Sovereign LORD says: None of my words will be delayed any longer; whatever I say will be fulfilled, declares the Sovereign LORD.'"

Kurt Tomlinson's Vision—the Tree of Life Church is Built on Quicksand and is Sinking

Then the Lord asked me to go to a specific 'Leaders' Meeting' in June 2009 and just watch. It was a total waste of manpower, let alone the manpower of all the Tree of Life leaders and ministry heads. We sat

in a circle and started to “invite God” to talk to us about “our plans” for moving into TLC2 at the Imperial Theater. When people began to walk around and pray in tongues and ask God to come, first the spirit in the room was NOT the Lord. **I then saw a picture of many monkeys babbling.** Then we sought God for a time and people shared what God told them.

The first to share was a totally make up word by Nigel. It was absolutely fake. A FALSE PROPHECY! No one cares!

Then others shared, but nothing to report. The son of Pastor Henry, Jack, one of the trendy youth leaders, had a word I think, which he started by talking about the new video games he bought for the youth ministry, and how he knows he is not supposed to entertain but to equip, and he saw an airplane, a coffee cup and a great sword cutting the earth in two ... There may be something real in that, I’m not sure. Then Kurt Tomlinson shared.

Who is Kurt Tomlinson? He’s the pastor’s son and the face of the music ministry which by all accounts is the most professional and well rehearsed band in Asia save Hillsongs and other megachurch bands. They are a very good church band and have made several recordings. Kurt is gifted by the Holy Spirit in ways I personally can’t even grasp—really a chosen vessel for a specific task. But also a part of the corruption and worldly ways that were eating the church. But twice God told me in dreams that he always refused to listen to God’s warnings. I may have shared above but God told me I was no longer to share any revelations from the Lord with him. Soft spoken and likable, he was the face of the band and so the face of the Church to the young audience. Actually God told me the ‘key’ of the band was someone else who was truly a professional musician but also barely saved and immoral. But that’s neither here nor there.

So in this meeting, Kurt shared he also had a word.

First he heard the verse, but he said he didn’t know why he had that verse. **It was, “The wise man builds his house upon a rock, the foolish man builds his house upon the sand.”** That sounds familiar!

Second he saw a picture of the Tree of Life building ... it had large pillars that were ALL SINKING INTO THE QUICKSAND! On top the people were busy building something new and modern, not knowing the whole thing was sinking, and when he described it he even said it was not just sinking in sand, but in quicksand!

He then said he thinks what this means is that we need to change our perspective to see the foundation as well as the top floor, and then build as

God said we should, and do it well, and do it with a spirit of excellence!

OK, anyone else? Good. Now let’s plan how we are going to move into the new building. They totally ignored Kurt’s word, but it was the same thing God had told me before: there is a house built upon sand, and there is a house built upon a rock! And this time it came from KURT, not me, so how could they say it was me trying to subvert their goals!

But they just ignored it anyway.

Two Giant Snakes in the New Building

I had a vision of the new building but didn’t share it yet. What I saw was TWO GIANT SNAKES in the rafters of TLC2. They were GIGANTIC, bright green color, like neon green plastic and they were just ENORMOUS! I mean probably two meters around the belly, maybe 50 or more like 100 feet long! If they were demons they were big ones, not just ones that harass a person but what we would call territorial demons or principalities! Ones that would control a city or a town! And they were spewing venom down onto the people worshiping below. Jesus told me to pray for those people. He later said **the Tree of Life spiritual protective covering was broken and all manner of filth was attacking his people. He later also said the covering of the Tree of Life, meaning their ‘covering’ that overshadows their people ... was now something like a mushroom, and ‘everything under the Tree of Life umbrella would fail.’**

So I knew, yes, they would get the theater, and yes, they would move into it, but no, it had not yet been cleansed from the demonic presence that would pollute all the people who were unable to discern the spirit, protect themselves and who would worship there.

The pastor noticed I was unusually quiet. He probably knew I was unhappy, but I did tell him God told me to come and just to watch. But he leaned in and asked pointedly, “What would you pray for about moving into TLC2?” I thought about it. Should I share? I finally said, “Well OK, I’ll tell you. ... I would pray to cast out the two giant demonic snakes that live in the building which will spit venom onto everyone worshiping there. So yes, you’ll move there but you need to conduct proper deliverance of the demons first.”

Another elder, John Mac, was sitting by heard this and said, “No, they already prayed for it; there are no demons there anymore.” That was the same guy who felt a ‘wilderness’ was no longer a valid season because it’s from the Old Testament.

Later still when they were doing fund raising to build the TLC2 and having a lot of stress to find that much money, I heard the Lord say **he was not going with them**. They were leaving his presence / sanctuary and he would not follow. That's actually the moment when I heard him say, "The TLC2 is the **'Perfect Storm.'**"

What It Will Be Like If You Stay

I knew the Lord would eventually ask us to leave and had something planned for our future, but it was still not clear what it was, or when we should leave the Tree of Life church.

And then I had a personal dream of trying to do a ministry meeting there but *everything* was going wrong. First I saw the pastor there who in reality NEVER came to any of our meetings, and I said, "See, people think we're not with Mike, but he is here every meeting." It seemed in the dream he was present 'in every meeting,' but only 'unofficially' and I realized later they were actually spying on me the whole time.

In the vision the music was playing backwards, then in fast-forward, then the wrong song—I was embarrassed in front of the pastor that I could not even run one meeting!—there was no peace, no 'groove,' no atmosphere of the Holy Spirit's presence!

Then four people came in from the refugee ministry to help but only had DRUMS! We wanted to lead people to hear God's voice and needed something like soaking music, but it was such a worldly atmosphere with so many disturbances it would be simply impossible.

Then I just fell on my face crying because nothing was working but mostly because God's presence was missing! "Why are you not here?" Waking up the Lord said, "This is what it will be like if you stay."

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Words for the Tree of Life Church 3: Three Final Words

Murderous Pirates Stealing Money

I then saw a dream of being on a beach and the young people were honoring us for our exploits. Then I saw money float ashore attached to a life preserver but when I looked closer it was not 'rescue money,' it was money being driven ashore by demonic murderous pirates who had just murdered the real owners they hijacked. I saw these demonic pirates walking proudly on the water surface in a line, coming our way quickly. There were maybe five or six of these large beings side by side. They were marching with great strides very purposefully, swaggering, swinging their arms as they walked, like proud bullies, coming on the surface of the water in my direction. They were murderers—demonic principalities obviously—and this was their money.

I turned to flee.

My 'vehicle' was parked and facing the ocean and I needed to leave as fast as I could. So I 'shrunk' my vehicle (my ministry obviously) and turned it around, ready to leave. But they were already ashore so I hid and watched the pirates around a campfire dividing up the money. But then a man walked up not appreciating the danger of taking money from murderous pirates and he asked to join them! "I want a share," he said.

He looked like one of the new elders, the businessman's ministry leader, a guy from Singapore, who voted to embark on TLC2.

The pirates said, knowingly and with a sinister joy, "OK, we'll give you insurance." Which I'm sure you can interpret yourselves.

Upon seeing this and confirming my suspicions I fled carefully and my vehicle, which was like a camper van /caravan before now seemed to turn into a boat and I drove away and into a bay behind the beach and boated into a clear, open area where I was safe but alone and I stopped, waiting for directions about what I should do next. [End]

Finally I saw pastor Mike riding a bicycle and he crashed so badly and it was so painful to watch—he was really injured and I didn't want to look or make it worse by drawing attention to it, so I quietly kept riding my own bicycle past him, then—WATCH OUT!—there was a HUGE hole in the street! I had my own pitfalls to avoid! Don't judge!! I then came to the main road with lots of car traffic and I merged with the traffic but I was still on a bicycle but it was going downhill so I could keep the pace. I turned into the small village store and looked in my bag. I wanted TWO FISH (provision) but I only had one (but it was enough). [End]

When in real life pastor Mike's 'crash' actually came to pass it was so horrendous, the real life consequences were so bad, so awful, and what happened—I just don't want to talk about out of respect and compassion. I also had my own dangers to avoid; how I can judge? I can't. As a prophet, I am privy to a lot of secrets, but I am still human, just a messenger.

Another vision I saw was a circus tent and I asked God what it meant and He said he would, "End the carnival in a day." But added, "You will miss some of the fun!" How to explain that? We had an all night prayer once and to keep people awake it was a night of activities and coffee and well, some games and just anything to keep our fleshly bodies awake. We ended at dawn and served people fancy crêpes with berries from the coffee bar, which incidentally was run by the 'Coffee Pastor.' What's the carnival? He said the way they ran this overnight prayer, for example.

Then I saw a vision of a Saw and he said he will 'cut off their expectations.' Then he said, they would seek him but he would hide himself from them.

I won't include all the visions and words from other people at this time confirming what God was telling me. There is just too much to share.

"It is for the Sins of Jeroboam"

But then I heard God say that **it is for the Sins of Jeroboam** that the Lord was angry.

I looked into it ... Jeroboam Son of Nebat, and there are two real sins ... After Solomon died, Jeroboam was given 10 tribes, and he set up golden idols for the people to worship for fear that he would lose their loyalty. Second, **he allowed anyone to be a priest** and serve at his false altars. So instead of choosing real Levites, or as we may say today people gifted and anointed by God to teach and minister to the people, he chose anyone who would follow his new direction, probably 'yes men' and hirelings no doubt.

These are the two sins, making an idol to worship to draw people's loyalty away from God, and putting people in charge of ministry who are not chosen and equipped by God to be his vessels.

What happened to Jeroboam? He was cursed, as was the altar ... the prophet who gave the sign was killed by God ... showing how serious it was ... and yet he still didn't repent. 1 Kings 12:25 - 13:34 is the story.

I later realized it's so similar to the warning to the church in Pergamum!

The Tree of Life is Sinking

I also dreamed that the Tree of Life was a sinking ship, actually two sinking ships (probably the Old Tree of Life Center and TLC2). I was in the office as it was sinking, and there were four men still in it, but everyone else had already left and gone to the larger ship I could see out the window. It looked like, you guessed it, the Titanic, and it was already sinking as well.

I was looking for things to salvage in the old office and could find almost nothing of value. Out the window I could see the other larger ship sinking, and knew my wife was there with my daughter, Tiara, but they were only there to get off, they were not in danger. Like they were not in the main crowd. Before I left I asked the men about the sinking office and they said they knew it was sinking but wanted to stay anyway! I felt I had to get off soon or risk drowning myself but before I left I told them, knowing they would soon die, "Listen, the only to go to heaven is through Jesus." And gave them a kind of non-standard sinners' prayer to pray so when they died they might get saved. Then I said, "OK, bye!" and I left.

A Friend's Word: The Tree of Life is Sinking

Then a friend had a dream of the Tree of Life as a sinking ship as well although I didn't tell her my vision until after she shared. Her 'word' is a combination of insights, visions and impressions and is not clear, but has so much confirmation that I want to mention it. She hears a lot about 'man's plans,' etc:

"The paint is faded, chipped, and dried out. The boat does not appear to have been taken care of properly. I hear "not well oiled" and "cups not kept full of the anointing oil" and "ship not dedicated to Christ before launching" and "man's plans belong in the garbage cans" ... etc.

And another friend, Adrian Bell, had the same word, but also he would not share it. I asked him why not, and why did he agree with them moving to TLC2 in Imperial Theatre if he knows it's wrong? And he said, It is God's will to punish them; if that's what they need, then so be it. He agreed with their plan he said knowing it was chastisement!

The Flesh's Last Stand

Then when I felt the church seemed to finally be coming to its senses they held a sermon series called, 'The Prophetic Church.' This was exciting. I wondered if they would ask me to teach. Nope. The first sermon was really good, biblical and a repeat of all the verses we commonly teach about the prophetic ministry: Numbers, Amos, Samuel, 1 Corinthians, etc. I wanted to commend them for a great message and maybe I did. But it went downhill after there. It was a multiple-week sermon series, not three or four but eight weeks, and I guess they ran out of things to say biblically but it became a lot of reasons why pastors need to be in control of prophets, and that most prophets are false especially when they have 'negative' words and don't support their leaders; they are just renegades and there were several things that were directed at me and my wife personally. We just sat there smiling as long as we could.

But it soon did become unbearable and I wondered why no one would interject and stop this obvious tirade against the prophetic ministry when the Lord spoke, "**This is the flesh's last stand against the Spirit.**"

And later I saw Jesus as big as a tall building walking over to the church, removing the roof like it was a lid of a box, **reaching in and pulling out handfuls of snakes from the church!**

Other Voices Share Confirmation Words

And I was not the only one to have such dreams and visions, but my record was the most complete and maybe I had the most revelations since I took it so seriously. The confirmation from other people didn't really help my confidence—I was hearing God so often in such detail that I did not need any reassurance from anyone, but it did help other people to listen to my words if I shared, and it was nice to hear people talking about these things so I didn't feel so alone.

For example, one friend had several visions in a row, I think 10 or 12, and it was about the same issues. Only she saw money being handled in a way by one of the pastors that the Lord called it 'illegitimate'—he was taking a shore and putting it in a secret bag under his desk. Another vision there was a knock and when the pastor opened his door demons flooding into his office. One where pastor Henry was in a battle he miscalculated and almost died (which later actually happened). Another friend had a dream of Mike sitting in a throne that was being controlled and polluted by green demons, unclean spirits.

As the Lord had told me at the time, "Many opportunities have passed them right by," since they would not listen to the Lord's direction, and it was getting more and more serious! They certainly would not listen to me or the Lord speaking through me. So I prayed in earnest that if I was the problem, that they didn't respect or would not listen to ME personally, then would the Lord please send people who they WOULD listen to, at which Jackie Pullinger came and did a big series of sermons, and then Alan Hood from IHOP came and gave the same kind of direction in their messages, but there was no change. Esteban Antonio the prophet and guitar player even came, who is someone I consider a real prophet, and also Maurice Sklar the violin player who used to work with Benn Hinn, who is another authentic prophet I am so blessed to have met. But nothing came of it.

Shooting Bears in a Boat

I had shared a few words over that time as I was asked to by the Lord but now I compiled about 40 of these words in one document to give to Eufemia, the former elder and lead intercessor, but who by now was busy with other ministry projects in town. I had **a dream of her holding the right**

weapon to stop the demonic forces that were in the church (seen as bears in a small boat hugging the pastor) but she chose consciously not to fight them (“They comfort the pastor so I won’t kill them,” she said in the vision). So I, also in the vision, sought a weapon for myself but could only get a target rifle but I shot that bear in the face again and again and again but it only angered him—I could not kill them with this target practice rifle. I needed a real weapon. I went to find one but could not. Eufemia had the weapon I needed but no, she wouldn’t use it herself and the bears took over.

I shared this vision too with Eufemia, but didn’t tell her it was her in the vision, and asked her, what I should do. “Pray for that woman to wake up!” she said. A few days later I emailed and said casually, that maybe the lady in the vision was her? What did she think? She wrote back to confirm that yes, she knew it was her. But there was no change and soon there was a point of no return when God stopped warning and just gave advice on how to leave and what would happen next.

Three Final Words

So I’m trying to share four years of words in a way that can be understood. I’m grouping things by theme where I can and trying to weave others into a meaningful narrative, but it was a long time as this unfolded slowly and there are many dozens of words on topic, and hundreds more personal words that I just can’t share now. But honestly it began to wear me down. I was learning so much from the Lord and training people and trying to look forward with hope to the future despite the hardships we continually endured, but looking around at the blatant stubbornness, pride, carnal thinking around me and so often so poorly disguised, well, it was obviously upsetting to me. And God said, he understood my being upset, but said it was better that I said **three words from His Spirit of Power** than to complain at length about what I see that is wrong.

After another year of dealing with this, this is what He finally said, three words ... by this time I had been producing the monthly **HKI Journal of prophecy** for three years, wow, so much revelation and learning. That means I had probably read over 15,000 pages of personal prophecy over that time! I also had been given the wonderful book *40 Days in Heaven* to republish which is the testimony of a man who went to heaven for 40 days and returned only long enough to give his testimony! We gave away many

HUNDREDS of copies for free despite our financial hardships! What a blessing!

As Jesus asked me to, we had started the training and equipping ministry, calling it **Prayer Mountain**, as he also asked, and we were training scores of people, ministering to dozens a week in spiritual deliverance, healing, inner healing and revelation. I was the Lord’s equipper, Jesus told me! The ministry with the Filipino ladies was solid and they were all walking in weekly open communication with the Holy Spirit, and helping so many people in so many deep ways each week.

So of course, we were already teaching people about **Communion** and had written a book on it. We printed 2,000 and gave away many hundreds of copies of that as well. Wow, that was such a blessing to teach people. And he was already beginning to talk about his huge plans for the Philippines, but at this time he was still not openly sharing very much with me on this topic.

I mentioned it was also during this time he showed me the revelation of the Mind of Christ! Wow! It’s not prophecy, it’s not even Communion, it’s when our mind and Jesus’ mind are ONE and we are not told things, we think his thoughts in our own shared mind. *Incredible!*

Finally, Communion and even the Mind of Christ were only two of a set of nine or 10 revelations the Lord gave me about the reformation of the modern church. God showed me these separate ideas were all linked when he revealed his interpretation of Isaiah 61 to me and it simply blew my mind—as he knew it would—changing the very way I understand the nature, purpose and methods of ministry, Christianity and our callings to serve Him and his Body! I call that set of ideas *the Foundations of the Kingdom*. That is serious revelation, meat for the sincere straight from the mouth of the Lord Jesus Christ for his end time church!

When Jesus explained Isaiah 61 to me line by line I said, ‘This is the model of your ministry!’ Jesus said “**No, this is the model of your new life.**” I write on that a lot and the full articles on my website, and in a later chapter here as well.

All this revelation came at a cost, as he said it would. But I had already paid the price to catch it, and was now sharing it freely. This was truly the Revelation of the Knowledge of the Kingdom. So wouldn’t you think this would be valuable to share? Valuable to know and teach your people? Major international ministries are built on far less!

Finally in October after Jesus told me he knew I was upset but it was **better to speak three words of power** than to just complain about

everything I saw that bothered me, he gave me these three final words:

1. **“They’d rather have you leave, and take with you what I have given you ...”** All the things God was giving me! So much divine treasure! And they valued none of it. Good, you say, don’t cast your pearls before swine kind of thing. Sure, but just think of it ... They’d rather have me leave and take it all with me than what? Than repent and serve the Lord rightly?
2. Then I was in the stairwell up by the offices during service that was so messed up I could not stand to attend it anymore. I was up in the hallway by the interior staircase and **in the Spirit I heard the cries of many suffering people**, people who needed the touch of the Holy Spirit to ease the pain and suffering in their broken hearts, for healing, for understanding ... **but the Tree of Life music suddenly got so loud that it drown out the cries and moaning of the suffering of the people** ... someone had opened the door to the stairwell during the closing music set and you could no longer hear the cries of the people because of the music ... then I saw pastor Mike walking up the stairs followed by a Korean boy who often came to our Filipino ministry for fellowship and healing. He was mentally unstable because of the demons from his drug use and he had a lot of family stress, as well. He needed help but it was time for the public service not personal ministry! Mike walked by followed by the boy and the Lord said with such exasperation in his voice, **“What have I made them FOR? ... it is to COVER these people,”** and the Lord motioned to sweep over the people with a shepherd’s robe to cover the people to protect and comfort them ... but they were too busy preserving their ‘DNA’ and ‘doing church’ to help the very people the existed to serve.
3. I leaned my head against the wall, exhausted and despairing, and said in their defense, **“But God, they are just people ...”** But as soon as I said this, my spirit bore immediate witness in the Holy Spirit, I mean my spirit somehow spoke up to join the voice of the Holy Spirit in unison as a confirming voice to finish my own sentence, **They are just people ... “who know the Will of the Lord.”**

I resigned my volunteer position as ministry leader, much to the relief

of probably everyone, and when I turned in my key to the ministry storage locker, I walked across town and never realized there is so much open sky in Hong Kong! I was shocked! It was like I was walking outdoors for the first time! BLUE skies, WHITE clouds! I never felt so much freedom! I actually started singing out loud as I walked the ten or so blocks to Union Church where I was going to a Bible study that night, and walking somewhere by Alexander House or Prince’s Building I suddenly could discern something I never knew. The spirit of the Tree of Life church was the spirit of a business. I suddenly could smell it, feel it—what word do you use for describing spiritual discernment? Whatever the word is, I was sensing this but it was clear and tangible like a taste I could hold onto and savor. The Tree of Life church spirit was the exact same spiritual covering as an ordinary business, like this bank, like those shops, like these offices.

Reflections

Afterwards, by the time the dust settled, I laid out most of the words God spoke to me about that church over that four year season in a pamphlet ... but I had no one to give it to!

I kept that for a long time and shared it with only one or two prophetic people after I left who were intercessors and ought to know what God had said over that community. Later I revised the booklet since the season was really over and I added the other words I heard into a larger booklet of about 70 words, more for posterity than anything else. I never before shared most of what God was showing me. I may have told a few people who I felt needed to know or were in a position to do something about it, or when God told me to, but I felt strongly that I was not just to just broadcast these things across facebook for everyone to read!

I look back now and I think if I had been more public and tried a ‘name and shame’ tactic it might have been more effective. But first, God knew I wouldn’t do that, so what he gave me was given to me knowing what I would do with it; second, in the visions I had I was not told to do that. I just shared the word of God that exposed situations, consequences and gave people warning about their ways when God told me to. Otherwise these things were just maybe to help me know how to pray. What they did with it was their problem.

I don’t really think that would have made any difference. Would they repent from their hearts if all that was made public? I don’t think so.

And I still feel a fair amount of guilt that nothing I did bore any fruit. The

Tree of Life did not have to fail, the Lord said. It failed, and on my watch. Yes, I know it's not my *fault*, but it still weights on me like a colossal failure. Someone will say, just because they didn't repent does not mean there is no fruit. Yes, that's true, but still not the fruit I wanted.

I also never had a vision about them changing and making things right. I think I came into the situation late, but God says no, there was still time for them to repent, change and avoid those awful consequences. Most of what I saw was pretty dire, but yet He was still calling to them to change their ways while it was still time to repent.

In the end I made sure the people I was sent to knew very clearly what God was saying, and in such a way that they could respond in their own personal space and I would not embarrass them. It's what a professional would do. I respected them and figured this was the right way to act. Would Christ do it that way? Or Paul? Would Elijah? Maybe I had the wrong tack? But they can't fault me for my genuine respect despite saying I was just ambitious and trying to take over their church—just a disgruntled liar. In truth I treated them in the way I wanted to be treated. So they had ample instruction and warning—and this was truly coming from the Lord, God—but they still simply chose their own way.

After it was over and I was leaving, God did say their church did not have to fail, but also ... **that they would know a prophet was among them.**

Passing the Torch

Their church was given an Asian-wide calling to be a torch bearer and lead change across the region. They were called to train, equip and support many other small churches and pastors and other ministers all over Asia, a calling that has since been passed to a different church, one that actually took over their former premises.

Phase Three

18

Mui Wo Village

If the ministry of prophecy to warn people of impending doom comes with Glory, how much more Glory would there be in the ministry of prophecy to teach people about the treasures of the Kingdom?

At some point God had asked me to be a pastor over the entire town of Mui Wo. I never heard of a pastor over a town, but OK, how can I help? I began to visit there a lot and meet people in dire need, befriending and praying for them. Then I was prayer walking around a recently abandoned secondary school that God led me to go to and he asked me to *Claim the Property for His Kingdom*. Months later a faith-based drug rehab program was asking the city to find them a new location. The Government owns most of the land in that system, and so they needed government help to move. But when it was suggested they use the abandoned school in Mui Wo a huge debate in the public sphere erupted; it was vicious. We don't want those drug addicted children here!! I kept my silence and knew God already claimed possession of that property for his purposes, not that he does not already own everything, but I knew that he asked me to claim the property for his purposes, and was not surprised when a year or so later it was given to the faith-based drug rehab charity.

But at that time we were still living far away in the Blessed Village, Tong Fuk, and were being evicted as the landlord wanted to renovate the flat and raise the rent and we had to relocate. God said he had a new place

for us, in a very tight housing market on a very low budget, and so go start looking around!

One time I was walking past the Discovery Bay Ferry where most of the well-paid expats lived in comfort and convenience—where I should have lived had I not chosen to serve the Lord instead. To go home I had to walk past that ferry and on to the Mui Wo ferry where most of the poor farmers and irregularly employed young people lived. God stopped me this one day and asked me to sit down by the ‘Disco Bay’ ferry to talk to me. He said look at that ferry. “That’s where you would be if I didn’t intervene in your life and rescue you. **You would be just like those people.**” I saw them, rushing off to work, vain, self-absorbed, wealthy and wasting everything on their own meaningless luxuries. I knew many of those Christians and God was a distant vision, nearly an illusion to them. I would have been just like that: chasing the wind, living for self-bought meaningless luxuries. I was always feeling down, like I lived under a constant blanket of darkness trying to put out my light. I was wrong for thinking like this and needed to be more thankful. Yes, Lord, I said. And thank you for it!

He often told me of his personal promises during this time that I was counting and recording and waiting so long for. And he just kept saying, “Wait—be patient; it will EXPLODE upon you.” Yes, Lord. Help me keep going!

Like an Open Heaven

For well over six weeks there was nothing I could find to rent but God intervened when I prayed and I saw the clouds part and a sunbeam shine down on a small footpath leading up into the hills in an area called Kau Tsuen. I followed what seemed to be a prophetic sign and sure enough found a cute little unadvertised place to rent—one of the only available units in the whole area!

Mui Wo village has several very active demonic temples and was a haven for witchcraft. There was also a beach, where the church was that Adrian was helping where I felt that angel’s presence so strongly that time. One day praying by the beach I discerned and rebuked the power of a lust demon over the territory and then felt a good freedom settle over the area. Later I saw that demon, as large as a bull elephant but it was shaped more like a gorilla. I knew it was a territorial demon, but I saw

other demons ‘higher up’ like the ones that were it’s bosses, and they were forcing it to re-fight me to retake this territory but I also saw his insecurity and fear! I saw that it knew I already defeated him once and I saw that it lacked confidence or even a willingness to try to fight me again but was being bullied into doing it by the higher up demons. I saw all this going on in its mind! So I just yelled at him, playing on his own fears that God revealed to me and said, “I already beat you last time. What? Do you really think you can beat me again? GET OUT!” He just left.

The warfare in the small village was sickening. Demons manifested all over the place and there were many active witches and satanic priests maintaining demonic strongholds all over the village. One was a famous curly-haired lady who played Dragon Drums in the valley by the famous waterfalls; she had disciples she was training.

Demonic Harassment in our Relationship

And I still remember the time my wife and I were having a very serious argument and God said to just go for a walk. I left and walked up into the hills, past the Yoga training house where the Australian yoga instructor was doing TM, and God said, “Turn this way.” I followed the path as he directed down back the edge of the valley and came out by a huge grove of overly-tall banana trees, and as I came out to the fields I surprised a big demon in the grass! It was startled and jumped up—it was invisible but I saw it disturb the dry leaves and grass and leave a trail in the leaves like a huge snake was slithering in the dirt as it left. I realized I was standing right next to the house of the witch who played the Dragon Drums and I looked up across the small field that I was facing and I could see my house right there behind a few overgrown bushes! The arguments we were having were being fueled by this witches and her demons. Duh! I prayed differently from then on.

Then one night my daughter, Tiara, was crying in her bed before sleep. I went in to see what was wrong and she said in despair, “I can’t do math. My future is ruined. I’m a failure.” I think she was 11 or 12, maybe 13, and I felt the presence of a demon in the room. Suicide is the leading cause of death of children in China and Hong Kong, usually over school stress and also failed romance, for kids even as young as 10, 11 and 12. I got angry and first I told the demon, “I bind you in Jesus’ name! Don’t move!” Then asked the Holy Spirit what was going on. He said, “She thinks she’s bad at math but in fact she is VERY GOOD at it.” My mom was a math teacher,

my dad was in Time Magazine for being a brilliant Engineer in the 70's. I wanted to be a physicist before going into a writing and legal track in school. And God had just said she was actually VERY GOOD at what Satan was telling her she was terrible at and which would ruin her life. Then I told her that God had prepared a beautiful future for us, with lots of blessings, and he was even beginning to reveal businesses and other big projects for us, and none of it depended on her being good at math. I then told her, poor math is not a life skill that will stop her future in any way. We have calculators and computers and just stop worrying. Then I told her God also said she is VERY GOOD at math actually. It was all lies from the enemy!

She calmed down and laughed and began to get ready to sleep and so I then turned to the demon, and I said, "And about YOU! ..." but it panicked and broke free of my binding command and shot out the window and I saw in the spirit that it flew over the houses and went back into a small temple at the corner of the village for protection. The demonic attack was coming from that small temple.

Then I was often bumping into a White man from Australia who wore a robe and we would get off the same ferry and both walk the 15 or 20 minutes up to our part of the village and then he would keep going past my house higher up into the forest to his home. I chatted with him often to befriend him and he said he was a yoga master training people to do TM—transcendental meditation—a very satanic form of witchcraft also called astral projection or bi-location. He said he was trying to bring humanity into a higher enlightenment of morality to improve society. I shared the gospel very matter-of-factly and that I was a prophet of the Lord and explained what that was like.

We had a very open conversation, a very good rapport. I hoped he would see the truth and become a follower in Jesus. But that night I was writing at the computer working on HKI and an early draft of the book, *Foundations of the Kingdom* when he visited me in the spirit. I could feel the presence of his spirit in my room observing me; he was doing TM. I didn't acknowledge him but opened my heart up to the Spirit of God so the Glory of God would flow over me; I got goosebumps and felt the light of God's Presence was clearly visible to him—and then he left.

I was trying to evangelize him but it's also dangerous to have a spiritual criminal like that in our village. So I commanded he be removed in Jesus' name. Two weeks later I saw him looking sad and asked him what's wrong and he said he was being relocated by his Yoga Order and had to

leave Hong Kong within two weeks! Problem was he was going back to Australia to run a children's school. I prayed God would disrupt that plan as well, and get him saved. But at least he was gone.

Sign of 33,000 Lightning Strikes

The Lord was no longer using me to warn that church and so instead He was using me to train people, to teach his revelations of the Kingdom and I remember God telling me he would give me a sign about my calling and ministry on Jewish New Year, Rosh Hashanah. I think he said it would be like a sign in the weather or in the sky. I hoped to see a rainbow or something but I waited and watched all day and could not see anything out of the ordinary. It was a clear, fine day. They have a good Doppler weather radar system in Hong Kong and it was shown on-line so you could see with very good precision where and when it would rain.

Well that early evening but still well before dark I was relaxing in bed with my laptop and saw something incredible coming my way. It wasn't a storm, it wasn't raining but it was just a rolling line of clouds with intense lightning activity in it—and it was headed my way! I started to hear the lightning strikes far away with a few deep BOOMS and unplugged everything just in case we had a power surge but the laptop wi-fi was still working and I could continue to watch on-line as the cloud was headed to pass right over my house! Was this the sign God was talking about? It was so cool! The website would show with a colored X if there was a lightning strike either cloud-to-cloud or if it hit the ground and I've never seen such a thing—the rolling cloud was already covered with HUNDREDS of X's.

I was so excited until it got near enough that the lightning and thunder began to become quite loud and very frequent it, well, began to not really scare me, but maybe something pretty close. I left the bedroom to check on the rest of windows in the house but I was getting louder and louder and, well, OK, by now I was beginning to get a little uncomfortable, I admit it. It was not yet dusk but now the sky just turned completely black and it looked like it was late at night but for the extreme flashes of blinding light every few seconds but there was still only one loud CRASH every few minutes or so—but at which the old windows in the house were shaking and rattling and I was afraid some of the windows might get broken!

I was thinking it's probably getting ready to dissipate but instead the lighting increased and the frequency of very loud strikes was now every few seconds! The strikes again still became noticeably even more frequent

and I can't describe to you what it was now like. There were clearly several strikes every second now—the flashing was like a strobe light but not like a steady pattern, it was still random and unpredictable and then a huge terrifying—*BOOOM*—and a sudden, massive—*CRAAAASSH*—as one bolt of lightning hit the metal roof right next to me and I screamed out loud in fear! “*AHHHHHHH!!!!*” The sound of lightning hitting a thin metal roof next door is *deafening!*

“Ok God! It's enough—it's enough!” But the noise didn't stop. By now I was just plain scared.

Everyone can be startled by a lightning strike they didn't expect but this was a constant barrage of now thousands and thousands of lightning strikes, several every second and the noise was so loud I just plugged my ears, but I could still FEEL their impact in my chest, so I kept my eyes mostly tightly shut and sat in a safe place praying, hoping it would soon pass. It was awful!!

I had another friend who kept an eye on the Jewish calendar and she emailed me later to ask if I noticed the sign in the heavens on Jewish New Year. I didn't tell her God told me beforehand to watch for it and it was a personal sign to me. I checked the weather website and they tracked the single cloud over the territory and reported how long it was here and how many lightning strikes it had. I think it was about 27 minutes in duration and they recorded a staggering 33,000 lightning strikes in that span of time. It's most intense outburst was when it was directly over my house.

Prophetically 33 is the how old Jesus was when he began his ministry, so the number symbolizing being released into ministry—this only meant something to me because God said it was a sign about my future ministry to him. And multiply this by 1,000 meaning maybe it's going to be like a 1,000-fold outpouring. But I was not boasting, I was scared!

If this outburst of 33,000 strikes took an hour it would mean we experienced nine strikes every second. But I think it was only in our territory for something like 27 minutes. So multiply 27 minutes by 60 seconds and you get 1,620 seconds. To record 33,000 strikes in 1,620 seconds means ON AVERAGE there were 20 lightning strikes per second, but that is *on average*. It started slow and ended slow and so if it was on a bell curve it may have begun and ended with only one or two strikes every one or two seconds—but in the middle when it was over my house it may have been 30 or 40 lightning strikes *PER SECOND*.

You want a sign from God, you say? Really? Be careful if you ask for a sign from God—you just might get one.

Personal Warning Words

The personal warfare was very intense but manageable in the power of God and we were making great progress but my wife was really not doing so well. God had been giving her warning dreams and visions that she was falling away and exposing the foundation of her faith, but she seemed unable to do anything about it. She had joined Christianity mostly because of pride knowing it was a better way to follow God than her Catholic upbringing, but he revealed pride was the root of her walk, at least at that time. Don't tell people that; it's private and embarrassing. He also said she was being affected by the religious spirit, which is a false or counterfeit Holy Spirit, and it was infecting her thinking, fueling her pride and disturbing her peace. I never mentioned her name here out of respect, but still, please keep some of these more hurtful things to yourself and just ponder the lessons we can learn.

She herself shared a dream that we as a family were all in a high floor of the new tower of the International Finance Center, Tower 2, the big one, and me and Tiara and her friends all went up to a higher level still, and my wife wanted to go with us but she looked down and Oh, no! She was not dressed but only in old pajamas with holes in the them! She was suddenly so embarrassed she tried to hide her nakedness from sight but there was an Angel there suddenly who told her not only could she not go higher like the rest of us, he even said, “You think you're married, but you're not!”

In truth she never wanted to take my name, never did. Never applied for a US visa; she hated America she said, especially my family for in her words raising me to be so reckless and selfish and abusive. Abusive? Really, how? He won't just get a regular job. She often said I was abusing her by not quitting this religion thing and just getting a regular job. She said this even when we were both ministers.

She especially hated my mom and said that often. Later when she left me she discovered actually my mom was her best friend! Someone she could call often and who would be a shoulder to cry on and who would listen to all her bitter complaints about her useless, abusive husband who was a religious man in public but in private was abusive and evil. Really? Yes, he won't just get a real job! My own mom, who prayed for God to USE ME, then turned on me as well. I didn't justify myself to her, but said plainly, Can't you see she kicked her own daughter out of her own

house? Can't you see something is very wrong? I said yes, our life is hard sometimes but we are OK. I'm still here! And we've been serving God for many years and He is taking care of us despite what people think. My mom said, Yes, I know <sigh>, but you really do need to get a real job. Well, I HAVE a REAL job, I work for God. That's what Jesus told me. You can imagine her reaction.

Knowing I was upset at this betrayal but also at my own mother's gullibility, Jesus said, **"Don't you think I can be a better mother to you than your real mother?"** ... She died before we properly reconciled.

God also showed a vision of my now ex-wife of herself as a sapling of what could be a huge tree but it was stuck in a plant pot by a sand dune and the pot was stunting it's growth. "It can never grow to full size, WHILE ITS STUCK IN THAT POT!" God yelled emphatically. What was the pot? She said she knew herself it was the Religious Spirit.

In another vision I saw 12 different demons including generational curses, man-hating, adultery, family destroying, a dark leopard, a hyena (mocking), and a huge vicious bear, all affecting her. I tried my best for a long time to pray and pray and pray. The difficulty was not the prayer but in her free will. God simply won't force us to repent and follow him.

I began to see this bear demon in my house often and I could bind it but could not cast it out. One time I saw it, bound it, it froze and I commanded in Jesus' name to tell me what it was doing here in my house, what was it's assignment! "I am taking away your family happiness." I canceled it's assignment but it said, "My work is not finished yet!" Yes it is! I demanded! But I could not get rid of it or stop it from harassing my wife. Something was empowering it that I could not break.

My wife often had outbursts when I was working on HKI, the prophecy journal—it drew a lot of warfare. One time she came into the office and begin an argument with me when I was finishing the issue, and she complained for several hours while I kept finishing the layout, then uploading the articles to the website, making graphics and finally put the whole thing on-line. Yes, it took a few hours and I kept working and just as I finished, the moment I finished and was free to talk and turned to her, she just said, "Oh, never mind, I don't want to talk about it." And walked away.

She tried to sabotage HKI production another time by asking to submit

an article but did it by accusing me of only publishing my own prophetic words, demanding I publish her word that month too. I often published her words and showed her I didn't publish ANY of my own words in several issues since other people's words were better than mine, so my own words got cut! It was not my own outlet for attention but a journal of global prophecy. But OK, if she had a timely word, write it up, I was finishing the issue, please hurry and I'll see if it's OK. The draft was OK; it was saying what God was going that season; it was short, I was rushing. My deadline was that night or the next day to publish it. But when she knew she was in the pipeline she got upset, walked away and just refused to finish the article. I needed it in hours, but she intentionally refused to touch it for many days. I just waited a day or so, did all the other bits and bobs, then adjusted the layout for a different article, and then quietly finished the issue without her word and without her knowing.

Over three weeks later I was then finishing the next issue and she asked casually, how the publishing was going, since her article was not done yet, so I could not publish the journal yet either. How was I handling the delay? She had not even looked it in over three weeks even though it was only 500 or 800 words and would have only taken 30 minutes to finish. She was doing this intentionally to stop me from publishing. I said, Well, I already published that issue a month ago, and am almost finished with the next issue already. If her word was done I'd take a look. But you weren't supposed to publish until I gave you my article! ... Yeh, exactly.

Dividing Sheep from Goats

Some of the words my wife had gotten before about the Tree of Life church community showed it as a Ship leaving the World but once hitting storms and it then turned back to the world for safety, for money, for other desires. I published a few of these previously in the HKI but they were addressed to 'some churches' not our home church by name because the journal was not a place for personal or specific words for a single church, and I would never say something like that publicly either on my own.

Sadly as things began to get worse and worse my wife began having a vision of the community being separated into two camps. The ground was splitting and most of the people were being dragged back to Babylon, bondage, the world, in the camp of the goats. She saw herself standing with a remnant of people, including me, our daughter, a prophetic friend, Cynthia, and the ground we were on was being separated for the Lord's

service—the true sheep—the only problem was she saw that her heart was anchored to the community of the goats falling away. She saw as the ground split widened and the pull continued to drag her away that there was going to be a moment when she would slip off the side of the remnant and fall away with the others. This was a vision to her directly she shared.

Finally my wife began to go into full depression, just as we were planning on leaving the Tree of Life church at God's prompting. We visited Jackie Pullinger's church a few times, miracles flowed freely and I had several powerful visions during service—one I saw Jesus like a rich king on a throne! He looked good! All I wanted to do was 'take a knee' and bow before him but ready for service! I also had two dreams about God's purpose for me there. Jesus openly asked me if I wanted to run one of her new small groups. Everyone was scrambling to run it I reminded God but he said, "You are the only one I am inviting." I had a dream where I went to a higher level and Jackie was there and helped wash me and began prophesying to me in the dream; one thing she said was, "**You have been given the key of understanding. Without you no one will understand.**" It was about *the Foundations of the Kingdom* revelation I assumed. Wow. She said four other things in the dream I remembered briefly but then could not recall any more when I woke up.

But soon my wife refused to go to her church as well, or any church.

I wondered if I finally needed to bring things to a more public light. Maybe I needed to bring her before something like a council? Would that help her see her error and come back? The Bible says rebuke someone privately, then bring a friend, then if that won't stop them make it public before a group of leaders ... but God said no. Would love do that? I said I just want to bring her back to her senses. He didn't repeat himself.

By this time we had already seen the Throne of Grace in heaven and were teaching on this revelation often. It's the place where we go to get strength, and now I saw a vision of my wife in the spirit and she was so sick and unable to care for herself that she was just skin and bones and like a deflated, lifeless body. She could not bring herself into God's presence anymore to get help, so I had to carry her there like a lifeless doll.

My daughter, Tiara, saw a vision of her mom drowning in the ocean, confused, raving in accusations against everything she could think of, and my daughter and me were safe on the Lord's boat. The problem was my daughter felt to reach her mom the best thing was to jump off the boat, get

back into the 'world' to make peace and help draw her out. She did this but the problem was she herself began drowning. After a time ... a giant hand came down and picked my daughter up and placed her wet and exhausted back into the boat, safe again. Her mother was still struggling in the water.

Later when my daughter backslid for several years this was one of the main reasons, trying to reach her mom who hated anything related to church, religion, etc., but also all the deception and pollution her mother was now embracing gave her a lot of demonic confusion. Ten years later or so I got remarried and my biggest concern was my daughter. I saw visions of her, she was in actual danger. Together, my special wife Ann and I, well, honestly it was mostly all Ann and she finally put our foot down and DEMANDED my daughter break free of all the deception and bondage and she did *that very day* and in a few weeks was safely in Bethel in Redding being restored, healed, trained and empowered. There is power in a praying wife! Better believe it!

A Petition—GRANTED!

So I was prayer walking the hills behind my home and asked God if I could petition him for his unanswered promises and he said, OK.

I got home and began to write a petition of his dozens of delayed promises and he stopped me and asked, "Were these conditional promises?"

I gulped dryly. I knew there were people who were told what to do and what not to do and had the consequences clearly explained to them—but others were punished because they Ought To Have Known what to do and not to do. I knew I can't demand or justify myself before God. I said cautiously, "Lord, you know everything. I am a man of flesh and weakness ... but no, these promises were not conditional ..."

"Very well, carry on. But after you finish I will tell you something."

I wrote about 30 words, one was spending \$5 million, buying and selling houses, ministering globally, so many big words, but even small ones. I missed pizza. Can I have pizza sometimes more than only once or twice a year or whatever it was living like this? He also said I would have a happy marriage, a happy family, he had A Special Woman chosen for me after all, and I knew it was the New Hampshire pastor's daughter originally, but he said this was Plan B and was still a good plan and still under his promise, that she would 'be like me, only a little less,' and I

remember writing it down and thinking it over as I finished my draft petition and I had to walk the dogs again because it was evening, and so I was up the hill praying again and he said, Go back home now. But that I would anyway come back up there later. But I never walked the dogs that far up the dark hill twice in a night?! Why would I come back later?

Back home my wife was beyond consolation and it had come now to Adrian's knowledge and without thinking he just suggested we live apart for a time until things calmed down and she just jumped at the idea! I got home and she announced triumphantly that she had signed a lease on a new apartment for herself and was moving out! Oh, that's the vision I saw about her in a new flat and being watched by that creepy old guy from Pakistan who we all knew raped a girl. He was watching her in the vision now being vulnerable ready to rape her too. I started to pray for her protection despite her actions. But I began to get fearful and scared and God said, 'Go back up the hill to pray.'

I went back up and he said, now go higher up the hill. There was one more light post by another abandoned shack and it was creepy but I wasn't afraid of a demon jumping out of the bushes! I rebuked everything in my path and was not afraid. My friends would not walk up there with me, but I was not afraid!

I got to the top area and he spoke.

"About the petition? GRANTED. But you can crumple it up and throw it all away for what I am about to do for you. I am making you leader of my people Israel."

I began shaking under this unexpected word—I won't say I was scared, but you might. I said, "God ... no one can do a good job in that position. No one ever has." I looked at his word in my heart to discern his intention—he was not talking about the nation of Israel, but his Body. He spoke in the singular but I looked and it felt more like he meant it in the plural, to be *one of the leaders* of his people. And as I had taught and wrote about in *Foundations of the Kingdom*, the real leaders are servants. To be Leader of his People meant being a servant of his people. That's all I wanted to do anyway! Would this be a big position? Would I need to be trained more and so endure more hardships? I didn't feel ready to serve God in such a weighty position. But still, the frightening reality that NO ONE has done a good job in that role, not David, Peter, even Paul had things he needed to improve. My wife was leaving me, I was actually relieved, but if his promises about such a simple thing were so confusing, seemingly failing, what can I do now with this?

But I just said something like, "I will obey you and do what you ask, but I need your help in anything that difficult. But yes, I will obey." Amen!

So I had kept finding proverbs saying things like it's better to sleep in the corner of a rooftop than in a large house with a contentious wife; I think I found this or a similar verse six or seven times, so for a few weeks I slept in the upstairs office on a pile of boxes to give her space but then my wife just went into her bedroom and would not come out for several days. God asked me to go talk to her and apologize and try to offer her reconciliation but she again took this not as a sacrifice of love but as weakness and stupidity. I told her I didn't want to fight, I didn't want her to be unhappy, I wanted us to be a family and get along. And she said, "Yes me too, but ..." and then I saw that bear demon manifest behind her and her face changed, becoming dark and contorted ... "But I can't! ... I need to ... I won't" She was trying to coerce me to stop following God and using emotional blackmail and threats of divorce as a weapon to do that. But I had already learned this. Even if I gave in, she would just make a new demand. She was unappeasable in this mood and NOTHING would satisfy her—well, nothing would satisfy the demon bear who had convinced her to let him speak through her. The bear was behind her pumping his fist in victory saying, "I win! I win!"

And God said, "You need to let her go. She's made up her mind." So I said, "OK, you can go."

Jesus soon said, it was worse than I realized. My wife, he said was now **the Apostate Church, no longer trying to solve problems or understand the nature of the problems, but just looking to find someone to blame.** Who was to blame for her feelings of unease? Me, but God had already told me it wasn't me she was angry at. She can be angry at me, it's OK. I'm following God's direction every day, sometimes every hour, and if it is a cause of stumbling, I'll take the blame. But I'm still not going to quit. Who's guidance would we then follow? No, thank you!

And within a few days at around 11 pm she just began to pack and moved out quietly but at midnight so no one would see her, and I realized it was Halloween. It was probably the very minute her lease began but I remembered the dream from a few years ago of her refusing to follow the Lord even though she had what she needed, much more than me, and had already overcome the obstacles she insisted were impassable. In this dream it was all happening on Halloween. Her newly rented small flat was a few meters away from the Dragon Drum witch's house.

I sent my daughter to go visit her a lot since I knew she was alone and probably needed her to be her companion and ease her loneliness. I now think it may have done more harm than good, harm to my daughter I mean. I knew my wife was an emotional wreck but she then kicked my daughter out of her own house, not once but three times finally.

No Time to Grieve

And I assumed maybe God would finally give me some time off to lick my wounds, grieve, take a break ... but no. First, I spent more time in prayer to find solutions to the crisis my wife was having and he began to tell me things he never did. He began to open up to me about the details of Philippine mission!

Second, with her gone a sweet peace settled on the house and the Holy Spirit's presence was truly my daily companion. God asked me to help a few homeless, mentally ill people or visiting missionaries, and my house was almost never empty. I had so little money but He even fed me very well from McDonald's quality control food laboratory. So I had more food than I could eat or give away! I had to feed my dogs fresh hamburger all the time because even with three refrigerators I had no place to store it all!

So in this environment, this peace and in this hunger for his help I was able to hear to him speak to me for a few hours at a time whenever I wanted to sit in his presence and listen. This was when he also gave me the most wonderful interpretations of several dreams I had at that time, a few of which I'll share in a minute to show you what I mean.

And with the Tree of Life issue now behind me, and my wife no longer able to stir up so much strife every day, God began to talk to me instead about his Kingdom, my future, and yes, he began to prepare me for the vision he had for me in the Philippines.

Back in 2009 we had gone on a mission trip as a family to Bohol and he said he was preparing us to be used by him in a special way to lay the foundations of revival there. Many of the 100 key insights and first visions came through my wife when we were there. She had a personal calling to serve God in the Philippines with me. I knew she would get over her tantrum eventually and God kept saying to me, dozens of times actually, "She'll be OK. She'll come back. Don't worry. Just keep pressing in."

When she moved out He finally began to open up his detailed plans for the development projects in the Philippines and it quickly overwhelmed even my imagination! The Theme Park at over 222 hectares—about 500

acres, a new town of six blocks, a fish farm that earned millions of dollars each month, global ministry, manufacturing, working with ALL media, large charity projects ... and so I was spending as much time as I could with him to try and keep up with his ever-expanding vision. Then I had to draw, design, layout, budget and research to understand how to accomplish these things!

And I think I understand why he intentionally waited for my wife to leave to tell me these things because her mind was too chaotic and confused walking in normal circumstances. To be able to move in the higher realm she needed to first stand on a solid foundation of proper faith and trust. If he told her these next secrets that she was not able to handle properly she would only be empowered to cause more damage and sabotage them. God said don't cast your pearls before swine—unclean, unprepared, unsanctified people. He doesn't!

Furthermore, to whom much is given much is required. If he had told her these secrets, she would be held accountable for knowing them, and without being able to act faithfully, God would be forced to judge and punish her. So it was also his mercy to keep these things from her.

Three Visitors at Christmas

And I shared this next experience in a video recently, about having three visitors at Christmas. So I was all alone for Christmas that year, and I mean totally alone. My family in the US would never call me; I had no American friends. I sent my daughter to stay with my wife to comfort her over the holiday. I had no money for even one gift, one decoration or one holiday food item. But I was OK. Most everything we celebrated was tainted with pagan pollution and worldly commerce anyway. I was fine. It's just another day.

But then on the 24th I heard the voice of God say that he would visit me on Christmas Day. I didn't know what that meant but then on the 25th he asked if I would rearrange the furniture for visitors. I moved the chairs around facing the small sofa, not knowing who would show up—you never know!—when he just asked me to sit down and suddenly the presence of God in Three Persons came and sat next to me on the sofa!!!

Across from me was the Father and I say he was quiet, a little serious. He didn't talk much, he wasn't upset, just ... serious. He just appeared there on the sofa across from me. To my left side (on the right side of the Father) the presence of Jesus came and he just started talking, talking,

talking—and then I looked to my right and the presence of the Holy Spirit was suddenly there but when I looked at him he just cracked up in deep laughter like he had heard the funniest joke ever! He never spoke a word, he just laughed and laughed—a deep, honest laugh from his belly!

And I looked back to the Father: silent, serious—Jesus: talk, talk, talk—and Holy Spirit: cracking up in laughter!

Wahhh!!!

So I got my notebook to write it down and he said, ‘No, it’s not like that. Just sit with us.’ So I just sat in their company, looking around at my house guests!!! Who would believe me!!!!??? I don’t even care! It was wonderful!!

But when I turned to the Father I began to think and I said I wanted to get to know him better. Since I understood Jesus was the Way, but the Father must therefore be the Destination, or that’s what I was thinking about at that time. Jesus called the Father his GOD in the Bible. So I said I wanted to get to know him better.

But the Father said, gesturing to Jesus on his right (my left), something like, “Everything you can know about me you can learn about through my son, Jesus; get to know him better.”

I looked at Jesus, he was talking so much: talk, talk, talk, talk, talk—I turned to my right and the Holy Spirit was cracking up again, or maybe still. He’s just so happy, that one!!

But after a very short time I just began to fade—I was losing the strength to sit up in a sofa chair! I was slowly being slain in the spirit! I began to slide down and had to put my legs over the armrest to try to stay awake and I think it was the Father who said, “You want to rest?”

And I said, “Yeh, I’m falling asleep!”

And he said, “OK, you can sleep,” and then almost instantly ...
ZZZZzzzzzz ... I was out!

I woke up later and they were all gone and I was again alone in my house on Christmas Day.

All I want to share about this right now is that Jesus is called the Word of God for a reason. He really talks non-stop. If you can’t hear him talking, it’s not because he has nothing to say! The Holy Spirit is the JOY of the Lord personified! He does not HAVE the joy—he IS the JOY. Full stop! He couldn’t stop laughing! And the Father is not angry as you suppose, grumpy, or in a bad mood. No, he’s just very ... serious. But everything you can know about him you can learn about through his son, Jesus.

Prophets Training School

So I was doing daily planning and research as much as I could. Prophesying, then research, drawing, writing. I saw myself in a bus going forward into the future but I was sitting backwards and could only see where I had already been. Then another time I began crying out for any kind of help and I saw myself alone on a donkey, a mule, steadily walking up the path towards the mountain—making steady progress towards the Lord’s destination but it was slow and lonely and required great stamina.

Then one day that Spring He just said, “It’s time to start the school.”

OK, sure ... what school? I had never heard him talk about starting a school yet.

“The school to train the prophets,” he said. It was time to start it.

I honestly told God I didn’t think you could do such a thing, train people to be prophets in a classroom!

“Oh no!?” He said, “How about this. You train them as I lead you to and I will invite everyone who completes the classes to serve me as a prophet.”

Oh, OK, that makes it work. My main hang-up was how to impart a calling to a person through a class. But if God is going to just offer them that role, it made sense to me. Why not?! Why do we always have to over-complicate things?

The training was eye-opening. Everyone began prophesying the first day, as God asked. We studied the books of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles a lot! Being a prophet was not so much about hearing his voice, everyone can do that, instead it was more about CARRYING his Word, being able to DELIVER his Word to people who DON’T WANT TO LISTEN. It was intense!

We had a few people attend and one was a lady from the Philippines I had just met who wanted to learn to hear God’s voice, but her schedule was hard since she was a live-in domestic helper. She was a real people-person, had such a Spirit-filled attitude, modest, always laughing, completely in love with the Lord. Unusually for many Filipinas she was just neither ‘religious’ nor ‘worldly’ in any way—very far from it, but instead was something like a best friend to Jesus.

She had come to the church on the beach in Mui Wo a few times and now wanted to go deeper. Her name was Ann.

So I developed a course on a Prophets Training School, as God called it, and he said it would be a staple of all our training from now on.

Then the scariest thing happened training the prophets but I really think I can't share it here. If you meet me and have fifteen minutes and God says it's OK, ask me about killing the rat with a word and the false prophet.

And during that preparation God gave me the most beautiful overview of prophecy, and I'll share it in the last chapter—what prophecy is to YOU as a person and what it is to GOD is not quite the same. To God prophecy is simply this: He is GOD: He speaks to WHOMEVER he wants, WHENEVER he wants, through WHOMEVER he wants, about WHATEVER he wants—He fears NO MAN!—Just let that sink in a little ... because THAT my friends is prophecy is really all about.

Carrying His Presence

That lady, Ann, would come by now and again and if she was visiting the church I would know she was close because I could often feel the presence of God she carried arrive first. One time I was helping a single mom who was living in a demonic temple as she was homeless, and I had her at my house in the day time, mostly to help protect her child, William. And Ann was still reluctant to come visit me there because it looked bad to come to my home she said. I didn't think that was a problem but being a Filipina, people would assume we were having some inappropriate behavior, she said, and they would talk. I ran an all-female Filipina fellowship at the Tree of Life for four years, yes, but that was while I was married. But none of the other Filipinas worried about this, but she did.

But this one time she met us at my house because the girl I was helping was there and her son would not stop crying. When Ann came in the presence of God arrived a minute before she did and her presence calmed the boy down instantly and she helped him to walk for the first time. She had a strong gift for child care obviously. Of course! She had seven children she said. Seven!? The hills are alive with the sound of ... but then she left and about a minute afterwards I could feel her anointing fade away. Incredible! But then the boy began crying again!

I taught her about 'communion' and she took to it like a fish to water. It was what she always wanted to do and she was already hearing Jesus speak to her, but it was unclear to her often who was talking to her, if this was OK to do, and she lacked confidence mostly. Her father died when she was a young teen and her life became so very hard and her praying

mom got by with constant help from the Lord. It was at that difficult time when Jesus became Ann's best friend; that's how she said it. She would talk to him just like talking to a real person in her teen years she said.

Skin and Bones

So maybe a year later I could not find my daughter one afternoon and heard she may have gone to a bar with a very naughty girl from her school; they were both around 14 I think and it was the afternoon on a weekend. Our village did not allow cars so we all had bicycles and so I biked over to the father of that other girl and he was drinking with his friends near their house. He knew I was a minister and he was comfortably numb with his beer and I just tried to be friendly but share my concern. Oh yes, he said, they are too young to be doing that! We made some texts but they were not replying.

News soon reached my estranged wife and I met her in the pathway to her part of the village and when I saw her I was stunned! She looked like she was just skin and bones! Her hair was disheveled and dry and she lost so much weight, it seemed like she was seriously ill. When she left our family and the church she became obsessed with zumba, so maybe that's what led to her extreme weight-loss? But like she had taken it too far! It looked more like she was starving herself from depression. Maybe both?

But the thing is I had an instant witness in my spirit of the dream of the *Barns on a Hillside* where my love interest was near death, just skin and bones and could not even lift her own arms. In the vision I hugged her and carried her and just said, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" But she was too emaciated to even reply.

It gave me a heavy jolt of realization: God had seen this very moment before and showed it to me in that vision over 21 years ago—God was still in control somehow, but seeing this now confused me more than anything.

Only now after 15 years of marriage did I know she was the woman in the second scene. But the third scene and the previous scene made even less sense now. The third scene was a union and romance that was supernaturally, divinely special. So the future could hold a serious reconciliation, right?

But the first scene was of my old pastor's daughter. How were they connected and how could this make any sense? You would think seeing the confirmation of that scene from the dream would have comforted me, but no, it just confused me even more. But I didn't even try to understand

it; it was just too far over my head and we soon located my daughter who apologized, all was well, and I didn't see my wife again for several more years.

Assault, Police Corruption and Finally Eviction

God was using me in Mui Wo so much, talking to me from his deep heart and preparing me to go on a real mission to the Philippines, but I had less and less money and my rent was late and the landlord came to beat me up. I knew they were coming, God calmed me down and when they were on the way he just said, "Are you ready? Go outside to meet them." The landlord brought two very violent men with him and they began to beat me severely, smashing a resin chair over my head and then beating me senseless with the sharp broken frame that remained, cutting me up many, many times. And at one moment during the assault time froze and God spoke and he said, "**You are being beaten for the Gospel, EVERYTHING from now on is about the Gospel,**" and then the assault just continued.

The police came and arrested me, the only non-Chinese person there, and they all said I owed them money and I started it, so it was all my fault. The Police agreed. My daughter came home to see me covered in blood running for my life.

In the ambulance my daughter called my wife who said it served me right, I needed to sort my life out. I later met the new pastor at the Tree of Life, it was a few months later, and he came to my town to rent a bike to ride around as tourists often did, and he said, "Oh yeah, we heard you had some kind of problem" Kind of him to be almost slightly bothered.

Anyway the police tried to charge me with a bogus claim of attacking the three men and they took their time 'investigating' while I had to report every week to the police station. Turns out it was all a sham to wear me down and they began talking about me agreeing to a 'binding over' procedure if I would sign a form releasing the men of criminal assault. I never heard of that, it may have been a British or even local court procedure but I could not find any legal help in the entire city and didn't understand what this meant and going through severe PTSD I could barely think straight as it was. I finally agreed, but it confused me what it meant and seemed like something was not right. I meanwhile looked at the issues regarding a civil case and went to the landlady and got her to sign a statement letting me stay in lieu of me suing her brother. They still

sued me to evict me but it was not a real property so there was not real title or proof of ownership, so the case dragged on a few months while they had to file to get proof of their ownership and I had her contract to protect me anyway, at least so I thought.

But all this time I asked God over and over to please just give me the money I needed to pay up the rent or let me move or do something to save me. I walked up the hill every morning and evening praying and taking my dogs for a walk, and there was an old abandoned pig pen in the overgrown bushes and he said, "So you want to live here?" In a pig pen with no roof? Of course not. "Then stay in that house." God I need such a small amount of money to pay them, please just give me the money. "Trust me."

They sued me, I counterclaimed for the assault, but the court handling the civil case however said something was not right in my counter claim. The police report did not collaborate my side of the story. I showed an image of my bloody face, I had suffered more than 50 cuts and bruises, my shoulder was so damaged where they broke the chair over my body that it took a long time to heal. Well, that is interesting. But if it's true why didn't I file a police report? I did and they dropped the case when I signed the 'binding over' to drop criminal charges against the men. They said there is no such thing as a 'binding over' as I describe it. I realized the police totally manipulated the case to favor the local men against the 'foreigner' and still without legal help I had no idea of local Hong Kong court procedures, I could barely even think straight to remember what happened in what order. I was going through PTSD. I could not even form a series of thoughts to explain what was plain and simple.

But what I really want to mention is while I was waiting to be evicted for several months my biggest fear was losing my prophecy journals. That's how valuable his word was to me, as confusing as it was!

My daily focus was to obey God's moment-by-moment direction and every day he kept prophesying to me, preparing me for my future in the Philippines, teaching me about himself and his Kingdom. The level of stress was debilitating, simply overpowering, but I just ran into the presence of God as much as I could, as much as I needed to, to feel his peace and reassurance and calm down. The more stress I had the more his voice and companionship became so personal and real to me.

But I will carefully share that one week during this time I had had enough and felt it would be better to just die and go to heaven. I was not

suicidal, but just despairing of any way out.

That's when God asked me to start a Equestrian Riding School in the Philippines. I never heard of such a thing, but that's exactly what it's called, a riding school! He named it Ambrose, the same name as an early church leader. Researching horses he then introduced me to Gypsy horses and I fell in love! I had never seen such a beautiful creature in my entire life! He said he would give me, my daughter and my wife one each. Then he introduced me to the Piano Guys and this sounds silly but it helped rescue me from my overwhelming despair. God showed me one of the guys and said how happy he really was and he was a good model for me to emulate. It's confusing because he's a Mormon! It didn't seem to bother God. God told me he has people all over the world who belong to him. Not validating that clearly false doctrine, but that God draws people to him who seek him with all their hearts. God used these two things at this deep moment of despair to keep me from falling into a darker pit: Gypsy horses, and the Piano Guys.

The third thing he did was to let me get a phone call. It was from Ann. She was working in China by then and God told her she needed to call me, urgently. "Mr. Johnson, stop the drama right now." She was both laughing and being serious at the same time. She said God told her to call me and to tell me it was going to be OK. Trust him. How did she know so much, so many private details about my situation? She was in God's counsel now in a very deep and intimate way. She said something funny, I'm not sure when I should share this but she had helped me so much to flush out the details of the visions and prophetic words for the Philippines because the volume of ideas was too much for me to grapple with. When she left to work in China God told her, "You won't see Edward Johnson for two more years." Why would that matter? Why mention me by name?

And fourth, if you recall He had shown me my heavenly house previously, both of them: the noisy large Crown House that seemed to be near the City in Heaven and the quiet, solitary, isolated house with the marble-like dome and classical pillars on the mountain ridge. He had let me visit heaven a few times and always said I should come back more often. I still felt like an interloper, but this was my real home and he was always asking me to visit it more.

Then this one time when I did go to my house I saw the Father in the lawn in the back yard. This was at the isolated house with the marble-

like dome on pillars on the mountain ridge. When I first saw it, I saw it with spiritual eyes, and it was more real than the physical reality. When I went there this time it was more like a normal vision, with clarity like in a dream. But the Father was there in the back yard sitting at a table shaped like an eye. I was trembling with fear, the pressure, the loneliness but the Father did not comfort me but instead said, very directly, "Stop crying! You need to be strong! There's more to do. It's not over yet." His words imparted life and strength to me, but it's not what I expected. I know if it was Jesus he would have let me cry in his arms, the Holy Spirit probably would have laughed the whole thing off, but the Father this time speaking to me was stern and unwavering, "Be strong! It's not over yet!"

Yet another time I was on the way to court yet I had no money for a taxi to drive those 10 blocks in the summer heat and had only enough money for the ferry to town and back and not one person in Hong Kong would help me. I walked in my suit and dress shoes the whole way to court, crying out of my control, trying to find some strength but I had none, only enough to keep walking towards my hearing. And then I got a phone call. It was Ann again, still in China. God said to call me and comfort me and pray for strength and peace. I could barely talk through a combination of my crying and determination to keep going. How did she always know when I was at the very limit of my ability to endure these trials? But she knew, and I knew she genuinely cared.

I lost my side of the lawsuit with prejudice on basic grounds for failure to even file or respond to the case correctly. We never even got close to the merits of anything.

But God delayed the eviction process for many months while he continued to prepare me to go to the Philippines and kept training me about his ways. I strongly disagreed with his tactics. Just give me the money. I will give you the house, he said. Really? Yes, but first you must go to the Philippines. Well, why not just give me the house now! He said if he did, I would never leave Hong Kong! His plan was important and I needed to go to the Philippines first. "Just ..." you guessed it, "Trust Me."

A Vision of Hope

So God continued to prepare me for the Philippines and began asking me to start so many huge development projects in the rural province he was sending me to. He said his favor poured out from the coming revival

there would bring a reversal of the reproach and curse the island was under, which is why they were so poor and undeveloped. He said they loved him and had pure hearts but were in bondage to a principality of religion that he would tear down once we got there. How do we pray against a *principality*? He said it would collapse once we began to minister in the open power of the Spirit. It would take the better part of a year but it would simply fall.

He said he would then restore financial development to them but he could not find people he could trust with the money, don't tell people this he said, but he was giving me their blessings instead to ensure the developments would not be ruined through selfishness or corruption.

Sympatico Castle and Theme Park

He said ... I can't share it all now, there are too many projects, too many developments, too much money is involved—but one of the things he wanted was a Theme Park. I said, God, it's not really 'Christian' as I thought of it. He said, "I'm God. I can do whatever I want." I said, "Pfff! You're absolutely right!" "Well then, I want a Theme Park!" OK! We're now going to make God a Theme Park!

I started to work on it but all I could think of was having a swing chair ride, mini golf and ... that's about it ... I asked if I could make it as large as 2 hectares, about 5 acres. He didn't respond. I said Wait, wait ... I had an idea! I needed parking! I counted spaces and measured the land required and added some more things and then it was about 6 hectares and then I played with it a little more and had more ideas and finally put down my pencil and asked, "Ok, Lord, can I make it as large as 12 hectares?" I was really dreaming BIG now! And He said, "No, 222 hectares." The number hurt my brain! I mean when I saw it I was dumbfounded! That's about 500 acres. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! No one can make a theme park 222 hectares! 222!! What on earth can you do with that much land! But, after more than a year of researching, planning and prophesying where I would hear God say things like, "Add an indoor playground for handicapped children," ... "Make a triangular castle as the main feature ... name its walls Grace, Strength and Peace." And, "make an indoor village in the snow with a caroling hall ... but no Christmas decorations."

He finally asked for not one but THREE castles. The first is the Sympatico Castle which is triangular and resembles a European stone military-type castle and palace, with rides, a bazaar, Swiss village in the

courtyard, a palatial hotel and so many other attractions. The second castle is for children with a 10-hectare grounds with child-friendly rides and activities specifically for children and school groups. The third is a 'Women's Castle' which we call the Crystal Castle, which the Lord said is White and Steel, 100m tall and designed like a work of art with flower, jewel, crown (tiara) and vase motifs in the tower, and crystal, butterfly, dragonfly, horse and angel motifs in the decor—delicate rain drops splashing in water for terrace and balcony fences, and a huge Calla Lily flower as a lighthouse lamp at the pinnacle. Eight themed gardens and eight themed lands with rides and food and things encircle the Crystal Castle and make up its vast Domains.

The Park also has seven themed villages, a seven-hectare enclosed 'butterfly forest' and the serious thrill ride area, the Untamer Gamer Zone where God asked to make the Basketball Challenge ride among other things. I have thousands of pages of drawings, notes, images, ideas ... The Lord even named the theme park Sympatico, and I had never heard that word before he used it, but it means: To Get Along, To Be Friends. ... it takes me an hour to overview the theme park and all the things He told me to plan in it. What an absolute JOY to work on!

But there were about 40 businesses, charities, ministries, manufacturing and farming projects in total he asked me to plan. No one, he said, would do his planning. He needed me to focus and pick up the slack of many people in many diverse disciplines. You'll have to look on-line where I explain it all in more detail. I just can't talk about so many things here. God wants us to DREAM BIG, simply because He does!

A Key to the Future

Later in late 2012 my eviction was impending and I was unexpectedly given a small amount of money by an Indonesian domestic helper I once ministered to and trained to hear God's voice in Communion. She said the money was a key. It was not much and only a fraction of what I owed, so paying the landlord such a small amount would not have helped in any way but what did she just say? This was a KEY? I asked her to clarify. "Yes, it's a key God told me." I asked God, "God? Am I to go to the Philippines right now?" "Yes," he said, "Go immediately and investigate where you will soon move. Only look for land."

It was enough money for a plane ticket and some food, but not much else. By Friday I was in the Philippines preparing my way. I went to one

plot of land and God said to step out and claim it. I did that. I didn't even know where I was. Later he told me he would show me where the theme park would go on the map and indicated a certain area. Later when I moved there I went back and found out they were one and the same!

Anyway on that brief visit I arranged for someone to receive cargo boxes of my things and then soon back in Hong Kong I sent two huge boxes of personal belongings over, my prophecy journals especially, to make sure they were safe and gone on ahead of me. Nothing else I owned really mattered so much to me.

I remember back home finishing the work I had to do on my desktop computer, typing prophecy, writing on the *Foundations of the Kingdom*, and preparing to shut down my computer for the next several months so it could be shipped over.

Eviction day was coming. Time was running out.

New Season, New Assignment

I turned off the computer. I was done with this entire season of prophetic duties—my task was completed. And then I suddenly felt myself sliding down a slide in the spirit. I reached a lower level and then felt myself slide down a second slide in the spirit and I knew I had arrived at the spiritual level of the other normal Christians around me. I had been elevated so high up in the Spirit to serve the Lord as his prophet in this hard season that I was something like two levels higher than regular Christians—I don't even know what that means! But that's what I felt.

Eviction day quickly arrived and I had to be out before the bailiff came. I packed what I could fit onto a trolley and was ready to go, but go where? I had no place to go! God said, "Trust me." I saw a vision of a boarding house. I began texting people, anyone, to find a place to stay with me and my one last dog, Sheeba. Thankfully a wealthy friend from Canada whose daughter my wife taught and who was my daughter's close friend let me stay on one of downstairs sofas—but only for one night!

One became three but then her husband, a wealthy government executive in the central bank insisted I had to leave—God said they didn't know what they were doing, forgive them—but by the fourth day I found the boarding house from the vision and stayed in town with some Filipina ladies I was slightly familiar with. I soon got my retirement savings back and had about US\$6,000. God said it was enough to get me to the next phase. Within a few weeks I was on a plane moving to the Philippines.

Pearl and Mango

A year or two prior my friend, Cynthia Tse, a gifted prophet, had a series of visions and saw me very, very wealthy and in a second vision saw me like Indiana Jones in an ancient cave. There was a pearl of treasure I was taking and as I got out of the entrance of the cave it looked like it had teeth and, Oh no! It does have teeth! I was not taking the Pearl from an ancient cave but out of the belly of an ancient Dragon—which of course is the symbol for Hong Kong and what one the main principalities over the country looks like.

Anyway, in the vision after taking the Pearl out of the mouth of the Dragon and escaping its wrath, I was then given ... a beautiful, HUGE Mango. Of course what is the national fruit of the Philippines? Not durian, not jackfruit, not rambutan, banana, macopa, santol or lanzones ... but that's right, Mango! Later I even lived briefly in a town called Manga, the local spelling of mango!

Her vision seems to be saying I would find this Pearl of the Kingdom while in Hong Kong and being oppressed by that evil Dragon but afterwards God would reward me with a gift in, or of, the Philippines.

I even saw a vision of something like a train struggling to crest a steep hill, like in that story of The Little Engine that Could, and it was slowly going up, up, up the steep slope and then finally once it crested the hill it just drove down the other side so effortlessly, and I saw the hillsides were so full of such beauty and flowers and fruit trees that it was called a Valley of Delights. Would that be my future there?

Escaping from the Belly of the Whale

Well, it wasn't really a whale but in a vision it was night and I was at a beach at the shore of an ocean and I went to use a public use toilet but it wasn't private. I mean there were windows looking in on the toilet and even the walls were not solid. People would be able to see me doing my business! I was almost on display! In dreams I've noticed sometimes toilets and things have to do with cleansing. So if I was being cleansed it would be in an embarrassing way that would also not even be private!

Then somehow I got sucked down into the depths of the ocean and was trapped right at the very bottom where very dangerous and disgusting looking fish live. I saw one fish that had HUGE eyes, like the barreleye fish or something: ugly, spooky and I was trapped alone deep underwater

with it. This feeling went on for a long time like I was trapped and seeing that awful creature and I just had no way of escape. I really just can't tell you the extreme feelings of vulnerability and danger I was exposed to without help close by and in such a threatening environment. My heart sank in hopelessness and for how long I can't tell but I was panicking in overwhelming fear for not just death but torture and worse.

Like I said, I just don't know how long I was trapped like that but as quickly as I was sucked into that pit ... the scene faded away from view and a numbing, exhausted calm replaced the extreme panic—I was too overwhelmed to think or care any more and it seemed I was floating in the water, rocking rhythmically in the waves, half in the water and my arm was dragging and it was still night but I could see white sand only a few inches below my limp fingertips. Yes, it was still night, but it seemed like the night had all but passed and dawn would soon come. But I was so overwhelmed by the terror and fear of being trapped under the deep ocean I just didn't care anymore as I drifted in and out of consciousness.

I then saw it again, the white sand under my dragging arms but now I was in a different spot. The water was shallower so I knew I was slowly drifting towards shore. There were a few pieces of debris in the clear water, just resting in the troughs of the sand which were also gently swishing back and forth in the rhythmic surge of the calm waves. I could see it all very clearly. When I saw it again I knew more clearly that this meant I was drifting towards shore and it was white Philippine sand near the shore of a white sandy beach. But how could I care? And yes, this could only mean I was alive, rescued, escaped from the belly of the ocean ... but so what? My arms limp, my body being carried by the waves, I kept drifting closer towards shore and could now touch the sand with my fingers in the shallow water now only a few inches deep.

I finally got the strength to get up out of the water. I walked up past the beach, past some security guards like local police. I had no passport, I had no legitimacy, no security in a way, but again, I just didn't care. I made it to safety and to what I knew was a very special place to live. I just knew somehow everything was going to be alright. I actually survived!!

Only later I understood this was the eviction process and the extreme stress I endured for so many months after the separation, the assault and failed lawsuit and yes, finally being rescued from Hong Kong—and that great dragon—and then moving to the Philippines where I would be safe.

If I needed this to prepare me to serve God in a higher way, so be it!! All I can say is, God is good. God is very, very good.

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Being Taught by God

So this is not part of the narrative. But I'll just now share a few conversations I had with the Lord during that time. Two were dreams he gave me interpretations of which were deep conversations letting me get to know him on a deeply personal level. Then is a prophetic teaching he gave me about, "Emotions, Covering and Submission."

A fourth conversation, in the next chapter, is about the Kingdom, the Model of Our New Life, from Isaiah 61.

But first I'll share these two powerful conversations explaining dreams God had given me, one on the Great Falling Away and the other on Discovering his Kingdom and my calling.

1. Dream of People Fleeing Their Habitations

I need to forewarn you, we are in a serious time; this is a serious and heartbreaking word ... the great falling away, an Exile of Christians, is upon us... not only an exile from churches, but people being driven away into the arms of their idols, away from the habitations God has made for them in his Kingdom

A few weeks prior I had five dreams: A "Bull-Bear," a "Chicken Wake Up Call," "Fleeing from Paneled Houses," "Jerusalem My Friend," and "Iran is Doomed." I published the word on the "Chicken Wake Up Call" and just after I saw a briefcase next to me and heard, "You already have the next word. When you are ready, open it."

A few weeks went by and I felt the strength and peace to deal with the next message, although I had no idea what it would be, and so I told the Lord I was ready. That night ... just in the morning in November 2010, I had this dream ... It seems very similar in theme to the word I posted with the Chicken Wake-Up Call, about it not being time to build fancy houses since many people will not live in them but will have to flee from them instead ... this was around the big housing crash. But this was not even close to the same idea, and I was not prepared for the interpretation the Lord gave me ...

People Fleeing The Places God Provided For Their Safety And Training ...

As the dream began there had been some kind of trouble that caused people to start to leave their homes. A few were very fast to react and quickly went to scout out a new place to move to and came back to pack up their things, but by the time they did the news had spread and almost everyone else started to just leave their homes. I looked and saw a line of people, whole families in fact, leaving their homes and walking away, but they were leaving empty handed without any possessions. They were leaving an apartment complex or housing development.

God reminded me when he was giving me the interpretation that this line of people were leaving at night, or at dusk, and there were a few street lights giving light to their path as they left the complex.

Then my vantage point changed, and I was on an upper floor of a university dormitory overlooking a kind of courtyard area or common area between a few buildings. I was looking into an apartment complex that faced the dormitory I was in; the wall facing me was all windows so I could see into all the flats and I realized all the people had already gone and they just left most of their things behind which were just scattered and in total disarray! At the far end of the courtyard above all the buildings was the steel beam supporting structure of some other urban infrastructure, like an overpass or a bridge. It was not open sky but was as if these housing units were in the shadow of a road or tall bridge, although it was not very clear or important or just not obvious.

I said, "Look! Everybody's gone!" I was with a few people I knew but

others I did not. And when we realized this, first we stopped preparing to leave and stopped packing our own things, and as we slowly realized there were HUNDREDS of apartments that were abandoned and everything was left behind, we started going through everything to see if there was anything of value they abandoned. It soon became fun and exciting in a way! So many nice things were just left behind! Many of the people were obviously well-off and the kinds of things we were going through were expensive and in very good condition. I was seeing nice shoes, sweaters, etc.

Then someone found a Pie, like an apple pie but with a kind of handle attached to it, and we said, "Good, we should eat it soon!" Next I found a Pink Computer Printer. My actual printer has been out of toner for more than a year and so I can't print anything for a long time, but this was the same model I previously had, only it was brand new and pink!

Of the people I recognized I was with I saw TP, a lady youth leader in our community, and my wife, who had been upset with me and not talking to me for a while. I didn't recognize the other people we were with.

The dormitory floor we were on was a boy's floor, so it was all boys' clothes, etc. and I told my wife that if she went one floor down it would be a women's floor and she'd find things for her.

"But I can't call you; your phone doesn't work!" she protested firmly.

"Yes, it does. Call me," I said. She did, and it connected fine. "See, it works fine!" We were back in communication after being estranged!

I then heard TP say, "The people say CURRENCY has NO VALUE anymore."

I suddenly realized and said, "Oh, then we should look for things that we can barter."

"Yes, good idea!" So we started looking for things to trade with others.

As my wife went downstairs I saw a man in the stairwell coming up but he was in a state of shock. He was thinking of his wife and child and was hopeless and yes, in total shock. His hair and clothes were GRAY, and he was VERY THIN and his left hand was tightly clenched as if he was holding onto something tightly, but when I went over to talk with him and opened his left hand, it was empty—he was very thin and even his hand was unnaturally thin, like he did not have a normal grasp, like he was missing a finger or just did not have a normal grasp.

I led him up into my room and tried to comfort him and told him, “You know God told us this was going to happen,” but it was no comfort to him. He was basically beyond help, beyond comfort right now. I was worried that he might SNAP and do something rash or harmful so I tried to keep talking with him. A man who is a caretaker for a church I used to attend but who is a little mentally challenged popped his head into my room and said to the man, “Get some paper and write down what God will tell you,” referring I think to the way we often lead people into Communion / prayer journaling and I thought, ‘OK, we can try that,’ but I said again trying to get the Gray Man’s attention, “It’s all going to be OK. God told us and MANY PEOPLE that this was going to happen ...” But he was just not able to listen to anything, and he could not even take this much in—it would SIMPLY BE IMPOSSIBLE to lead him into a time of spiritual Communion with the Lord in his current state. He was too shaken, and there was too much to explain that he would not be able to understand right now.

Then the Gray Man crawled into the closet and hid himself under the clothes and he was thinking about all the Christmas presents he bought, especially for his daughter, and that they were all now worthless. I saw one that had a cheaply done Santa image on the wrapping paper, green with some details and little poorly drawn Santa’s on it, like they were cheap copies, drawn by someone who never saw a real Santa: it was skinny, his body was distended in a funny warped way—a very poor copy indeed. And in LARGE letters suddenly on the box it read CHURCH. Like this fake ‘Santa’ was bringing a box of ‘Church’ or like ‘Church’ was the toy that you get at Christmas that fake ‘Santa’ brings. He was looking at this in BEWILDERMENT and said, “How can this FAIL?” He was wondering how this ‘Santa’ and the Christmas ‘Church’ could fail.

I woke up, it was around 7 am and the Lord asked me to write the dream down immediately, and I heard Him say, “This is what will happen to my people.”

Interpretation:

This Is What Will Happen To God’s People!!

I figured I had a pretty good idea on what this dream was getting it ... but when God began telling me his interpretation, I was *shocked*.

First with what it means, and then He also had a few very stern things

to say to me about how I was handling the message and my attitude in general ... This is a serious word and a serious time and the Lord has some SERIOUS business to do with his people, foretold in the Bible, and foreshadowed by the Exile of the Jews to Babylon ... this is the Exile of the Christians to Babylon, but I am getting ahead of myself and need to let you hear the Lord’s message, if indeed you can.

Me: “What is the trouble?”

The Lord: “News from a foreign land ...”

Me: “Am I hearing this right? What does that even mean??”

The Lord: “If you don’t want the yoke of the Lord, (the restraint and kindness of serving Me, a good master) then you will fall into the snare of working towards the enemy’s plans. Did I not tell you that if you seek to gain your life you shall lose it? This is now coming upon all my disobedient house, for I will have my people be holy as I am holy, says the Lord. Do not forget that while in the wilderness I was with Israel every day of their short, pitiful, miserable lives they murmured and complained about me the whole time not knowing what I was doing, I was doing for their good fortunes ... now, have you been murmuring against me? And even yet condemning the ancient ones, who are just as much a part of your extended human family, who will also face my judgment ... how do you think you shall escape the same chastisement and punishment of those who YOU condemned as disobedient and stubborn, when you are of the same ilk.”

Me: “What is the news of the big trouble?”

The Lord: “I will cast their idols into the sea, cast them down to the ground, cast them into the flames, and they will see them no more. No more will they call this country (the USA) the land of prosperity, but the land of purposelessness—vanity, vain ideas, vain people, vain pursuits, no longer the promised land but the land of woe.”

Me: Having a very hard time bearing to hear his word I said, “I am just trying to listen ...”

The Lord: “AND LISTEN YOU SHALL! I have raised you up to hear my voice and deliver my warnings to these disobedient and stiff-necked people and go to them you shall! Now listen to me, you have not lost anything you were not supposed to give up for my sake to start with, yet

all you do all day long is moan and whine and complain about Me being a hard taskmaster, when will you discern right from wrong? Is what you do right as an example to my people? Do you encourage them to weather the storms by your steadfastness to my word, or do you gripe and complain about me?"

Me: "Yes, Lord."

The Lord: "Now let's have no more of this whimpering, I have GOOD Plans for my people and the sooner you realize it the better for all. Let's get back to the story I am telling you."

The Lord: "They will hear the news from a foreign land and it will cause them to flee into the trees—in the wilderness, deep into the trees, hiding from ME."

"They are leaving their habitations, the places I chose for them as a sanctuary and a safe place to rest in my care I as train them for war! War on poverty, war on sales, war on merchandising my truth, war on fancy clothes that bring you no relief for your troubled souls, war on relief that is not of Me and that does not relieve. War on poverty of SOUL, of heart, of home. Oh my people you have learned heresy from people who have lied to you in my name. They think holding church services is playing a game; You think I have changed that I am no longer the same, as I was long ago, but it is YOU who have changed; I am forever the same. It is YOU who have changed, changed your name and changed your team ..."

Selah [Then there was a long pause where He was just silent ... I could feel Him there, looking at me, only he was not speaking, like He was contemplating what He was going to say! Although He already knows what He is going to say! I don't understand. An angel who was here strengthening me sitting beside me said, "He's really upset." So ... *Selah*, a pause, a pregnant pause, then ...]

The Lord: "I am pronouncing judgment upon you.

"You have NOT come to know Me or my ways, and it is all I can do to rescue you from the pit. DO NOT point the finger at the Jew, you Gentile, you believer in Yeshua as you say, for you will suffer the same fate on that Day. You have also fallen away. I will now purge my house as only I may. I will drive you into the arms of your lovers, you apostates, you lovers of

wealth and pleasure, and you who choose YOUR OWN WAY ... you mock Me? You laugh and say I am no longer the same, but just as they who fell away, you will laugh and will say, 'NO WAY! This is OUR DAY! Good times, great fun! Let's enjoy the well-earned fruit of our labors,' ... but I shall take it all away."

[I was not ready for this and it was hard to pay attention. For some reason all I could think about that a stupid plant in my garden that I wanted to write about on my website. I'm sorry, I was really not ready for this.

So at this point, He said I could take a break and go outside and take a picture of the plant I wanted to shoot for my blog ... it has not rained in more than a month and things are dying back. Before I knew it I was busy cutting the wild Canna back. This plant has a very small flower on very tall stalks. It looks like regular Canna, which I thought it was when I found it, except the flowers are very tiny, unlike regular Canna which has HUGE beautiful flowers. It was the first time I have had to prune this planting back since I only planted it about 18 months ago ... well, also the leaves died back as it grew, leaving a dried up brown mess on each stalk, and when the stalks get about five feet tall, after a few pathetic, minuscule flowers, they just die as well. Rather disappointing. Especially because like I said, when I found it down by the beach I thought it was real Canna ... anyway the whole planting has begun to just look like a total mess, and I felt I should prune it today, right now ... as I did so, I realized a few things. All the tall stalks needed to be cut right back to their bases, and when I did this I saw that there were many new shoots under the dead leaves that I could not even see before. Now these new plants are free to grow and all the old growth that was so tattered looking is gone. What to do with all the cut stalks I was wondering, when the Lord suddenly interrupted my gardening and said, "Burn them."]

And then I knew what He was talking about ... this is the parable of the vineyard in Isaiah!!! Oh, no! I just looked it up and it's uncanny! This is Isaiah 5, coming not to the Jews in Israel but to the "believers in Yeshua." I mean it's the people who THINK they are safe and secure in their religious lives but are not so in heart, in spirit and in truth, and so are simply not safe.

Here is an excerpt of Isaiah 5 with key highlights in BOLD ...

Isaiah 5:1 I will sing for the one I love a song about his vineyard: My loved one had a vineyard on a fertile hillside.

² He dug it up and cleared it of stones and planted it with the choicest vines. He built a watchtower in it and cut out a winepress as well. Then he looked for a crop of good grapes, but it yielded only bad fruit.

³ “Now you dwellers in Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge between me and my vineyard.

⁴ What more could have been done for my vineyard than I have done for it? When I looked for good grapes, why did it yield only bad?

⁵ Now I will tell you what I am going to do to my vineyard: **I will take away its hedge, and it will be destroyed; I will break down its wall, and it will be trampled.**

⁶ **I will make it a wasteland, neither pruned nor cultivated, and briars and thorns will grow there. I will command the clouds not to rain on it.”**

⁷ **The vineyard of the LORD Almighty is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah are the garden of his delight. And he looked for justice, but saw bloodshed; for righteousness, but heard cries of distress.**

⁸ Woe to you who add house to house and join field to field till no space is left and you live alone in the land.

⁹ The LORD Almighty has declared in my hearing: “Surely the great houses will become desolate, the fine mansions left without occupants.

* * *

5:12 They have harps and lyres at their banquets, tambourines and flutes and wine, but they have no regard for the deeds of the LORD, no respect for the work of his hands.

¹³ Therefore **my people will go into exile for lack of understanding; their men of rank will die of hunger and their masses will be parched with thirst.**

* * *

¹⁵ So man will be brought low and mankind humbled, the eyes of the arrogant humbled.

¹⁶ But the LORD Almighty will be exalted by his justice, and the holy God will show himself holy by his righteousness.

¹⁷ Then sheep will graze as in their own pasture; lambs will feed among

the ruins of the rich.

* * *

5:24 **Therefore, as tongues of fire lick up straw and as dry grass sinks down in the flames, so their roots will decay and their flowers blow away like dust; for they have rejected the law of the LORD Almighty and spurned the word of the Holy One of Israel.**

²⁵ Therefore the LORD’s anger burns against his people; his hand is raised and he strikes them down. The mountains shake, and the dead bodies are like refuse in the streets. **Yet for all this, his anger is not turned away, his hand is still upraised.**

²⁶ He lifts up a banner for the distant nations, he whistles for those at the ends of the earth. Here they come, swiftly and speedily!

...

I never imagined that this is what the “great falling away” or the “great apostasy” or the “rebellion” was talking about ... it is the Exile of the Gentiles! Not from a physical promised land, but from the Lord’s spiritual promised land, the Kingdom, his sanctuary for them ...

2 Thessalonians 2:3 Don’t let anyone deceive you in any way, for that day will not come until the rebellion occurs and the man of lawlessness is revealed, the man doomed to destruction.

**

Hebrews 3:8-19 ⁸ do not harden your hearts as you did in the rebellion, during the time of testing in the desert,

⁹ where your fathers tested and tried me and for forty years saw what I did.

¹⁰ That is why I was angry with that generation, and I said, ‘Their hearts are always going astray, and **they have not known my ways.**’

¹¹ So I declared on oath in my anger, “They shall never enter my rest.”

¹² See to it, brothers, that none of you has a sinful, unbelieving heart that turns away from the living God.

¹³ But encourage one another daily, as long as it is called Today, so that none of you may be hardened by sin’s deceitfulness.

¹⁴ We have come to share in Christ **if we hold firmly till the end the**

confidence we had at first.

¹⁵ *As has just been said: “Today, if you hear his voice, do not harden your hearts as you did in the rebellion.”*

¹⁶ *Who were they who heard and rebelled? Were they not all those Moses led out of Egypt? [symbol of going through “salvation”]*

¹⁷ *And with whom was he angry for forty years? Was it not with those who sinned, whose bodies fell in the desert? [Who fell way during purification and the process of maturing]*

¹⁸ *And to whom did God swear that they would never enter his rest if not to those who disobeyed? [They were hearers only not doers of his word!]*

¹⁹ **So we see that they were not able to enter, because of their unbelief.**

**

At this point I realized a few things ... first, as a Body we're fast asleep in our spiritual discernment and have no idea what is going on; we don't know God or understand Him at all, even though we assure ourselves that we do—but really we've just dug ourselves a great pit! I realized my initial take on this dream was just wrong! And God, the God who spoke through Jeremiah and Isaiah, has NOT changed.

Seeking further clarification of the rest of the symbols and events, this is what I heard the next day...

Me: “So the people fleeing are Christians who are fleeing from your protection and family?”

The Lord: “Yes, but it's not as simplistic as that. They may and probably will still call themselves Christians, believers in Yeshua, Jesus, Messiah, whatever, but their hearts have left and are far from me.

“As a man thinks in his heart, so IS he. They are far from me since their hearts are cold towards me. How can I train them, wrestle with them to expose and purge the dross of sin from their hearts if they will not engage me? I cannot do it on my own—I CAN, but I will not supplant their freedom to choose whom they shall serve; I am a HOLY and RIGHTEOUS GOD and I will not do that to anyone.”

Me: “Can we go on?”

The Lord: “Yes ...”

Me: “I saw people fleeing, taking things with them, first just a few, then EVERYONE ... Who are the early people and what are they taking? I guess I saw them getting ready to pack but I didn't see anyone carry anything away, in fact now that I think about what I saw, most of the people leaving took NOTHING with them ...”

The Lord: “They were trying to take the things they value from my Kingdom: salvation, peace, etc., but they left empty-handed because I AM the peace, and you can't separate it from me and take it away ... it's all or nothing in a way.”

Me: “But the homes looked ransacked; they were in total disarray.”

The Lord: “People don't leave in a good frame of mind. They are in a panic and in fear, doubt and unbelief ... unbelief in my Goodness, not in the calamity they are hearing about. The homes reflect the unanswered questions they left behind. When they come back, as some of them will, they will have to face these scattered issues, but it will be with newfound insight and understanding and it will not be as they left.”

Me: “So the apartments and dormitory are the places you have provided for people in your Kingdom for their safety and training, education and in preparation of their callings, etc.”

The Lord: “Yes, but what's more it's not a ‘place’ but a ‘mindset’ in a way. The Kingdom is WITHIN you, not a hotel you check into or a building you move into.”

Me: “I lose sight of your goodness, Lord.”

The Lord: “You all do from time to time, but that's why I am here with you to the end of the age, to help get you back on track!”

Me: “You are much more clam and kind now than you were when you were telling me the first part of this word.”

The Lord: “Yes, well, I have much to show you that you do not know about me. Let's get back to the dream shall we?”

“The lamppost represents my light dawning on their conscience. (you forgot to add that in the writing up of the dream)—it was dim, nighttime when the people were leaving. Their understanding is DIM, and I am the light guiding them, showing them the way they walk, even when it is wrong and the wrong way, they will know it later for what it was.”

“Do you know what the PIE was, with the handle? My PEACE (like a piece of pie) was left behind. It has a handle so you can GRASP it, although you never fully UNDERSTAND it, it passes or transcends your understanding, but you can still lay hold of it. Lay hold of my Peace! It’s easy! A piece of pie! Yes, it was a whole pie, it is my wholeness, my Shalom, my peace ... sounds corny you know, but that’s the way I am (when I am not upset :).”

Me: *Wahhh!!* “OK, the stuff left behind that we started to sort through?”

The Lord: “Gifts, mantles, callings that are now being left undone. They will be given to the faithful few, a redistribution of wealth!”

Me: [Laughing in Joy!] “I thought it was something bad that we were stealing things or something ...”

The Lord: “No, it is in my word. Those who have much will get more, those who have little will lose what little they have. Look it up!”

Me: “Matthew 13:12, and oh, Matthew 25! Just after the parable of the 10 Virgins ... The Master who gave his servants Talents ...”

Matthew 13:11 He replied, “The knowledge of the secrets of the kingdom of heaven has been given to you, but not to them.

¹² Whoever has will be given more, and he will have an abundance. Whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken from him.

*** and ***

Matthew 25:28 “Take the talent from him and give it to the one who has the ten talents.

²⁹ For everyone who has will be given more, and he will have an abundance. Whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken from him.

³⁰ And throw that worthless servant outside, into the darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.’

The Lord: “Bingo! Read the whole chapter of Matthew 25 when you have time next. Let’s go on ... the rescue of the disciples was not by might, nor by human power, but by my Spirit says me, the Lord.”

Then there was a personal symbol, the Pink Printer; it’s not embarrassing, but just personal. He said not to share that with everyone. But what about sharing the other parts?

The Lord: “Yes, people need to see what is coming and already is beginning to spread upon the sea—the people at large.”

The Lord: “Are you ready for the rest?”

“OK, a seed is coming, to restore the captive Jerusalem, you are a part of that seed if the Holy Spirit ABIDES in you, that is, you are at home feasting with him in your presence. You abide, or live with him on a continuous basis since He is pleased to live with you.”

Me: “Strengthen me Lord. What does it mean to see TP, the youth leader?”

The Lord: “It is people like her, whose heart knows how to sniff out my way, even if they are slow, or it is closed to their clear understanding still. She is following Me as I lead you.”

Me: “What about her being a youth leader?”

The Lord: “Relevant, but you are ALL youth leaders, you lead the youth of the Kingdom ... let’s go on.

“Other people you did not know are other laborers of this harvest you have not yet met, but will work with soon ... your ‘estranged wife’ are those who have been estranged from the promises of God, but they will return to Me, and you will suddenly be back in fellowship with them. A new level of understanding will be established or reestablished between you ... they have already fallen away but will soon come back to the table and dine with the Lord of the feast. She had to go to a lower level to find the things she was comfortable wearing and which would suit / fit her, since she has been away and not growing as she ought so she will have to make up for some lost time in my service. You will help people like this get back into the swing of things wearing their mantles and gifts and callings again.

“People think they cannot LOSE a gift or a mantle or a calling, but I say this is not so. You can lose anything I give you if you are disobedient, stubborn or unwilling to carry out the task you are assigned to. People say the gifts and callings of God are beyond repentance but search and see what this really means, that these things are not what you earn by your good deeds, maturity or your own spiritual strength.

“They are things I CHOOSE for you to do, regardless of your standing with me. I mean I choose them before you were born, before you know me, or before you walked with me. I can take them away just as easily if you prove to be unfaithful to yourself—since I already know what you will be and what you are—but I give you the chance to prove yourself. I won’t judge you for what you do not yet do, either to punish or reward you for your calling, only until it becomes a present reality in your walk with Me do I have the ability to decide if you are faithful or disobedient, even though I know whether you will be or not before it happens.

“So these gifts are given not as a question of your right standing, but as a decision of my grace to empower you to serve me in one way or another. THEN you start the walk of repentance and learn how to serve me and how to operate in the gifts and callings of the kingdom, if you choose to, and that is the substance of the reward of your service to Me. People who unrighteously want to STEAL from Me, and claim an inheritance I have not approved or given them say these things that the gifts and callings of God are beyond repentance so they can continue to walk in them even if they are in gross sin, but this is not true. They only look at the gifts and talents on the surface, as man sees the results of their fame as it brings in the crowds, the music albums they can create, the books they sell as a ‘best-selling author’ or engagement fees they can command when they speak on the international preachers’ circuit ... but these are not the true measure of the gifts and callings of God, since the substance of what you build is in the hearts of man, not in the numbers of people who come to an event in your name ... You can be famous in man’s world because of the gifts I gave you even when you cease to operate in my Kingdom and stop building the lives of the saints in reality Just leave such people behind ... they are blind guides, clouds without rain, leave the dead to be buried by the dead ...”

Me: “TP said, she heard that ‘currency has no more value.’ We started looking for things to barter and trade instead ...”

The Lord: “Yes, what does this mean but an end to merchandising in my house ... I will no longer tolerate men who steal from me to sell to you ... you have freely received the Wisdom of the Ages and yet you promise restoration only if people can afford your series on DVD ... this is WRONG! I allow you to make money in so many ways that do not impede the righteous from finding their Lord and Savior but what have you done? That which you have not labored for you SELL? In MY NAME! To put a

HUGE STUMBLING BLOCK in the path of my sheep who are too poor or too illiterate to know how to navigate the modern world of e-commerce and business trading... how many people I want to touch with what I have shown my people but who do not even know how to use a computer or who do not own one? E-commerce is meant to be a way to make a living for some of you but not for a way to sell on-line what costs you nothing to make another copy of at the expense of the lost sheep who cannot afford to eat every day ... what am I saying? STOP MERCHANDISING MY TRUTH. LOVE the sheep but look to ME for your money! I’ll give you ways and partners to help you along the way as you serve me, but stop trying to fleece the sheep! It was NEVER supposed to be this way that the Gospel advanced! This is wrong in my eyes—it is evil, an abomination really! Stop doing it. Look to me for your support, provision and ways to make money if you need it. STOP LOOKING FOR WAYS TO FLEECE MY SHEEP!”

Me: “What about the man in the hallway. Gray hair, very skinny, a very weak grasp, grasping at nothing”

The Lord: “People who think the gospel is a means to get rich ... that it is for carnal prosperity and earthly wealth ... this is the result of his earthly wisdom, knowledge of the fallen realm that is used to define and decide what is going on with Me and My Kingdom ... they simply do not understand it ... this will be a hard shock on them, but do not worry, I know my own and will lead them beside streams of living water, into green pastures where they will find rest for their eternal souls ...

“But these paint the gospel with Christmas tree lights and narratives of donkeys and three wise men, and they just miss the point. The point is not to give them a warm, cozy tradition to worship and lie down on to sleep when they are weary working the year long for Mammon and Man’s plays, but it is to DIE to self, to the FLESH, die to the nature in you that is an enemy to Me. Such people think all I came to do was to give them a holiday off from work, and a reason to buy things for their loved ones and families, and not to worry about the poor in the world or war or famine for a season but to indulge themselves, to go to their ancestral homes and drink wine and tell stories and live the high life. ... I love your families and I want you to have good times with them, eating and singing, telling stories, enjoying each others’ company before you die, but die you must and the sooner the better for all. Not physical death, I mean, death to sin and the sin nature within mankind that lies to you and hides you from

seeing the truth of my ways ...

“They have trusted what they have poorly made, a sham and mockery of Me and my ways, and it’s plain that it is fake and cheap and not worthy of my Divinity, not made by Me, but made by weak, stupid, fools in mock honor of Me ... your Christmas traditions are vain attempts to satisfy your souls, decorated with chinsy painted images of a charlatan, a fake saint, a myth, a mask of deception. Led astray you will not fight for what is right and true and so you will neither see nor experience what I have told this story for.”

Me: “The man was thin and had a weak grasp...”

The Lord: “He cannot grasp the truth, underfed since he does not seek to know Me, so he is barely alive. Grasping at thin air, which is all he has left after the news has come to shatter the illusion he took for truth. He calls the fake, toy ‘church of man’ my plan, so wrong! So wrong, man.

“Why not come up higher and I will tell you my real plans, but alas you are too weak, too stubborn to change, too weak to renew your heart’s thinking and you cannot bear what I have to say ... it is so against all you do and believe so you cannot hear Me when I speak ... I say, lean NOT upon your own ways, O man! Your own judgments will prove to be a snare to you in the day of calamity. Turn to me and live, before it is too late, I say; before That Day catches you like a thief in the night. You still have time to repair your ways, O man, but not many days hence you shall say, ‘Woe is to me, I am undone! All I care to do or say is stubble like hay burned up in the Fire of that Day! Woe is me! I ate the fast food of the people who told me they knew the way but it was all lies: hay, wood, stubble and hay!’”

“Prepare yourself for this is going to be a taste of that day!” [End]

2. The Mountain Valley Vision

This dream started with my wife and I, and I think we may have been near Tong Fuk (the Beautiful Village), the place we lived a few years before this dream. We ended up at the edge of the forest going up THE MOUNTAIN. It was overgrown and the path was not clear.

Me: “What is the mountain?”

The Lord: “The mountain of the knowledge of the Lord—something imparted to you as you climb / ascend— it is not Me or You but Me IN You, (to John Mac, you should know this).”

Dream: My wife was driving a car, I was in the passenger seat, and we started to drive up the hill. My wife was not focused on driving but was DISTRACTED by something and kept looking back instead of forward. I recall something about a baby doll in the back seat ... and we passed by some plant shoots, some young bamboo, and when the car was coming to a small dirt mound, SHE JUST STOPPED THE CAR AND GOT OUT.

Me: “My wife was driving the car?”

The Lord: “People can’t see Me, only the forest—she can’t see Me—sidetracked—distracted—not real obstacles stopped her. She gave up too easy, too soon.

“If she had known my heart, seen my face through the trees (the obstacles) if she would have chosen to see Me through the obstacles, she would have continued, pursued me.

“But not a problem, no loss, I’ll get her on the rebound.”

Me: “What do you mean, will she break up with me (divorce me)? Why the ‘rebound’?”

The Lord: “On the rebound of My love, not the divorce of your marriage—but that is for another talk, another time. ...”

Dream: I got the machete out and chopped the first bamboo or branch I came to but it was so flexible it just bent back—it was like grass or something. I went to the dirt mound that she stopped at, and hit it and it crumbled away. It seemed to be like natural chalk, it was mainly white dirt, and had the consistency of an ant hill and it just crumbled apart, very

soft.

THESE WERE NOT OBSTACLES THAT WOULD STOP THE CAR AT ALL. In fact we only had gone a few feet, when she stopped, got out and gave up.

The Lord: "She stopped at what was not really an obstacle ..."

Me: "What is the car?"

The Lord: "Your teaching and training of her—imparted knowledge of Me. You were in the passenger's seat coaching her."

Dream: There was a sense of urgency for me, since there was a WEDDING PARTY up the hill that people were already gathering at. I don't know who was getting married, but it was like a group wedding, like we were all a part of the wedding and I knew many people there were already wearing wedding dresses.

Me: "There was a wedding party, people were already there."

The Lord: "A meeting of the Bride, in true spiritual communion—a meeting of the MINDS and HEARTS of those truly devoted (As he spoke I heard the song: *Hopelessly Devoted To You* ...) to ME and My Ways. My Life. My Breath. ... the Saints, a peculiar people."

Dream: I saw my wife walking around back where we started from, and she was wearing an old fashioned HOOP DRESS, like a wedding dress but it was LIGHT BROWN, BEIGE OR TAN, NOT WHITE.

Me: "Her dress wasn't quite a wedding dress?"

The Lord: "She can't wear what SHE wants to to the wedding."

Me: "I think my wife will have to go through 'tribulation' to be corrected. Is this the Anti-Christ's reign of murder or not?"

The Lord: "She will turn around in time to avoid the Great Persecution."

Me: "The Hoop Dress?"

The Lord: "Vanity, puffed up; circular reasoning in her thoughts."

Dream: There was a SWAMPY AREA near her that I told her to be careful of. She walked to where the car had stopped going up the hill.

Me: "The Swamp?"

The Lord: "Falling back into the Flesh ... she's never really left."

Dream: I told her we can keep going up over here—there is a wider path, A MORE DIRECT WAY (over to the right).

Me: "I saw the other path; it looked more straight."

The Lord: "A more direct path, being more direct, seeking directly."

Dream: I saw what looked like a more straight path going up—My old Pastor PATRICK from New Hampshire opened the path up with his jeep.

Me: "Pastor PATRICK from New Hampshire opened up this path?"

The Lord: "He was a seeker of divine truth. You may not like him for what he did to you, but he opened up the way for you—before you, he opened up your way.

"He forgave those who stood in his way—he forgave you."

Me: "Lord, I don't know where I stand with these people who hurt me: my own dad, Pastor Patrick from New Hampshire, Pastor Mike and Henry from the Tree of Lift Church, Jun from the Filipino church—please lead me to love and forgive them all."

Dream: And MY MOM'S station wagon (a large family car) was parked at the base of the wide path as well.

Me: "My Mom's station wagon?!"

The Lord: "She is also climbing the Hill of the Lord."

Dream: My Wife WOULD NOT GO UP ANY MORE

Me: "My wife would not go up the Hill any more."

The Lord: "She is Stubborn—I've told her this, made her to see it ... Carry on ..."

Dream: —so I got into a special double caterpillar-track tractor (it had tank tracks, and was in two sections joined together) that I called a "WEASEL" which was something like a WWII-era military truck tractor with tank tracks I GOT INTO IT AND WENT STRAIGHT UP THE HILL THROUGH THE FOREST.

I kept climbing and climbing and saw a DIRT TRACK I was following,

that was a rough road few people ever used. I WAS NOT THE FIRST, BUT ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO HERE.

The weasel as I call it had a left and right tread. I was driving it by pushing a left and right pedal forward, it was not a steering wheel.

I saw a kind of BUG, like a stick bug / praying mantis in the way ... I used the left track to nudge it; it jumped out of the way ...

Then I was trying to see how to make the machine go faster, if I pushed down harder, or if I let up a little would I get more traction ... I tried it and it didn't seem to make much difference.

Me: "I got into the 'Weasel,'—what is that?"

The Lord: "My Hand, carrying you up my Hill as you step, walk, stand in faith. (Faith like the previous 'motorcycle' vision, it's a machine carrying you up without you having to do anything but hit the throttle...)

"Faith carries you up into my purposes.

"I may train you while you are within the world and subject to the pull of its ways ... but faith will not carry you further away from Me.

"Faith will produce works of my Spirit, My Kingdom, My Father—not works of the flesh—it is not outwardly seen but by a few men (people) who have eyes to see—Do YOU see? That is the eyes of faith operating in you, my son.

"Faith without works is dead—so man without faith just 'works'—he is condemned in a way to work, labor, strive at his own initiatives, according to his own will, to work at his own plans and schemes devoid of the work of My Presence—yes, I can be called to come into the world of man, and asked to build the works of man, and all who avail themselves of Me earn My Peace, BUT I WILL NOT BUILD THAT WORK WHICH IS CRUMBLING DOWN IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THOSE OF MY BELOVED WHO LABOR AND TOIL AMONG THOSE NOT SAVED BY GRACE, BY FAITH, BY THE WORKS OF ME, OF MY SPIRIT ON THEIR BEHALF ... Come I say, come and let us reason together.

"You can call on Me from within the works of Man but I will not partner to build Satan's kingdom of darkness, slavery and bondage over your everlasting and precious souls which I came (manifested) to save you out of and save you from.

"So yes, I can be called INTO the works of Man, the flesh, ambition, lust of the eyes, pride of life—yes, I can be called on to help you build the kingdom of ruin, but I will not be a partaker in the realm of death—are you trying to revive a 'dead' system by bringing My Presence into it? I

said Come Out Of It! Come out of her My People!! Babylon is the religious system of slavery to Mammon—not just 'church' or 'false' church, or what have you, but ALL church NOT of the SAINTS, ALL Congregations of the Dead: companies, businesses, spiritual clubs.

"How can that which NOW LIVES partake of the fruits of death without dying once more to the rudimentary principles of life?

"Don't go back to what I delivered you from!"

Me: "So the weasel?"

The Lord: "Yes, the weasel, an articulated crawling machine that CLIMBS over every obstacle in the fallen realm—it is MY SPIRIT.

"You could not see behind it, or understand its workings, or what it was made like—SO IS MY SPIRIT! You can 'see' or realize it is there, but not really ever 'understand' it (Him) ... and so you just need to trust Me, take it by Faith, Relax ... and enjoy the Ride up the Mountain of the Kingdom of the Intimate Knowledge of the Lord ...

"I may train you by teaching you with the basic principles of the earth realm: eat food, drink water, seek clothes, but doing so by My Spirit ... but these things Life is not made of. They are only tools of commerce, craft, handiwork, etc.—what I have prepared for you is of far greater worth and value than these things. So while I may train you within the confines of your earthly existence, I have much more for you that I am training you for... So I may start your basic training from within the world system, meaning while you are still subject to its realm of carnal, human, ordinary wants and needs Faith, walking, standing even crawling, yes, being in faith will not carry you away from Me.

"Faith cannot do this—it only produces righteousness in my sight, behavior that is attuned by and to my Holy Spirit at work within you to draw you and bring you to myself."

Entering a "Works" Zone—the Works of Faith

Dream: I kept climbing through the forest and then suddenly I saw a man by a small stone wall with some working tools who was building something. I asked him what he was doing and he said to look to the right.

Me: "The Bug?"

The Lord: "You didn't squash it. More later ..."

Me: "The dirt track ... the way of life few find?"

The Lord: "Yup. Yessiree."

Me: "First man with a wheelbarrow?"

The Lord: "You were entering a Works Zone, the works of the Spirit of Faith."

Dream: I was then up on a hill overlooking a WIDE MOUNTAIN VALLEY spread out before me that was CLEARED OF TREES and I saw men getting ready to make a CONTAINER STORAGE AREA (for ISO shipping containers) way up here on the mountain!

I wondered if I could help them build since I had the weasel, although I saw they were government engineers and I was not needed.

Me: "It was in the Mountain Valley. A Valley on the Mountain of the Lord. A Valley of Zion. It was being made into a Shipping Container Storage Area!"

The Lord: "A storage yard for 'GOOD's'—a place to play."

Me: "Like a storehouse?"

The Lord: "Think of it like that ... a place where 'good's' are stored." (He said good's like 'good things,' like his GOODNESSES in the plural sense. His 'good's' ... are stored there)

Me: "What 'Good's'?"

The Lord: "Kingdom wealth, riches. Do you not value them?"

"JOY, PEACE, LOVE,

"HOPE, PATIENCE, PERSEVERANCE

"FAITH ... these are my Good's."

Me: [I couldn't hear any more that day and I needed to rest and the next day I had a meeting with a man about supporting us and our work for the Lord, and instead of helping me he was very rude. I got back home, upset, tired, but sat in God's presence to finish with the interpretation but was still upset and was unable to be happy about these 'good's' at the moment ...] "Lord I am so sorry—I am so carnally motivated ... My heart ..."

The Lord: "Hush—sleep off the disappointment of that man's snub—he'll wake up soon and know what true riches are—He'll invite you

back, invite you in.

"Now let's get back to the story! The good parts are just ahead"

Me: "Workers/workmen?"

The Lord: "Yes, they are angels and saints (some saints) building My Kingdom on your behalf—since what you are doing is on the behalf of others (these are Kingdom riches as well—reciprocity), OK, OK, leaving the mundane principles of life ..."

Mountain Springs: Higher Springs of Discernment

Dream: I saw A STREAM at the base of the hill I was on, and wondered if the mountain fish would die because of the construction, and if I could help protect them, but finally I just wanted to go into the stream and look for minnows for fun and curiosity.

I looked more closely at the stream and saw it was in two sections with a rocky sand bar between them.

Me: "Trees Cleared? Obstacles removed?"

"Mountain clearing? Higher realm?"

"Mountain Stream? Refreshment?"

The Lord: "Higher springs of discernment. Mountain water is different in more oxygen and more swift—more fun but ... more challenging—than lower rivers.

"As I start to teach man I use the things he is familiar with—the principles of the lower order, the earth realm—sowing, reaping, harvest and toil, labor and strife, combat, war, poverty, slavery, etc., to teach him about the true riches, real possessions, real eternal wealth (Me!). Anyway, all he wants is money, fame and security for himself, for that is all he sees and knows of that will last upon the earth—man's kingdom. But what a chimera they are, all those earthly riches!

"But that is what he knows so I use that to help instruct him away from dependence on man's system of wealth accumulation. HOW MANY TIMES DID I SAY IT?—over and over—that if Man would but trust Me, then Unseen, then I would lead him to treasure. Not just mundane existence, but T R E A S U R E S above, and even such treasures below, for this is what they (you) are destined for—

"But as Man reaches higher in his walk with Me, a kind of intermediate

realm, they begin to see the Eternal hereafter, and begin to see it rightly, to see it as it truly is, my friend—and THAT is where many of you are on your journey. Not quite high in the clouds yet, but getting there—you are beginning to see that the way of eternal riches will kill you—kill what is left of your carnal inheritance and as you begin to cast it off you become eligible to put on the New Self, made righteous, made in my image, above you—work it through and you'll see where you were deceived into placing earthly wealth above my higher order ...

“So now that you do have eyes to see, you come above the trees and see Me. That is the mountain streams, or mountain springs as they are also called—of course springs are better, cleaner, but still a mountain stream has a certain, *je ne sais quoi**—peace, purity, tranquility

“In the higher realm of teaching and training I can compare spiritual things to spiritual things ... but it is the same with any learning. First, introduction, then basic concepts, then more advanced intermediate concepts, and then the real truth that the uninitiated cannot comprehend.

“So it is here—My Mountain Stream will refresh those prepared for it—others will simply avoid or miss it since they do not comprehend it. Yes, you know the verse that talks about this from what Paul wrote about Me.”

1 Corinthians 2:13-14 This is what we speak, not in words taught us by human wisdom but in words taught by the Spirit, explaining spiritual realities with Spirit-taught words. ¹⁴ **The person without the Spirit does not accept the things that come from the Spirit of God but considers them foolishness, and cannot understand them because they are discerned only through the Spirit.** (NIV)

Me: Then the Lord explained the rocky patch between the two pools, the gravel, and likened it to the porous aquifer through which water flows and is purified. He compared this to small nuggets of truth in us ... that also purifies the flow of the Lord's water in us, not that it needs to be more pure, but that we are polluted from the world and the flesh and this mixed understanding in us pollutes the Word in us. To the Pure all things are Pure, and this gravel, small fragments of the Rock in us, purifies the flow of revelation through us...

The Lord: “The fine gravel is a kind of purity filter—small pieces of light, truth—they purify the flow of water through the aquifer, so also my truth in you helps to purify the flow of My Spirit so it will not be polluted as it mixes with what is still in and around you of the flesh and the world.”

Me: Clearly not that the Spirit would mix, but when the Spirit reveals things to us from the Flow of Revelation, we may mix what the Lord says and means with our natural understanding, our misconceptions, our flaws and so pollute the pure meaning of truth.

(**je ne sais quoi* = French, “I don't know what,” which means to say it has a quality that can't be easily described; an indefinable quality. God obviously knows, but He used this idiom to me to say that it is hard for me to understand the qualities of higher revelation which can't be easily reduced to or expressed accurately in human language that I could understand. Incredible that he speaks this way!)

Seeing God AS HE IS—No Illusion

Dream: Then I looked to see what may be in the stream and saw VERY LARGE FISH: on the right side I saw a DOLPHIN!! And next to it was a large STURGEON!!! They laying side by side with other large fish as well.

But on the left of the rocky sand bar area I saw ... a WHALE ... it was pale or white, and thrashed in the water when it saw me notice it and blew A BUBBLE which floated up to nearly where I was... it had seen me and was sending me this bubble!

The Lord: “Vale above, sheltered canopy of my love and provision. My Kingdom for you, about me, for you!

“Let's go on ...”

Me: “The Whale?”

The Lord: “BIG REVELATION”

“My presence brings you into my deep purposes, as this level (depth or height) you begin to see me as I am—no illusion. It's the beginning of your life hereafter and evermore.

“The Fullness of Christ is attainable by you not under the operation of your will and being but by the law of the Spirit of Grace and trust in you operating to conform you by my will and ability to my image.

“Not the fullness of GOD, but the fullness of Christ—my Son—you can rise to maturity by my promises—set before you—my word spoken over you—in your hearing will draw you into Me so I can have my will over and about you—

“Don’t separate journey and destination (destiny) regarding my prophecy—my prophetic, my spoken promises over you—you’ll soon come to see they are one and the same—I AM the way (the journey, the path) and the Truth and the Life (or the purpose, plan and destination) of all I have for you—I am the goal of your faith—I Am the exceedingly great reward for you, unto you, and all who believe in Me and Call upon my name.

“The Whale is my calling of you, my destiny, my purposes, my plan, my endurance, my word of deep things too big and grand for your easy comprehension—you can’t swallow them. In fact, they have to swallow you. Being in the belly of the whale takes on a whole new significance now doesn’t it? It’s the place when you are arrested by my plans and purposes for you—you’ll be digested, transformed, changed—renewed by my word spoken over and about and spoken concerning you.”

Me: “That’s what I used to call an elephant symbolically.”

The Lord: “Yes, but you got/get caught up looking for a system of interpretation—but I will not give my keys to strangers. You can’t CRACK my Code Edward—don’t even try—Men cannot figure me out—I resist their efforts to reduce me to a puzzle or a board game—my secrets are reserved for those who fear me, not those who devise a better system of interpretation.”

Me: “The Bubble?”

The Lord: “The revelation bubbling up—prophecy to others to manifest my deep hidden truths—”

“The whale thrashed and made a bubble and gave it to you—you reached out and laid hold of it—laid hold of my purposes for you—I am happy with you for that.

“You will go forth and prophesy to many people—nations, languages (tongues), people groups ... that’s my will for you.

“Don’t worry about the false sheep, worthless teachers of Egypt and Babylon—they have their place, their end, their doom is coming upon them lest they repent. Don’t fret.”

Dream: I slid down the slope and caught it (the bubble), and back up above me some people LOWERED A ROPE to help me get back up. It was “MY HELPER” and a few other people too—I tried climbing the rope as

they pulled it but IT WAS BETTER TO JUST HOLD ON AND LET THEM PULL ME UP!

At the top I saw ... A ROBOT doing kitchen work, wearing an ELEPHANT-theme joke apron. When I saw it I said, “I LOVE ROBOTS!”

Then I saw a poster or display sign (maybe it was interactive) that had some kind of rough or mean spirited JOKES ABOUT OFFICE LIFE.

Me: “When I reached for the bubble, I slid down the slope. Is this backsliding?”

The Lord: “Not really.”

Me: “Why did I need help to get back up?”

The Lord: “You just needed help and I got you well looked after. Lifeline, a rope of helps.”

Me: “The Robot, the Kitchen, elephant apron ... I said, “I love robots!” ...”

The Lord: “What happens when you enter my rest? That’s right, you cease from your labor. This is my word working on your behalf.”

Me: “I LOVE ROBOTS!!!”

The Lord: “I knew you would—I know this means a lot to you—you work hard and are diligent and you will be rewarded richly / handsomely for it.”

Me: “Why does it NOW work on my behalf and not before?”

The Lord: “Because you are not in my rest, you are in reliance on your own energies and strengths, fueled by your ambitions and self desires ... how do you know if you have entered my rest?”

Me: “I don’t know ...”

The Lord: “Use your nose”

Me: “My nose?”

The Lord: “Yes, what do you smell around you? Sweat? What do you hear? Panting? Then labor to enter your rest, not to complete your labors.”

He also said the Mean Office Jokes were to represent the meanness of corporate office life that I faced for a time, contrasting it to God’s fun and refreshing ‘robot’ where we enter his rest.

And there was more to the dream that I can share, but I felt that it was not urgent to understand it, and it was very tiring to sit so high in the Lord’s presence to hear him talk like that and I took a break. But it was weeks before I realized I didn’t get any insight for the rest of the word. I’ll anyway share the rest of the dream:

Dream: I kept looking down to the fish on the right ... I saw more large fish with the dolphin and sturgeon, and they were all laying together in a row, resting or maybe sleeping. I saw about five kinds of fish but only clearly recognized the first two: a dolphin and a sturgeon.

The man (angel) who was suddenly with me kept saying to me, “No, here, look at THESE fish.” He was indicating some copy of the fish that were in a small tank or pond or display frame up where I was standing.

But first I noticed a display or sign that had the NAME OF THE DOLPHIN on it and when it was revealed to me, it was so special I was stunned. First, it had to be written with sea creatures, like anemones or something, and it was not in a human language. I made out human letters, and read “E L I ...” maybe O and other E’s but did not recognize the word. And knew it was a very special dolphin. I think this was probably Christ himself since it was so special and the word ELI ... is one of the names of God, but he didn’t tell me yet.

Then I saw the fish he was indicating up where I was, the copy of the fish below but smaller. They too were special.

First they were all lined up in a row and looked just like the fish far down below in the right side of the steam, like they were doing the same things, synchronized with them somehow.

Also they looked the same relative size—the fish below were as large as a person, but far away and looked small, and the fish above were only a few inches long, but they looked the same relative size.

The man (angel) said they were special and said THEY WERE MUSICAL, but it was not just that they MADE music, which I am sure they did, but when I heard music play the fish became a design, like a pattern that responded to the music covering the whole display. In a way they became the music.

I just watched their display as they portrayed the music with shapes and colors, designs and at one point was plaid patters. [Today I think this refers to some of the people I’ve met, many of them Ann’s children, (she had 7 at this time) who are all extremely talented musically. Yes, I think these ‘musical fish’ are people God will use in music ministry later.]

I felt there was a second dream of a place—very special—but I can’t remember it. And that’s all I can share on this conversation at this time.

3. Emotions, Covering, Submission to False Authority

When I published a public version of the vision of the Abusive Gorilla in HKI I added a teaching Jesus spoke to me about several topics, including Emotions, Covering and Submitting to False Spiritual Authority. It’s a lot of powerful revelation that will purify your mind and ideas on these commonly misunderstood topics. It really didn’t fit thematically in that chapter so I am including it here. This is the word Jesus taught me:

“Emotions”

“People say when you warfare to ‘sow in the opposite spirit,’ but if that were always true then your warfare is sown against what demonic environment? Peace? No, I tell you to put on your armor every day.

“Instead of merely ‘sowing in the opposite spirit,’ I tell you today I want my chosen vessels to ‘flow in the Holy Spirit.’ That will lead you to victory in all warfare, not just being able to respond with a calm demeanor when someone comes against you in impatience or anger. For I tell you, not all anger is from me, but not all ‘peace’ is from me either. If you want to pacify people, be wise in handling your emotions. And if you want to be victorious in your warfare, then ‘flow in the Holy Spirit’ and you will conquer the forces of darkness that seek to enslave your soul—which is what you really want, isn’t it?

“I want you to read my Word carefully, and understand who I AM. I also have ‘emotions’ for I am an emotional God, and I am the author of your capacity for emotions. I do not function emotionally entirely as you do, you who are still subject to the chaos and confusion of the fallen world, but through my redemptive purposes of the Son of God dying in your stead, you have been made free from the hold of confusion and corruption. Don’t trust all of your emotions, but don’t discount all of them either. Sometimes your passionate emotions are from Me too you know, from my Spirit into your inner man, such as compassion, the bitterness of grief [at sin, injustice, etc.], and the hunger of longing that my holy apostles and prophets such as Jesus displayed with such fervency.

“I want you to be clear in seeing that I get upset at people. It is not a cover to the flesh emotions, but I got mad enough at Moses to want to kill

him and all the people more than once.

“This is dismissed by people nowadays saying, ‘But that is the God of the Old Testament’ — Am I two different God’s? This is a false teaching. I AM the same Yesterday, Today and Forever.”

“Covering”

“Second, about ‘covering’ — this means control — and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is FREEDOM — so where is the room for control?

The only control I do is through you to be conformed willingly into the image of My Son who is One with Me — we, you and I, are or will be One as well — so where is there need for me to control you and FORCE you to become like me, follow my plans, or play ‘follow the leader’?

“Think long and hard about this the next time some man or woman tells you to ‘submit’ in this forceful way — I do not force my way — I am God, and yet I invite you to come and reason with Me. You can come to me with any question you might have and I am good. I am your Father. I know your thoughts. I know what you are going through. I know what you are dealing with. I will love. I will understand. I will help. I will guide. I will teach. I will instruct. I will explain. I work with infinite patience and mercy. I am slow to anger and I do not control like man controls. My heart is to set you free, not to force my way. Herein lies the difference.

“I love you — what reason could I give, what possible justification could I give to MYSELF for wanting or trying to control you by shouting SUBMIT! There is a creature that seeks to control you who shouts like that from every lofty hill — his will is to steal, kill and destroy the sheep of my pasture. But I cannot let him for I Am perfect and that would be wrong of Me to violate the trust of innocent lambs who’ve placed their trust in Me after I told them I would protect and provide for them.

“This is what a covering actually means — it is a wedding song — a bridal veil — a delicate embroidery that touches your head with love, joy, singing — and more love! It is a JOY to wear the wedding gown! — it is never a burden to have to submit to wearing the garment of praise! Who has led you astray by speaking counsel without wisdom or proper enlightenment?

“Yes, anyone can give you their reasoned opinions — but they can still be dead wrong, and I don’t use that term lightly — dead wrong, as wrong as death, do you get it?”

“Submitting to False Spiritual Authority”

“Again I speak to you My Bride, DO NOT SUBMIT TO FALSE ANYTHING. Did My Son submit to those under the influence of the religious spirits? People say submit at all cost to your leader even if he’s dead wrong — why do they say that? Otherwise you will be labeled a rebel? Yes, there are rebels, but do not entertain every accusation against yourself. They called my humble servant David rebellious, and even my son Jesus — yet did they worry about their reputations? What is the worst that man can do? Slander you, cast you out, stone you, kill you? Do not fear the one who can kill the body and after that do no more — for the time has come for them to fear the God who has the power to cast into hell. The time has come NOW to choose whom ye shall serve: Me, or Baal, Mammon and control spirits of wickedness that afflict my people. Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is Freedom!

“And where do I ever say submit to Satan? [James 4:7, 1 Peter 5:8-9] Where do I ever say to submit to false prophets who say, ‘Peace, peace — there is no need to fight or struggle. There is no need to pray or fight the enemy or loose your sword!’ NO, do not submit to them but defy them to their face! [Ezekiel 3:8-9] Stand like a Lion that I AM in and through you to tear down the works of the enemy and deliver my weak, humble people from these devouring jaws that cry out ‘peace’ when there is no peace!”
[End]

Isaiah 61: The Model of Your New Life

This revelation is too big and too far reaching in its implications to share here in it's entirety unfortunately. It also connects to about a dozen other revelations, each of which needs to be explained properly. What I end up with is giving an hour long discussion just to share the short version of this picture. I can't do that here now obviously. To get the big picture look for the teaching I call the Foundations of the Kingdom, which is both on-line and in print.

Also please note, what Jesus taught me is not quite like what I ever heard any other human teach. This is disconcerting at first because we need to reflect, ponder, read the verses ourselves, pray before we can comprehend the Big Picture. Some people will immediately bear witness as God is already teaching many people these very things. Others just never heard such ideas spoken before and like the Bereans, are excited and will eagerly study the Scriptures to see that this is so—but others still will not be easily convinced and say, better come back tomorrow and we'll hear you again, kind of thing. They need time to digest like I did.

So God had been teaching me secrets of how Paul ministered including ministering in a demonstration of the Spirit and power, and not in talk,

eloquent speech or man's wisdom, etc. What following this is teaching, but only teaching the sacred secrets revealed by the Holy Spirit: Eye has not seen, ear has not heard nor has entered into the mind of Man what God has prepared for those who love him—but he HAS REVEALED it to us by his Spirit—and THIS is what we teach.

He revealed the need to lead as servants, to serve people by serving the Holy Spirit to then, to empower, equip people to walk in the various gifts and callings he outlines in Romans 12, I Corinthians 12, not only Ephesians 4:11. This is essential because only as 'each does its part' can the body come to maturity; to use the gifts God has given us to serve the people 'for the common good.'

The 'prayers of an apostle' in Ephesians became clear and how Paul as praying not for wisdom to know God's love but the experience of it, to know it like Adam 'knew' Eve and had a baby. That's how God wants us to know his love, to know it beyond knowledge—What is beyond knowledge I asked, "Oh that's easy! Beyond knowledge is Experience." It is the experience of God and the experience of his love that is lacking in the Body and this is where the most powerful growth needs to be from here on.

He gave me direct revelation of Grace, *charis*, which is not forgiveness or mercy, but Power or strength. He brought me to the Throne of Grace and explained that grace is the power to stop sinning, not permission to keep on doing it. Grace is the empowerment from the Holy Spirit giving us gifts, character, prophecy, healing, wisdom, any power from God—Grace is Paul's word for the Anointing basically.

The revelation of Communion and the Mind of Christ rocked my world. But now he was going to elevate everything.

I said, I am learning how Paul ministered, but I saw that Jesus' ministry was higher still but I had no detailed explanation from the Bible on it. I asked him to show this to me—this is what I sought. He immediately brought me to Luke 4, his first recorded sermon where he read from Isaiah. I knew this was a paraphrase so went to the source, Isaiah 61—but it was all Greek to me.

I don't understand it, so I got very quiet in his presence, fixed the eyes of my heart on Jesus, opened the eyes of my heart because I wanted to see him ... and he began to speak to me.

¹"The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me, because the LORD has anointed me to preach good news to the poor.

Stop there.

What happened already. This verse already encapsulated most everything people do in modern evangelical ministry. How so? This is the preaching of the gospel of salvation, repentance, and being born again.

What? You're making that up.

No, I'm not. The anointing was on him to empower him to 'preach' 'good news' to the 'poor.'

The Poor here means the 'poor in spirit' or the 'repentant ones'... how did these people become 'poor'? How did they know to repent? They heard and obeyed a message from One calling in from the Wilderness. John the Baptist, and others now like him, preach a similar message to Elijah when he called the fire down 'returning the hearts' of the people back to God. Repent, get baptized and so you shall be saved.

Note the parallel between Moses and John the Baptist, both peached a law, both led people through a baptism, neither were able to enter or bring people into the Promised Land/The Kingdom. Note Jesus never water baptized anyone. His disciples did, but not he. Note Paul also said he was not sent to water baptize but to preach the gospel. What ministry greater than salvation was Jesus then preaching? What gospel then was Paul ministering? Not merely the gospel of salvation but the Gospel of the Kingdom.

Jesus was anointed to preach Good News to a people who were already prepared to hear his message by being repentant and water baptized. Gabriel the angel and his own father, Zechariah, prophesied John the Baptist would give the people the knowledge of salvation. People who repented and got water baptized under John were therefore saved. The Gospel writers all say John preached a message of a baptism of "repentance unto salvation." This was before Jesus was revealed, or crucified or ascended mind you.

Also note, when John saw Jesus he asked for the baptism he had seen a vision of and that he told everyone to look for. He said he only had water, but after him one would come who would baptize in Spirit and in fire. John saw the outpouring at Pentecost and asked Jesus for this baptism when he saw him. Jesus said no!

When Jesus ministered he always said the Kingdom of God was

coming, it was close, it was near ... he didn't say it was there yet because he needed to first be crucified, resurrected, ascended and then a month later EVERYONE could get this Baptism once he poured out his Spirit on any types of people, not just Levite or Cohen priests, and then the Kingdom would come.

So this first verse, "The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me, because the LORD has anointed me to preach good news to the poor," means Jesus preached only to the baptized, repentant, 'saved' people ... rather these were the only people prepared to HEAR him really. This is what Luke says in Luke 7—the people who were baptized accepted his teaching; the Bible teachers who were not get baptized did not accept his teaching.

Most ministries are only doing this preparation ministry still and only like John baptizing people in water, making basically disciples of the Baptist. This is an essential foundation, but it is not yet what Jesus walked in or called the Kingdom.

The second and third verse describes this Gospel Jesus preached, demonstrated and ministered. The verse says, "He has sent me to" ... OK, wait, who is 'He'? The Father! Ok, who is the 'Me'? Jesus, but now it is also going to be the people Jesus sends in his place, in his name. It's his ministers, it's ALL OF US basically.

OK, keep going. The verse until the end of v3 is:

"He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives and release from darkness for the prisoners, ²to proclaim the year of the LORD's favor and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all who mourn, ³"and provide for those who grieve in Zion— to bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair.

.... Now he began to speak.

But let me just say we had been active in three types of ministry for a few years already but I had some questions. I first didn't understand how what we were doing was a part of the Gospel. Second, I didn't understand clearly how these different ministries related to each other.

What we were led by the Spirit to do was a lot of very active inner healing. People came to us so burdened, broken down, traumatized and the Lord trained us in direct ministry to heal their broken hearts. We had so many testimonies, and often did this on a weekly basis in some form, but I didn't understand why we were doing it. It was not in John 3:16. It was not a part of Romans 10:9-10. I could not see it reflected in the four gospels and did not see it mentioned in the Epistles. So why was it so helpful, so wonderful and why was the Holy Spirit so keen on us doing this.

When it came to deliverance, I saw that in the Gospels of course, but not much talk of it in the Epistles.

When it came to Communion, helping people push past the Veil that separates the Spirit from the physical world of the Flesh allowing God's people to openly converse with the Lord in two-way conversation, again, I didn't see that so clearly in the scriptures. I knew Jesus lived like that—even higher, he was enjoying the shared thoughts of the Mind of Christ as we call it, and also I think John in his old age when he wrote his Gospel must have had some kind of higher level experience with the Lord because he quotes a very long section of prayers that Jesus spoke privately to God while he was asleep, and when he woke up Jesus was being arrested. There was no time for Jesus to tell him these things obviously and I know his account of the private prayers are 100% true, so God must have either brought him back in time to watch it so he could later write it accurately, so maybe the Spirit just told John openly what Jesus prayed. Probably the former, but anyway I mean I can see evidence of the deeper levels of communication with the Lord in the Scriptures—but I still did not understand how this was a part of the Gospel.

So when Jesus began to explain Isaiah 61 to me, it first answered my question about how these three ministries in particular are integral to the Gospel, and secondly what really surprised me was understanding how they related to each other.

Heal the Broken Hearted

So when he began to explain this part I first I saw a vision of a broken heart. It was not like a cartoon heart shape with a crack in it, no. It was a heart that was sickly, pale, shriveled up: It looked more like a turnip! It was not fat, red and round but sick and skinny like a carrot root but pale

white. A heart in this condition is sick, broken, nearly lifeless, but Jesus suddenly began to wrap it in thick bandages, wrapping it up so it would heal properly.

I didn't need a long explanation of what this ministry looked like, because like I said, at this time we were very active in Inner Healing ministry, laying on hands to people with emotional pain and letting the Holy Spirit flow directly to the pain, healing it by the touch of the Holy Spirit's presence—they begin crying deeply as God heals their broken hearts. The Holy Spirit told me once, he can't help himself. When he shows up, he brings healing!

Laying hands on a person asking for prayer and seeking God's prophetic insight to understand what is wrong and what to do about it, and then binding, loosing, proclaiming, breaking, healing, creating—whatever ministry the Holy Spirit leads you to do is one of the most rewarding types of ministry I've been involved in.

People often carry wounds in their hearts from childhood even, and these hurt places become anchors to sin, the source of all kinds of bad behaviors! Counseling, incarceration, vain pursuits cannot remove the wound, they can only help people deal with their symptoms really.

But the Holy Spirit go right to the source of these behavioral problems and solve the source of the sin. You can do more good to a person by laying on hands to them and letting the Holy Spirit flow to heal their broken hearts than you can accomplish with a million dollars worth of professional counseling

So I didn't need God to explain this very much so he didn't say much about this beyond the vision. Jesus has come not to only preach but to reach the pain in our hearts with his healing presence.

Now such healing is not automatic for Christians. Like all promises there needs to be FAITH to receive it. This also means there will be people who have specialized training from the Lord to operate in this area. There are people called to the ministry of Inner Healing.

We even used Communion to do inner healing a lot and led people to see Jesus in spirit themselves and he will lead them back to the moment of their greatest pain. Facing it with Him and asking him in that moment of need, abuse, confusion: Where were you when I needed you! "I was right here with you. Look!" And he would revisit their trauma, this time being conscious of Him being present. Crying, laughing, freedom! People hide

from this deep pain and He even told me, yes, it hurts to face that pain again, but He is with them now and the pain only lasts a moment whereas the freedom he will give them will last for all of eternity.

When I saw the vision of the broken heart that looked like a turnip I knew very well he was talking about this ministry we were devoted to. The problem I had before is that I didn't understand how this was a part of the Gospel. We saw the Lord do MIRACLES in people's hearts on a weekly basis and I asked God, It's good and all, but I want to see REAL miracles. And He said, These ARE real miracles! He showed me inner healing is more real, more eternal, than healing any physical wound. People can go to heaven with a broken tooth, a deformed foot, a missing arm. But can they go to heaven with a broken heart? Deformed attitude of forgiveness? Missing acts of repentance? Invisible, deeply personal, Inner Healing IS a real miracle ministry, one that has direct consequences to people being able to repent of sin, open their hearts to God and walk with him into Heaven. I'm sorry for not realizing how important it was.

Freedom for the Captives

But then I read, 'to proclaim freedom for the captives' Jesus said, we are being sent to free the people. And I asked to free them from what?

He said immediately, "Oh, free them from ANYTHING that binds them!"

I have a lot to share on this topic as well but I will have to leave that for another time. But just consider what do people need freedom from? Whatever has captured them. So this runs the gamut from deliverance, casting demons out, addiction and curse breaking, but it is also habits, hobbies, passions, careers, cars, toys, games, fashion, music, friends, facebook, fantasies, lifestyles and even political views.

People can get so bound they can't even help themselves to be set free. And you can't free them by these chains with a discussion or argument.

Arguments the Lord told me are like flicking a light-switch, they only work to change surface thinking but they lack the power to fix any underlying reason a person is bound or deceived. The Holy Spirit however CAN change the root causes for ANY wrong thinking in the deep heart and that's why Paul said our weapons are divinely powerful to destroy strongholds, arguments and every lofty opinion raised against the knowledge of God.

This is not a fringe interest for problematic people, it is the main

pathway to freedom and maturity for all who are in Christ and want to be transformed into his image.

And again these promises of God are not automatically enjoyed by believers—they are available, but you need to stretch out your faith and lay hold of them purposefully. If people do not directly engage the strongholds in their lives with decisive and powerful prayer ministry to break them off, they will simply never find freedom and such people will simply never mature into proper saints.

People don't outgrow the abuse they suffered as a child. People can die at 99 years old still carrying the wounded bitterness from childhood—with the bondage and spiritual blindness this has caused.

Yes, if you die in Christ all this is washed away, but what heavenly rewards will you get if you left all your work on earth undone because you were too bitter, angry, tempted, selfish, greedy, vain and unfocused to help anyone?

Add to it the combined effect of having a broken heart and being in bondage to curses and sins. In fact they are related: sometimes the bondage is attached to the wound, sometimes the bondage makes the heart break and become even more bitter. The curse that has no cause shall now come, and if we can remove the cause of a curse attaching itself to a person we can likewise remove the effects of that demonic manifestation.

And likewise, we do not do this by using wise arguments or crafty schemes but by laying on hands and even praying for them privately in your bedroom even hundreds of miles away. This is an entire ministry as well; there are people empowered by God to do this full time! Thank God for them, and for Him giving us them!

So these strongholds **MUST BE PURPOSEFULLY** and **SYSTEMATICALLY BROKEN**. The Promised Land, Jesus told me, has walled cities in all the best places. The Kingdom of God advances by **VIOLENCE** the Bible says. What violence? Jesus told me it is the violence of a faith that **WILL NOT BE DENIED!** So freedom from bondage is released by faith. It is not "automatic!" It needs to be actively taken possession of.

Again, we had been delving deep into curse breaking, deliverance and fighting demons so I had a good grid or context to understand this. But again did not how it was integrated into other ministries of the Gospel or the bigger picture.

Release from Darkness

Now part three was, 'release from darkness for the prisoners' and I immediately thought he meant opening their spiritual eyes to see revelations from him! Knowing my thinking, or maybe I said this to him, is this about seeing visions? But He said, well not quite. "It's not revelations—it's THE Revelation ... of WHO GOD IS." Wow! It's not seeing visions from God, but seeing The God of Vision."

Prophecy tomorrow's weather will by Sunny and Fine with a 15% change of light showers in the afternoon, may be a true prophecy, a true divine insight, but so what? Well, if you are planning a garden wedding it's important but no one's life is going to be fundamentally changed by knowing it. Seeing Jesus in your house in heaven and hearing him tell you, "I love you, I love you, I love you! I'll shout it from the tops of the highest mountains until you get it!" Feeling the Father's awesome power and unimaginable glory and Him letting you sit on his lap while he shows you how he rules the angels ... Oh the Holy Spirit is just a joy to be with! These are the things that change a person. It takes face time, it takes spirit-to-spirit fellowship. This is what he was talking about is the third aspect of his ministry to his beloved people, his Bride.

And this is why we ask people during 'communion' to focus on asking God first, "Who are you?" and to let him explain himself in a personal way—then to ask "Who am I?" and to listen to how he talks about you, the version of YOU he sees, the New You, the Eternal You, the New Self, which he showed me is superhuman, heroic, a mega warrior, yes a Superhero basically. That's the You God has made when you were Born Again but your memories of life on earth obscure this from your view.

Third we ask people to face Jesus in spirit and ask him the hard question: Do you really love me? People have only doctrines of God's love for them, and no real experience of it. So ask him, face your fears, let him speak to your open heart in spirit and let him impart this truth to your deep inner man like only him telling you this truth can.

So we know we now with unveiled face behold the Lord, as in a mirror, and are being transformed into the image we are beholding. We teach that in Communion, and this was the deep work of God within us he was talking about. People need to SEE GOD for who he IS. This is what transforms them. But I finally began to understand why this was indeed so important and not a fringe interest novelty we had come up with.

“Year” of Favor

When he explained the fourth part it all came together. The next thing is the Year of Favor. Some version say the Year of Jubilee, or other terms. I asked him what is this and He said this is a time when He basically answers our prayers more because we are no longer so much a part of the problem as we were before. The sinful behavior, bad attitudes, bitterness, unforgiveness, selfishness, and unbelief we had in our hearts caused by our wounded hearts, spiritual bondage and ignorance of God’s real nature and lack of an authentic personal belief in his goodness was driving God’s blessings away! Now that we are well on the path to wholeness, God’s favor falls on us in a way previously interrupted by our disobedience, unforgiveness and ongoing sin.

“Now I answer your prayers more.” What a wonderful place to live!

But oh no! I looked at my wrist to see what the date was—when did the year start? I’m missing it! Is it almost over?

“Oh no, its not that kind of year. Just think of it as a very long time.”

Oh, what a relief. I was still not very secured in my friendship with the Lord and didn’t really feel that blessed. When he said it was a ‘year’ I thought maybe I’ve missed 9 months of opportunity of having my prayers answered more. It’s not that kind of year! Amen. The ‘year of favor’ may very well last decades, and I’m sure it will, probably it will last right into eternity!

So let me just look back to the first three ministries again, because now I can understand better how they are connected and why experiencing them is so vital to enabling us to walk in the Kingdom.

These three first steps transform people causing a life-changing chain-reaction. These are not doctrines to adhere to, but transformations to undergo. Experiences of the Spirit of God restoring us.

When Jesus was healing me once and I was shocked to see so much was broken and messed up inside my heart he said yes, after being born again we must undergo much healing, adding, “The Promised Land has walled cities in the best locations.” The Promised Land is my heart. It is a country. The Kingdom is WITHIN me. It is a country!

If the enemy has captured a walled city within my heart, the Holy Spirit is not free to flow through me in that area. I am not going to be able to experience the fullness of his blessings, intimacy or goodness. Let’s say its trusting God to heal me, which I struggled with for a long time. Or my

confidence that he would provide for my monetary needs if I served him even if I didn’t have a full-time corporate job, another thing I struggled with for many years. If these walled cities remain under the control of demons of unbelief I CANNOT receive these blessings from God. Unbelief may come from a wound, fear, bad experience, lack of confidence, lack of feel loved by a parent, lack of many kinds ... and this wound is exploited by a demon which can attach itself to your wound like a fly or bacteria infecting an open cut. This soreness affects the heart again and this blinds us to th Goodness of God and I assure you he is good and faithful, only people have a hard time believing me.

So Inner healing, deliverance and supernatural enlightenment are linked: blindness is caused by woundedness, a wounded heart lets a curse attach, a curse reinforces the wound, keeping it unhealed and sensitive and also causes blindness. I’m not sure the best way to say this but these three are definitely linked.

We meet people who say they do not believe in God, are chain smokers, heavy drinkers, and they say it’s because their dad abused them as a child. Can I pray for you? I don’t believe in that rubbish! Then you won’t mind if I do it because nothing will happen, right? Oh, well ... OK, I don’t care. Good, sit right there and let me pray: Holy Spirit please flow into his heart and touch him where he needs your love and healing. Oh wait a minute, why are you crying? I’m not crying!! I got some dust in my eye! Holy Spirit please go back in his past the heal that little boy who loved his father but the father didn’t know how to love him back and hurt him instead. Oy! You’re bawling! Give this guy some tissues! No, I’m not ... braa haa haa ... AHHH!!!! he screams! We’re in public square where he was drinking with his mates don’t forget. Ok, after we feel the Spirit subside we try to explain the Freight Train of the Holy Spirit that just ran him over. And oh here, have a cigarette. Oh that? I really have been trying to quit and actually I just don’t have the taste for it right now. Nasty habit really. I think, yes, I think I don’t want to have another cigarette as long as I live. Well, let me ask you about what you said before that you don’t believe in God. Oh, well, you know, I was just, well, you know, maybe I’m just being ... ok, honestly I do believe in Him, I do. I know he’s there looking after me. I just, I don’t know, I guess I was just *hurt* from me dad acting like a putz.

So I’ve seen scenes like that play out over and over. People being

touched by God change. Arguments can't do this. God's presence can't help but do it!

And do you see, I already knew all that but what I didn't know and asked God about, was what it had to do with the Gospel. I could not find any references to Inner Healing in the Gospels. Was what we were doing with maybe 75% of our ministry time with the Filipino group just a side interest, a hobby? Why was the Holy Spirit do active doing it if it wasn't even mentioned in the Sinners Prayer or Baptism Class?

I realized it was a core part of the restoration of our souls, it was the way people were enabled to walk in the fullness of the Kingdom, but it was beyond the scope of ministry that was solely focused on preaching repentance unto salvation—it was beyond the Gospel of Salvation; what it was, was the integral work of the Holy Spirit in what I now understand as the Gospel of the Kingdom.

Day of Wrath / Day of Revenge

Now verse 2 has a second part. And this terrified me. Jesus would proclaim the year of the LORD's favor and the day of vengeance of our God. Some versions say the Day of Wrath.

What is this Day of Wrath then? I asked cautiously, "Who are you angry at?" I was afraid what the answer might be.

"Your enemies," He said, adding it was all the people who hurt me. I started feeling better! I now realize that the better translation of this term is not 'wrath' but 'revenge' or 'vengeance.' Basically, it's PAY BACK TIME!

But then I wondered why was it a YEAR of favor but only a DAY of revenge, isn't that unfair? His favor lasts but his revenge—OUR revenge—is so short lived? And this is what He told me—I will NEVER forget it. It terrified me! Why is it only a day, that's not fair and he said:

"It is only a Day ..." but his voice changed. He spoke slowly, his tone dropped lower and he sounded ... angry.

"... because ..." there was a pause while he was catching his breath in anger and he began to raise his voice "... when I get ANGRY and DECIDE to ACT *N O T H I N G C A N S T O P M E !*"

I freaked out! The tone of His voice reflecting His ABSOLUTE POWER and the Wrath of God was so SCARY I sensed ... I am still feeling it right now ... I feel the charge of electricity of the Fear of the Lord.

All I can say is Don't get God mad! That's it!

And I began to feel, can I say 'sorry' for the enemy?

Not sorry in a theological sense, but I became aware in this moment of revelation ... that Satan is gonna get it! There are no words in human language to describe the HURT that God is gonna put on the Enemy!

When God does this, punishing our Enemies, it is going to be so scary to watch that I don't think we will even be able to! We'll shield our eyes. It will be AWFUL, in every sense of that word! Awe-full!

So part of the Good News is that God will himself avenge us for the pain and suffering the enemy afflicted on us when we were subject to his cruelty because of our sin.

I'll quickly add a point. Mitt Jeffords saw the minds of the angels in heaven and saw their thoughts like trees but behind this landscape he saw way, far in the back was FEAR. FEAR. FEAR. Why, he asked God, is there Fear in the back of the minds of the Angels in Heaven? God said, "Because they saw what I did to their companions who joined Satan's rebellion and they are STILL afraid of me to this day."

To Comfort and Provide for Those "In Zion"

The next blessings are that God will Comfort and Provide for those in Zion. What is Zion? Because only people IN IT will get this. Its the Kingdom. It is not church people, or just 'Christians' in bulk, but those who are in the Kingdom who find these blessings. He gives them a Crown, Oil and a Robe instead of the ashes of mourning, loss and despair.

I did not hear him explain this in detail but the impression I was left with is it probably something like the Fruit of the Spirit in abundant display in their character. But that's just what I thought of.

People forget that the City in Heaven will one day be relocated to the Earth. We however do not need to wait until that day to enjoy the blessings of God in the land of the living, if God indeed lives freely in our hearts we can enjoy this now. The breach caused by sin has been remedied, people should act like it. Those who live in the Kingdom do!

The Good News is that Emmanuel, God is With Us, and we can experience heaven on earth, here, now. The things lost to Man by Adam's sin are restored and there is a huge recompense due us as well.

But again and this is the lynchpin of the whole matter: the nature of this 'good news' that Jesus preached, demonstrated, ministered is not what is spoken about, but what is experienced; it has to be DONE to be received. That is why as James says, "hearers only deceive themselves but the

DOERS are blessed.”

That is why this is not just a message, or doctrine, belief or opinion but an *experience*—the Kingdom is something DONE to us, something MINISTERED to us, something RECEIVED by us ... yes, something EXPERIENCED by us. The Kingdom is not merely something thought of—it is something that *comes*.

A Seven-Fold Blessing—Gives 21 Effects

These seven transformative blessings experienced by God’s people have an effect on their lives that is so profound it cannot be hid. By my way of counting, I count seven transformative blessings, but 21 different effects. That’s just my number, don’t get hung up on it, get hung up on that it looks like.

Notice the change of pronoun.

We saw first HE sent HIM to THEM, that is the Father sent Jesus to the repentant people in need. Then it explains that Jesus was sent to minister restoration to THEM.

Now we read what happens to THEM. THEY ARE TRANSFORMED into Oak Trees of Righteousness ...

So you tell me what you think would happen if a person underwent TOTAL inner healing, COMPLETE freedom from any limiting bondage, then FULL enlightenment of God’s reality. God’s favor means their prayers are freely answered, God’s wrath means no one can get in their way. They live in a world saturated by Divine comfort, unlimited provision, supernatural joy and unstoppable energy.

If you placed THAT person into a ruined city, how long before the news crews begin reporting miracles, healings and resurrections. That is the rest of this verse, and I put it all here. Note what THEY become:

“They will be called oaks of righteousness, a planting of the LORD for the display of his splendor.

⁴“They will rebuild the ancient ruins and restore the places long devastated; they will renew the ruined cities that have been devastated for generations.

⁵“Aliens will shepherd your flocks; foreigners will work your fields and vineyards.

⁶“And you will be called priests of the LORD, you will be named ministers of our God.

You will feed on the wealth of nations, and in their riches you will boast.

⁷“Instead of their shame my people will receive a double portion, and instead of disgrace they will rejoice in their inheritance; and so they will inherit a double portion in their land, and everlasting joy will be theirs.

⁸“For I, the LORD, love justice; I hate robbery and iniquity. In my faithfulness I will reward them and make an everlasting covenant with them.

⁹“Their descendants will be known among the nations and their offspring among the peoples. All who see them will acknowledge that they are a people the LORD has blessed.’

¹⁰“I delight greatly in the LORD; my soul rejoices in my God. For he has clothed me with garments of salvation and arrayed me in a robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom adorns his head like a priest, and as a bride adorns herself with her jewels.

¹¹“For as the soil makes the sprout come up and a garden causes seeds to grow, so the Sovereign LORD will make righteousness and praise spring up before all nations.”

I can only highlight a few terms here. The Oak Tree of Righteousness these people become are like the Blessed of God in Psalm 1. This is the opposite of what John the Baptist said:

“The ax is already at the root of the trees, and every tree that does not produce

good fruit will be cut down and thrown into the fire.”

Arguing with the Pharisees, Jesus said, in Matthew 15:11-20:

¹³“He replied, ‘Every plant that my heavenly Father has not planted will be pulled up by the roots.

Everything, every ONE the Father has not planted will be cut down. Well, here in Isaiah we are dealing with they whom the Father HAS planted. They are “a planting of the Lord, and will Display his Splendor” and Glory.

So what effect will they have on ruined cities? They will restore, renew, rebuild them. I saw Jesus over Jerusalem crying over his ruined people. What I can do to help I asked? He picked up one dusty, broken brick and said, “You can restore the city one person at a time.” These people will bring RESTORATION to the cities ruined for GENERATIONS. Think of it. Think of it!

They will be given the wealth of the nations—this word normally is Goyim, and it means the unsaved countries, literally the Sin People, what we as Christians called the ‘world.’ These people will be called Priests; they will be called Ministers of our God!

Revival is not a program, not a concert, not a three part series on DVD... it is THESE PEOPLE unleashed on a dark and dying world.

Don’t waste your time making program flyer’s and rehearsing the latest trendy Christian music ... spend your time on inner healing, deliverance and leading people into unveiled direct fellowship with the Lord in Spirit. THAT is what is going to bring revival.

⁹“Their descendants will be known among the nations and their offspring among the peoples. All who see them will acknowledge that they are a people the LORD has blessed.’

OK, this verse in NIV is not exact but clear enough to most people, but there is one key word here I want to point out is the word People, in ‘they are the people the Lord has blessed.’ The word is not ‘people’ but ‘Seed.’

Oh no! These are the SEED! Everyone who sees them will acknowledge

THEY ARE THE SEED that God has blessed. The Seed of Abraham! The Seed of Christ.

The story of faith in the Bible really begins with the story of Abraham and God promises his Seed will be blessed: we know this is Jesus, but Jesus also said, if a seed of wheat dies it can produce many other seeds. In fact the promised blessing of Abraham through Jesus will come to rest on and be claimed by a great multitude of people if they can find his Kingdom, which is what this means.

I ... *shock*

I was in shock taking all this in—speechless, and for me that is saying A LOT!—seeing finally how inner healing and deliverance and ‘Communion’ fit into the ministry of the spread of the Kingdom of God in people’s hearts was one thing, but I was in double shock to see the picture emerge that these people, the THEY of Isaiah 61, will be an Army of Christ-like overcomers, turning the WORLD Upside Down—restoring the cities ruined for generations—I think YOU are one of them as well, I mean one of the THEY in the Restoring Army of Overcomers—I don’t think you would be able to read this far if you were not. I am one, he told me.

Fumbling for words, I found what I was looking for and I exclaimed in excitement, “This is the MODEL of your Ministry!”

And Jesus calmly said, “No, this is the Model of YOUR New Life.”

Heaven can come to earth, it will later I know, but we can live in this reality here, now. Satan will RAGE against these ‘Little-Christ’s’ so God seems to be planning a sudden reveal party near the End to lessen his ability to stop them and increase the combined effect of their lives and ministry they release on the people living in Darkness.

Isaiah 61 ... is the key paradigm of Christian ministry, it reveals the real purpose of our lives as ministers and the real method of how to spread the experience of the Kingdom. And it’s not by might, nor by our power, not by program, nor by ceremony—it is by a deep, multi-faceted, personal interaction with His Spirit.

When I saw this my GOAL shifted from merely preaching salvation, to ministering the experience of restoration and transformation. I understood the difference between the Gospel of Salvation and the Gospel of the Kingdom: One is but a narrow door to the other, and just as many people fail to find the former, many also fail to See and Embrace the later. The

narrow door does not lead to narrow hall, a confined space, a tiny house; it leads to an expansive Country. The Promised Land is a Country but it is inside of our hearts; the Kingdom is WITHIN us and yes, it is a entire Country, nothing narrow, small, dark, poor or tiny about it.

When I saw my Goal of ministry change, this meant inherently that I my METHODS needed to change and the TOOLS I needed to use also must change.

All of these ministries are vital at restoring people, one person at a time, to be able to carry the presence of God within them. Most everything can be accomplished by laying on hands, a prayer in authentic faith, the flow of the Presence of God.

God asked me to build him a theme park and I had a dream where I was confused about accomplishing this task. I saw a customer service information desk and asked her, please help me. I was told to go to the park I am building and I was given a key they said, but no one ever gave me a key. She checked her information and said, "Yes, Here is your key." And she swiped her palm into mine like she was passing a key to me and not wanting anyway to see it, and she gave me directions I could not follow. "Open that door and go left, right, right, left, right, left, left right left ..." Even MORE confused I looked at my empty hand and said, "But you didn't even give me a key!!" She checked her notes on her desk and did it again, "Here is your key," again swiping my empty hand with hers ... Only later I understood. Let me say it simply. Are you waiting for the Secret Key to unlock the power of the Kingdom? The secret is ... there is no secret.

The Key is just knowing ... you already have the key.

Faith is the evidence and confidence of what you CANNOT see.

Being Spirit-Filled is so much more than speaking in tongues. People however are still operating within an old mindset, an old wineskin, old methods and old goals—goals and methods quite similar to those employed by John the Baptist. They are therefore mainly producing converts that have more in common with Disciples of John the Baptist than Jesus Messiah. Its nothing to worry about, if they have been truly converted they will be able to See and Hear the message of the Kingdom when it is shown to them, but we ought to be more clear to understand the difference between the Mind of Man, the Church of Man, the realm of ministry under the influence and control of the Flesh, the understanding, ambitions and goals of Man—and how this is fundamentally inferior to

the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Open Fellowship with the Lord of All who is now dwelling in our hearts by faith and by the active presence of his now indwelling Holy Spirit.

I apologize for being only to share on this topic briefly here, this is meant to be a book focused on How I Learned About Prophecy, but this discovery of Isaiah 61 (and the related Keys I present in the teaching I call the Foundations of the Kingdom) is the crowning revelation of this educational journey.

Also understand the hardship and privations, humiliation and abuse I had to endure and suffer to be able to reach this discovery. It was not cheap, but yes, I now share it freely.

This great Gem, these great Pearls are what God openly taught me during the most cruel hardships I ever faced and I hope to ever face again. What is prophecy to me? A personal audience with the Divine, who is himself the Greatest Treasure, the Greatest Pearl of Incalculable Price—the Kingdom is unparalleled, but it doesn't even work, it is NOTHING without the King.

A Promised Land

Before being evicted, I had four dogs and in a way they become my closest earthly companions. One became very ill with tick fever, which to dogs is like malaria to humans maybe. This was Ivory and he was well, more trouble than all the other dogs combined—times maybe four. But that didn't matter; I loved him and by this time he really was one of my only daily companions. He first began stumbling. Then his hind legs seized up. By the time I realized he was in trouble the vet was closed for the night and the next day was their day off. He deteriorated so fast he could not walk or use his legs already that next day and already had difficulty breathing by noontime.

I had no medicine or understanding of how to care for him so I prayed for his healing but Jesus asked me to give Ivory to Him instead. So I did. All I could then do was to just take him into the back garden to let him rest in the grass under the wompei fruit trees and kept checking on him every few minutes to comfort him the best I could. When he began struggling to breathe, I just sat with him and held his head in my lap and stroked him, talking kindly to him. He was such a pretty dog but very high maintenance but was also the dog I trained to jump trough a hoop in only about ten minutes. He did tricks and was very smart but also yes, a lot of trouble actually. But in this moment as my heart opened up to him, just loving him, holding him I could suddenly understand him talking to me, spirit to spirit. He said to me, 'I'm sorry for being such a bad dog.'

"Oh, no," I said, and I'm crying trying to share this, "No, Ivory, you're my buddy. You're one of my closest friends. Don't say things like that. You

are not a bad dog! There's nothing to forgive. Don't say things like that. You were such a GOOD dog! I love you, Ivory. You're such a good dog."

But then he said, 'Can I go now?'

Jesus' presence was there so I just said, "OK. You can go," he breathed one last breath—and died in my arms. I then saw him in the spirit running around Jesus in circles so happy and excited; he's in heaven waiting for me! Jesus asked me to give Ivory to him. He looked just so happy!

My second dog, a large big black dog, Ebony, was poisoned by the landlord. A third dog I had just taken in from a shelter to help a friend but I had to return him. She was not too happy, I mean the friend, well, probably the dog as well. My fourth dog, Sheeba, part Chow, and was not fully convinced she was actually a dog after all. So I took her with me all the way to the Philippines. I wanted her to see my horses, but she died before we got that far. She died a lovely, fluffy, well-loved companion of mine throughout many struggles and victories.

Moving out of the old shack up in Kau Tsuen where God had spoken so much to me and where I spilled so much blood from the assault, I then stayed three days at a friend's house, then moved to the City in Jordan staying at a boarding house for two or three more months waiting for my retirement funds to be returned and then prepared to leave and move to the Philippines. My daughter was kicked out of her mom's house, again, even with nowhere to go, and just then was invited to visit Manila by a pastor we met a few years ago and he just for no reason wanted to invite her to visit and pay her way!—don't tell me that's a totally lucky random coincidence!—She arrived a few weeks before I did but in Manila almost 500 miles north of where I was down in Bohol!

I had by now been around Filipinos, but mostly ladies, for several years but on the plane on the way over God said, "You have never met people like you are about to meet in the Philippines." It seemed like God has created them as a special people; he seemed to take pride in their uniqueness and traits. I began watching people closely.

Hitting the Ground Running

I'm not going to tell the story of How I learned about Missions, or the Bohol Vision in detail, not here anyway; but I want to resolve a few issues I raised before so you can see that God is faithful and will fulfill every word he speaks, even when it makes NO SENSE to us! So I'll just wrap this

up quickly.

Yes, I had a vision of two people carrying the Glory of God from our training on Communion and they went ahead of me in small boats to the Philippines; one went away out of my vision but the other stayed in focus when I was myself on the way forward in a large boat in the dream.

So I arrived in Bohol alone and God said to just take a few days to settle down before I get started but I soon began meeting with people and planning seminars on hearing God's voice. It was hard but the people were SHOCKED that they could actually hear God speak to them. The lady I had met back in Hong Kong during the Prophets Training School, Ann, who called me twice at my very lowest ebb, was now in nearby Mindanao and God spoke to her to come help me. I realized she was the small boat alight with God's Glory that I had trained before who went ahead of me. And when she arrived at the ferry pier in Bohol to help with the first seminar, I was nearly overwhelmed with emotions—I felt like I was being rescued. I nearly hugged her in spite of myself!

I was focused and prepared, rearing to go! But the emotional toll on me was obvious. I tried to photograph myself for the promotional flyers and try as hard as I might, I could not make myself smile—I could not even force myself to smile. The Lord told me so many times that my wife would 'come back,' so despite the offers from three or four of some of the most attractive women I'd ever seen EVERY DAY and how lonely I was, I was just going to keep myself focused and wait. When I got down to less than one dollar, I think I had 14 pesos and the bus to town was 15, so that would be about US\$0.25 but I didn't even have that much money any more—and suddenly a friend I didn't talk to in over two years emailed me asking how I was. Actually I'm in trouble! How? I'm on mission and totally broke and ... she sent US\$2,000 within a few minutes via Western Union and kept sending me support like that for six months. Don't tell me that was also a lucky break!

Dealing with local people, who are often ready to scam any rich Westerner I saw Ann's special wisdom and tact in action. She dealt with local red tape and government leaders in ways that shocked me. A lot of things shocked me—I'm not overusing this word, and yes this word means what I think it means. God was introducing me to things I never even dreamed of. Before I had trained Ann, now she was training me.

Oh and then I met the Angel of the Revival! This was a very serious person who seemed like he was a combination of every military general

I've ever heard of all rolled into one. He gave me a crown, he was assigned to run the coming revival! He's one serious dude!

Second seminar seemed off—it was odd to see so many Christians and the Holy Spirit so unable to flow. I later realized it was the affliction of the Religious Spirit they were suffering from, a counterfeit Holy Spirit. Our third seminar, this time in the center of the Island in Carmen, was wildly powerful. God has some special plans for this location. This is where I was in 2009 when I climbed that Chocolate Hill and saw the Three Eagles and God said I would Conquer Bohol. Later I saw nearby a giant Throne in the Heavens and it was the seat of authority over the Island that was empty and it seemed like God was offering me this seat. I also saw a House of Healing being established there where hundreds of orange birds were sitting all over the lawn, healing angels I assumed. There's a special plan for this place, that's all I really understand.

More understanding of Ann's special nature left me in awe several times. It turns out she began missions work right here in Bohol when she was 13 with Florida-based Teen Missions International. Her mom took care of many street kids; she herself was trained as a nurse, and worked as a social worker in a very tough neighborhood in Iligan City, a few miles from Marawi, well, what's now left of it after the siege.

So seeing Ann dealing with children and poor people in remote villages I could not understand her extreme genuine kindness. God then showed me a vision of her heart, and it was about three times bigger than normal people. It was so big it would not fit inside her body. It reminded me of that old cartoon about the Grinch and where he finally understands the true meaning of Christmas and his heart enlarges with love so big it breaks the x-ray scope. That's like what God showed me about her. God then said he made her special. No doubt—I was witness to it!

We ran out of money a few times, and it made her laugh! "We have five pesos left! Hahahah!" Not always like that but enough times I noticed it!

Overture in Anda

Then I wanted to really get moving with the revival so I invited her and another pastor who I met back in 2009 to pray with me in Anda. I felt there was something God was going to open up and we went there to pray to find it. God had already given me some vague prophecies about this place and I asked for some confirmation, as people do. He said simply, "I have

a plan for Anda." Asking for confirmation is fine, until it isn't. You can ask for confirmation he said, but there comes a time when you just have to obey! I think sometimes people ask for 'confirmation' as a way to tell God to stop talking to them! I don't like that attitude. He has a plan, I just want to know what it is! If I still don't know but he asks me to go! That's OK too! I do trust him! But the way he was talking about Anda just made me curious. The first time I saw Anda in person I was driving to the fish research station in Ubay as God asked me to start a large-scale fish farm and I was doing research and when I saw Anda peninsula across the bay and the Spirit said excitedly, "There it is!!"

Anda is known for two things: beautiful beaches and witches. Ann has a cousin from there. From a medium-sized clan, Ann has hundreds of cousins and everywhere we go she seems to meet someone who just happens to be a cousin. Anyway we got to Anda and late at night were praying and I was high in the Spirit and a witch suddenly manifested in human form and started banging wildly at the window to disrupt us. It worked! I first felt the rush of wind as Ann ran across the room to get away from *something* ... I was so high up in the Spirit I had to come down from the heavenly realm to look around to see what all the commotion was about—I saw it was just a cat. But Ann said no, and she could describe the man, what he was wearing, his hair, his t-shirt, and his wildly demonic eyes. I said, "You're seeing things. It's a cat!" I went to the balcony, but there was no one there! The narrow balcony walkway and stairs down to the ground floor were empty, and it was impossible for anyone to get so far away in those few moments that I could not still see them. The street was deserted. It made no sense.

And then the other pastor said casually, "Oh, it's a witch," like it happens every day. To them it probably does. To us it did later too. Yes, it was a witch.

Well, we all went home separately that day. I stayed longer and spent hours walking the white sand beach shoreline alone—it was beautiful and relaxing but which God said I would never be able to ever do again. Monday I rested and began to write up some ideas for tourism development for the small town of Anda, as God had said we would work with the town government in various ways. The next day, Tuesday, I already had ten ideas written up in a proposal, as an American lawyer would do probably, and I had just handed it to Ann to read it and tell me what she thinks. It was just after 8 am in the morning ... and the power went out. It was 8:12 a.m. on October 15, 2013.

Shaking, Yelling, Breaking, Cracking, Shouting

As the ground began swaying like we were on a floating dock in the ocean surf, the sound unlike anything I had ever heard began to rip through the house. Glass and steel being crushed in a huge grinder would give you an idea of it, and the floor, the very ground, was moving like ocean waves—it was an earthquake.

One church a few meters from the epicenter near Carmen and Sagbayan was warned by God a few days ahead of time but God said they would be OK. They had almost so visible damage. A few tens of meters further away from them the homes were completely flattened.

In town where we were we ran up a hill in case there was a tsunami. There wasn't but it was a precaution we took. People were carrying their idols to safety and I asked, Who has to save who? If your idol needs saving, it's not much good in a crisis! Ann shushed me!

Later I asked God, What on earth just happened? And he showed me a vision. It was an egg, I mean the island had been inside something like an egg shell, under a dark shell-like covering. The top was now broken off and the BLUE BLUE sky was shining down. I could see the edges where the egg shell remained and it was black on the inside. He said, the principality of religion, which used to have the whole Island in bondage, was now dethroned. "Next," he said, "the witches are going to fight you. Are you ready?—Remember, Elijah fought a priesthood."

The power was out and phones down, but maybe ten days after the earthquake I actually got a phone call! It was my estranged wife, who if you remember I was waiting for to return to me. I was actually in two minds about this because I felt it was unfair that God would simply forgive her after all the damage and trouble she had caused. But OK, she was called to serve God here, she had been here with me in 2009, and we needed her to do her part. But God needed to make this right. She's done so much to abuse and ruin his work and we've been so faithful to continue even when it's been so hard, for her to come now and just escape all the hardship but get the same reward, like I said it was unfair to me. But OK, the Lord will make it all right. But it was a premature celebration.

She didn't call to see if we were OK, she called to yell at me because we made her worry. She heard a few days after the catastrophe that there was an earthquake somewhere in the Philippines and a few days later still she began to wonder if we were affected, and then after a while when she

realized we were in the most affected zone she said she began to be worried. Why didn't we call her sooner? She was upset that we made her worry. Well, for one, we had no power and no phone signal until just that or the previous day. Not that we had load for any international calls anyway. But Two, WE WERE THE ONES IN THE EARTHQUAKE, not her! We were now helping the recovery, delivering food, many people died! Oh, by the way, our daughter is fine. Yes, how is she ... Then I asked her in all seriousness when was she coming to the Philippines as God had called her to. She'd been estranged from me for three years by now, maybe it's time we work things out? No, it's only been a little over a year, she said. No, I clarified, It's been three years in just a few weeks—Halloween was the day you left. She did the math in her head, I mentioned events year by year and, "Oh correct, correct! We've been separated three years."

"So don't you think it's maybe time to ... come back. Join me here?" And then God then said, "**Listen carefully to what she says.**"

"Oh no! God never asked me to go to the Philippines. God never told me that. He never spoke to me about that!"

We had been in this very city in 2009, and over a dozen of the early prophecies of this mission were from her. How can she now say it never happened? But God was listening.

God then spoke with finality and said, "**Do you hear that? She is renouncing her calling. I release you from her.**"

Great! Now what!? I not only needed her as my wife, I needed her help with the ministry, her gifting, her part of the anointing to help with the mission. I don't think I can do it all myself. She used to hear God so clearly, better than me back then. But God knew my thinking and said, "**I will give her gifts and calling to someone better than her.**"

She then said it was best for everyone if we got a divorce. Hearing God's word, I agreed in word, but maybe it would buy me some time and let her reconsider, you know, call her bluff.

God, Your Promises Failed!

So without air-con we drink a lot of tropical iced drinks here to stay cool. Here's a recipe! Take ice, sugar, local calamansi lemons (or 'Key Limes,' as you may know them), squeeze out the juice and put them all into a blender. Add some water, add your confusion from prophecy making so sense, your relief of God's justice, but add a dose of your fear of the unknown, a healthy spoonful of loneliness, squeeze out your PTSD

into the mix, shake it all together with a 7.2 earthquake and there you have it! My emotional state! Bottoms up!

I was confused, consternated, confounded and ready to give into my fears. We were really getting a divorce? I had been waiting for her to come back to me (and the Lord) for THREE YEARS already and she didn't even notice how long it had been! At some point I actually got upset at the wild ride I was on and told God so. I said, "See! Your promises ... they failed! You gave me promises for my marriage and it's all failed!"

God kindly replied to my accusation and saying something like, "Not remotely. My promises ... have not yet come to pass."

"I wasted—WASTED 15 years with her—"

"You wasted nothing. You needed to mature and you should have known she needed you to carry her."

What echoed in my mind was the phrase that his promises had "not yet come to pass" ... What? Impossible! He promised me he had a Special Woman for me! I can still quote the whole poem. "You can hear her name in the breeze as the Holy Spirit whispers, 'I know you.' She's as bright as the sun and as pure as the light, but don't try to figure it out, because it's not your fight. I must first take you to the valley of loneliness for the season of flowers is still away. You are a child in a man's world, slow down, don't run, I want to teach you to have fun. There's plenty of time for building and plenty of time for work, but to be a Masterpiece of a sculpture you must be putty and a pliable piece of clay. For I am the potter and you are the clay. I have plans to prosper and not harm you. Let go and let me work on you. Just believe and receive and rest with assurance that I know her too."

Ok, I can't really say that resembles my soon-to-be ex-wife. She was a good woman but "as bright as the sun and as pure as the light"? Not really. It was just one more of the mysteries of God we never figure out! ... but did God just say, "my promises have not yet come to pass?" *Whaaat?*

During the relief efforts driving through damaged towns, bringing relief food and water, much of it that we had bought with our own small amount of money, and to help people we had only just met but who now were cut off by broken bridges, and we got stopped at a damaged bridge at one point in Calape along the coast, 30 kilometers from our destination, and the local official would not allow us to pass in the pickup truck.

Ann jumped into action, calling the man 'brother,' and 'handsome' which is a kind of local salutation, 'Kuya ... Gwapo' ... and being so

friendly and accommodating like she's used to dealing with these Little Emperors and handled him with such tact and respect, I was amazed! But I remember seeing in the car headlights in this moment of national crisis and when I saw her, she was beaming, cute but oh no, she was ... *attractive*—I mean in a *womanly* way. No, no, no! I'm not doing that! I never looked at her like that before and I'm not going to start now! I didn't care what she looked like, but at that moment I saw her and yes, she really was a good looking woman. Good for her! I'm busy!

Well, What About Me?

Then I met an overweight lady from the US helping a small Vineyard affiliated church, same color eyes as me, not attractive at all, but familiar and I asked Ann to pray about her and told Ann I was alone for so many years, turning down local women left and right—what if my wife, my soon-to-be-ex-wife was not really coming back to me? What if she went through with the divorce? Maybe I needed to consider other options? Local girls are just so pretty so I felt it's not smart to start looking at that! This lady I met was a 'safe' option. Not attractive, just ... safe. But maybe my wife would still come back? I was confused but Ann ... was just silent.

We were organizing relief and back at my house there were many kids around and it was hectic and I asked her if she prayed about my 'situation' to help me with God's direction. I trusted her objective view. But what she finally said was, "Well, what about me?"

Oh, no, no, NO! I got upset and walked away quickly. I was struggling to keep it all together and the last thing I needed was real temptation. Instantly I was nearly in tears I clenched my fists to steady myself—I was yes, that instantly so close to tears and I said, almost crying, "I'm really trying hard to walk a straight path here." But I suddenly knew Ann knew something I didn't, a few things maybe. She had a funny, knowing look I recognized.

I often said how hard it was and how unfair it was that my soon-to-be-ex-wife was acting so badly but she would come back, and God would just forgive her despite all the damage she's done, and I would forgive her as well, and put it all behind us and God would have to just figure it all out—the divorce was maybe a bluff? I needed clear direction and finally Ann spoke. "I know you have been waiting for her to come back, but you are wrong. She will come back to the LORD—but not to you." God had told

her this already but she never told me!

That stopped me cold! It's funny but it bore immediate witness with me and it made perfect sense. It was like a true vision of hope—hope I was very short on for so many years! That was the justice I felt was missing in this situation. Not that I wanted her punished, I didn't, but there needed to be some form of recompense. And she was still raging against God's work, how could she be trusted to help with it. This word rang true to me, how foolish and stupid was I for not seeing it myself, Mr. Prophet. It gave me real sense of freedom and peace.

But then I asked Ann, "But why did you ask me about you? What do you know? What has God told you?" But she was silent but kept looking straight at me—I knew something was up.

Looking to God for help to understand the cascade of revelation suddenly burst open as God confirmed a word he gave and I didn't have a vision—I had an interpretation.

Promise Kept

This was now 2013 and way, way back in 1994 God gave me a vision of the *Promise of the Sun* that I waited for to be fulfilled while I faced West but the Sun just set instead. I waited ALL NIGHT LONG to see it rise, to see the Promise come to pass, but the Sun does not rise in the West where it sets, it rises in the East. It rose on my back and I brushed it away! Leave me alone, I'm watching for the Sun! Until I felt it's warmth again and finally looked behind me and there it was already shining on me, rising up in the morning sky! Oh, no! At this moment I saw this scene from the vision in my spirit. I didn't remember it, the Holy Spirit brought it to my remembrance but this time with understanding.

Then *Barns on a Hillside*: and I remember that I saw my pastor's daughter and I having relationship trouble while her mom was running interference between us—and then the scene changed and I saw the woman who was like skin and bones. Did I recall the last time I saw my soon-to-be-ex-wife a few years ago when I was looking for my daughter? She lost so much weight I recognized her from the vision like she was just skin and bones. The vision still made no sense—*until right now*.

I told you before but this was the moment I suddenly realized it was not three scenes with one woman, I kind of knew it was at least three scenes with two women, but the third scene made so sense, unless it was ... three scenes *with three different women*.

Then God spoke, "**Ann is your reward for all the years of your hard service.**" I began shaking.

I went back down the stairs and she had walked away into the kitchen and God said, "If you step forward, there is no turning back."

I don't think I paused more than a heartbeat. I was *definitely ALL IN*.

She was standing in the kitchen, facing the sink, praying and I softly kissed her on the top of her head.

"That's what my father used to do," she said. And then she turned to face me and said, "The day I met you God told me I would one day marry you. I rebuked that thought in Jesus' name! But I now know it's true. I am going to be your wife someday. Jesus told me."

"You heard God say so many years ago that we would get married and you REBUKED IT?!"

"I thought it was Satan lying to me."

"And you mean ALL THIS TIME you knew we were going to get married! And you NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO ME!!"

"No, I thought it was Satan. But God just told me it's true. We are going to be married."

Then I heard God say, "Take her to yourself as your wife."

Well, I forget all the details ... or maybe it's none of your business. I was only supposed to share with you how I learned about prophecy, and I had to share a lot of embarrassing personal details about my private life to help you understand what God told me, what it meant, how it played out. So I don't need to tell you any more!

I'll mention that all those words about God giving me abundant wealth but I had so little for so long, so many years so little to live on, and he turned it all around.

He said he would give me money to start a fish farm that would earn US\$4 million per month then later it would double then triple in income; then he said to make a hotel he named the Ambassador and showed the design to my daughter; then to buy more land and make a new town with six blocks and roads that radiate out from a central area like rays of Glory; and a theme park he named Sympatico, a large one! To start manufacturing, a media company, build 50 luxury houses, make a charity village for 10,000 children, another one for the elderly, a new university with free tuition since I can afford it, a new ministry campus, be busy in global ministry, operate an ocean shipping fleet, breed Gypsy horses in a

riding school, mint coins, grow food and finally start a motor-sports racing series as the LAST THING we do before the end.

“Why God? I don’t need all this money! I just want enough to pay the rent. What is all this money for?”

That’s when He got very somber and said, nearly in a cry of pain, “Edward ... *SAVE MY PEOPLE!*”

He normally called me Eddie but this time, with the seriousness and weight of the situation he used my formal name. It’s serious!

Several times when the weight of his plans bore down on me like a ton of bricks, he said, “You will DO ALL THESE THINGS!” He told me that often, strengthening me, encouraging me: “You will accomplish them all ...” but one time added, “... *BUT SO WHAT!?*”

But so what? *SO WHAT??* I’m straining to carry the load like an overburdened pack animal and *So What!?*

“It’s the PEOPLE I care about,” He said. “It’s the PEOPLE that matter to me.”

All this success and promises of wealth has a purpose. There is a reason behind it all; that’s what he said. It is all to fund me so I can do my part to fund end-times ministry and help, “Save His People!”

And About My Writing:

You of course remember God told me back in the 1990’s vision of *Barns on a Hillside* that I needed my wife with me to be able to write more than stories just about ‘barns and silos.’ Well, during my courtship with Ann God was working with me to plan the theme park and the 100 hectare / 250 acre Domains around the Crystal Castle. The White and Steel castle sits in the center and is surrounded by Eight Themed Gardens. These are walk-through spaces but each is very unique. And 300 meters from the castle there is a belt road, beyond which is an area divided into eight themed lands each with one main ride and other themeing. The Do

One of the lands the Lord said would be an indoor snowy village. Another would be a handicapped children play area. Another would be Balloons, so I designed a steam-punk style floating city in the clouds; another would be a space town.

The back-story for the space town needed to be developed so I started writing a new novel, not set in 1930, or 1800’s but far into the future and in outer-space. *Starquake!* Genetically modified animals team up with a clan of Christian space gypsies to battle a crazed AI warlord and his pirates in

the Large Magellanic Cloud, the LMC.

The Holy Spirit not only helped me write it but asked me to write three books in the series. Ann, a Special Woman, now my wife, never helped me do that: she’s a Filipino nurse and social worker by training, a prophet and mother of nearly a dozen, over a dozen if you count the kids we care for and have adopted. What I needed was not advice or editorial help, but her love. That’s what empowered me to write stories of the future, to see my future, to leave the past behind me!

The Puzzle Gets Solved

And I already shared about the vision of the puzzle.

It was more than a year later after the earthquake when I was staying in a huge hotel, nine bedrooms, overlooking the tropical bay. When I photographed some visitors and I saw in the reflection of the glass panels the two distinct bays in front of my house that I had been staring at for months but now I saw them reflected in the floor-to-ceiling glass panels as I took this photograph, and yes, it was the exact scene from the vision all those years ago in Hong Kong!

The Fulfillment didn’t happen all at once, in fact God’s blessings kept being delayed and diverted for many more years, but if you remain faithful the promises of God MUST come to pass. HE WILL FULFILL EVERY—EVERY—WORD HE HAS SPOKEN! Just stand in faith: it’s patience with the right attitude. Fight the good fight of faith—faith is the fight against fear! And don’t just wait for the destination—the journey and destination are one and the same.

Don’t just wait around—stay busy serving God and his people—it is the people he cares about, these people are the treasure and reward of all his suffering on the cross. They are the joy set before HIM that he was willing to endure the shame of the cross for. I for one am GLAD to be able to show him my appreciation and do my small part in his grand plan—He has a plan, and even when or ESPECIALLY when you just understand what is going on, trust him!

There is so much more I’d love to share about my journey and maybe God will let me do that later. This however is the main learning He gave me about prophecy—and for sure, there’s always a surprise or two around the corner—we are always learning but after this I was not learning as often as I was just using prophecy to accomplish his purposes daily, to

follow him and achieve my assignment to lay the foundation for revival in the Philippine province of Bohol that was the main thread of my walk from here on.

If I eventually get to share that journey there is much less prophecy but a lot more struggle. Are you ready to fight the witches? How can you get ready? Is there a school for that? So if I write more it certainly won't be part two on 'How I Learned About Prophecy,' but more likely a part one of 'How I Learned About Missions,' or more accurately, 'How I learned to survive eating Polmelo fruit we picked from a tree while we had no money for food because a priesthood of witches was trying to starve us out and destroy us to stop God's revival.' Well, that's not a very catchy title, I admit. I'll work on it. I only wonder what the angel will ask me to name that one? '9 + Polmelo?' maybe '7 - Coconuts' ... or '28 living in a 3 bedroom house with six dogs and 7 cats'? I need to work on my titles.

And please if you have any real insight on what I can interpret '8 + Splash' as? I'd love to hear what you think! We do after all prophesy in part and know in part.

Epilog: My Final Few Words on Prophecy.

I feel like I ought to conclude with a few pithy one-liner take-away's. The publishers like that, you know. Only, God didn't give me any!

He actually asked me to write a separate book on *10 Things About Prophecy*, and I don't want to just repeat everything here. That book can be considered a companion to this one but also check out *Foundations of the Kingdom!* Just remove your socks first unless you want them knocked off!

So without having to explain everything *ad nauseam*, plainly sharing these experiences I think can already debunk some of the myths people believe about prophecy, about what GOD can and cannot say, does and does not do, how he does and does not speak, when he gets angry, when he gets sad, when he gets excited, when he gets happy. He is after all an emotional God and also does quite literally whatever he wants to.

I just hope these stories are doing more than merely embarrassing me and airing my personal struggles for all the world to see. I hope they shine some light on what God may do in your own walk and service to him and the Body—and who knows, maybe some day you can write your own book, air your own personal struggles and embarrass yourself publicly as well! Welcome to the club!

I'm joking—not really, but I just hope this encourages you and expands how you think the Lord might use you in this day and age. We really do need your help!

A 30-Year Perspective

So I'll quickly finish by sharing a few insights I've discovered in my 30-year (so far) journey learning about prophecy.

1. You don't need a gift to hear God speak to you. The gift helps! Seek the gifts. But the Holy Spirit in you is already more than enough. Jesus

told me EVERYONE can hear God's voice if they would quiet themselves down and listen—Hearing is EASY—it's what you DO WITH IT that determines the outcome.

2. Yes, **Hearing God is very easy—but being a prophet is not.** Being a prophet is more than just hearing God, everyone can do that. Being a prophet is more about the Job, Task or Duty of SHARING God's word especially when you are sent to stubborn people who don't listen. People are stubborn, God is persistent, you are stuck in the middle. Don't crumble under the pressure—BE the Prophet and make us proud—Even God himself is cheering you on. You can do it!

3. **Especially with regards to personal prophecy, FAITH MATTERS—we are not in a Greek Drama!** Faith triggers a prophecy to be fulfilled. It is the FAITH that MOVES the MOUNTAINS.

God responds to people with faith, nothing doubting. People without faith don't receive as much from him, sometimes nothing at all. Two identical twins with identical promises and identical hairstyles may have very different outcomes based on the differences in their maturity, their faith, the depth of their relationship with God—how well they know Him in reality, how much time they spend with him in Spirit and in truth.

The Greek view of prophecy is FATE: it is unavoidable, inescapable and it will happen no matter what you do about it. Their world view is one of weak humans at the mercy of arbitrary, uncaring and capricious supernatural powers that toy with humans with cruelty, depravity and are not benevolent but despotic; they kill, steal, destroy, rape, torture and lie.

Their idea of prophecy reflects this perverted word view. But the natural mind accepts this view and so naturally embraces such a carnal view of prophecy.

But once we pass into the Kingdom of Light this is no longer our reality, even if it once was when we were under Satan's dominion. Unlearn and become un-trained in the ways of Man and the Flesh, you'll be glad you did. Personal prophecy is not a matter of fate. Everyone is given these offers but only those who exercise faith in them will receive them. (Hebrews 4) God does predict future events over which no man has any control, and these are not conditional upon your faith, but how do you which one it is unless you try? These events may not even personally involve you, but if you care and rush into that gap God will meet you

there—and who knows what outcome God will forge because of your faith and compassion? You in fact have more influence on future events than you have yet dared to imagine. Don't err on the side of doubt or unbelief.

Carnal people assume everything is set in stone, God is indifferent, we're on our own. A spiritual understanding that God answers prayers and responds to faith turns this view on its head. I could write a whole book on this topic alone, and maybe I will!

But let it suffice to say, FAITH MATTERS! We are NOT living in a Greek Tragedy!

4. **The true nature of God affects the nature of prophecy—so the nature of prophecy reflects the nature of God—but people do not know God as well as they think they do and believe he's made entirely of marshmallows and pixie dust—or conversely that he's a cruel taskmaster. Stop being naïve. Neither is true.** Prophecy reflects God's true character of "Joy, Peace and Love," so it is affected by the attributes of God being Good, Merciful, Loving and Kind—however you also must consider he is a Righteous Judge, his Spirit of Indignation, the Wrath of God and the Finality of his Sovereign Will. **God is LOVE, but he's also not a floor-mat.** There is not One God of the Old Testament, and a new, improved God of the New Testament. He is the SAME GOD—he is not two different God's. This idea that he was somehow a different personality in the Old Testament is a false doctrine he told me. He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

I saw him one time and he showed me his two arms: one was giving an overabundance of blessings. It looked like a gushing waterfall giving, giving, giving. But his OTHER ARM was extended out and his hand was in a posture to say, STOP! This arm was 100% inflexible, immovable, unshakable. So on one side he is giving far, far more than enough and on the other he is saying ABSOLUTELY NOT!

Immature Christians see God as a Lamb only. The unsaved often see him exclusively as a tyrant. Mature believers see him as both a Lion and Lamb, and while yes, he makes hard decisions, at heart he is just trying to be nice to us.

And I saw Jesus one time telling angels to give me money. An angel protested, 'It's not time yet!' and Jesus said dismissively, 'Oh, it doesn't matter. They're going to get it anyway. Just give it to them now.'

I saw the Father once as large as a skyscraper and he let me climb up on his lap. He said, "Look in my pocket." I did even though I was about

as big as a mouse and I saw Keys, Money folded up and Coins. What's all this about? And He said it was money for me, first to achieve my calling but also extra money just for my own personal enjoyment. What are the keys? He said it was for a sport car, a Porsche. What?? A Ferrari. I said, Nope. I'm not interested. I am not going to drive around in a fancy car while the people I am helping are struggling for food. He said, the car was my ministry. It's small, high performance and Oh, so stylish." But later yes, he did ask me to actually start a real sports car racing series.

You see, unspiritual people who do not know God for themselves never imagined he thinks this way or acts like this. **The carnal view of God is impersonal, unkind, unfriendly or worse—it is a spiritual revelation to see God as happy, friendly, flexible, generous and fun.**

Is this really too complex for us to understand? Unsaved people, religious people assume he's nothing but a grouchy, exacting government bureaucrat—always inflexible, indifferent and like an authoritarian fixated on punishing sin and exposing wrongdoing. This is just too far from the truth to even try to discuss!

He however does have some red lines that he will not cross, but it's not what you think. It's not so much about law and sin—Jesus already died on the cross by the way, in case you haven't heard—so God's red lines are more having to do with his own reputation as a Good God, someone who can be trusted and who the sheep can rely on. He would never violate the trust of simple sheep who rely on him! What possibly justification could he give to himself to let people down who place their trust in him?! That's what he told me. That's his red line! People are fixated on sin, but God already sent Jesus to die on the cross. Isn't it time we 'leave the elementary doctrine of Christ and go on to maturity'? Isn't it time we grow up? And that's exactly what prophecy is for.

5. The Journey and Destination are One and Same, he told me because He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. The journey of faith and trust in a personal prophetic word is already a large part of the reward at its fulfillment. You want the car, the house, the spouse at the end of the Long Wait, but what God wants is for you to know him as a close, faithful friend especially along the way. "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" Song of Solomon 8:5 (ASV)

I sound like I know what I'm saying but honestly, this statement Jesus made to me caused me to puzzle a bit. In a simplified setting I can understand it, but in my complex, oftentimes confusing life ... well, I

just need to trust him on this. Being trained to work in a skilled career, the lessons you learn in school, the mindset, the methods are the basis for your work out in the 'real world.' So yes, I can see that. But in my daily life the hardships I endured made no sense; I did not see how these frustrations and annoyances were my training to service him later since I did not know what God was going to ask me to do. Later I saw, Oh wow! That hardship back then prepared me to stand firm and carry the weight of his calling here now! So yes, I too came up from the wilderness leaving on my beloved! But he also told me this is what he was doing with me.

The fact is God likes to promise stuff! It is meant to draw us to him, to lead us into a dynamic faith-filled walk with him. It's a little stressful sometimes but that's how we learn to shed the dead skin of the husk of this decaying earthly nature and break out of the shell of blindness we are born with, becoming able to see and know his Goodness and Kindness.

The Promises of God are not spoken lightly. Every Word of God is carefully spoken like a master craftsmen. People are very fast to blame 'the word' when things don't go as they expect. There are many reasons why they may not, starting with mistakes in what they expect!

Don't just see the trees, the obstacles, the challenges—look to see God THROUGH the trees. The Journey TO what you think of as your destination is actually a part of the destination itself. That's what he told me. "Don't separate journey and destination (destiny) regarding my prophecy—my prophetic, my spoken promises over you—you'll soon come to see they are one and the same—I AM the way (the journey, the path) and the Truth and the Life (or the purpose, plan and destination) of all I have for you—I am the goal of your faith—I Am the exceedingly great reward for you, unto you, and all who believe in Me and Call upon my name."

So when the journey is confusing, scary and difficult, my real learning is this, embrace Joy, Hope, Optimism—reject fear, negativity, pessimism. God has a future and a hope, plans to prosper and bless you and not harm you. God will turn ALL THINGS around for Good for those who love God. For those who don't and who reject Faith and rage against God in the trials ... well, they have a destination waiting for them already.

So honestly, even when it's a confusing struggle, take a step back and enjoy the beauty, treasure the wonder, embrace the joy of the journey.

6. The church is sick, Jesus told me. Sick not with a disease but with Man's Ways. Prophecy can help to cure this. Man's ways may pervert prophecy, its interpretation, its application, or they may just ignore it

altogether—but the Word of God is pure, true, and is spoken by Him like a master craftsman. The MOST Important thing about being a prophet Jesus told me is to HEAR THE WHOLE WORD God is speaking. That sounds confusingly simple. Do not add to his words. Be careful what you take away. So become skilled at handling the word of God like a artisan or master craftsman yourself. Beware of Man’s Ways. Paul did not teach the wisdom of this age, but the hidden, secret wisdom that was revealed to him by the Holy Spirit. This is also what we must hear, learn and teach.

If you want to prophesy, good! Seek the gifts, but seek the Giver more. Pray for gifts and anointing, but also open your heart to inner healing. Fasting helps, but so does just being humble and quiet.

Learn about Communion; learn to enter into the Lord’s fellowship directly. He’s waiting to be able to have that kind of open communication with you more than you are, I assure you.

Fix the eyes of your heart on Jesus, open the eyes of your heart so you can see him, look to see him High and Lifted up! He’s right there waiting!

Satan may try to trick you, so be vigilant. But God is stronger and his presence is within us and that is the key to all Good Things. Get to know his presence. Don’t be afraid of so many things. Trust God. Resist the enemy. Walk in your authority. Become intimate with the King. It’s all going to be OK.

Penultimately, remember Jesus told me, He speaks to everyone in their own way, adding, “But EVERYONE can hear my voice if they would just quiet themselves down and listen.” Amen! Sometimes all we lack is being quiet and listening!

7. Ultimately, finally and in conclusion ... Prophecy is not first about the people’s gifts, their callings, mantles, training, temperament, attitude, position in, or outside of the church, their maturity, experience—none of that ... it is first about God speaking. Everything else is details.

That’s why I like what Amos says. People always quote Amos 3:7 but seem to often ignore Amos 3:8! God doesn’t do ANYTHING without first telling his secrets to his servants, the prophets. Yes! But Amos then said, **“A lion roars! Who won’t get scared?! God has spoken! Who can help themselves but prophesy!”**

This is the closest thing to what I heard God tell me when I asked him to give me an overview of prophecy when he was preparing me to teach the Prophets Training School.

At Last: An Overview of Prophecy

I had kept asking him for an overview, pestering him really, but he had other things he wanted to say first. Finally He said, “You want an overview of prophecy? I speak to whomever or whatever I like ... I fear NO MAN—

Selah, He said, (let that sink in a bit) ...

“I’m God ... I speak to whomever, whenever, about whatever I want—I am unbridled in my ability and choice of communication.

“How much do you have to say to someone? ‘Hi. How-are-ya? How’s the wife and kids? How’s work? How’s business? How’s the weather? ...’

“Well, I have INFINITELY more to say—even though I choose my words as a master craftsman, YOU DO NOT FATHOM how much I speak, what I have to say, or what length I go to so as to get my message across—you, many of you, think I am stuck in between the pages of a book—but NO! Yeah, verily not the case with I AM—I am the very essence of communication ... LIFE, BEING ...

“all that I have to say to you—in a day—

“you could not endure all I would send your way—

“you’d topple over and like a dead man would you lay—

“I would revive you with my word—

“my divine connection to your human level life—

“Edward, what would you like to say???”

Wow, well, I just like to tell it to people this way:

He is GOD: He speaks to WHOMEVER he wants,

WHENEVER he wants,

through WHOMEVER he wants,

about WHATEVER he wants—and THAT is prophecy.

Let’s just try and keep it simple! OK?

~ The End ~

