



# SPLASH

How I Learned About Prophecy

Edward "Eddie" Johnson

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Edward "Eddie" Johnson

## A DEDICATION ...

The number of people who influence us, help and support us is so numerous I always feel a risk in singling out a few names for my thanks, especially in print for what may be posterity!

We learn so much and benefit a great deal from struggles and difficulties sometimes, and even learn important lessons from people we dislike and often disagree with! Should I acknowledge and give thanks to the people who persecuted us, the hardships that we suffered through, or the hard-fought battles that we sometimes lost?

God turns all things around for good for the people who love him and are called by his purpose, so yes, even the hard times and difficult people end up deserving our thanks in some way. So thank you, even all you my enemies!

There are some people who I mentioned in this book but whose names I had to change who helped me, blessed me, trained me and loved me—but with whom I had a bad falling out with or parted ways with on bad terms and not to diminish the pain and frustration but to acknowledge the good they did, I not only must thank these people but admit I owe them a real debt of gratitude, despite how things turned out in the end. In heaven we will look back on this and laugh and so if it's going to be funny *then* it must also be funny *now*! There are no hard feelings! God bless you and thank you for the role you played in my journey!

But finally there are people who did stand by me and were true inspirations, family and friends whose relationships with me gave me nothing but joy and happiness. My daughter, Tiara, is one of them. And so

many of the kids and young adults I've lived with. I also include my ministry supporters and prayer backers like Daniel, Robin, Esther, Alan, Will and other co-laborers and servants of God who have fought the good fight of faith alongside us. Some may not even know how much I am thankful for their friendships in my life. God knows my heart and will surely bless you all.

But mostly if it were not for the support and encouragement of my amazing wife, Lilie Ann—the prophesied 'Special Woman' God promised me so long ago—well, I would not even be able to write a book such as this God told me. It was her love in my life that I needed to be able to write my future (which I will share with you soon in the vision *Barns on a Hillside*) ... it was not her editorial assistance but her love in my life that empowered me. Ann, no thanks will ever be adequate to your love, friendship and companionship. God will reward you more than my thanks can ever convey. But I honor and thank you to the depths of my soul as well.

But now Jesus, I can say this is my best effort to do what you asked me to do in writing a book on *how I learned about prophecy*. I tried to be honest but gracious, especially for the times of strife or betrayal—and vulnerable and transparent in times of embarrassment—and hopefully clear and coherent in conveying what you told me. I hope you can use this to train your next generation of prophetic ministers so they won't be beset by the corrupting influences of Man's ways so prevalent in the Body right now. I'm so grateful for the opportunity to serve you in this way—even when it was really hard those few times but we too will look back on this and laugh.

So I guess I just want to give you a hearty Thank You, Jesus! I am your workmanship and I'm so thankful for the good works you prepared for me to do, especially in the realm of teaching people about prophecy!

So I'll just say it again—Thank you, Jesus! Amen!

# Contents

<b>Introduction</b>	<b>1</b>
The Lord asked me to write . . .	1
A literary companion	2
But "8 ... plus ... <i>splash</i> " ... ?	3
<b>Chapter 1   Called out of Darkness</b>	<b>6</b>
The Nicene Creed Came to Life	8
Powerful in the White Light	10
Cursed to Die	11
Telling Me Things I Knew Not Of	13
Poetry	14
Ignorance <i>sans</i> the Bliss	15
Ron the Dreamer	16
As the Dreamer Dreams his Dreams!	18
Per Severe Ants	18
The Dawn of Hope	20
Dream: Here We MAKE Recompense	20
<b>Chapter 2   The Hair of your Head is Like Purple</b>	<b>22</b>
Hearing God's Voice for the First Time	24
Jim's Miracles: Patience and Love	24
You've Got Mail	25
No Pain, No Gain	27
Christ IN you	29
Meet the New You	29
"A Chain Across my Head and Chest"	30
<b>Chapter 3   On Hallowed Ground</b>	<b>31</b>
Going with What God Gave Me	31
The Future Has Come Today	32
The Caribou Hunter	34
Prophesying to the Prophets	35
Jumping Horses	38
Is God Over-Complicating Things Here?	39
Let the Others Judge	40
<b>Chapter 4   On Uneven Ground</b>	<b>43</b>
Oh Deer!	44
Flesh and Spirit	45
Apt to Teach	46
Deep Calls to Deep	48
God Chooses as WHO wills, exactly?	50
The Future: So Much More Than Just Teaching	52
But what exactly is the Flesh?	53
Dream of a Church of Cockroaches	54
Discernment, By Any Other Name	56

For Whom? The Bell Trolls!	57
Rebuking a Fever	59
Lights out for the Power Team	60
<b>Chapter 5 On Shaky Ground</b>	<b>62</b>
A Special Woman for You	63
Trapeze Dream	64
Barns on a Hillside	66
Zeal without Wisdom is Not Good	67
God's Word will Endure	69
Everything Linked into ONE BIG PICTURE	71
<b>Chapter 6 Some of Ye May Prophesy!</b>	<b>72</b>
Trusting in Jars of Clay	74
A Few Other Dreams and Visions ...	76
The Promise of the Sun	76
I Sat By The Lamp And I Realized Faith	77
A River Guide	78
Uphill, Both Ways	79
Prophetic Bike Ride	80
Twenty Years Later I Understand	81
Angels	82
Pizza Angel, Please Come to Me!	82
The 80's Lady Angel	84
<b>Chapter 7 I'll Give You Whatever You Ask For</b>	<b>86</b>
Jeanny mackers! It's the <i>Oyrish!</i>	89
Sharing a Mantle	91
Vaughn Gerald: Arizona?	93
A Catalyst for Change	94
Doctrines vs Attitudes	97
I Only Teach the Word of God!—Are You Sure?	98
Just Remember, These Were Good People	99
Castaway Without a Sail	100
<b>Chapter 8 You Will Travel Far From Home</b>	<b>101</b>
Falling	102
Avoiding the Rubble at Nubble	104
Having an In-Body Experience	104
Jumping Water Bowls and Saltwater Aquariums	108
No Adequate Magazine for Filipinas	110
Promoduck, Asian Lawyer, Planet Build	112
Speedflex - Round Three - TKO!!	113
<b>Chapter 9 The Blessed Village</b>	<b>115</b>
And Now: A Word from Jeremiah	115
SARS I	117
An Expat Enclave	119
Jesus, Take the Stage	120
A Career Move	121

<b>Chapter 10</b>	<b>2005 ... And thus it begins ...</b>	<b>124</b>
	Rising Out of the Forest, the Purple Puzzle Piece.	125
	Is the Puzzle Solved?	125
	God's Desire ... for a Mainstream Magazine	126
	Her Sacrifice Bore Immediate Fruit	127
	Learning to Quiet Myself Down and Listen	128
<b>Chapter 11</b>	<b>"You can be a Prophet, if you want to."</b>	<b>130</b>
	God the Provider	131
	You Are Not a Failure	131
	Vision of Satan's Fortress	132
	Can We Build With The Same Materials?	134
	Still Too Much to Share	135
	How God Sees Annoying People!	135
	You WILL Eat Adobo!	136
	Teresa Seputis and Shandy	137
	"You Are to Release the Captives; Don't Forget the Vision—It's Important"	137
	Setting the Captives Free	139
	Halloween Dream...	140
	Orca Jumping—Dessert with Disney	142
<b>Chapter 12</b>	<b>Have a Talk with God</b>	<b>143</b>
	And a Dialogue about Intimacy:	147
	How do you Claim a Promise from God?	149
	God is Telling Us to Dream Big	149
	About Doing Sales Calls:	151
	A Test of Faith is a Test of Character	152
	I Have Prepared a Beautiful Way Out.	152
	A New Paradigm was Dawning	153
	God's Soul	153
	Faith is the Key to Fulfilled Promises	154
	Realizing God Could Teach Me	156
<b>Chapter 13</b>	<b>Class is Almost Over</b>	<b>157</b>
	Angel at Adrian's House	158
	My Daughter saw an Angel in Armor at Adrian's	159
	God Provided to Print the Magazines	159
	Tree of Life Church Foundation was Built on Sand	160
	Prophetess Linda Hartzell	162
	Prophet Jim Smith	163
	Just Because I'm Near You	163
	Everything Before—Was done in the Flesh	164
	Standing in a Heavenly Council	164
	You Don't Even Know Him!—Submit Under Him	166
<b>Chapter 14</b>	<b>Fitting Right In!</b>	<b>167</b>
	Serving the Filipino Ladies	168
	Home	168
	Gates of Provision Shut	169
	HKI—Journal of Prophecy and Intercession	170



More Than You Can Write Down	171
Not Ready for Mature Intimacy	173
You Should be Ministering	174
Grace: Strength to Overcome, Not Permission to Sin	174
Cleansing Stream to Hearing God in 'Communion'	176
40 Days in Heaven	178
Class is OVER!	179
You are Released!	181
Did I Just Get Fired?	181
You Said You Wanted to be a Prophet, Right?	182
"2008 by 2008" Church Vision Was Not From God	182
"My People Do Not Know How To Repent."	186
More Than I Can Write Down	187
Jesus, The Word, Speaks NON-STOP	187
Vegetable Words and Fruit Words	188
HKI Launch 2007	189
Authority to Forgive Sins	190
Small Beginnings and God speaking through T-shirts	191
It's not Arguments but Love that Opens the Heart	192
Bring All Ideas Before The Elders	194
Starting 'Prayer Mountain' Ministry and the Discovery of The Mind of Christ	195
The Perfect Storm	197
The Great Falling Away—The Apostasy	198
I'm Inviting You to Bohol—You Will Conquer Bohol!	199
Hope Restored	200

## **Chapter 15 Words for the Tree of Life Church 1: Pergamum: Where Satan Has His Throne 202**

The Flesh's Last Stand	203
"My Word for the Tree of Life IS Pergamum, and I'm SERIOUS!"	203
Pergamum: to Exalt Man / Be Joined to the World	205
Where Satan has his 'Throne'	207
Antipas, who Opposes the Regime	208
The Nicolaitans, whom God Hates	208
Balaam, who was Rebuked by a Donkey	209
So in Pergamum We Have:	210
Overcoming Pergamum	212
The Result? Repentance, Right?	214
Making the Nazirites Drink Wine	214

## **Chapter 16 Words for the Tree of Life Church 2: Sinking in Quicksand 216**

An Abusive Gorilla	216
Remove The Idoll!	217
They Ask For a Sign, the Sign is ... Someone Will Die 'In a Day'	218
The Time Has Come To Be Holy	219
"The Tree of Life is Going Into the Wilderness."	220
It Will Delay No Longer	222

Kurt Tomlinson's Vision—the Tree of Life Church is Built on Quicksand and is Sinking	222
Two Giant Snakes in the New Building	224
What It Will Be Like If You Stay	224

## Chapter 17 Words for the Tree of Life Church 3:

### Three Final Words 226

Murderous Pirates Stealing Money	226
The Tree of Life is Sinking	228
A Friend's Word: The Tree of Life is Sinking	229
Other Voices Share Confirmation Words	229
Shooting Bears in a Boat	230
Three Final Words	230
Reflections	233
Passing the Torch	234

## Chapter 18 Pastoring Mui Wo Village 236

Like an Open Heaven	237
Demonic Harassment in our Relationship	238
Sign of 33,000 Lightning Strikes	239
More Personal Warning Words	241
Dividing Sheep from Goats	244
A Petition—GRANTED!	245
His Ways are Higher	246
The Bear finally claims Victory	247
A Time to Refrain from Grieving	248
The Floodgates of Revelation Open	249
Three Visitors at Christmas	250
Prophets Training School	251
Carrying His Presence	252
Skin and Bones	253
Assault, Police Corruption and Finally Eviction	254
A Vision of Hope	258
Sympatico Castle and Theme Park	258
A Key to the Future	260
New Season, New Assignment	260
The Pearl and Mango	261
Escaping from the Belly of the Whale	262

## Chapter 19 Being Taught by God 264

# 1: Dream of People 'Fleeing Their Habitations'	264
People Fleeing The Places God Provided For Their Safety And Training ...	265
Interpretation: This Is What Will Happen To God's People!!	267
#2: Dream of 'The Mountain Valley Vision'	279
Entering a "Works" Zone—the Works of Faith	283
Mountain Springs: Higher Springs of Discernment	284
Seeing God AS HE IS—No Illusion	286

#3: Prophetic Word: 'Emotions, Covering, Submission to False Authority'	289
"Emotions"	289
"Covering"	290
"Submitting to False Spiritual Authority"	291

## Chapter 20 Isaiah 61:

<b>The Model of Your New Life</b>	<b>292</b>
Spiritual Building Blocks	293
To Heal the Broken Hearted	297
Freedom for the Captives	299
Release from Darkness	301
A "Year" of Favor	303
A 3-fold Freedom	304
If the Enemy has a 'Walled City' in our Hearts	304
The Day of Wrath / Day of Revenge	306
To Comfort and Provide for Those "In Zion"	307
A Seven-Fold Blessing—Gives 21 Effects	308
I ... <i>shock</i>	312
From Salvation to the Kingdom	313
New Goals, Methods and Tools	313

## Chapter 21 A Promised Land

	<b>316</b>
Hitting the Ground Running	317
Meeting the Angel of the Revival	319
Overture in Anda	320
Shaking, Yelling, Breaking, Cracking, Shouting	322
God, Your Promises Failed!	324
A Special Woman for You	325
Well, What About Me?	326
Promise Kept	327
And About My Writing...	329
The Puzzle Gets Solved	330

## Epilogue

	<b>331</b>
What do I really Think about Prophecy?	332
What does God Himself think about Prophecy?	332

**About the Author—  
and  
Other Books from Edward Johnson . . . 335**



## The Lord asked me to write . . .

One day the Lord asked me to write a book on *how I learned about prophecy* and that seemed hard enough, but then his angel came to me and said I should name the book “8 + Splash” ...

And because I had kept a very careful record of everything I heard God tell me since I was a new Christian I had plenty of source material—my personal prophecy record by now spans 35 years and me living in three different countries and runs into the thousands of pages! The problem wasn't the lack of having things to say. In fact I had to cut *hundreds* of words and visions from this account, first because they were not strictly on *how I learned* about prophecy but were more just how God was dealing with me on a day-to-day basis or speaking to me on other topics. But also because the volume is just too much to share! So this book is focused on *how I learned* itself and is certainly not everything God told me over these years!

But then I started to write and got to where things began to get difficult and I just couldn't write any more. It was too personal and just too painful. I picked it up again later and just started over ... but again came to an impasse and had to stop. I did it a third time and a fourth and just could not do what God asked me to do. I tried to be brave and objective but His promises to me were breaking my heart.

It was over 15 years after that when finally—*FINALLY*—his first real promise to me, the promise he told me when I was only 19 years old, the promise that he had a ‘special woman’ for me ... it was finally when this word literally came to pass that everything began to change.

Habbakuk asked God a perplexing question and waited for an answer and in chapter 2:2-3 he said:

<sup>2</sup> And the Lord answered me:  
“Write the vision;  
make it plain on tablets,  
so he may run who reads it.

<sup>3</sup> For still the vision awaits its appointed time;  
it hastens to the end—it will not lie.  
If it seems slow, wait for it;  
it will surely come; it will not delay. (ESV)

So write the vision, make it plain, wait for his word if it seems slow. It will come to pass and won't prove false. But how long are you willing to wait for God's word to come to pass? A month? Six? A year? I sure hope it won't be longer than that ... but I waited on this word, reading it often, thinking about it sometimes daily for nearly 30 years. Proverbs 13:12 knows what it's talking about saying:

Hope deferred makes the heart sick,  
But when the desire comes, it is a tree of life. (NKJV)

Hope deferred makes the heart sick but when God's word finally comes to pass ... there is *life!*

For me when the *season of flowers* finally came I suddenly saw so many things in a new light and I soon felt the Lord lead me to pick up this manuscript again ... and with new life, spiritual healing and renewed strength I seemed to finish it in just a few days ... This is a personal story the Lord asked me to share with you and yes, it's often embarrassing, a few times scary, no, it's never boring and certainly not predictable—but it is pretty much *always* supernatural—how could God talking to us and directing our lives be anything other?

But for better or worse, this is how I learned about prophecy.

## A literary companion

And many times telling this story I wanted to just stop and explain better about how I understood things right at that moment in time, or what our doctrines were back then, or my own beliefs—but God kept telling me not to do that. It turns out He had a better plan instead!

Now I understand since He also asked me to write a separate book to just talk about what I think which is the book *10 Things on Prophecy* where Jesus just asked me to have a *fireside chat* about the things I've learned over 30-plus years regarding prophecy—not making hard and fast rules, not making a list of doctrines but instead just having a casual chat on these oftentimes difficult topics.

So that book, *10 Things*, is a companion book to this one, *8 + Splash*—they both deal with the same topic—prophecy—but do it from quite different perspectives.

So I suppose while *10 Things* is a book sharing WHAT I learned—this book now is sharing HOW I learned it. Both are valuable but in different ways.

## Introduction

And as helpful as *10 Things* is where I can just talk directly to share deep insights, conclusions and revelations from when I finally became able to just hear Jesus talk to me for hours a day—this story of my journey shows I certainly did not start out that way! I started out completely clueless, practically deaf and alienated from God in every important way. I bumbled around in darked ignorance, only finally stumbling upon the answers I sought after many years and with a great many tears. But I think sharing these experiences will in fact encourage readers the most.

Yes, Experience is a good teacher, but actually there still is a better one, the Holy Spirit. We learn by our mistakes, only sometimes—**it is far easier to learn from God's imparted wisdom directly without first making the mistakes ourselves!** But we can't always do that and certainly don't start out there, do we? So I do share my mistakes and my misconceptions, wrong decisions and the hardships I endured all to find those moments of clarity and enlightenment of actually being taught by God directly. I'm not sharing these personal things to glory in my hardships, but to help people learn from them so they won't have to make the same mistakes I did.

I am trying to be honest with what I went through, how I saw things at the time I endured those hardships, and do not want to present a highly sanitized version of my journey. I think this provides the best lessons for you, and for me, yes, it's real. It's honest. We do struggle, prophecy is confusing, and I like to say anyone telling you otherwise is selling something! So I've been open and honest with you—please be gentle and forgiving to me!

### **But “8 ... plus ... splash” ... ?**

But just going back to the angel for a moment, he said to name this book “8 + Splash” —but what does that even mean? Is that prophetic code for something?

*Eight* I used to say is the number of renewal; the next number after the perfect cycle of seven is completed. So '8' is also the first number in the new season, the new series, a new start maybe? And 'splash' is a similar word to the Hebrew word for 'to prophesy' I am told, which is *Nabi* and means something like to 'bubble up' and so to 'declare.'

So ... 'A New Bubble?' ... Or, 'Springs of the New Season?' ... I certainly can't name a book simply '8 + Splash' can I?

Well, during an intense purification season I had seen my house in heaven—I've seen two of my houses in fact, one of them was large and very public and filled with so many boisterous voices—I was alone and isolated at that time in my life and so I was confused about just who all

those people in it were!?!—so I just turned away when I saw it! It actually resembled a large English velvet crown in shape, it was a few stories tall and was royal purple! (MY color!) It seemed to be near ‘town’ and so I call that my Royal Crown House. But the other house I saw was isolated and in an ideal state of solitude.

And when I first saw this house it was with my spiritual eyes!—it was not a hazy vision or like imagination **but was more clear, more vibrant and more real than the earthly reality we live in!**—I was literally seeing into heaven itself!—And what I saw was a White Dome set on large classical pillars on the steep slope of a heavily forested mountainside ridge. But yes, I was somehow seeing this by looking into the eternal heavenly reality directly! Astonishing!

And I was looking at this scene from about a mile away and from up in the air and the forest was a continuous blanket or lush carpet of vibrant green trees that covered the mountain range and stretched beyond my vision in all directions. This was truly an isolated mountain refuge for me. So this is what stood out so strongly: first, the GREEN of the trees; second, the WHITE of the marble-like dome on top of classical-order pillars—oh, and when I saw it I saw a third attribute that in physical sight you cannot see, but in spiritual sight I knew instantly upon seeing it: I “saw” that “it belonged to me.”

The next week it stirred within my heart so strongly; this was already my home. MY home! Shouldn’t I then be allowed go back and visit it again? I thought so! So the next week in prayer I set my heart to go back to visit my house intentionally—not the public Royal Crown House but my private marble-domed forest house of solitude. And as soon as I sat down in prayer to do this, I was back there. But this time instead of seeing it from afar, I was right 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 living water revelation from God was flowing into my life. That’s anyway how I understand it today.

At first I still usually felt timid going there, like I was an interloper, an uninvited guest—but the Lord kept telling me to come back again and visit it more often, as often I wanted to, and often when I *needed* to. It really is already my property and has some connection to who I am eternally!

And I remember once when I was in such deep distress and I went back again and there in the garden a table was set up that was in the shape of an eye—not like an oval, but more like an eye—and sitting across from me on that side sat 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 here on this side and we had, well, a father-to-son talk about the difficulties I was having.



## Introduction

So wanting to force some kind of interpretation on this strange title, *8 + Splash*, I tried to tie it into the vision or visitation of my heavenly house of solitude. I focused on ‘the river in the garden’ since that was close to how you could read “splash” but I waited for the Lord to approve of my interpretation but he seemed not to like my take on things. I waited for either confirmation or a better explanation of his symbolism but after five years ... seven years ... ten years ... well over twelve years and finally I just gave in and did literally what the angel said to do.

So “8 + Splash” it is!

Now I’m beginning to like it! It’s confusing! Provocative. Memorable! And Prophecy by rights should be all three. **Prophecy is God talking to us and he is communicating Divine Thoughts to earthly people**—and we understand in part and prophesy in part—so prophecy is usually confusing, at least in part! And especially at first!

But that’s also where we all do begin!

We only see things at first dimly, from our human, earthly perspective. Later we learn and get more spiritual understanding and start to have a more ‘intermediate’ handle on things. But if you keep pressing in still you can find the rarefied air where God will actually become your teacher. This is the real treasure to me that I found and didn’t even know I was looking for! When this became my new normal I finally learned *God’s perspective* on prophecy and so many other things—and that turned everything the right way round.

But like I said, we don’t start out there! **Only as we mature do we find in order to finally embrace God’s proper heavenly wisdom we will have to un-train ourselves from the earthly wisdom of man that we unfortunately picked up along the way**—the ways of Man, the understanding of God but as earthly Man sees him, and “knowing Christ according to the flesh”—this has to be recognized for what it is and purposefully abandoned because it is an obstacle to our spiritual growth but it is also where we all do seem to start!

So it was with me! And so to tell you my own story of how I learned about prophecy let’s go back and start at the very beginning—a very good pace to start!

## 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 that she ran out into the cold New England forest to find solace and pray.

Not known to be a woman of prayer or a Bible reader but a faithful Christian nevertheless, she was active in the choir and altar guild, and now heavily pregnant with me! the sudden news of her father's unexpected death shattered her world. New England in the Autumn can be as beautiful as it is severe, rugged, unforgiving. There are colorful leaves on the trees—but a cold, harsh winter fast approaching.

But what she prayed that evening is the real mystery, "God," she cried out, "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.

Also, she never even told me any of this until I was over 20 years old and only much later still when I was able to hear God speak to me

## Chapter 1: Called out of Darkness

more openly could I ask Him about it. Jesus explained to me that while I already had a calling from the womb, as most people do I think—but when my mother prayed that day he said he DOUBLED it.

And note, we were not Spirit-filled or ‘Born-again’ or Charismatic or anything like that but very generic and quite stoic New England evangelicals. I also need to point out that I was not worthy or deserving of any such blessing; I never did anything good or bad to deserve it! I wasn’t even born yet! All I can say is merely that my mom prayed—and God answered—there is simply power in a praying mother! Mostly I think just because God answers heartfelt prayers!

Anyway I’ll skip ahead a few years 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 and we visited them weekly, but my mother’s side was from the same town, but we were not as close with them and only saw them once or twice a year, if that.

My father’s father, Carle, who we called Pops, was a well-known motorcycle mechanic and racing team owner. But he died when I was very young while my grandmother, Nana, his wife, was our church Sunday School teacher at St. James Episcopal Church in Laconia, New Hampshire, even into my early teens. And yes the church is still there after all these years.

So Carle, I mean Pops, had immigrated many years ago 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 they joined just because they were the only ones willing to let them get married.

So nothing was very much out of the ordinary. We attended church weekly and it was a typical evangelical church community but with one exception: our church pastor, which they called a Priest and referred to as ‘Father,’ was a Spirit-filled Christian! You may know that a revival had swept through the Episcopal church in the 70’s and he was one of the tens of thousands who were touched in that move of God and filled with the Holy Spirit baptism—but he kept this fact strictly secret!

And my mother, which I only found out very much later, was descended from many generations of New England Baptists—I even discovered we were related to several people who came over to America on the Mayflower through her ancestors! She was originally from Vermont, grew up in New Hampshire, and moved away for a few years

when my parents got married but moved back again when I was very young. But all I really want to say that is important is I was insulated from the supernatural in most every way, especially from a belief in the current reality of biblical miracles and prophecy.

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 one time 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 as well. All these are clearly demonic in nature 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 personal Bible reading or stories of personal faith, or of God answering prayers today 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 over 20 years old—and also how would she even know God had answered her prayer? God only told me his side of the story when I was over 30 and already living overseas. So there was no evidence of God's calling in my life, or any knowledge of what it was, or any way to know God would increase it until then. So I grew up totally ignorant to all of these things.

And there was certainly no indication that I would one day either serve the Lord or especially be called as his prophet! We never knew such a thing existed! I didn't feel religious, or gifted or even have an especially happy childhood. I know as a teenager I was 'confirmed' as a Christian after attending a catechism class which I don't recall at all, and then both water baptized afterwards (by having water dripped on my head from a shell) 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!

In reality I had no conscious understanding of the gospel or the Bible or any personal convictions of anything 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 at my mother's request. I had to wear a robe and led the procession to start the service, and help prepare the Eucharist elements, and I even got to ring a loud gong at certain precise moments in the liturgy.

## Chapter 1: Called out of Darkness

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 this time when we got to the part that talked about having 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 all around me was filled with an electrified energy! I was suddenly covered in goose bumps as a powerful conviction filled my heart and yes, seemed to fill the air all around me as I came to an inexplicable confidence of knowledge and rush of excitement and so I spoke out-loud with complete 100% sincere belief that 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 was I suddenly filled with such a precise and intimate personal knowledge of its truthfulness? And what was that ‘energy’ that filled the air? What did it all mean, if anything?—well, I didn’t even have the slightest idea at that time! All I knew and I knew it with such a wonderful joy and excitement in my heart was that Jesus was indeed the Son of God—it was a transcendent revelation, an authentic epiphany and I was completely overcome by it!

What’s more I also now realize it caused me to make a public declaration of this as I proclaimed my heartfelt belief out-loud, and in public—yes, 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 and belief in my heart—I meant it! And I confessed with my mouth that Jesus is Lord!

But the energy of that encounter soon faded as we continued to read the rest of the Creed and by the end of it everything was back to being completely normal again as it had been before, and as it was every week afterwards.

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: (ESV)**

<sup>9</sup>because, if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. <sup>10</sup>For with the heart one believes and is justified, and with the mouth one confesses and is saved.

I also now understand that the electrified ‘energy’ was the presence of God, the Holy Spirit, as he overshadowed me and gave me the understanding—a direct personal knowledge by divine revelation of this eternal truth, yes what people rightly call an epiphany! 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, based on my sincere heart belief—and yet no one ever told me to do that or why it mattered. 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 in my heart 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 God 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.

Most people would agree that this meant 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 obviously a very 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 so 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 ouija 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 instead cursed me to die. What happened was my friends were using their ouija 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 whatever 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 so I also fell for 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 felt such a strong

familiarity in my heart for her that 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 who 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?" I pressed her, "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!" she said, "That's the Holy Spirit inside of me that you're 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 the restaurant where I worked actually went to a private Christian school but they never shared the Gospel, and they did the same things we were doing, and never called themselves 'Born Again' — so that term 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*, like *family*.

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, got pregnant and was taken in by a Christian family, had recently got saved and I think she just recently had her baby as well. She seems to have been in a kind of Christian foster care or something like that for sexual abuse victims.

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." But not like it was her opinion but like she was telling me the facts!

"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 she assured me of, I just let it go. I never saw her again but still remember her so vividly. But as far as I know, no, I didn't die.

Well, I soon went to Germany on a summer school exchange trip



and I 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 finally found out what happened ... 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 who was driving 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 would see apparitions and feel like 'ghosts' where haunting me. One time I could feel them touching me. This occasional torment lasted until the very day I got properly saved and consciously decided to follow Jesus. It was a harsh part of my childhood.

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 at any point in vast eternities past there was ever even a single moment when NOTHING existed ... then nothing could ever come from it again. The idea was crystal clear that since we EXIST NOW this is proof that some THING has ALWAYS EXISTED in vast eternities past. I knew this with a clarity of understanding that was undeniable but nearly impossible to explain. I mean I saw with hyper-clarity that our existence itself is self-evident

proof of Eternity. And basically without saying the obvious, it's therefore proof that God exists—but I didn't really come to that next step so fast but the 'Existence being Eternal' part was solid in my grasp.

You see, if you say there was ever NOTHING it means that there could not even be an observer to witness it. The fact that we can observe things means there is something *now* and so at no time was there ever NOTHING because it was clearly obvious to me that Nothing could come from NOTHING. If we can observe life here now then there has ALWAYS been a THING that exists—and yes, like I said, that THING being God was still something I had to reason out myself a little more, but the knowledge of Reality was crystal clear.

## Poetry

The other 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 simply ... 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 we got into a big fight one time that became physical and I just had to leave until things cooled off, if they ever would—and so I moved in with my grandmother, Nana, his mother, the Sunday School teacher. Nana immediately knew I had a problem and 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. And I needed to write! I got paper and wrote my first poem, and I called it the *Amalgamated Colors of Death*—my first real poem! I later changed the name to the *Amalgamated Colors of Life*, but it began as a way to describe the music I was listening to but right in the middle of it I actually prophesied.

Yes, I actually prophesied! It was ‘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 properly 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 poetry was my own special hobby! But I also 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! But 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 had 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 of me, giving me inspiration, ideas, thoughts, feelings—but I was truly so mixed up, confused, polluted that it was all 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 me at best, even despite the earlier revelation of Jesus I had. 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 on a holiday or a birthday wish. To go one step further again and embrace the idea that the Real God actually SPOKE to people and so sometimes spoke THROUGH people to other people was not yet even a fantasy. It was beyond anything I ever imagined. I mean I had no doctrine about it not happening because the idea that it could happen was beyond anything I had ever imagined. How can you deny something you never even thought of? 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 I guess.

And 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 dadlines I mean deadlines or who to call to get information or anything.

So I ended up trying to go to our state university but *Ooops*, 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 part-time 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 who lived in Manchester, NH, 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

## Chapter 1: Called out of Darkness

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 just 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! Rice for breakfast, rice for lunch and what's for dinner? Rice! Rice for snacks, rice dried and puffed, rice 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 much 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 his Dreams!**

Oh, the dreams Ron had!

He shared more of them as time went 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 that I had ever imagined. 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—and 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 he missed! So the spider ran under the bed to hide and so he leaned over the side of the bed and slowly pulled up the blankets to catch the critter by surprise, but when he did, right there under the bed, in plain sight, was the spider! Nowhere to hide!! But 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 we first met he made it his personal goal to lead

## Chapter 1: Called out of Darkness

me to the Lord. It was a conscious and purposeful decision he made “to do whatever it takes” to get me saved. Not knowing that it would take exactly that—whatever he had to give, all his effort, stamina and patience to get me saved! Yes, I was THAT 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 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 wanted to hear angels, and I expected at least something extraordinary to happen to mark the moment, but nothing did.

I had forgotten totally about what had happened to me when I was 13 or so 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 so totally different from everyone else**—but I didn’t know that and also 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, and read my Bible. 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 what Ron said I had to, I prayed the sinners’ prayer to Jesus. I was now a real believer, consciously, by my choice, by my will. And maybe not dramatically at first, but undeniably, I soon 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 I had 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 from childhood I now knew I had found something so much greater I just didn't need them anymore. 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 I privately wished were true was in fact 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 heavenly bliss. The Joy of the Lord is a real thing!

When people talk about the Joy of the Lord, that's what it was. It was not because of anything I did or had naturally but it was pure Joy, unspeakable, illogical Joy! Joy just for the sake of itself! *Joy!* The Joy of the Lord!

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

And within a few weeks I told Ron I prayed the sinner's prayer and he was shocked and probably relieved, but then within 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 private yard and there were so many things going on back there that I just 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



## Chapter 1: Called out of Darkness

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 not army-green as they should be, but they were bright purple, the same color as my purple hair! The fact that the army men and jeep were purple just made me really pay attention—that was MY color. And 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. It now reminds me of the prophetic word from Ananias to Saul after his conversion on the road to Damascus but I didn’t think of that back then. All I thought was, Cool! I had a dream from God! Ron said so!

But what ever did it mean?

# **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.

## Chapter 2: The Hair of Your Head is Like Purple

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." (NKJV)

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

And 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 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 that was lost. Amen, thank you Lord!! And I assumed they just were saying nice things to her that she was so thankful for. I don't know! No one explained it to me, and I just 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 not in written English and so lost to modern readers. 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 as his primary Bible! 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 too and was barely speaking 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 you also need to see clearly that love and patience can be even more miraculous and even 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!

But when I met him, he was the most joyful person I had ever known. He was also 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 did need to change and also that I needed a gentle nudge to get things moving.

## **You've Got Mail**

So 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—but it turns out God had a *slightly* different plan for my life.

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. Bill hadn't been there in many, many years but he said, "I think I 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 it 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 their 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 with lyrics taken from the Psalms. And then they would play about 30 minutes of slow ‘worship’ music and the presence of God felt like a heavy warm blanket. Then they prayed to close the worship set and maybe it lasted a long time but it 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 ... afterward. A long time afterward.

But I didn’t know any of that at the time, all I knew was that I was captivated by the presence of God. It was the first time I felt anything like that. 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 for people.

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 room 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

## Chapter 2: The Hair of Your Head is Like Purple

Spirit tell them Himself—that way they knew it was a word from the Lord and not something they had 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 empty 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 real 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 and worse 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 or 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



## Chapter 2: The Hair of Your Head is Like Purple

remember what, but very matter-of-factly ... no explosions. No fireworks. And that was it. And 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 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's who I was. My purple hair was such an important part of my self-image I was convinced it was my true identity and so I 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, this was a me who God in his divine plan 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 was a few months later and finding a poem I had written in high school. I was going through my old things, just cleaning out more junk I left in my parents' house and I found this old poem I wrote before I got properly 'saved' and there was a line that jumped off the page that 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 real and 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 even know it? Can you write poems that have prophecies and still be completely unaware of it? I guess so! There's one example right there!

## 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 so nice!

Later during the week I was visiting again to ask 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? And it was expensive. 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.

But what do you want if you had your own choice? they asked me.

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 just 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! I keep saying that! But it's true!

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, Dan and Will, and so I soon had friends as well.

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 really was.

There were three main prophetic people in their church: Patrick, his wife, Sarah, and her sister, Elizabeth (not their real names!). There were also a few of the "flower sisters," and the Deacon and others, but let me focus on the pastor first.

Pastor Patrick Buckman was originally from Newfoundland—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 then and still is now 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. But 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. That's what he called a vision. He went ahead in time in his spiritual body and 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 and just when his heel caught the edge of the curb suddenly there was the loud *S-C-R-E-E-C-H* of tires locking up 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—it had never even been used before, it was still perfectly clean, no grease on the trailer hitch, three-leaf-clover symbol on the door—and it came barreling into the intersection and *S-M-A-S-H!*—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

### Chapter 3: On Hallowed Ground

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, 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 so well, he started rocking back and forth on his feet when his heel caught the side of the curb and .... *S-C-R-E-E-C-H!*—it was the sound of brakes being locked-up and then the awful *S-M-A-S-H!* 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, just the front truck, 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!” he yelled! 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 lives of both the man and his wife.

## The Caribou Hunter

Then there was the caribou hunting trip.

Patrick was still only saved 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 away 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's seat and so someone else was driving and they were traveling on a road high up in remote Alaska further than he had ever gone 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 blowing 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 future 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 gone before!

Days into the trip in very remote territory Patrick had never even seen before ... and they passed by a tree 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 and was part of a small group of progressive churches that embraced the 'Five-fold' doctrine of church structure based in Ephesians 4:11 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 affectionately embracing his young live-in housekeeper 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 of prophecy is one thing—but openly revealing what they were doing in private was something else altogether!

There may have been a power struggle going on 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 had been 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 in hand 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 small 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 genuine prophetic words of exposure. But I see this kind of thing far too often: the spiritual gifts are really functioning but are controlled and manipulated and used to fulfill the desires and agenda of carnal Man. 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. People are truly gifted by the Holy Spirit, but the Flesh – earthly wisdom, Man’s ways – is still making the Church sick!



### Chapter 3: On Hallowed Ground

So anyway that was Patrick (again, not his real name). 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 what most Spirit-filled believers would easily believe today. 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, including God's views on leadership, equipping, diversity of roles in the Body, etc. But I will get to that a bit later.

The second personality I want you to meet is Sarah, his wife. (Not her real name either) 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. Well ... OK, I'll be kind but honest when I need to be—but so did she see me writing this very book right now? I assume so!

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 prophesied routinely in meetings and on Sunday especially, but was a little cool towards me finding a permanent place in their community I think.

Third, there was Sarah's sister, Elizabeth (also not her real name), who was another very gifted prophetess who was very serious. A tax accountant by trade she had horses and lived with an unsaved husband with her daughter and son and I know she suffered a lot because of the family situation. She was very spiritual, very prophetic, didn't talk to me much—over the three years I lived with Patrick and Sarah I think we had only a handful of conversations that entire time. But when she did speak it was usually to share a deep vision or weighty word God had given her.

A few important words for me over this time came from her actually. 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—again, not exactly a vision, he was actually there.

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, Elizabeth'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 refuse and it skidded to a halt—only carrying so much momentum the rider, his niece, kept moving forward and fell off the horse hitting the ground head first, breaking her neck and killing her instantly.

I want to say he watched in horror as this happened but he was in his spirit body and he 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 regular 'human' emotional reaction to what he was seeing in a strange way.

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, maybe just twice, before he shared it with Elizabeth, his sister-in-law.

He was careful not to tell a lot of people. I certainly didn't know and I was Patrick's daily companion. But he drew a diagram of the course to show her including the event space layout, the paddock, the bleachers, the mountain ridges behind the venue, and described the horse, the large black horse, and finally went to see Elizabeth to check her stables to find the horse and share the whole 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 and mountain ridge didn't match any known event venue in our entire state!! Strike two!

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

Finally, an invitation came inviting Elizabeth'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 Elizabeth 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 next one, which was still available and sure enough, it was the large, 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 all they did was simply forbid 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 his 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 highly 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, and 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—everybody likes 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 Elizabeth, 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!

So Patrick, Sarah and Elizabeth were the core people in that small church but there were several others that functioned in prophecy and even healing to a lesser degree, such as the “flower sisters.” They were called that because their family had I think seven girls, but it may have been nine, 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 at first without ever 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 and always VERY 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 both as well.

Then there was Elder Brown. He was far into his sixties or seventies but was 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 he was still a very 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 it this way. 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

### Chapter 3: On Hallowed Ground

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 and expectancy. So God would tell Patrick, Elizabeth and sometimes Sarah what things to expect over the next year, both good and bad. 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 word for word. To a poet every single word, every syllable matters, so I had developed a keen focus on being word-perfect. Also I was not normally allowed to attend the council meeting, but since I worked so hard to make the record they let me attend to keep track of things. It’s not like we were discussing national secrets, but they still didn’t want just anyone listening in.

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 a very detailed prophecy journal from that time till today which is a habit I strongly advise people to keep up themselves, especially if they are**

**called to walk in the ministries related to prophecy.** God told Habbakuk to 'Write the vision, make it plain!' That's my advice!

So I hope you can keep all these things 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 townsfolk, and sometimes our gifting is more powerful than our character maybe. Gifted people can still be 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.

## 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 and cook 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 tried anything to make that 'gamey' flavor 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 himself a deer. (Bit of deer hunting humor there. 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. You SHOOT a deer, you don't CATCH one! You can easily catch a cold but you can't so easily catch a deer!)

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, but Patrick always got two or three. But when it was my turn to pray something strange happened. I prayed and suddenly it was not my ideas I was saying. What I prayed was that yes, God would 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 it but on their third day hunting. 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 real 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 tidy the house 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, I wanted to prophesy like Patrick really, and if this was the cost 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 our 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 actually. 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, but also 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 heavily and predominantly 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 also a lot of our own experiences.

And we also made a clear distinction that there were 'those who prophesied,' but then separate from them were 'the Prophets,' and that

## Chapter 4: On Uneven Ground

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 famous or holding a leadership 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 afterwards. 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 this very day! 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 I must add). 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! I think this is mostly misunderstood because people think it meant they were somehow direct blood relatives of a prophet but in fact, first, every human is, especially in their culture every single Hebrew certainly was! But second, the term was used more like how they called James and John the Sons of Thunder, it was an identity based on association, attitude, character and not literal biological son-ship. They hung around the prophets and were therefore 'sons of the prophets.' This is also what is said in Acts 3!

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. So 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. Why fight it?

Other people only saw gifts manifest when they got Spirit-filled we

## Chapter 4: On Uneven Ground

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?

All of 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? Why be told in the Word to SEEK what God would never ever give you? You see? It simply means God will in fact add.

There are actually many reasons why a gift may not manifest in someone's life on its own, confidence being the primary one. Also wrong doctrines, wrong identity, fear, doubt, unbelief—but we didn't always see it that way.

There is actually 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.

And in 2 Timothy 1:16 he said to fan into flame, or stir up, the gift of God which was in him ... how was the gift there? ... **through the laying on of Paul's hands!** This was not there from birth, or by his family lineage—Paul gave it to him!

Then people bring up the four daughters of Philip, the guy who brought revival to Samaria with miracles, signs and wonders and did it on his own—but he was an evangelist and not a prophet. And I think probably anyone living in his household would start to prophesy, including the cook, gardener and milkmaid, which is more close to what Joel said would happen, and what did happen at Pentecost—because the SPIRIT was poured out and that is why people prophesied. That's even what Moses said in Numbers 11, he said he wished the Spirit would be given to everyone and they all would prophesy. Do you see it? **It is not the gift of prophecy being poured out, but The SPIRIT of God** and this is what naturally causes people to know what God is thinking, to hear what God is saying, to become intimate with Him and know his ways—and that is what makes them prophesy.

So yes, while a certain gift may be strongly represented in a particular family, that is certainly possible, but it still would not be 'genetic,' because the gift is inherently SPIRITUAL not somehow fleshly

and ‘in the genes.’ The flesh counts for nothing Jesus said in John 6:63. It is the SPIRIT that we need to focus on to understand spiritual gifts and things like prophecy, healing, etc.

It’s more likely that a mother or grandfather was very close to the Lord and asked God to bless all their grandchildren and their faith was in receiving that gift particularly! That’s what makes more sense to me now.

All I know is that the answer we are looking for will be found in the Spirit and in faith, not the genes or biological bloodline.

And I suppose our church officially taught something close to that but no, we didn’t really act like we believed it. We still leaned towards the simplistic understanding that things like that were simply inherited. And if not evidenced at birth or spontaneously somehow manifesting on its own already after being Spirit-filled — sorry! You missed the spiritual gifts lottery.

### **God Chooses as WHO wills, exactly?**

And I’m not supposed to be preaching or teaching here, but the Lord asked me to just say a few brief comments here. So let me say that when diversity in the Body is mentioned in Romans 12, 1 Corinthians 12 and Ephesians 4 it says these gifts are distributed *as God chooses*.

1 CORINTHIANS 12:11—All these are empowered by one and the same Spirit, who apportions to each one individually **as he wills**. (ESV)

*And ... 1 CORINTHIANS 12:18—But as it is, God arranged the members in the body, each one of them, as he chose.*

But then why say this:

*....<sup>29</sup>Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Do all work miracles?<sup>30</sup> Do all possess gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret?<sup>31</sup>But earnestly desire the higher gifts. And I will show you a still more excellent way.*

Why ‘earnestly desire’ what you already have? Why are we encouraged to do this if God has already decided not to give it to us? Unless no, it is because God is more than willing to give us those things we do not now have simply because we ask, seek and knock!

Someone will say, no he means desire the greater gifts like faith, hope and love, not prophecy, healing and miracles. But no, keep reading. The Love Chapter intervenes and people lose their train of thought but keep reading and then we’re back again into Chapter 14 where he openly says:

1 CORINTHIANS 14:1—Pursue love, **and earnestly desire the spiritual gifts, especially that you may prophesy.** (ESV)

So yes, pursue Faith, Hope and Love AND ALSO PURSUE prophecy, healing and miracles.

So the missing piece to this puzzle that makes theologians so confused is faith—that there are people who know God as their Dad and they ask him for stuff! They persist as Paul says to do but as kids *naturally* do anyway with adults they love.

Kids who are close to their dad like this get what they ask for, they get a lot, they get a lot more than anyone else simply because ... “Can I have ice cream? ... *please, please, pleeease.*” This is the best, ideal model of faith and the key dynamic to spiritual gifts people just misunderstand.

God apportions as he chooses. Sure. God chooses to give gifts as he wills. Sure. **But people who are close with him help him decide what he chooses and make up his mind on what he wills simply because “Please, please, please, please, pleeease!!!! ... Well OK! Here, have two scoops!” ...** You see, the missing dynamic that makes all of this great darkened mystery of spiritual gifts become clear as crystal is simply the fact that God answers the prayers of people who love him and pray to him with a pure heart and eager expectancy—Who knew?!

So eagerly desire spiritual gifts, especially prophecy. God will add. Ye ALL may prophesy!

I talk about this misconception much more fully in *10 Things on Prophecy*, but it is one of the most misunderstood areas of spiritual gifts because Bible teachers so often fail to take into consideration the reality of people who have an authentic relationship with God, like a friendship, like a family bond.

If people have strong attitudes against other people freely receiving gifts from God—people not under their chain of command, people not related to them or not within their ‘inner circle’—they tend to come up with all kinds of wrong doctrines to limit what other people can have, contrary to God’s actual liberality and generosity. The heart of Man always leads us astray, even (or especially) with regards to Bible interpretation.

But these things were not yet well understood by us. We believed a little of this and little of that basically. So yes, we prayed to impart the gift of prophecy to the young men in the church, all three or four of us, but there was still a nagging doubt lingering. How would that matter to ask God to make us prophetic if he simply does not want us to be used in that way, which if he did would already be obvious, and it’s clearly not true now so why bother to ask for it to come later?

Think about it. You would never be called to be a REAL prophet unless it was something God planned from the womb, right? God doesn't make mistakes or change his mind, does he? He already has a plan for you from birth, doesn't he? So maybe these other people were just wannabe prophets trying to get in on the action, and so OK, pray for an impartation to make them happy, but really? If God wanted you to be called to be a prophet wouldn't it already be self evident to everyone?

We said to know what people's callings were, ask the children and they will tell you who is what, who does what. Really? So we don't need discernment from the Holy Spirit, we just need to ask the 9-year-olds what God's will is for our adult callings? And if the 9-year-old doesn't see it, it's not real now and never will be in the future either? Are you sure?

And maybe all this doesn'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 prophetic, nothing spiritual and nothing exciting ... well 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 his Will 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 clearly 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 might have been spared if things had not gone so crazy. Prophecy was certainly functioning in our general midst but clearly in my life demonstrably. Other gifts of the Holy Spirit, even healing and other miraculous things, were also 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. And this is the big take-away from this entire season.

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 so we won't hinder and abuse the proper functioning of the gifts. It is also understanding the New Self and the impediments to seeing this new creation that God has already made.

The New Self is like a superhero I saw, 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! (Ephesians 4:24) 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 bad things we see other people doing but it is against our nature to do such things. We mostly need to renew our minds, crucify the Flesh and walk in the Spirit and then we would be seen to ACT NOW visibly in accordance with the Truth of WHO WE ALREADY ARE inwardly but sometimes invisibly. 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!

### **But what exactly 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, someone's ministry—even someone's prophetic ministry.

The Bible is God's word, but how you understand it may still be based in Man's carnal understanding of things. How you reason through the application of a scripture in any given situation may be using the right scripture but it can be done in the wrong way—or even be the wrong scripture used 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.

So 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 Five-fold 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 where I grew up! 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. This boy led the music at the youth group but he was rude, carnal and flippant. His dad was one of the main pastors and he hated me and I had no way to know why. Shortly after

## Chapter 4: On Uneven Ground

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 with red paint 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 gravitate over towards the pile of rubbish and I 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 who they knew the dream was about, 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! Amazing!

## 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 insights 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, maybe before he even 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, ahh, 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' in general.

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 really a prophecy.

But at that time I had never even heard of such a thing, so I just called everything that was happening a sharp or keen sense of spiritual discernment because that was what Elizabeth said that one time when she prayed for me that I would have. So since I heard God prophesy this to me, I just assumed that is what was always manifesting. 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 anyway and everything the Lord does ought to be cherished, nurtured and grown no matter what it's called. 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 at school. 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 an Awesome 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, 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. And 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!!! GET OUT!" 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 hovering in the air 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 on to my class.

Well I didn’t have long to wait to find out what it meant 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 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 Elizabeth 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, but that's not what Elizabeth 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 it's 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.

## On Shaky Ground

So I normally had maybe one dream every few weeks, maybe once a month or less, but I almost never heard 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. Having dreams didn't depend on my confidence or acceptance by the leaders or speaking up in a public setting or anything! Later when I was able to talk to God directly I had much fewer dreams, I think just because he could tell me what he wanted to tell me 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 he said.

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, one of the 'flower sisters' was still single, and almost 40, and well, it's the End Times, and 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.

Their 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 to be married ... I then had a dream about a trapeze ...

## **Trapeze Dream**

So at this time we as a church started briefly having training classes on Wednesdays to teach people about the Five-fold Ministry and prophecy to 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 even get off the ground. 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 active doing that, 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. His wife 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 did share the next part, which was this:

I was hesitant to try the trapeze and wanted to watch a little longer before I took my 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

## Chapter 5: On Shaky Ground

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 and myself.

In this scene that I kept private 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 was 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, Elizabeth, and in the vision, wow, she had a full woman's figure, quite 'healthy' as we used to say. I was embarrassed to see Elizabeth 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 would now say is that God was saying she may be 'immature' now but later she will be more 'mature' and yes become like a mature prophet like her aunt; again, just be patient. Back then I focused on her 'physical' maturing but the dream meant both.

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. Period. 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 generally thought prophecy 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 many cases. A prediction from God might be insight of an unchangeable future event, yes, but it also may be a warning of what MIGHT happen if such and such isn't stopped, usually what will happen IF PEOPLE DON'T PRAY or repent or take proactive steps, or whatever. So if you pray and repent the foretold consequence won't happen! Even promises of God are likewise always conditioned upon people being faithful, walking right with the Lord and having faith. Our lives with the Lord are not governed by Fate. We're not living out a Greek Tragedy!

Unfortunately I was merely a passive observer in all this 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 a detached computer keyboard. Before this many computers had a keyboard that was built into the computer screen console. So a detached keyboard was still a very novel thing. In this dream I had a keyboard, just the 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 with me 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 went 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 exerting 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—like I built my entire world around that one belief, but unfortunately I didn't know how to act in accordance with that outcome or 'stand on his word' when things began to go astray. 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 contrary to the facts and circumstances I saw around me.

If God said it would happen why even pray about it? I thought it was all like in Greek dramas or secular TV shows—impersonal fate.

God already gave a word and all I was supposed to do was sit by and watch it happen I thought. That seems almost right—but it doesn't work. God is looking at the heart, and it is in the heart that we believe. Embracing doubt and rejection of God's plans because it seems too impossible is not faith. We naturally look for things to change or positive circumstances as the evidence, but no, our Faith is the evidence, not the circumstances. That's a spiritual truth that carnal people just don't get!—I

didn't get it at that time. I wonder sometimes if I get it even now?

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 and doubt and unbelief, and actively cast your cares upon Him because he cares for us! This is what triggers a promise of God to manifest. God is in fact in control and will turn all things around to make things conform to his already spoken Will—if you will but remain faithful and steadfast.

Prophecy tells us His Will, but we need to be the one who will stand in the faith on it to see it come to pass. **It is Destiny but it is not Fate.**

Wow, I could have done so many things differently but like I said when things went wrong I didn't know what to do. I didn't seek His Heart to comfort my confusion, seek His Wisdom for what to do in the chaos, stand on his word against the adverse circumstances or 'have patience with the right attitude' as He later said is what our faith looks like ... no, I fell apart, closed down 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. It's so quick and easy to leave sometimes but it can also be just so hard to return back again!

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. Then He asked me openly if I wanted to marry her instead! I knew it was the Spirit of God 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 seeing that kind of vision 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 also 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



## Chapter 5: On Shaky Ground

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 power 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? I felt I surely deserved it! 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. By that time I was frankly relieved because there was so much trouble in our relationship by then, the peace of solitude was so welcome but instead of the Lord slowing down my training at that time to let me grieve, he accelerated it!

That was the time I began to have hour-long one-on-one conversations with the Lord and when 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. Which I'll get to in a few pages, don't worry!

Then a few years later still 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 will ever be this side of Glory. But then God said I could marry her and that she was the *Special Women* he promised me years ago—she was the Promise of the Dawn which I thought had failed—and I just about fell over! This was about 25 years after I had this dream of the *Barns on the Hillside* as I called it, and only then did I finally understand that I was not seeing three stages of a relationship with one woman—my pastor's daughter—but three different relationships with *three different women!*

But yes, I'll get to all that a little bit later on.

### **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, and that 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—NONE OF THAT WOULD MATTER ... GOD HAD SPOKEN and MADE A PROMISE to ME! 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 to bring his word to pass. 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. Everyone may fail, the world itself may pass away but Gods Word will remain. It makes no sense to you when you are walking out a crisis, but it's still 100% true. Trust God not your own understanding, your circumstances, not even the people around you. Love the people, but don't rely on the people!

But we are fixated on that girl, on that car, or the house, or the calendar date, or the amount in cash—on all the visible earthly circumstances—but this is carnal thinking, based in the Flesh, deceptive thinking! 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 you can come up with. His Word is Living and Active, Eternal, but spiritual and carnal Man cannot comprehend it. So if he said it, he will do it! How many times has he reminded me of this? We however are too attached to, and only believe in what we can see, feel and touch ... but it is what we CANNOT see that is eternal.

*2 CORINTHIANS 4:17-18*—<sup>17</sup> For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, <sup>18</sup> while we do not look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. **For the things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal.**

“For the things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” This means so much!

But what if 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! Change how you see things!

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! Every man may be a liar but God is not a man that he would lie.

*PSALM 27:13-14.* —<sup>13</sup> I would have lost heart, unless I had believed that I would see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. <sup>14</sup>

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart; wait, I say, on the Lord!

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

We prophesy in part, and we know in part. Let's try not to forget it!

So it's not the part of the prophecy you understand that gets you into trouble of course, it's the part that you don't, or worse the part you THINK you understand but actually you 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, Elizabeth had two other visions for me. One was personal but the second was life-altering. Elizabeth 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 GOD GAVE ME 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 absolutely 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!

When it came it completely revolutionized how I understand the purpose of ministry and being a Christian. It changed everything! I'm talking about the conversation I had with Jesus on Isaiah 61. More on that in a later chapter, Chapter 20, but if you skip ahead it may be too much to take in all at once. People like to drink from a water fountain but who can drink from a Fire-hose?

## 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

## Chapter 6: Some of Ye May Prophecy!

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. Jesus told me that in his Kingdom:

“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 you 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 that was still a few years away! 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 and obedient 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 to function in the manifestations of the Spirit? If you so distrust the very children you raised up within your own ministry, who will you be able to look to take the reigns of your work when you want to expand or need to 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 stupid 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, (ESV) "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

## Chapter 6: Some of Ye May Prophecy!

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!

The responsibility is therefore incumbent upon the person in that position to be careful what they say. They THEMSELVES must be first to police this. People, like sheep, tend to keep their heads down and do what they are told. If a person they call a Prophet says it will rain tomorrow ... it will rain. But then it was hot and dry and sunny. But the prophet said it would rain! He did, but he only meant by the look of the clouds he felt it was likely. Wait a minute! You are a prophet! How dare you just speak whatever is on your mind; we assumed it was the word of the Lord! No, I was just talking with my neighbor about the weather, I wasn't prophesying! You misquoted me!

See? The problem is inherent in the POSITION and the remedy is not to ban people from walking in that position, but for people in that position to be a lot more serious, a lot more careful, and NEVER let your opinion be confused with your prophecy. Make a clear, VERY CLEAR distinction. These are not false prophets, not liars, not frauds. They are simply careless. Irresponsible.

I also know other churches facing this problem would simply ban the idea of prophecy and prophets outright because dealing with the confusing, mistakes, misunderstandings inherent in prophetic ministry and dealing with the immature attitudes of 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! Yes, even about mates and dates. Set up safeguards, establish protocols and share advice and examples of pitfalls, but never stop the Spirit from speaking.

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 it!

Jesus showed me a vision that 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 FULLY EMBRACE IT our Enemy has been able to get between us and the Gift Giver and take control of the gift (interfere with it), and worse, he has actually figured out how to abuse us with the very gift God created and gave to us as an intended benefit and blessing to us!

The right reaction to stop problems with prophecy is not to run and hide, deny it exists or ban it in your community—but instead to embrace it, practice it, develop your skill using 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 heads stuck in the sand! Because know this God will keep speaking to his people whether you like it or not!

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. YOU need to be responsible to ensure it is a blessing to the Body—a boon not a bane.

### **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 part, 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.

### **The 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 disappointment 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 promise this to me? Yes, but then why is it going so wrong?



## Chapter 6: Some of Ye May Prophecy!

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 real faith, I was confused ... but in truth I still faithfully waited.

Midnight long passed and finally it even began to get a little lighter: slowly dawn was beginning to break and the Sun was beginning to rise—but 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 warming my body and just kept looking West—frustrated, angry, but unmoving, waiting, watching. Finally the feeling of the warmth on my back through my shirt was undeniable and I had to twitch and turned around to see what it was that I was feeling but when I looked!—and did a double take!!—because behind me there in the morning sky was the Sun that I was waiting for all this time! Yes, there it was, just as He promised it would be!

In the vision I suddenly stood up and just stared in bewilderment and thankfulness now facing the Sun, God's promise to me—God's promise had not failed! And only then did I realize that while the Sun indeed sets in the West—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?

And this next vision made perfect sense ... but only 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, weak from the exertion, “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 it, 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 of faith that it took to do it. He was actually not in faith himself but in ignorance and couldn’t see the difference. [End]

That was way back on December 26, 1994.

Like I said, it made sense only AFTER I was in real life able to ‘throw it all away’ to follow God and at his direction, but then to begin to understand he really wanted me to next receive it all back, by faith. Could you give away \$10 million by faith? Even if you had it, but it’s not as easy as you assume. But even more difficult, once you let it all go, can you, only by standing in faith, just get it all back? Really? Then show me. Put \$10 dollars into your hand. All things are possible you believe. God answers prayers you say. He is the Great Provider you teach. So show me the money. Now when I put you on the spot it’s not just an academic exercise anymore. It HURT Me to stand in this kind of faith and it was not only worth \$10 either.

And then this one:

## **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? [End]

Yes, written as a poem from a vision on June 22, 1995, but when this word about the River Guide later began to happen it was a painful mystery. There was no solution to me, 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, 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 beforehand 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.

And I'll share a few more experiences I had during this turbulent time which may not seem to clearly fit within the prophetic arc of my narrative, but I want to save time keeping things focused, as God asked,

on sharing how I learned about prophecy, and these are all important experiences.

## **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, (yes, his real name) as well as a neighboring 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 a very old nickname for Boston going back to the Boston Tea Party era when coffee first became a fad. Parts of this old stagecoach road were 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 a dirt road to be reclaimed by the forest. There are old wooden house foundations and artifacts from the 1700's and 1800's right 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 of it 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 with that momentum, 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 ever really 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.

## Chapter 6: Some of Ye May Prophecy!

Sarah and the kids passed me, and they were winded just by walking up the hill on foot, and Sarah 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 the hill to get a little momentum and then turned back to keep going up the rest of the hill, 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 rode past the parking lot, not touching the ground with my feet even yet, over the curb to the highest part of the hill in the grass and stopped only when I had reached the very highest natural 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! But 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 when he asked me to, 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 always like were we 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 10 or 11 times in less than nine years), anything to just keep moving forward by following his daily instructions.

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? It was 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! Hallelujah!

## **Angels**

The Bible says to be careful to entertain strangers because by doing so some have entertained angels unawares. During that early time in America 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 within seconds.

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 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

## Chapter 6: Some of Ye May Prophecy!

him more than five days, maybe more like a week or 10 days ... to visit a town that's not even on the map!? But still what a curious town name, right? Canaan.

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 back 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 alone 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 during that time. 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 I saw God as 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 steps. So what I needed to do really was to be some kind of ... *hub*. That's when it clicked! That's exactly what I needed to be. I'm too busy to do everything by myself. I need to be a hub. 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 on the lawn of the Capital building!! Don't people know that!? 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, not one I knew of, and she 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 when she did it **PIERCED MY HEART LIKE A DAGGER!!!** Yes, she strummed a little, and



## Chapter 6: Some of Ye May Prophecy!

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, *Owww!* It actually pierced my heart!

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

I just didn't know what to say. I was shocked, embarrassed and didn't move. She got in her 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," she said, "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 ... if we sing his songs but in pride, or run a church but for money, or whatever we do in his name but if we do it without the personal involvement of his Spirit, 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 effort.

It is not by our might, nor by man's power—in this case I should add: it is not by our lyrics, nor by our chords ... but by my Spirit, says the Lord.

## 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 I sat quietly observing the prophecy being shared when suddenly they turned towards me because the Lord actually asked ME a question! I was so nervous, after all God didn't speak to me like that! And in public!! Dreams in private are one thing but God talking to you publicly, in front of everyone else, to ask you a personal question!—this 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, adding, "Ask wisely."

That's sounds crazy, right? But it's actually in the Bible, "**And whatever 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 thing altogether. And yes, I believed it 100%!

I just didn't know what to ask for! 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

## Chapter 7: I'll Give You Whatever You Ask For

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 money 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 as I have shared, 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 it like that! I knew she was the Lord's choice for me, it's what I wanted, but still that's not what I asked for. But even 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 trained and 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 TO ME! 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 anticipated. Zeal is essential, but leave it to Solomon to rain on my New Year's Day 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 foolish. Anyway, He said He would give me ANYTHING I asked for that day and that is what I prayed for. *I want it ALL!*

But honestly you don't need a prophetic word to pray like that. Like I said, it's in the Bible as plain as day. But for me I did need that prophetic word to make it personal and real and to give me the faith I needed to stand in it and to 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 deeply, and so he really can't use them mightily, not willingly, willfully, cooperatively in any case. He actually told me that!

What's more he can surely force people to do anything he wants, **but he simply won't.** What's more again is people like to sing things like, "More of You and None of Me," but He won't do that either. First, he doesn't need slaves—he wants Sons—both male and female ones. Second, he's not trying to destroy us or obliterate us. He's not trying to ASSIMILATE me into his collective by erasing my individuality. He is trying to TRANSLATE me into his Kingdom but then to blossom my uniqueness into a perfected state of Me-ness. He's not making drones or clones. He wants to join us with himself and in doing so to *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 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," or as I first prophesied from Ezekiel, "You are Man and NOT God," and he can hold his breath and wait out a tantrum a lot longer than we can have it! 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 to them? Are you

listening to me right 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.

But first, the Irish.

### **Jeanny mackers! It's the *Oyrish!***

They came to America on a mission and I met them at the airport in Boston—even that was miraculous—and I 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 still a genuine 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, heavenly, 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 Elizabeth 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, two-way 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 he was replying!

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 in Ireland when the Lord casually said, "Pull over." Obedient and willing he did it as he asked, "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, bossing you around?! Etc., etc., etc.? People actually treat God this way! So 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!'

The next year when they visited again they 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 less mature I suppose and it made me nervous. God was telling them my secrets!

It was not like prophecy in a service that God seemed to direct or orchestrate; it was on demand and they could ask God anything they wanted to and he would usually just tell them the answer!!

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. Interactive spiritual fellowship with the indwelling Holy Spirit. More than just prophecy it's simply *out of this world!*

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 like that 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 to her God's voice. 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 then—and it works! And so many people are discovering this now! And it truly is just so 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 as well even if we had never done that before.

Wow! Can you really do that? Well he did! How did the 12 apostles 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 suddenly come on in a blinding flash. Something like that. I'm glad it meant something to him! It didn't to me!

But then he went and he said he had a few visions before and yes when he prayed for me he saw a very clear picture. It was darkness oppressing the light, but the light would not go out but it would be pressed down and squished into a very small place under it's weight trying to put it out but the light would just continue going on like that, just going on for a long time—the light not going out but being under the weight of the darkness pressing down onto it for a very long time until ... *suddenly 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 by now and they were smoothed and rounded and cast shadows in the growing yellow light, which kept increasing until, oh! Wow! The rocks didn't just look goldish-yellow in the morning light of dawn—THEY WERE ALL SOLID 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!!* [End]

God does not always confirm every word with a second word or a vision, there may not be time or sometimes it's already perfectly clear, or you get a verse, etc., but this unfolded over many years and yes, God had the time and the reason to confirm it to me, and I really needed the extra confirmation. So I always remember how I got that first word in Manchester and also about sharing someone else'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 after six months I was shocked and I sure hope it's not six more months! How can I endure so much hardship! After two years ... then three, yikes! It surely must be over soon. But then five, ten, fifteen ... I kept looking back and thinking if I had known it was going to take this long I probably 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 over 30 years things were now only starting to break open—I'm glad I didn't know it would



take that long when I started or honestly I would have surely fallen into real 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 also need a vision from God to lead us through the hard times. It may just be a Scripture he burns into your heart 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 PROPHECY, 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 is real and so I've learned to try to encourage people to grow and step out and practice to operate in spiritual gifts and want to 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—but not to over-do it, I want to see real, meaningful manifestations; I'm not going to throw a party when people get their first vague impression, but nevertheless coaching and training people to operate and grow in the spiritual gifts is much more fun than oppressing and discouraging them or causing them not to.

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 man now living in up-state New York and had an ability to prophesy for an hour or two non-stop if you let him. He would get into a 'flow' we called it—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 when I was there, and this one time he prayed for me and said he saw me 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 decided I needed to go to Arizona. I had some distant relatives there

but also maybe it was the exact opposite of where I lived in every way. I began making plans, looking for direction and purpose in my life—looking for an excuse to run away was maybe more like it, but Vaughn had prophesied it so I went up to him after to clarify. “You saw me in a desert?” I asked. 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 for so many people—I wouldn’t have!—or I hope he was tapping back into the Spirit to replay the word he gave me? But anyway he finally he shook his head slowly and said mystically, “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!! Let’s go! Woo hoo! How soon can I leave!

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

I later recognized immature believers always lean towards physical, literal and immediate interpretations of prophecy. It’s not always so!

So no, I never went to Arizona. But what did happen was within a few months, maybe a year after this word I was left out in the cold without a church or any real Christian fellowship and all the things that once supplied God’s living water to me were cut off and now I was isolated, spiritually dry, emotionally desolate—my life was a meaningless, purposeless landscape, almost like a being in a ... BINGO!—*desert*.

I then realized 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 move!

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 real personal identity, no stable position and I had repressed myself such a long time to remain in an immature role but it was harder and harder to continue to do that and really I just wanted to be myself and be treated like an equal, like an adult, which I was.

## Chapter 7: I'll Give You Whatever You Ask For

So there was another traveling minister I met who had been all over the world and planted hundreds and hundreds of churches. He visited once 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 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 to take over his itinerant ministry when he soon retired. Now their third visit but this time David came alone walking in the ministry of his predecessor.

I, by this time, had been with this church for three years. I knew God was speaking to me, I knew I was prophesying, and I needed to find my own position and yes, my life companion. The pressure was building and it was time for things to change.

So David visited our church that Sunday but also had small meetings in other places in other towns. 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 and everyone has something to contribute. I played a worship song I had written myself and never shared with anyone, not even anyone in our own church! Then other people shared impressions from the Lord, prophetic words, etc. — he was encouraging us to step out!

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, **especially in the silence 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 before—**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! That's exactly what David said God wanted to lead us into! And here it was already happening!! Amazing!

One lady however later 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! But to me this was a breath of fresh air and the Spirit of God was openly flowing so freely! But maybe some people were not ready for that deeper level of intimacy yet?

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 indeed 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 it was quite safe. And so I calmly said it, that God wants to lead us deeper into worship, beyond words and songs even into the silence between songs.

There! 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 harshly rebuked!

First Sarah started to vent all her frustrations against me mostly about me 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 women 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 over 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. Anything could happen! 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 absurd 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—a bigger mess I mean—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 continued to play 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 into deeper 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 into deeper 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 all that. I felt again it's a good way to take a break, have an intermission, get some popcorn, you know: clear my head, let me catch my breath, dry my eyes ... but he said again he didn't ask me to do that.

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 wrong, 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 God for an impartation of. 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 Spirit, what I later to understand is 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 but it shows me that we must become more aware 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 and even indoctrination. Jesus came to set the captives free, not give them a theology degree, but the inner healing of their hearts and the Freedom knowing the Spirit intimately is itself what leads to being able to embrace correct doctrines and right theology! There's so much I want to say on this!

## **I Only Teach the Word of God!—Are You Sure?**

And 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 any opinion they have. Jesus actually told us this.** Citing a verse after making an opinion does not mean you have 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 best way I found to be free from the flesh within us affecting our doctrines is to be consciously, openly, objectively and intelligently taught from the Holy Spirit and learn from him what HE says and thinks is so. It is not enough to have a vague 'feeling' or mere 'leading'—no, this will not suffice. **People need to be taught by God: openly, consciously, intelligently.** We also can do this if we have had our human heart replaced by 'the Heart of Christ,' our minds by 'the Mind of Christ,' but that is even more supernatural than just being taught by God in Spirit,

but either way we can overcome the corruption of the Flesh by walking in the Spirit, not only because we throw a verse behind our opinions.

### **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 maybe he never had healed from that wound himself? But a Newfoundland native living in rural New Hampshire? We are independent, self reliant, resilient. I wish we were less so sometimes 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 maybe? 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, E, F, and G ... He turns all things around—meaning sometimes things get knocked round backwards! Our failures didn't catch him by surprise and no, He didn't cause us to fail either, but he knew we were going to, even before we were born! He saw it all coming even if we didn't—but not to worry, he has a beautiful way out! He kept saying this. And the Word says He will turn all things around for good and so 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 forever. 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 they were just 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 advice. But I cannot fault him for any of this—I was the one who asked for this on New Year’s Day, didn’t I? *Oops!*

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, he later told me. We still only see in the past what we want to see, Jesus said. Only through Him can we see truly, be healed enough to face the facts and with him find the strength to learn from the past and correct the wrong course we are sometimes on.



## 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 message ... but it wasn't the Lord. It was just a lot of hot air. What a terrible revelation to bear witness to ... and no, I never went back.

And I tried but I could not deal with my broken heart in a mature way. 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 towards New York City and a huge procession of bikers in leather blocked the intersection in a very long procession as I waited and waited, feeling like I was falling.

## **Falling**

But I could not understand how anything I was doing was God's will anymore. I remembered the prophecies, the interpretations of so

## Chapter 8: You Will Travel Far From Home

many previous visions was so plain, and the pastor's daughter was clearly 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 my law school graduation ceremony actually. Oh, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Everything in our courtship was really so awesome ... perfect! Ideal! 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 had just signed our marriage contract in the registry near the famous waterfall in Victoria Park and going home we were now riding a double-decker bus, sitting 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 anyway it had been winter and very cold, and so now it being spring I wanted to show her where I used to SCUBA dive and some other 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 our 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 crossed 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, enveloping me like a cloud.

### **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 I was doing 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

## Chapter 8: You Will Travel Far From Home

presence—everything seemed to have a prophetic significance, like I was watching myself, listening to myself and recording everything around me in hyper 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 unusual presence like that I knew this trip was itself a prophetic message. So the way she was acting was probably symbolic of something, but symbolic of what? We all joke about getting directions and maps and common misunderstandings between men and women but that's not what was going on. So being in the Holy Spirit's enveloping presence like that I just kept watching everything very carefully—and kept on driving.

We drove through some beautiful areas and by such pretty, large Colonial-style family houses with such beautiful roses and lush gardens with no idea of where we actually were—but 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!

Upset and continuing her tirade 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!* But yes still talking!

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, 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 just going to be upset this way.

My heart sank and I was about to give in and just turn around and 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! *W-O-O-S-H!*

"WOW!! Amazing!" she said! It really was too!

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 brought her here to see, 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 successful careers and money and thing—but we would actually find Him.

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 road 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—even after finding the Lord in such a personal way—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 for me, 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 with it yet.

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 very first try, only the water did not jump quite as high as when I did it, and God spoke, "**She will be exactly like you, only a little less.**"



## Chapter 8: You Will Travel Far From Home

Amen! So 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, serve him together, be happy and successful as a couple. But that's what I heard or at least believed. All he said was that she would one day 'be just like me only a little less.' Later Jesus told us, "I'm not saying everything you think I'm saying." Funny how we hear. Jesus even said that, be careful how you hear!

And 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. But actually he was giving me options!

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 trip 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 ministers 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 otherwise.

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! I don't even know why!

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 and began speaking in tongues! 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 specific and perfect will for me to set up a seawater fish 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 Mainland China 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 for 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 also 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 and 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’s word, but it seemed like I sensed that it was coming from an angel.

But 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. The publishing market for Filipinas was all tabloids, very trashy ones, and of very poor quality.

A week later, same day, same doorway, same voice, **"Do the magazine."**

Now I had specific direction from God! 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, better stories and real advertisers lined up. It was going to be really 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 so upset that I was doing such a stupid thing! Was it just to ogle Filipina girls? Did I have a girlfriend? Was I crazy?—it was none of the above. God spoke!

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 on my own!

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 finally 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, doing everything! It was awesome!

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, one 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 instead! 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 disastrous 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 and pay your lawyer 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 legal fees upfront by law, and my very cash-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. Just go home!'

The magazine in their hands of course collapsed within an issue or two ... but within a few weeks the talk of the town was Sir Gordon's bridge-tunnel project idea. 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 only came to be ONLY because of my story. But by then I was already out.

## 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-story '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, new partners, 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 to my wife of the magazines being stolen from me. 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 and I decided I needed to

just 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 from 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 said I think I need to go back to the US and asked God to speak to me through his word. I opened up the Bible randomly and it opened up to Jeremiah 42, I immediately saw verse 10 which reads:

**‘If you will still remain in this land, then I will build you** and not pull you down, and I will plant you and not pluck you up. For I relent concerning the disaster that I have brought upon you.

The verse continues:

<sup>11</sup> Do not be afraid of the king of Babylon, of whom you are afraid; do not be afraid of him,’ says the Lord, ‘for I am with you, to save you and deliver you from his hand. <sup>12</sup> And I will show you mercy, that he may have mercy on you and cause you to return to your own land.’

<sup>13</sup> **“But if you say, ‘We will not dwell in this land,’ disobeying the voice of the Lord your God, ... ‘If you wholly set your faces to enter Egypt, and go to dwell there, <sup>16</sup> then it shall be that the sword which you feared shall overtake you there** in the land of Egypt; the famine of which you were afraid shall follow close after you there in Egypt; **and there you shall die.** <sup>17</sup> So shall it be with all the men who set their faces to go to Egypt to dwell there. They shall die by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence. And none of them shall remain or escape from the disaster that I will bring upon them.’

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

But 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, but 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



## Chapter 9: The Blessed Village

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 vibrant 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 frequent divorce threats became regular demands.

The irony of the illogical arguments about leaving me for not having a job when I was at school working in a year contract! 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 one-and-a-half 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 Battery Life! And with his help we were still holding it together ...

But then SARS hit.

### **SARS 1**

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, often called SARS 2!

My school was the first in the City to close in fact since we had the first student who got pneumonia that month—it wasn't SARS he caught but just normal pneumonia, but which is still quite lethal, but I just 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 but I was on paid leave! Who's getting paid now!!!

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**—not *yet*?

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 next?

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, which 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.

I had put all that behind me, putting it out of mind because, well, I was already married. I already had a 'mate.' But it was still literally coming to pass—but it could not be true also. How could this be!?

Also in the dream the next thing was three scenes with my old pastor's daughter. If you recall, first, it was me and her and her mother who was interfering with our relationship. I left and there were two more scenes. 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 was when we got along so well we had a supernaturally prepared companionship.

By this time in my life I had heard the pastor's daughter I liked so much before had also gotten married and I had no desire or consideration to go back to the States to try to make it work out! But, but, but maybe she'd get divorced, right? And then I can get divorced too, right? And then ... no, no, NO! Just STOP it! That's just crazy talk! So to me this dream just made no sense, even less sense now. How could it be from

true anymore? But inexplicably the first part where I could not write anything more modern than old farmers' things was clearly playing out and literally happening to me right now.

I just threw up my hands! I understood in part, only in part, but for the rest of it I was totally falling apart!

## **An Expat Enclave**

Anyway, our side of the 'Blessed Village' was mostly foreigners, which in Hong Kong are called 'expatriots,' or just 'expats,' 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, Nora, one of the few actual Cantonese in our whole street. 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 was 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 to Hong Kong's Big Buddha. They were also Christians, such genuine and nice people who had very nice children as well!

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 and 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 again over that season. Then ... I finally saw Jesus.

## **Jesus, Take the Stage**

That's right. 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; other times with her period. I began to watch the calendar to prepare myself beforehand. But other times it was totally unpredictable.

So I would just wait them out, get some chocolate, wait for her to tire herself out after three hours, and I'm not exaggerating, and then she'd fall asleep crying, so I'd 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*. So 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.

First, it looked just like a stylized cartoon actually in the style of art I can compare to the illustrations in the Good News Bible maybe. But when I saw him I began to have convulsions! Not only could I not look at him—I was electrified, rather *electrocuted* and I could not look away from him either—I shook and shook uncontrollably watching a cartoonish play as He was just standing on a stage and things were upside down and then they turned right-way up—it was terrifying and painful to look at him but also impossible to look away, even though he only looked like a cartoon in appearance. But finally I broke out of the dream and sat straight up in bed—but I felt like I was now totally empty, hollow, vacated. I was delivered of both my anger and my taste for alcohol in that encounter and their presence leaving me left me feeling swept clean, empty but in a good way, like having been cleaned out of clutter and trash. I also always had a knot in my stomach—I felt that knot for years and years, but now it too was gone and I was yes, 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! The 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. Hong Kong is 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, but with a higher salary! It was an academic blackmail tactic for him to

## Chapter 9: The Blessed Village

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! I said. 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 in the first place! 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 just to do that. It began to bear fruit immediately and God gave me two visions and a dream about my income right off.

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 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! In NIV it reads, “Ask me, and I will make the nations your inheritance, the ends of the earth 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



it was reserved 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 up 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 that 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. [End of Vision.]

He also told me that week that if I would make up with my old pastor Patrick from New Hampshire, then 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 ft<sup>2</sup>—a small hotel actually. The upstairs wrap-around balcony overlooked the ocean and so we had nightly views of glorious sunsets, but on holidays it 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 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—it was the view of the ocean and shore of Panglao Island from our balcony—but in reflection. This means 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 your sex life? 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!

### **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 now. 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 no longer bring their kids to Hong Kong. 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.

Then the next day working 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 regular adult Christians?

And it was like a BOMB of JOY 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 working 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, but this would be a real 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 like that but 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. The captain is supposed to go back, land, change the crew, take on a fresh team, a new plane, but the pilots did not want to do all that and made the same ladies get back on the new plane and go all the way to Australia, an 8-hour flight after the very scary engine fire. Then 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 in Hong Kong, 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?” I clarified.

“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, taking 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 very 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 in her heart 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 by then 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 just 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**

Did you hear that?! Did you hear what God just said? EVERYONE can hear his voice if they would just quiet themselves down and listen!

Well, 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.”

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“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....”

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“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....”

So many wonderful conversations and 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; second, the continued 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 continued teaching of us and his preparation of our future calling, whatever that was!

And now things were about to get really, really interesting!

## “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. It had 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?

But the question 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." The price to walk with God in a high calling is high. But that would not deter me.

## **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 entirely but God had been moving right there like this 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 same phrase, burned into my memory from reading that word, 'A

Special Woman For You' so many times over and over, **"I have plans for you to prosper and not harm 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



## Chapter 11: You can be a Prophet, if you want to

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, 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.”**

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 a close friend 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 help as teachers 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 do anything at all since people can be full use useless knowledge, like empty coconuts, and still can't teach God's word properly. He only raised 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 anyway!

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 the heart of the Holy Spirit towards him, and for lack of a better term God 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 that pastor's ministry and 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 called Adobo, and everyone was so eager to eat it! But when I smelled it, it made me sick. I couldn't eat one bite. The recipe calls for several ingredients but also 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 so 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,' instead of 'pot-luck' and I had adobo again it was so good!! It's like a barbecue soy sauce with 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 probably at least once or twice every week. It's really good!

But also 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 worshipping 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, but it was not an information or teaching session so much as a practice and training group, what people now often call 'activation' sessions. 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 Kincs (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 tell people when 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 this:

### **"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,

## Chapter 11: You can be a Prophet, if you want to

alongside of you, your Aaron and your Hur.

“Praise God.” [End of word]

I think Shandy was only 18, maybe 20 years old. And many of the things he spoke still come fresh to mind every few weeks!

### **Setting the Captives Free**

And 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, but I also explain it more in Chapter 20 if you can wait a bit longer.

The description of the ministry of restoration described in Isaiah 61: to heal the broken hearted, release the captives, give sight to the blind ... the restoration this 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.

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. Isaiah 61 is not just the model of ministry for guided transformation, **Jesus told me it is the model of our new life!!**

Many years before way back in New Hampshire Elizabeth had prophesied to me saying I would learn many things from the Lord that would seem like separate ideas, like building blocks, 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 clueless but God would soon begin to tell me these secrets.

## Halloween Dream....

But 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 in a lot of denial and when she left I was still unprepared and totally confused.

In this Halloween Dream I was only wearing a bath towel. I mean I was naked but for the towel because I had so little money I could not afford anything for myself to wear. 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 even with my bare feet, 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 just a tiny stream. My wife was actually already sitting on the opposite bank, but she was resting her feet on this side still, that's first how small it was, but she was also still 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 to me.

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' was making me so upset, so 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 now knew I needed my mate to be with me to protect me as well! I was willing to go it alone if I needed to but I was unable to do this part without her with me.



## Chapter 11: You can be a Prophet, if you want to

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 in only one day of walking? And the river that had stopped us was not even noticeable on the map on the scale of the journey. [End of Dream]

A few months later our money totally ran out 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 my wife was hiding money**. It's preposterous! There was no money to hide.

So I shared this weird word innocently, I thought maybe it was merely symbolic of something but my wife 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. What money? And I'm not wasting anything! In the dream I remember she had 'provision' with her and then she said 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 his 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.

That 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!

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. This was many years before God ever mentioned making a theme park!

Lastly before I share those nice words from the Lord to my wife directly I'll mention going to the Tree of Life Church for the first time.

It was not really called that, but I want to protect their reputation so I'm going to call them the Tree of Life Church and I also changed the names of the pastors and other people when I mention them out of respect and in an abundance of caution.

But 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, which had just moved into a large office property downtown and I met with two people to discuss our project. One I will call Kurt Tomlinson, a musician, and son of the co-head-pastor Mike Tomlinson, (not their real names) and another lady, an American from the wealthy area of Discovery Bay. I had not spoken to 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 them. How had I lost touch with my American background so completely that I was uncomfortable even meeting other Westerners like this!

More on them in a few pages, but before I get too far ahead I want to share some of the words of prophecy we were hearing from the Lord over that time, and yes it mostly came to my wife directly.

## Have a Talk with God

So here's a few pages of personal prophecy and what we later called 'prayer journaling,' —most all of this 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 more about Tiara, 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.

## Chapter 12: Have a Talk with God

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 in Hong Kong and built a nice mansion in the Philippines! God really blessed her!

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:**

And this is one of the special early conversations my then-wife had with the Lord that I really cherish and want to share with you:

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 of 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 which I'll share in a bit. And also 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!

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.'"

He answered, "I know; you will."

Then he taught us about faith.



## **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 this:

"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 that I imaged all these years him to be.

And I remember later when I was writing the first edition of the book on Communion (hearing God's voice) 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 streamlining the text, taking way key spiritual words and substituting easier common terms that regular people understand more easily they think (but really misunderstand so often). 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 we 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, a natural result of him speaking to us. **And again 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 4:2-3a—

## Chapter 12: Have a Talk with God

“<sup>2</sup>For indeed the gospel was preached to us as well as to them; but the word which they heard did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in those who heard it. <sup>3</sup>For we who have believed do enter that 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 and maybe unwillingness to stand in faith.

The big learning here to me was that God’s promises do not just come to pass on their own. God’s promises are *on offer* but are only claimed, received, laid hold of and enjoyed by the people investing FAITH in them.

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 the Spring season and then 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 it in order for it to come to pass. I had seen dreams of snowfall and people acting badly because they had no faith that God had a plan for them. The promises of God had not begun to melt, so they wrongly figured they were void or had failed. No, they just needed to invest faith in them to see them melt so they would 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’ to be healthy, pay the rent or stop the chaos? 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 there are so many others, especially personal promises, which are! 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 was willing AND ABLE to teach me his views on it.

The effect this had on me was to make me very skeptical and unable to teach with confidence any doctrine or belief that I previously had but which I had not yet heard Jesus confirm to me. This uncertainty 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. I never wanted to teach Man's inaccuracies again! 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 pridefully 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, and simply say it's so because they follow their opinions with a verse.

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.



## 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! He was teaching me about ministry, the Kingdom, about myself, our future calling but only vaguely, and just so many daily topics!

But I soon had two dreams within a few days of each other where God first said I must not waste any of my time and I need to 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 slight, even a perceived mistake! Stone first and investigate later! 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 through God's eyes, 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 I knew 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 in the group, 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 before. 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 out to God—it felt like a furnace of fire—but he later said he was simply 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 in Hong Kong was 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 quite regularly on weeknights either at my house or at his.

But 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 or 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.

Funny that God so loved this pastor who he also was calling out the sin in! I kept seeing God do this. For people it's not like that, it's all

or nothing in a way usually. They love you or hate you but God can love you and still admit when you are acting in sin. I've seen it several times now and you think about loving your enemies, praying for those who persecute you. Why? Because God loves sinners. Because we are all the same, saved by grace! Because we are all one big family. Wow.

### **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 9 and 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 first issues of three 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 businessman whose home group we used to go to years ago and he invited me often to this mid-week prayer meeting in town for businessmen. 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!—20,000!

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 before that 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 was 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 for that environment. Later when I shared this dream someone said their church was built on a foundation of prayer many years ago. But I think along the 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.)

## Chapter 13: Class is Almost Over

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 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—broken, worn—but many others had special gifts and callings—that’s the ‘special shells’ I knew were very valuable in the dream, but these leaders failed to recognize their worth.

Then two of the leaders began joking about the shells, and they each picked up a shell 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 quite 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 foot or so in thickness and maybe twenty feet long or so, and had decided they were going to use it, just the way 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! And like I said, dangerous!

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, 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 didn't want to cause a commotion but felt it was an important revelation for their core direction and a church that embraced prophecy like them would surely want to know and would 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, the ball 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 and God asked me to republish it, which was previously re-published by Gwen's group! But this was still a few years before that.

## **Prophet Jim Smith**

Anyway, about this time another visiting prophet came to Hong Kong to speak and was hosted by that same church. He was 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 to give as well.

## **Just Because I'm Near You**

But first, he taught a few sessions on Saturday about being a prophet, which I was very eager to attend. During one of the meetings 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 began to 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 here 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 prayed for me again and saw a vision 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, being defensive maybe. 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 to me for evil 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 to me that is what He meant by the DYNAMITE. He said, God's will for my life which was delayed will suddenly manifest one thing on top of another and all that was stolen will just be given back almost all 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 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, many years later!

### **Everything Before—Was done 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 can that be? But that's clearly what he said. But what then is the Flesh exactly?

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 mostly carnal**: 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, in Man's ways, the carnal mind.**

And to explain that better just a little later God clarified and told me the 'flesh' is these five things. **The Flesh is: the human level understanding, the human level intellect, human level perception, human level motives and human level desires.**

Now that makes a lot of sense actually! It's simply the normal heart and mind of man, the natural heart and mind at work. And I'm glad to know it now! It's a valuable lesson to people! It's a valuable lesson to me! And so I try to share it as often as I can!

### **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 exact word God gave him to share!

His prophetic word for Hong Kong was that the city was ... a royal diadem in the Lord's 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 already 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 mean his body was standing right here in the office next to me—but somehow his spirit was in a heavenly place at the same time.** I saw myself standing in a corridor a little ways behind him in an area that was a little less illuminated, like I was down an access corridor, hidden from full view of the council which he was openly conversing with—I saw **several circular tiers of chambers each like an arched alcove made from ancient arched stonework** which rose up in layered stories extending in rows one on top of the other right up, out of my sight!

Then I suddenly realized that some of these counselors could see me and knew who I was and I wanted to hide! And surprisingly mostly they were not angels! It was people—glorified prophets, saints of renown and elders in heaven—I knew there were a few angles up above too but mostly it was human ministers in the cloud of witnesses who have now gone on to glory before us who were giving him counsel. They were still active in ministering to the people living on the Earth! I had no understanding this was even a thing!

And like I said when I realized they could actually see me I wanted to run and hide—but not Jim! Jim was just standing right out there in the middle of the circular chamber conversing freely with all these holy beings to hear their advice and to prepare his message. He certainly didn't need my feeble prayer to 'back him up.'

I 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** and was there right now getting their wisdom to do his ministry here on Earth! I never even imagined such a thing could be so!

But have you ever read in Hebrews 12: ‘... **that we have now come** to Mount Zion ... and to the assembly of the firstborn ... to angels but also **to the spirits of righteous men made perfect ...**’ Not that we are headed there *someday* but that *we have come* to it (and them) *already!*

Seeing that council was beyond astounding—*SHOCKING*. I have no words to describe my feelings about seeing that! And just who was this guy anyway! Jim! Just a regular, quiet, humble lay-minister in the Anglican church in London who had a minor role. He had an orphanage in Africa too, but he was just a very humble man ... but one serving as a real prophet of the Lord. That just astounded me! Amen!

### **You Don’t Even 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!

## 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 from Africa, Sri Lanka and Nepal. 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 soon was lured to a meeting far out in the New Territories to discuss supporting my ministry, and pastor Mike was asked to come as well ... but actually it was a secret council called together to rebuke me for rebellion. It was very bitter and 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, which is why they requested for Pastor Mike to come—but they didn't need to work so hard to stress our relationship—prophecy would do it for them soon enough. But they tried their best anyway. God bless them!

## **Serving the Filipino Ladies**

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 Filipino church ... and so we inherited a ministry of the five or seven middle-ages Filipino ladies (Filipinas) who stayed with the Tree of Life but who now all wanted to be in charge. So to model servant leadership 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 they 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 Eunice, 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 his 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 11, Amos 3, 1 Corinthians 13, 2 Chronicles 20:20, etc. There was no sharing of prophecy during worship however, as God often leads and many churches allow. They 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 surely in the multiple 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, or stubborn me? Or was it because I would not seek God deeper if I had money security, or was Satan just blocking it all? 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."** He sounded disappointed with me for my lack of trust and my doubt and yes, sounded a little upset.

But I just couldn't face all the issues or 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. But I was the one who finally just got up and left. Yes, but his plan just seemed impossible! They hated me! It wasn't my fault. Or well, maybe it was? OK, just forget everything—I don't want

to talk about it! I was going through so much healing and maturing and was calming down in my anxiety over not understanding everything. We know in part and I was going to try to trust God with the part I didn't know and so I just kept going forward day by day, keeping my head down: learning, growing, healing, 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. The gates were shut, we had no income, it was so hard to know what to do. Is faith really that hard? Sometimes maybe. To me it was.

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.

In the Bible 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 and plan of salvation and the Kingdom it was meant to lead them into—so he had to treat them in the way they needed to be treated—maybe it was the only way to help them break free?

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, maybe just don't cast your pearls before swine? Maybe God only reveals his heart to people who are close enough to him to be willing to understand Him? He once told me if people won't 'wrestle' with him he can never really free them or mature them or use them mightily. I don't know how else to understand why he spoke this way to me, but I do know this for certain, our God is an emotional God.

## **HKI—Journal of Prophecy and Intercession**

So 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 we ought to share and I remember thinking what we really needed was a prophecy magazine. 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. I still kept a very accurate record of his word to me but at one point he even said **He would soon 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 it was 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, and what Prophet Jim

said, 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 coming from the Demonic Spirit of Traditional Religion** (what we call the religious spirit), which prevents all new ministries from coming forth. This was also against God TV (a new ministry 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.

Then 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 only 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 one was a young lady, 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 had just gotten 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 and money stress definitely was and 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 (im) maturity.

In the dream I was 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 really attractive? Am I ready for this intimacy yet? And I was not! Then he put his hand on my inner leg, and ran it right up my inner thigh, the whole way up, up, up until ... 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 on this maybe later.

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' as we called it, which he calls just having fellowship with him and 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 on our own and have our own take on it but many are discovering the same thing and it is for EVERYONE to hear God's voice! This happening all over the Earth is going to be awesome!!

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 already watering—it's

watering again just sharing this—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.” (ESV)

I understood what 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, but anyway that’s what He said.

So there was just so 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. That was 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, which I had never heard another human teach before. I now meet people who do understand it this way, maybe you do, 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 about us. Very hurtful lies and wild rumors began spreading about me

in the small community; many of these things were not half truths, they were outright lies.

And because I had helped her out so much for so long that this was a personal insult 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.

Once doing this I saw a vision of the Throne of Grace which I write about 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, but also that you don’t usually see it, but this is where you’ve 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 later. 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 empowering flow of God’s Spirit—it’s 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* which he asked me to write and share.

Simply put, people who are misbehaving lack the grace/strength to act right. They often KNOW what they ought to do but don’t have the STRENGTH of character from God to act it out. Grace is not permission to sin, but the power given by God to overcome it and stop sinning. Healing, deliverance, prophecy, wisdom, maturity all come from receiving from the flow of his nourishing Spirit of grace. Like I said it is the word Paul used for the Anointing. This is an incredibly important revelation but still, the real thing I want to share about over this time was receiving inner healing and how it so greatly affect my prophesying.

## Cleansing Stream to Hearing God in 'Communion'

One of the elders, Eunice, 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 Church 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 group 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 help with 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 was going on around me, a sharp kind of discernment as I still called it.

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.

The second time going through the seminar it was the same effect. My 'gift' got dialed down again 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 – better than only hearing him with the gift.** I was becoming friends with a God whom before I only heard from, or 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! That shift took about probably 12 months in total and it happened in clear stages as I went through that inner healing seminar. So my 'gift' seemed to be off, but what I found instead **was what we called '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 is that I was simply communicating with the indwelling 'abiding' anointing of the Holy Spirit who was always with me. This is 1 John 2!

<sup>20</sup> But you have been anointed by the Holy One, and you all have knowledge.

—and —

<sup>27</sup> 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 is not a counterfeit]—just as it has taught you, abide in him. (ESV)

This verse describes a reality I was 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, the separation in their hearts. 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 New Testament as well. Their hearts are hard and dull. But when they turn to face the 'Lord,' by which he means the 'Spirit,' that 'veil' of separation and ignorance is removed. The text actually says that the word 'Lord' here means the 'Spirit.' So it is when people turn to face the Lord in Spirit, or to face the Lord AS the 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 with 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 is what causes us to be TRANSFORMED into his image, from Glory to glory. It's just so obvious! This is the effect of enjoying mature intimacy which I could do only after my broken heart was healed.

And no, it does not matter what you call it—we called it ‘communion’—Jesus calls it simply having fellowship, people say it Soaking, some call it Journaling, but whatever you call it, it allowed us to experience a direct fellowship with God through the Holy Spirit that was simply beyond anything I had ever imagined was possible!

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! Wow, we actually found it!! My wife did first and I never even told her about the Irish!

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 like I said Jesus said, **“You call that communion, but I just call it having fellowship.”** Whatever you call it, it is a true Gem of the Kingdom!

## 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 just reading it and the Lord spoke saying, **“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 to do for some unknown reason, 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 recouped pretty much the bulk of the cost of printing all

## Chapter 14: Fitting Right In!

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. I 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 of 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!**

I'm still listing the dreams and visions from that Summer of 2006, and that's when I dreamed I was in class, so bored with the classwork that I began hacking through the forms, getting past them, looking at how the whole thing works underneath the surface and people said, Don't do that! But I was doing it! —then people began to get up and leave and there was a loud announcement: "CLASS IS OVER!" —as a huge rushing wind filled me and I sang to God, "My identify is you." [End]

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 got on the train and the Russian Mafia were trying to kill us! We evaded them and I climbed the mountain above the terminus to see where my wife went. Oh, there she was, *waaaay* out in the ocean! She left us and went so far, far away, but well, it seemed she could still make it back if she wanted to. And 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 squished and oozed water like the mountain was made from a huge sponge. The water was the Holy Spirit. [End]

And 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 requires 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 which I published in the HKI journal. I won't share it now but the **Kingdom is made for children** and some people 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 would not stand near me and was no longer even talking with me, but she still respected me as a prophet and would not speak badly about me in public. I didn't understand it at that 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 Jack, the son of pastor Henry Greenhurst, and he was weaving a little in traffic, 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 we were still moving. The rain water was high in the street, maybe already six inches high, but the bus was so big and powerful it just didn't matter! We kept right on going right through the storm! [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. There was more but that was the main thing. [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 of somehow would now pass to me; 2. the Current of Holy Spirit flowing through me like a river; 3. me and my daughter were sailing, but my wife would not join us and in fact she was holding the boat's 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 and was pushing the boat out—but she was holding it back and everything was shaking under the strain. I think she finally let go and the boat took off into the wind without her. Two other dreams I'll skip. [End]

## **You are 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 it began and 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 way 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 about it—and actually that was just perfect with me!

This was so cool! And scary! But I bet it's going to be a lot of fun though, right? Right? I forgot he said the price/burden would be high, not that it would have mattered to me anyway! But what fun adventures awaited me now? Inwardly I was giddy with excitement.

Meanwhile we kept leading the One Body Filipino ministry and so were a part of all leaders' meetings and were so eager to serve we 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! Even leaders!—but that'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 the transition fully but meanwhile many sometimes turbulent things were still going on around me.

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.

## Chapter 14: Fitting Right In!

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 in education or ministry 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 ohhh'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-type activities, 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 similar and about training or education. God didn't tell me what His plan was, but it seemed like it would take the exact same resources or time or people to do. **But what was clear was that God was saying it was one way 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 and so would not position themselves to be able to act on God's will when the time came to move. Lord, 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—what were my true motives in sharing this?—but then I felt, well, it's better to simply share it. Ezekiel 33 and all that. OK, some people may not be familiar with the verse. In KJV it's this:

<sup>2</sup> 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:** <sup>3</sup> If when he seeth the sword come upon the land, **he blow the trumpet, and warn the people;** <sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> **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.**

<sup>6</sup> **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.

<sup>7</sup> **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.**

<sup>8</sup> 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.* <sup>9</sup> 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.

We sat down and before I even 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 then 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 God did this so it would now be up to them to seek 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 for the first time just at that very

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 so I repeated, "The word God told me was simply 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 highlighting 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 the Lord showed me his grief.

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 one 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 to show 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 say they 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 knows EVERYONE and EVERYTHING about them, and really has so much he wants to say! **He really is the Word of God!**

### **Vegetable Words and Fruit Words**

Or can one person hear all God wants has to say? Well one evening **He said 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, etc. These teachers were also taught by other 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 were translated into some other human language. But what did he mean in ancient Hebrew? Could he even express what he heard God say accurately back then? And so what are the best words to describe this now in a modern and often vastly different but still human 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 God said or what Moses heard or what he wanted to convey.

However, there are people whose hearts are pure and they can learn from God directly and will know with certainty what God meant and what Moses tried to say, even to being 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 to allow Him to do this. It was more specific than that and I can explain it in more detail maybe, but the Lord says to skip it.



## Chapter 14: Fitting Right In!

The second idea was that as God speaks his prophetic word over the Entire Body each one only ‘hears’ one part of the overall message because each has their own ‘zone’ or ‘department.’ The same way that in a large grocery store he showed me 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 Huge Word and it spreads out over the whole community of the Body but some of it goes to the ‘vegetable’ prophets, some of it goes to the ‘fruit’ prophets—meaning plainly that not all prophets are ‘fruity’—some are more like ‘vegetables’—I couldn’t help myself with that one, but yes, that is 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 in the Spirit brings a special kind of blessing.

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 still.

But this 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.

So I saw those two ideas in a *flash*—like in the blink of any eye!

## **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 own 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 of new content, 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 I published were from people who posted once, and never again. So I felt I still 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 to do this!**

## **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.

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 to say '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 for it: that's the very basis of the Sinner's Prayer in fact, asking Jesus to forgive you of your sins, for whosoever and just because they ask! But I just didn't see it from that point of view yet 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 service that night!

### **Small Beginnings and God speaking through T-shirts**

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 church 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. I was in line thinking about these things 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 by his shoulders 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?' But it was also exactly what I was worrying about at that very moment!

Around the same time I was also 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 young lady from Mainland China 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. I led her to see Jesus in visions and he ministered to her directly but it took many hours! The thing is the day after she left **the demon that was harassing her came to my house**—it was probably over 12 feet tall, and was shaped 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 and her identity and life decisions to the point of being suicidal, which is a common affliction of young people in Mainland China if you didn't know. I rebuked that thing and asked Jesus to fight for me and asked the angels to do the same.

But 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. I was just asking him to talk to me and help me with different things and this is what he said:

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."

## Chapter 14: Fitting Right In!

\* \* \*

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 (deep inside my heart).”

[Then I saw God moving within me to begin healing me of it.]

\* \* \*

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 The 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 freely and it begins to flow better towards the end.

But what he said was, "to bring all ideas / direction before the 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' Ministry and the Discovery of The Mind of Christ**

God asked me to start a training and equipping ministry and he asked me to call 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 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 do 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 it's 2 pm so it's going to rain, my arm

itches—you don't need to SAY these things to yourself, you just KNOW them and THINK 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, what's around you and in 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 actually so often 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 in mind and in thought.**

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 promised me 30 years ago—but I'll get to all that in just a second.)

So the Father has unlimited omniscience for every atom in the



## Chapter 14: Fitting Right In!

universe, but the Son does not need to bother with such details right now; he is on assignment in a specific location, for certain individuals, 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!

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!—But *all creation* can hear when he speaks!

### **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 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 were 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 and at the same time* but would not tell anyone and also 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 of 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 this is a very real danger we are all facing right now and I want to warn you.

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 and so I was not to share anything else with him. [End]

Around that time there was a very good and 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 these things now publicly for the first time but only so you can get a better context for that I am about to share next: three chapters of the actual prophetic words for the Tree of Life Church.

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 the Lord 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 God said. 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, 2009, 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.

So I came back by myself 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 and gravel. 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!

I later realized I had seen these hills in the vision from Jim Smith!

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 put 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 no longer with me and who 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, he knew the way! But he took a very treacherous path—didn't he see I had kids with me!? That's incredibly dangerous! So I just went straight forward on my own and had to climb over many obstacles but once over them I saw an angel

## Chapter 14: Fitting Right In!

holding a large set of keys. He handed them to me saying, “Nothing has been lost; everything has been preserved.” These were keys I lost or gave up to follow the Lord! 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! God has a plan, a beautiful way out, a future and a hope! Amen!  
[End]

But still, I need to get back to the main focus at this time which was the prophecies for the Tree of Life Church.

So 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.

This helped me see **the main difference between a Prophet and ‘those who prophesy’ which may have nothing to do with gifting after all.** It may simply have to do with obedience, being willing to stand in the gap and pay the price, being willing to give the word no one else dares to share.

Anyway and however you see it, these next three chapters is much of what the Lord walked me through to serve him in this way.

## Words for the Tree of Life Church 1: Pergamum: Where Satan Has His Throne

God is warning me to be careful here.

So 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 expatriots 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 pride, 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.

## **The Flesh's Last Stand**

And at one point I actually felt the church seemed to finally be coming to its senses and 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, the same things we used to teach back in New Hampshire: Numbers 11:29, Amos 3:7, 1 Corinthians 12 and 14, 2 Chronicles 20:20, etc. I wanted to commend them for a great message and maybe I did. But it went downhill quickly 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 especially for people who are not in the prophetic ministry themselves and so 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 the lid of a box, **reaching in and pulling out handfuls of snakes from the church!**

## **"My Word for the Tree of Life IS Pergamum, and I'm SERIOUS."**

Then he gave me the word on Pergamum. This was not the first word God gave me about this church, the beach vision was. But this was the biggest and most detailed explanation of a prophetic word, and a biblical prophecy I ever shared as it explains the complex spiritual dynamics in great detail. Sorry if it's a little 'academic.' And I did edit a few points now as over the last 15 years or so Jesus taught me even more on the topic to further explain this situation, and I removed some things that are too pedantic—I just want to help you understand the issue.

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 that 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 saying, **“Oh, 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 Eunice 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 Eunice 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 written by 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.]

And so 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 its evil 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 on three sides, 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 Caesar 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** (mixing Biblical doctrines with the world, or worldly ways, especially in this case with regard to leadership issues, control and authority).

Constantine himself is one of the clearest examples 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 winning 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 Vinces*,” 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 was 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 became 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 (NIV)**

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, 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. Can the Gospel be spread using the sword using violence and murder as tools as was often done under the old 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 we preach. **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 main idea, which are:

### **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 certainly unquestionable. More in a few pages.

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 do these dissenters?

### **The Nicolaitans, whom God Hates**

**Then we have the "Nicolaitans" which plainly means someone who "rules the people like a tyrant,"** and refers to an authoritarian control spirit where the class of leaders hold themselves to be immune to rebuke or correction 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 unseen 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 (NIV):

"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.")*

## Chapter 15: Pergamum: Where Satan Has His Throne

*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 immorality 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 money.

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**—"Even so the Lord has commanded that those who preach the gospel should live 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 therefore can clearly be called both adultery and idolatry in leadership, 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 does it for personal benefit. Note: a false teacher has false doctrines, yes, but this is **because they operate from a sinful heart, wrong motives and carnal character**.

## **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 but doing so only *slightly*’;

4. The **Nicolaitan control spirit of the clergy over the regular people** makes leaders unaccountable as “lords” over the normal “unordained” 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 worship 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 and ministry instead of ‘Levites’ who are the real vessels chosen, equipped and anointed by God to teach and serve his people.]

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 in fact actually killed—but **martyrdom is not failure!** **Instead it is 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 correct 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 as well.

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,’ reaching the souls for salvation.** He says the wealthy withheld this support and lived in luxury while ‘condemning and killing’ those who did not oppose them. How so? By withholding crucial support: prayer, money, manpower?

Yes, so 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 simply because they lack basic support in various ways. Unsaved people think they are easy targets who cannot defend themselves because they obviously have no backing, no supporting group behind them and so no one will retaliate if they are harmed. God sees this all of course, but James still says they were condemned and killed because the rich withheld support from them. So 'Antipas' suffers in this polluted church environment, just as the Lord's true servants often do in the global mission field. Please take this to heart.

## 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 in the Kingdom of God.

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.**

[END of Original Text]

**So that’s the main text of what I shared at that time.** But over the next few years God continued to explain to this me, sometimes in great detail and asked me to include **Servant Leadership as one of the main Keys of the Kingdom** in *The Foundations of the Kingdom* teaching.

You see, if you want to be great—that’s fine. You can do it, but you must become like a child, like a servant of all to do so. This lesson on who is Great—even who is Greatest in the Kingdom is not only mentioned once in the New Testament. Not mentioned only twice. Most of our doctrines come from only 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:

<sup>39b</sup> ... “The harvest is the end of the age, and the harvesters are angels. <sup>40</sup>As the weeds are pulled up and burned in the fire, so it will be at the end of the age. <sup>41</sup>The 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.** <sup>42</sup>They will throw them into the fiery furnace, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. <sup>43</sup>**Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father.** He who has ears, let him hear.” (NIV)

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, right?!

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 in 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 he also gave me two dreams back then 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 and it was easy for me to do. So I didn’t drink alcohol anymore—Oh, wait! That’s not entirely true! There was that one time ...

I was helping pastor Mike apply to the government for a disused

court building so we could re-purpose it 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 and very extensive application process but 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 finally submitted it he invited everyone in the team, who were mostly unsaved young architects and engineers, to a celebratory meal in the Kowloon Tong Mall where his offices were. He asked me what I wanted to drink, a cocktail or glass of wine for a celebration toast.

I said, "Oh, 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 and didn'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?

Now 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 simply 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 as I got home 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 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 first. **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 (the people) that supported it.**

When I saw it, the violence of it's 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!!**

I had heard God say that **it was for the sins of Jeroboam that he was angry**. But I had no idea what that could possibly mean! I looked into it ... and found this referenced a time when after Solomon died and the Kingdom was split into two and Jeroboam Son of Nebat took 10 tribes and there are two real sins ...

First, he made idols in Bethel and Dan and competing religious feasts to prevent people’s loyalty from going back to the Lord’s temple in Jerusalem, which was under the control of his rival, Rehoboam, Solomon’s son. **So he set up idols to take people’s loyalty away from the Lord**. But I couldn’t understand what idols our church had made.

Second, Jeroboam allowed anyone to be a priest to serve his idols, so he set up a false priesthood of anyone loyal to him who would follow his new direction, probably ‘yes men’ and hirelings no doubt—and not exclusively Levites or Cohen priests as the Law of Moses clearly

commanded—we might say today that he allowed anyone loyal to him to be a leader in his church and was not mindful to only let people called and anointed by God to teach and minister to the people.

I still didn't understand what idol our church had made, and also how were there priests, or ministers, but not ones God had ordained who were teaching people and so leading them astray.

But then just a few minutes after seeing the Abusive Gorilla vision I saw another picture of the huge idol platform for the Big Buddha on Lantau Island in Hong Kong that now has the cable car going up to it—but in my vision 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 then thought it was the man-made, media-focused Ministry Brand itself, the trendy church “DNA” that was a platform 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 as I was so isolated I was mostly eager and happy to be invited to hang out and get to know each other better as friends, of which I really had none.

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 right there in the sandwich shop!

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 so very disturbed.

These visions happened that very next Sunday and this is what I heard God say next ... it is so terrifying I never shared it in print until much, much later.

After showing me the Gorilla, and the Idol Platform, 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, a church member Ben S. 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 God also 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 church goals the pastors wanted us to come 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 built 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)



## Chapter 16: Sinking in Quicksand

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 that was when the Lord said that **the intercessors were defending the very thing He was trying to remove** or take down. Anyway, here is the word...

The Lord: "Read Ezekiel."

Me: "Oh, my old friend!"

The 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?"

The 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 just so upsetting. A few days later one of the elders, John M., saw me in the lobby deep in thought and he asked me what was bothering me. I first looked at him. He won't listen to anything I say. So instead of pleading with him to repent I just 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 8:5, '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 for Christians! 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! Just incredible!

## **It Will Delay No Longer**

In 2008 or early 2009 I recall Eunice, the lead intercessor, saying that my visions are always a year or ten years down the road, meaning they are not important and really need to be shelved! But within just a day or so the Lord gave me a verse from Ezekiel 12. I shared it with her.

<sup>26</sup> The word of the LORD came to me: <sup>27</sup> "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.**'"

<sup>28</sup> "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.'" (NIV)

## **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 but just to 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 Mr N. 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 a false prophecy or me trying to subvert their goals or 'take over' their church!—But they just ignored it anyway.

## Two Giant Snakes in the New Building

I also had a vision of the new building they wanted to move into but I didn't share it yet with anyone. 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 at the belly, and maybe 20 or more like 30 meters 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 powers that still claimed it and which would pollute all the people who were unable to discern the spirit, protect themselves but still go there to worship.

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 M. again, was sitting by and 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.

## Chapter 16: Sinking in Quicksand

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 African 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 to do.

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.”**

## 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 that they just stole.

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 shrunk when I left) 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 two new elders, the businessman's ministry leader, a guy from Singapore, who voted to embark on TLC2.

## Chapter 17: Three Final Words

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 then into a bay behind the beach and boated out 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 a dream of pastor Mike riding a bicycle and he crashed so badly** it was just too 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 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 for his family. 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.

Later I was at someone’s house for a prayer meeting and the husband of Eunice, who teaches at a theological seminary, just turned on me and began to berate me directly about being a false prophet. “It’s a Wonderful Life” was playing on the TV in the background, and I saw over his head a structure of many wooded beams, man’s ideas, false concepts of God, etc. I saw that some had gotten onto his wife, the lead prophetic voice in our community—and when he started to attack me I told him what I saw over him and he shut up. I think it was the power of the anointing that made him stop. Then I saw a vision of him coming to discover there are so many people walking in the power of the Kingdom

he never imagined. He must have felt all this ‘spiritual stuff’ was for a fringe element, childish pursuits, silly ideas ... but it included his wife! Getting ready to leave we prayed for each other and I prayed with one of the other ‘prophetic voices,’ a law professor who now lives in Canada, and she shared the same word God gave her that moment about “the circus being stopped.” So I stopped her, why did you say that? She said she saw a circus, a carnival that God needed to put an end to! And so I pressed her, Why is it if I share a word that God will **“End the carnival in a day—and you’ll even miss some of the fun,”** that there’s something wrong with me and I’m a false prophet—but God told you the exactly same word, and now it’s true?!! She just stared at the wall.

This is actually exactly what Jeremiah complained about—he warned the people for 23 years but they just wouldn’t listen! It’s what God told Ezekiel, that to the people he was just like a singer with a beautiful voice, they came to hear him prophecy but never did what he said to do. It’s what James said, that people deceive themselves being hearers but not doers of his word. Is there anything new under the sun?

Then I also 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.** But 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.

## The Tree of Life is Sinking

I also dreamed that the Tree of Life was a sinking ship, actually two sinking ships (probably the original Tree of Life Center and TLC2). I was in the old office as it was sinking, and there were four men still in it, one looked like the elder John M. but everyone else had already left and gone to the larger ship which 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 but couldn’t find anything of value. Out the window I could see the other larger new ship already sinking, and knew my wife was there with my daughter but they were only there to get off—they were not in danger. Like they were not a part of the main crowd. But 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 an urgency to leave or risk drowning myself but before I did I told them, knowing they would soon die, “Listen, the only way to get to heaven is through Jesus,” and I gave them a kind of non-standard sinners’ prayer to pray so when they died they might actually get saved. Then I said, “OK, bye!” and 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. She shared:

"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 their chastisement!

## 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 and 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 if they already saw something similar, and it was nice to hear people talking about these things so I didn't feel so alone.

As the Lord had told me, "**Many opportunities have passed them right by,**" since they would not listen to the Lord's direction, they were not positioning themselves to catch his blessings or be ready to act on his words—but now their disobedience was getting more and more serious! 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, taking a share of the money and putting it in a secret bag under his desk, and the Lord called it 'illegitimate'—

In fact I recall one service when that pastor was being the emcee and started to introduce the speaker and stopped because he forgot something and actually said, "Oh! I almost forgot the most important part of the service—the collection!"

Someone had another vision and there was a knock at the door to his office and when the pastor opened it demons flooded into his office. Another vision was where the other pastor, Henry, was playing golf but slipped into the water trap and suddenly got into a 'battle' he 'miscalculated' and almost died (which later actually happened). Another friend had a dream of Pastor Mike sitting in a throne that was

being controlled and polluted by green demons, unclean spirits. So much confirmation, if you had ears to hear that is.

But I became aware and very concerned that they just wouldn't listen to anything I shared or the Lord speaking through me at all. So I prayed in earnest that if I was the problem, that they didn't respect me 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 they both 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 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 Eunice, 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. Eunice had the weapon I needed but no, she wouldn't use it herself and the bears took over.

I shared this vision with Eunice, but didn't tell her it was her in the vision, and I 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 over three or 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 me being upset** but that 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 and at our expense 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 copies and gave away many hundreds of copies of that as well. (And I was preparing to write the main teaching collection of revelations I call **Foundations of the Kingdom**, which the short book **Communion** was based on one chapter from.) I still had uncounted thousands of copies of the comic **Silver** in a warehouse I was still renting and was just sitting on the other magazines waiting for the opportunity to revive them as God had so emphatically asked me to do, once I found people to help me.

Wow, those teachings were such huge blessings to share with 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 that 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! Those Keys is the set of revelation I call *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 later in chapter 20 here as well.

... all this revelation came at a huge personal 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 just repent of their sin, idolatry and Man's ways and serve the Lord rightly? What justification could they possible give to defend such a decision? We needed more confirmation? We needed more time?
2. Then I was in the stairwell up by the offices during service that was so messed up, polluted and mixed with the spirit of the world that I could not stand to attend it anymore. I was up in the hallway by the interior staircase that linked the offices and the worship hall and **in the Spirit I heard the cries of many suffering people**, people who needed the ministry of the Holy Spirit to ease the pain and suffering in their broken hearts, for healing, for deliverance, 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 the cries of the people could no longer be heard 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 real help but it was time for the public service not personal ministry!

Mike walked by me followed by the boy who seemed like he wanted something from him 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 ministry ‘DNA’ and ‘doing church’ and performing their excellent music to rake in their huge collections to help the very people they 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 a 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 attending 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. Ha, what was the first sermon I heard there? “Let go of Saul, there’s a David right in front of you!”—indeed! But like Saul they preferred he leave and take with him all that God had given him!

## 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 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.

I don't really think what would have made any difference. Would they repent from their hearts if all this was made public? I don't think so.

Maybe these things were just to teach me, strengthen me and help me know how to pray? Maybe it was just all an academic exercise?

But no, I don't think so. God wanted and intended for them to repent and even said so. Their church did not have to fail. This was not just an classroom exercise!

But I still felt a fair amount of guilt that nothing I did bore any fruit. The Tree of Life did not have to fail, the Lord said plainly. But 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 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. There was still time to change.

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 *rebellious* and *just trying to take over their church*—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 people

### Chapter 17: Three Final Words

to minister in the power of the Kingdom and flow in the power of the Holy Spirit, and also to 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.

## Pastoring 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? The price however Jesus said to serve him in a difficult role can be high, very high sometimes. Are we still willing to pay it?

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 campus that God led me to asking me to *claim the property for His Kingdom*. A few 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 under 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.

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 then raise the rent. God said he had a new place for us, but it was a very tight housing market and we were on a very low budget and so he said to go start looking around now! I finally focused my efforts looking for a house in Mui Wo.

Meanwhile one time I was walking past the Discovery Bay Ferry where so many 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 many 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,**” He said. 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-made purposelessness. But I was always feeling down, deflated, like I lived under a constant blanket of darkness trying to put out my light. I was surely wrong for thinking like this and needed to see the blessings of God for what they were in truth and 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 already counting and recording and waiting 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 even in Mui Wo 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 large 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' from it, like the ones that were its bosses, and they were forcing it to re-fight me to retake the territory it had lost but God also allowed me to see its insecurity and fear! I saw that it knew I had already defeated it once and I clearly saw that it lacked confidence or even a willingness to try to fight me again but was being bullied into doing so by the higher-up demonic powers above it! I saw all this going on in its mind! So I just yelled at him, playing on his own fears that God had just revealed to me and I said, "I already beat you last time. What? Do you *really* think you can beat me this time? *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, and who even 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 the house 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 back down the edge of the valley and I 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 and across the small field that I was facing I could see my house right there behind a few overgrown bushes! The arguments we were having were being fueled by this witch and her demons. *Duh!* I prayed quite differently from then on.

Then one night my daughter 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." I considered that My mom was a math teacher, my dad was in Time Magazine for being a brilliant Engineer in the 70's and I wanted to be a physicist before focusing on writing in school. Not only that but 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 to 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 we laughed and she began to get ready to sleep and so I then turned to the demon which was still there, 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 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 the Tree of Life Church and so instead He was using me to train people, to pray and was teaching me his deeper revelations of the Kingdom and I remember God telling

me he would give me a sign about my calling and future 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 but it was a clear, fine day and I could not see anything out of the ordinary and was maybe a little disappointed.

They have a good Doppler weather radar system in Hong Kong which was shown on-line so you could track with very good precision where and when it would rain. Well that late afternoon before early evening, but still well before dark I was just relaxing in bed with my laptop and saw something incredible coming my way on the Doppler radar! It wasn't a storm, it wasn't raining anywhere but there was just one rolling line of clouds like a fat cigar or something but it had 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 in the house just in case we had a power surge but the laptop wi-fi was still working and I could continue to watch it on-line on my laptop 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 and it, well, it began to not really scare me yet, but maybe something pretty close. I left the bedroom to check on the rest of windows in the house but it was still 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 and there was at least one loud *C-R-A-S-H* every few minutes or so—and when that happened the old windows in the house started shaking and rattling and I was afraid some of the windows might actually get broken!

But I was thinking it's probably getting ready to dissipate but instead the lighting noticeably increased and the frequency of very loud strikes was now every few seconds! The strikes again became noticeably even more frequent and I can't describe to you what it was now like. There were clearly several lightning strikes every second by now—the flashing was like a strobe light but not like a steady pattern, it was still random and unpredictable but 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!" I said, but the noise didn't

stop. By now I was just plain scared.

Everyone would be startled by a lightning strike they didn't expect but this was now a constant barrage of thousands and thousands of lightning strikes, several flashes 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. Afterwards 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 over Hong Kong—it's most intense outburst was when it was directly over my house!!!

Prophetically 33 is how old Jesus was when he began his ministry, so the number can symbolize 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 terrified!

If this outburst of 33,000 strikes took an hour it would mean we experienced nine lightning strikes *every second*. That's more than you can count on your own. 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 again 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 directly over my house it may have been 30 or 40 or even 50 lightning strikes *PER SECOND*.

You want to see a sign from God, you say? You want a sign in the heavens, you say? You want one that's unmistakable, you say? Really? Are you sure? Well be careful what you ask for—you just might get it!

### **More 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—he revealed pride was the root

of her walk, at least at that time. Please 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 mention 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.

And I really don't want to share this. I'm debating sharing it at all. I'm not angry. It's not really even her fault. But people may need to know that God sees everything and nothing catches him by surprise.

So 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 our daughter and even some of 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 properly and was only wearing old pajamas that had big holes in the them! She was 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 to her, "You think you're married, but you're not!" She never wanted to take my name, never did, never applied for a US visa or Green Card either; she began to say that she hated America, and 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. It's a real problem James pointed out saying a double minded person is unstable in all their ways. God can surely calm every storm and solve every problem, but you first must be willing to ask him for help and to trust him during the process when it doesn't yet make any sense.

Another especially bitter situation arose concerning my mother. We only spoke once to twice a year anyway and she was not involved in any 'mother-in-law' ways in our lives at all, but my wife still held strong resentment towards her for raising me to be so 'American,' prideful and selfish—so unwilling to just get a job. But once we separated, wouldn't you know it but she discovered my mom was actually her best friend! Someone she could call often and confide in who would be a shoulder she could cry on who would listen to all her bitter complaints about her useless husband who was a religious man in public but in private was abusive and evil. Abusive, really? Yes, he won't just get a real job!

My own mother who prayed for God to USE ME turned on me as well and began to repeat the same accusations and obvious untruths my wife had been saying. But I didn't justify myself but just told her plainly to open her own eyes and see what was going on, especially that my wife

kicked her own daughter out of her own house thrice finally. Yes, I said, 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 say and think. My mom said, Yes, I know son, <sigh>, but you really do need to get a *real* job. Well, I HAVE a REAL job, I said. I work for God. That's what Jesus told me. You can imagine her reaction.

Knowing how upset this betrayal made me but also my disappointment at my own mother's almost willful gullibility, Jesus said, **"Don't you think I can be a better mother to you than your real mother?"** ... My mother died before we reconciled.

And I briefly mentioned that God showed a vision to 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 said very 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 to free her from all these things. The problem was not with the prayers I think but in her free will. God simply won't force us to repent and follow him. Witchcraft makes it all the harder, and God was exposing our hearts as well. But I tried and tried to rebuke, bind and cast out those demons again and again and again.

I began to see this one bear demon in my house often and I could bind it but I could not cast it out! One time I saw it, bound it, it froze and I commanded it in Jesus' name to finally tell me what it was doing here in my house; what was its assignment! "I am taking away your family happiness," it confessed. So 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 just could not break.

My wife often had outbursts especially when I was working on HKI specifically, the prophecy journal I mean—it drew a lot of warfare directly but the Father himself overshadowed me one day to tell me how important that journal was to Him! I won't get into it, but she began to try to deliberately sabotage its publication and I had to make sure she was not involved in any way at all to protect it from her. I won't talk about it any more than that. And God has even more plans than that for sharing the prophetic word he told me to do for him but I won't talk about all that right now.

## Dividing Sheep from Goats

One of the other words my wife had previously gotten a few times about the Tree of Life Church community was it as a Ship leaving the World but once it began to hit stormy water it turned back to the world for safety, for money or for their other desires. I published a few of these words 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 unless God said to!

But sadly as things began to get worse my wife had the vision I shared before of the ground splitting, separating the sheep from the goats and while she was standing with us, the sheep, her heart was being pulled away with the goats. She saw that the ground would begin to really separate wider and wider and at some point the anchor of her heart to the camp of the goats would suddenly pull her off her feet and she would fall away from the camp of the sheep completely.

She shared God told her this herself.

We prayed as much as we could, at least I did, but 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 remain ready for action! 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 also 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 fully woke up.

But soon my wife refused to go to that church either, or to any church for that matter. 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 then make it public before the church ... 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 herself the help she needed, so I had to carry her there like a lifeless doll.

The my daughter 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 sailboat. The problem was my daughter felt to reach her mom the best thing to do was to jump off the boat, get back into the 'water' 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 out of the water and placed her, wet and exhausted, back into the boat, safe again. Her mother was still struggling in the water.

(Years later my daughter backslid and 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 on-going concern was my daughter's welfare. I saw visions of her and she was in actual danger. Together, my special wife, Ann, and I—well, honestly it was mostly all Ann and she finally put her 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!

But back then in Hong Kong before my wife left I was prayer walking the hills behind my home and I asked God if I could petition him for his already numerous unanswered promises and he said, OK. So I got home and began to write a petition of his dozens of delayed promises and he suddenly 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 not to do**. I knew I can not demand or justify myself before God. So 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,**" He said, "**But after you finish I will tell you something.**"

I wrote out about 30 words I was already waiting on. One was

spending \$5 million, and buying and selling houses, ministering globally, so many big words, but even some 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 it was still a good plan and so still under his promise, and 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 the hill later that night. But I never walked the dogs that far up the dark hill twice in a night?! Why come back later?

Back home my wife was beyond consolation and it had now come 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. In the vision he was watching her now being vulnerable ready to rape her too. I started to pray for her protection, but I soon began to get fearful and scared and God said, **“Go back up the hill to pray.”**

### **His Ways are Higher**

I went back up the hill to where I usually turn around and the Spirit said, Now go up higher. There was one more light post by another abandoned shack higher up in this section of walkway, higher up than I ever walked the dogs and it was pretty creepy but I wasn’t afraid of a demon jumping out of the bushes! I would discern for the enemy’s presence and anyway rebuked everything in my path I didn’t like and was simply not afraid. My friends would not dare walk up there with me at night, but I was not afraid!

So I got up to the lamp-post God indicated and when I turned around I could see the lights of the main village by the bay now because I was high above most of the treetops at this height and he spoke.

**“About the petition? GRANTED. But you can crumple it up and throw it 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 a Leader of his people means 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 or endure more hardships. 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, gave me a solemn sense of sobriety. My wife was leaving me, I was actually relieved, but if his promises about such a simple thing as a happy family were so confusing, seemingly failing, what can I do now with this word?

So 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!

### **The Bear finally claims Victory**

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 unexpectedly, so for a few weeks I slept in the upstairs office on a pile of boxes of *40 Days in Heaven* and on hearing God's voice, to give her space but then my wife just went into her bedroom and would not come out at all 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. So I knelt down next to her and 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 ...."

If I really wanted to make her happy I needed to quit following God and go back and get a real job. Her 'logic' was so confusing it's hard to even explain it. She said, God would not bless me for following him like this (as he plainly asked us many times to continue doing), and if I kept trying to be a minister I would lose my calling to be a minister because my real calling was to be a businessman and so if I wanted to be blessed by God I needed to quit being a minister and get a regular job and then maybe after God would give me back by calling ... of serving him as a minister. She would get our roles mixed up and accuse me of doing what she did and said and things like that. Everything God had previously said to her was forgotten and when she claimed to hear God speak it was only to harshly denounce our ministry, calling and everything we had stood on for so many years.

She demanded I stop following God and harsh emotional blackmail, circular reasoning and the threat of divorce were her weapons to do that.

But I had already learned this. Even if I gave in, she would just make a new demand, move the goalposts as we say, change her mind about what she wanted. 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. I saw the bear 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 **a part of 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 that 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. I’m not perfect but I’m still not going to quit. Who’s guidance would we follow then? No, thank you!

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 continue to follow the Lord even though she had what she needed, plenty of provision, much more than me, and had already overcome the obstacles she insisted were impassable. In this dream it was all happening on Halloween. Is it also important to note that her newly rented flat was just a few meters away from the dragon drum witch’s house? Probably.

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.

## **A Time to Refrain from Grieving**

I assumed when she left God would give me some time off to take a break, lick my wounds, grieve ... but no. First, I spent more time in prayer to find solutions to the on-going crisis and he began to tell me things he never did before. He began to open up to me about the details of the huge Philippine mission! It really was 1,000 times bigger than I ever imagined and I’m not exaggerating. And he also began to more openly reveal the secrets of his Kingdom.

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 or mentally ill people or visiting missionaries from time to time 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, in this peace and in this hunger for his help I was finally able to hear to him speak to me for a few hours at a time in open conversation whenever I wanted to sit in his presence and listen. This was when he first 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.

### **The Floodgates of Revelation Open**

And like I said 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 together in January 2009, and also as she prayed when I returned alone in March to explore the area better. God openly said she had a personal calling to serve God in the Philippines with me, so I believed 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."

So when she moved out God finally began to open up his detailed plans for the development projects in the Philippines and it quickly overwhelmed even my imagination! A 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, a new public school, large charity projects for ten thousand children, the elderly, etc., and a car race series as the last thing ... 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 learn how to draw, design, layout, budget and research to understand how to accomplish these things!

And I now 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 through 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 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 punisher 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, and in the introduction, about having three visitors at Christmas. So precious! 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. And I sent my daughter to stay with my wife to comfort her over the holiday. I also 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*—seemingly non-stop. 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 just 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 because I really do write everything 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 didn't even care! It was just so 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, so 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. You know, go right to the source!

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 guy!!

But after a very short time I just began to fade—I was losing the strength to sit up in a sofa chair! I think I was something like slowly being slain in the spirit! And I began to slide down and had to put my legs over the armrest to try to prop myself up 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 ... ZZZZZzzzzzz ... I was out!

I woke up later and they were all gone and I was again alone in my house on Christmas Day.

There’s so much I want to say about this visitation but all I want to share 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! And the Holy Spirit is the JOY of the Lord personified! He does not HAVE the joy—he IS the JOY. Full stop! 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. Get to know Jesus better.

## Prophets Training School

So I was doing daily planning and research for his projects 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, effort and determination.

Then one day that Spring He just said, **“It’s time to start the school.”**

OK, sure, I said ... but what school? I had not 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 or in a 'school' as he called it!

"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? 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.

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, ESPECIALLY to people who DON'T WANT TO LISTEN! It was intense!

We only 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. Her name was Ann. She had come to the church on the beach in Mui Wo a few times and now wanted to go deeper.

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. Scary.

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 what 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 Ann sure 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 soon taught her about 'communion' and prophecy 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 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 overdid it! 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 *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. Note, **I didn't 'remember' this vision, I 'discerned' in the Spirit that this was what I was witnessing.**

That gave me such a heavy jolt of realization: God had seen this very moment before and showed it to me in that vision over 21 years ago—but it was a vision of my pastor's daughter wasn't it? When Paul wrote we prophesy in part and know in part, he really meant it. All I could really understand was God was still in control somehow, but seeing this now confused me more than anything!

Only after being married to her for 15 years did I know she was the woman in the second scene of that dream! 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? God can turn all things around!

But I didn't even try to understand it; it was just too far over my head—we soon located my daughter who apologized—all was well, and I didn't see my now ex-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 finally came to beat me up. The day they threatened to come for me arrived and then in the spirit 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, ripping my shirt off ... 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 continued.

I broke free and ran for my life only to see my daughter coming home from school who met me covered in blood running for my life.

The police came and arrested me, the only non-Chinese person there, and they all said I owed them money and I started the fight, so it was all my fault. The police agreed.

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 by then, and he came to my town

## Chapter 18: Pastoring Mui Wo Village

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 under the threat of being jailed every time I showed up. 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 would also not be charged. I never heard of that, a binding over, 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 of settlement letting me stay in lieu of me suing her brother for the assault. 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, or so I thought.

God did all this to effect his perfect timing I later recognized. 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 out or do something to save me instead of making me walk through this terrible valley. 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 an abandoned pig pen with no roof? Of course not. "Then stay in that house." People said it was clearly not God's voice. God would never do that! I kept praying, God I need such a small amount of money to pay them, please just give me the money. He just kept saying it over and over, "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 enough to use my arm again. 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 and 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, to calm down and find the strength I needed to keep breathing, keep sleeping at night, keep eating at mealtime and to keep pressing in to Him. The more stress I had the more his voice and companionship became so personal and real to me. He was truly my strength, my very source of life.

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 than endure any more of this. 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 that lady, 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 before she left 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 Royal 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 remote 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 often.

Then this one time when I did go to my isolated mountain house with the marble-like dome on pillars on the mountain ridge and I saw the Father in the lawn in the back yard seated at a table. The first time I had seen this house 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 that was 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 even 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 from the ferry pier, 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! 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 God knew, and 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. The opposing lawyer saw my bloody

photos and my inability to speak and breaking down trying to answer simple questions and felt so bad he shared some candy he had with me.

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 of Bohol 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 prosperity 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

And in that season He even said ... Oh, I can't share it all now, there are too many projects, too many developments, too many conversations, and too much money is involved—but one of the things he said he wanted was a Theme Park. I said, God, it's not really 'Christian' as I thought of it. He said, **"What? I'm God. I can have whatever I want."** I said, "Pfff! You're absolutely right!" **"Well then, I want a Theme Park!"** "OK, then! We're going to make you 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! It literally made my brain *hurt* to try to comprehend it! That's about 500 acres. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE I said! No one can make a theme park 222 hectares! 222!?!? What on Earth are you going to 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." The Lord even named the theme park Sympatico, and I had never heard that word before he used it, but in English it means: To Get Along, To Be Friends. But here in the local language it means to be Handsome!

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, a Swiss village in the courtyard, a palatial hotel and so many other attractions. The second castle is for children which so far has 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, 110m 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 of over 80 to 100 hectares, maybe about 200 to 240 acres alone!

The Park also has seven themed villages (English, underground Desert, Space, Swiss, etc.), 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 more kinetic attractions. I have thousands of pages of drawings, notes, images, ideas ... it takes me an hour to overview the theme park and all the things He told me to plan in it so far. 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 for him right now. He needed me to focus on his direction full-time 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! And he has beautiful plans for his people!

## 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 of the car and claim it. I did that. I didn't even know where I was. Later when I was already back in Hong Kong he told me he would show me where the theme park would go on the map and indicated a certain area. Later again when I actually moved there I went back and found out they were one and the same location!

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. But also my desktop PC and hard-drives with all the prophecy and planning work I had done on them.

I remember 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 and took it apart. 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 life as regular Christians—I don't even know what that means! Maybe God can explain it to you. But that's what I felt.

Eviction day came and I had to be out before the bailiff arrived.

What I could not give away I stacked up in front of my neighbor's house, a refugee from Africa who I had prayed often for, and wrapped



my things under a tarpaulin, which upset everyone. This included hundreds of copies of the book *40 Days in Heaven* which I still had as well as just as many copies of *Communion* and many other things as well.

Finally I packed what I could fit onto a push cart 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. So I began texting people, anyone, to find a place to stay for 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 her downstairs sofas—but only for one night!

One night 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.

### The 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 taking a pearl of treasure**. But as I got to 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 is what one of 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. What is the national fruit of the Philippines of course? Not durian, not jackfruit, not papaya, guyabano, custard apple, star apple, star fruit, 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 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 like that have to do with cleansing or being purified. So if I was being cleansed it would be in an embarrassing way that everyone could basically watch!

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 something far worse.

Like I said, I just don't know how long I was trapped like that but as quickly as I was sucked down 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 about what was happening to me and it seemed like I was floating in the water, rocking rhythmically in the waves, half in the water, face down, 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 I could see quite clearly into the shallow water despite it not being dawn yet. I was conscious and not drowned but I was so overwhelmed by the terror and fear of being trapped under the deep ocean that even though I escaped, I was freed, I just didn't care anymore as I drifted in and out of consciousness.

I then saw it again, the white sand under my arms which were dragging in the slow wave motion of the shallow ocean near shore but now I could see I was in a different spot. The water was shallower so I knew I was slowly drifting towards shore. The water was so clear I could see a few pieces of debris 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, more real and clear than in many normal visions. And when I saw the sand that second time I knew more clearly again that this meant I was drifting towards shore, but it was like I needed to be reminded of what was really so obvious! And I also recognized it as white Philippine sand near the shore of a white sandy

## Chapter 18: Pastoring Mui Wo Village

beach. But how could I care? And yes, this could only mean I wasn't dead, but was I alive? Is this being rescued? No ambulance, no team of first responders, just me washing up on a white sandy shore all alone at night? Have I really just 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 that was now only a few inches deep.

In the vision 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 guarding the beach. I had no passport, I had no legitimacy, no natural security in a way, but again, I just didn't care. I made it to safety on a distant shore 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 my failed lawsuit and yes, finally being rescued from Hong Kong—and the mouth of that great dragon—and then moving to the Philippines where I would be safe. I would feel like the Philippines is my true home he said. Yes, I would be safe and happy there ... but it still took me over 10 years to properly heal from that ordeal.

But ... if this is what I needed to endure to prepare me to serve God in a higher way, in his chosen calling, so be it!! The price is high to serve God as a prophet and to learn to raise the dead Jesus told me. You can do it, but the price is high. Are we going to still be willing to pay that price when the going gets so rough? Will we fall away or will we be the ones who will persevere until the very end?

All I can say is, God is good. Yes, God is very, very good. And even if we have to suffer to do his will, and I mean it, he is absolutely and most certainly WORTHY of it ALL! Worthy of it all and more! Amen!

## Being Taught by God

So this section is not part of the narrative but I'll just now share a few conversations I had with the Lord during that hard time. Two are dreams he gave me interpretations of which were deep conversations letting me get to know him on a deeply personal level. The first is *Fleeing their Habitations*, and the second is *The Mountain Valley Vision*. Third I will share a prophetic teaching he gave me about, "Emotions, Covering and Submission."

A fourth conversation which I will share in the next chapter is about the Kingdom, the Model of Our New Life, from Isaiah 61, which literally changed *everything!*

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, and his word on Emotions.

### **#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 left behind. It soon became fun and exciting in a way! So many nice things were just abandoned! 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, which was 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 of what this dream was getting at ... 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



## Chapter 19: Being Taught by God

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 didn't understand. An angel who was sitting beside me, strengthening 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 was 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*— Now let me sing to my Well-beloved  
A song of my Beloved regarding His vineyard:

My Well-beloved has a vineyard

On a very fruitful hill.

<sup>2</sup> He dug it up and cleared out its stones,

And planted it with the choicest vine.

He built a tower in its midst,

And also made a winepress in it;

So He expected it to bring forth good grapes,

But it brought forth wild grapes.

<sup>3</sup> "And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah,  
Judge, please, between Me and My vineyard.

<sup>4</sup> What more could have been done to My vineyard

That I have not done in it?

Why then, when I expected it to bring forth good grapes,

Did it bring forth wild grapes?

<sup>5</sup> And now, please let Me tell you what I will do to My vineyard:

**I will take away its hedge, and it shall be burned;**

**And break down its wall, and it shall be trampled down.**

<sup>6</sup> **I will lay it waste;**

**It shall not be pruned or dug,**

**But there shall come up briars and thorns.**

**I will also command the clouds**

That they rain no rain on it.”

**<sup>7</sup> For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel,  
And the men of Judah are His pleasant plant.  
He looked for justice, but behold, oppression;  
For righteousness, but behold, a cry for help.**

<sup>8</sup> Woe to those who join house to house;  
They add field to field,  
Till there is no place  
Where they may dwell alone in the midst of the land!  
<sup>9</sup> In my hearing the Lord of hosts said,  
“Truly, many houses shall be desolate,  
Great and beautiful ones, without inhabitant.

\* \* \*

<sup>5:12—12</sup> The harp and the strings,  
The tambourine and flute,  
And wine are in their feasts;  
**But they do not regard the work of the Lord,**  
Nor consider the operation of His hands.  
<sup>13</sup> Therefore my people have gone into captivity,  
**Because they have no knowledge;**  
Their honorable men are famished,  
And their multitude dried up with thirst.

\* \* \*

<sup>15</sup> People shall be brought down,  
Each man shall be humbled,  
And the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.  
<sup>16</sup> But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment,  
And God who is holy shall be hallowed in righteousness.  
<sup>17</sup> Then the lambs shall feed in their pasture,  
And in the waste places of the fat ones strangers shall eat.  
[or NIV—<sup>17</sup> Then sheep will graze as in their own pasture;  
lambs will feed among the ruins of the rich.]

\* \* \*

**<sup>5:24—</sup>Therefore, as the fire devours the stubble,  
And the flame consumes the chaff,  
So their root will be as rottenness,**

**And their blossom will ascend like dust;  
Because they have rejected the law of the Lord of hosts,  
And despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.**

<sup>25</sup> Therefore the anger of the Lord is aroused against His people;  
He has stretched out His hand against them  
And stricken them,  
And the hills trembled.  
Their carcasses were as refuse in the midst of the streets.

**For all this His anger is not turned away,  
But His hand is stretched out still.**

<sup>26</sup> He will lift up a banner to the nations from afar,  
And will whistle to them from the end of the earth;  
Surely they shall come with speed, swiftly.

I never imagined that this is what the “great falling away” or the “great apostacy” 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*—Let no one deceive you by any means; for that Day will not come unless the falling away comes first, and the man of sin is revealed, the son of perdition ....

\* \* \*

*HEBREWS 3:7-19* —<sup>7</sup> Therefore, as the Holy Spirit says:

“Today, if you will hear His voice,  
<sup>8</sup> Do not harden your hearts as in the rebellion,  
In the day of trial in the wilderness,  
<sup>9</sup> Where your fathers tested Me, tried Me,  
And saw My works forty years.  
<sup>10</sup> Therefore I was angry with that generation,  
And said, ‘They always go astray in their heart,  
**And they have not known My ways.**  
<sup>11</sup> So I swore in My wrath,  
‘They shall not enter My rest.’ ”

<sup>12</sup> Beware, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of

unbelief in departing from the living God; 13 but [b]exhort one another daily, while it is called “Today,” lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.<sup>14</sup> For we have become partakers of Christ **if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end,**<sup>15</sup> while it is said:

**“Today, if you will hear His voice,  
Do not harden your hearts as in the rebellion.”**

<sup>16</sup> For who, having heard, rebelled? Indeed, **was it not all who came out of Egypt, led by Moses? [Symbolic of going through Salvation.]**

<sup>17</sup> Now with whom was He angry forty years? Was it not with those who sinned, whose corpses fell in the wilderness? **[Who fell away during purification and process of maturing.]**<sup>18</sup> And to whom did He swear that they would not enter His rest, **but to those who did not obey? [They who were hearers but not DOERS of his word.]**<sup>19</sup> **So we see that they could not enter in because of 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 dormitories 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 lamp-post 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

Chapter 19: Being Taught by God

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 answered and said to them, "Because it has been given to you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it has not been given. <sup>12</sup> For whoever has, to him more will be given, and he will have abundance; but whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken away from him.

\* \* \* and \* \* \*

*MATTHEW 25:28*— So take the talent from him, and give it to him who has ten talents. <sup>29</sup> 'For to everyone who has, more will be given, and he will have abundance; but from him who does not have, even what he has will be taken away. <sup>30</sup> And cast the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness. 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



## Chapter 19: Being Taught by God

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: Dream of 'The Mountain Valley'

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 where I used to prayer walk often. But 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 M., 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.”

Chapter 19: Being Taught by God

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.”

Me: “And 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.”

## **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: “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.



Chapter 19: Being Taught by God

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—<sup>13</sup> These things we also speak, not in words which man’s wisdom teaches but which the [a]Holy Spirit teaches,

comparing spiritual things with spiritual. <sup>14</sup> **But the natural man does not receive the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him;** nor can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

(\*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!)

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.

### **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 were laying side by side with other large fish as well all lined up side by side.

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 ...”

Chapter 19: Being Taught by God

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 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 said the Mean Office Jokes represented 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 but it was very tiring to sit so high in the Lord’s presence to hear him talk like that and so I took a

break and didn't get any insight for the rest of the word. It was a lot of symbolism which seemed to refer to Jesus and people he would send to help with worship ministry, but I don't want to share confusing dream symbolism without a clear interpretation. So I'll wrap it up here. [End]

### **#3: Prophetic Word: '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 there 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 one revelation was so big I could not even understand it until God gave me many layers of foundational learning over many years first. It is so big and far reaching in its implications it will change how you understand the purpose of Church, ministry and yes, even your very life.

This idea is too big to share here in its entirety unfortunately. So I had to write a whole book to do that. This idea connects about a dozen other revelations, each of which needs to be explained properly to get the full impact of the revelation Jesus gave me **which is for the reformation of the church to release people to walk in the Kingdom**. It is for the development of the New Self, our full restoration—the true purpose of New Testament Ministry. What I end up doing is giving an hour long discussion just to share the short version of this huge picture and I can't do that here. So to get the full picture look for the teaching I call *The Foundations of the Kingdom*, which is both on-line and in print in various formats. But this conversation with Jesus was its core idea.

Prophecy has many purposes obviously, as it is simply God communicating to us, but the highest purposes will have to do with revealing who God is, and secondarily who we are. So teaching us his deep, sacred secrets and revealing his high, eternal ways are the most powerful purposes prophecy has. So this great revelation may be the highest message, the highest purpose for which he ever prophesied to me. This is the culmination in a way of how I learned about prophecy.



## **Spiritual Building Blocks**

You see, God had been teaching me various secrets of how Paul ministered and each revelation was like a building block in my understanding. This included learning from 1 Corinthians chapter 1 and especially chapter 2 about the need to ‘minister in a demonstration of the Spirit and power,’ and not to minister in mere ‘talk’ or in ‘eloquent speech’ and especially never merely in Man’s wisdom. 1 Corinthians 4:20 goes further saying **the Kingdom is NOT a matter of ‘talk’ or ‘word’ or ‘logos’**—but of ‘*dunamis*’ or of power—it’s a manifestation of the Spirit simply put that brings the Kingdom, not merely words spoken about it.

Following this yes, there is teaching, but only teaching of the ‘sacred secrets’ revealed to us by the Holy Spirit: eye has not seen, ear has not heard, nor has entered into the mind and heart of Man what God has prepared for those who love him—yes, **but HE HAS REVEALED it to us by his Spirit**—and THIS is what we must talk about. Sharing spiritual ideas with spiritual words which unfortunately the carnal mind simply cannot comprehend.

Jesus also taught me how important it is to Lead as Servants, explaining this at length; and also to serve people primarily by delivering the Holy Spirit to them; also how essential it is to empower and equip people to walk in the various gifts and callings he outlined in Romans 12 and I Corinthians 12 not only in Ephesians 4:11. This is so crucial because only as ‘each does it’s part’ can the body come to maturity; and people therefore must to use the gifts God has given them to serve the people’s needs ‘for the common good’—which is why they were empowered with those various gifts to do good with in the first place!

He was teaching me what I called the ‘prayers of an apostle’ in Ephesians. It became more clear why Paul was praying not for wisdom to understand God’s love but the strength to experience it—to ‘know’ his love like Adam ‘knew’ Eve and afterwards she had a baby! That’s how God wants us to know his love, to know it beyond knowledge—But what is *beyond knowledge*? I asked him! **“Oh that’s easy!” He said, “Beyond knowledge is Experience.”** It’s the *experience* of God and of his love that is lacking in the Body and this is where the most vital growth needs to be from here on out if we are to become mature.

He also gave me direct revelation of Grace, *charis*, which is not forgiveness or mercy as many think, but is 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 ANY STRENGTH including gifts, character, prophecy, healing, wisdom and any power from God—Grace or *charis* is Paul’s word for the Anointing basically, and knowing this opens up revelation of over 10 key verses people often quote on grace but

simply do not understand and so cannot gain any real benefit from.

Then revelation of what I call spiritual Communion came which led me into the ministry of leading people into having direct personal conversations with the Holy Spirit, which I already published a short book on. **EVERYONE can hear God's voice if they would quiet themselves down and listen.** I try to lead people into direct meaningful communication with God on the most essential dynamics of our relationship with Him first: Who are you? Who am I? Do you love me?—Next He then revealed the Mind of Christ to me and that just *took my breath away!*

But if you recall me sharing when I was 19 or 20 and still living in New Hampshire, Elizabeth the prophetess, as I called her, gave me a word that God would begin to teach me himself, something at that time that I could not even fathom, and he would show me what I would think were separate ideas one by one, but in fact these were all like building blocks and then *one day* he would show me **ONE BIG IDEA** she said that would somehow tie them all together into one huge picture. So far these ideas I just outlined were the building blocks—now he was about to show me the One Big Idea.

So I told him that I was learning secrets of how Paul ministered, but I realized that Jesus' ministry was higher than this still but I had no detailed explanation from the Bible on it like I did for Paul. So I asked Jesus to show this to me—show me the detailed explanation of Jesus' own ministry—this is what I sought. Well, He immediately brought me to Luke 4, Jesus' first recorded sermon where he read from the scroll of Isaiah (and they all wanted to kill him). I knew this quote was a paraphrase so I went to the source, Isaiah 61—but it was all Greek to me.

I just didn'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 hear him speak so he could teach me, so I could be taught by God ... and then he began to speak.

The verse in NIV reads:

<sup>1</sup>“The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me,  
because the LORD has anointed me to preach good news  
to the poor.

OK, stop there.

What's happened already? **This already encapsulates most everything people do in modern evangelical ministry.** How so? This already covers the preaching of repentance, the Gospel of Salvation, and being born again.

What? You're making that up.

No, I'm not. This reads the 'anointing' was on him to empower him

to 'preach' 'good news' to the 'poor.'

The 'anointing' is the baptism of the Holy Spirit Jesus got in the Jordan that fateful day before his temptation and power ministry began.

The 'poor' here means the 'poor in spirit' or the 'repentant ones'... **but how did they become 'poor'?** How did they know to repent? They heard and obeyed a message from One Calling from the Wilderness about Judgment on Sin and Mercy for turning back to God. This was John the Baptist to them, but it is also others like him who preach a similar message to us now, and like Elijah did when he called the fire down on Mt. Carmel 'returning the hearts' of the people back to God. The message is ancient but still relevant and still being preached today: Repent, get baptized and so you shall be saved. 'Turning people back to God' is the classic ministry of all true prophets. (Jeremiah 23:22) And this prepares 'the way in their hearts' by making them 'poor' so they will be in fellowship with God and so open to learning more from God from now on—not only more lessons on sin and repentance, but increasingly on the blessings to the obedient, the mystery of the New Self, etc., but which sometimes the immature are yet unable to grasp and may even resist.

I mention the uncanny parallel between Moses and John the Baptist: both had 'water' names, both peached a law, both led people through a baptism—but neither were able to enter or bring people into the Promised Land/The Kingdom. Note **Jesus never baptized anyone in water**. His disciples did, but not he. (John 4:2) Note Paul also said he was not sent to water baptize but to preach the gospel. (1 Corinthians 1:17) What ministry greater than salvation was Jesus then preaching? What gospel then was Paul ministering if he was not ministering water baptism? Not merely the gospel of repentance unto salvation you see, but instead the Gospel of the Kingdom. Not only the baptism with earthly water symbolic of cleansing, but the baptism of the Holy Spirit for actual empowerment and spiritual transformation.

This may be the real reason why Moses could not cross that second baptism, why John was not recruited to be an Apostle. They represent a first stage of ministry that must be distinguished from the next one, which in both cases was only able to be completed by Yeshua (Joshua, Jesus) and only after a second 'baptism' experience.

Jesus was anointed to preach Good News to a people who were already prepared to hear his message by being repentant and water baptized beforehand, as it says in Luke 7:29-30. 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' any way you look at it. 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 of fire he had seen a vision of and that he told everyone to look to the coming Messiah for. John said he only had water, but after him one would come who would baptize in Spirit and in fire. John obviously saw the outpouring at Pentecost and asked Jesus for this baptism when he saw him that wonderful day in the Jordan.

But Jesus said no!

When Jesus ministered he always said the Kingdom of God he was demonstrating was coming, it was close, it was *near to them* ... it was not yet there for them because he needed first to be crucified, then be resurrected, then ascend and then a month later EVERYONE could get this Baptism once he poured out his Spirit on All Flesh—not only for himself, or only on Jews, or only on Levite or Cohen priests, but on ALL FLESH! Only then would the Kingdom come to anyone prepared to accept it.

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 was empowered to preach but only to the water baptized, repentant, ‘saved’ people ... rather these were the only people prepared to HEAR him. This is also what Luke says in Luke 7:29-30—John the Baptist was himself not in the Kingdom, and being the greatest born of women, the least in the Kingdom was yet greater still than even he. The people who were baptized by John accepted this teaching; but the Bible teachers who were not baptized by John did not—or rather could not.

Many, even most ministries today are only doing something akin to this preparation ministry still and like John are mainly baptizing people in water, making basically disciples of the Baptist in a way of seeing it. This is an essential foundation, but it is not yet what Jesus demonstrated and called the Kingdom. Both are good news, but one is better, higher, and yet it also builds upon the former. **Jesus told me the way most people minister in church will never produce his Kingdom.** Jesus also told me not to call it step one and step two—there is a preparation and then ... *it's the Kingdom.*

So now looking back at Isaiah 61, the second and third verses describe this Gospel Jesus preached, demonstrated and ministered. The verse says, “He has sent me to” ... OK, wait, who is ‘He’? The Father! OK, but who is the ‘Me’? That’s Jesus back then, but today it is also going to be the people Jesus sends in his place, in his name, empowered in his Spirit to do the same work he did. It’s his Kingdom ministers—it’s ALL OF US basically who are willing to serve him in the Kingdom who are Spirit-baptized, mature, equipped and sent out.

Let’s keep going and we read until the end of v3 which in NIV is:

“He has sent me to **bind up the brokenhearted**,  
to proclaim **freedom for the captives**  
and **release from darkness** for the prisoners,  
<sup>2</sup>to proclaim the **year of the LORD’s favor**  
and the **day of vengeance** of our God,  
to **comfort** all who mourn,  
<sup>3</sup>“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.

So the Father sent Jesus, and Jesus sent us, for as he is so are we in the world—but here’s where he began to openly talk to me ...

## **To Heal the Broken Hearted**

I then 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 and all shriveled up:** It was not fat, red and round, but skinny like a carrot and pale white—**it looked more like a white turnip actually!** 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 at this time we were very active in Inner Healing ministry many years already, 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—not by counseling or therapy mind you, but by the penetrating and prophetic Holy Spirit power tools that cast down arguments and impart understanding often without even saying a word! People would begin crying deeply as God healed their broken hearts when all we did was lay on hands and pray. **The Holy Spirit told me once, he can’t help himself. When he shows up, he brings healing!** Our job is therefore just to help him show up.

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 ever been involved in.**

People often carry wounds in their hearts from childhood even, and these hurt places become anchors to sin, ties to demons and curses and are the source of all kinds of bad behaviors! Counseling, incarceration and vain pursuits cannot remove the wound, they can only help people deal with their symptoms.

But the Holy Spirit goes right to the source of these behavioral

problems and solves the source of the pain and 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. I challenge you to try it and keep the receipts!

So I didn't need God to explain this very much so he didn't say much about this to me at that moment beyond showing me that turnip-looking-heart vision. Jesus has come not to only 'preach' about healing but to actually reach the pain in our hearts with his healing presence and restore the broken hearts to the condition they would have been in had there been no trauma.

But also it helps to understand that such healing is not 'automatic' for Christians to enjoy. Like all promises there needs to be FAITH to receive it. This means to me there will also be people who have specialized training from the Lord to operate in this area as a ministry. There are people called, gifted and empowered to serve the Body in the Ministry of Inner Healing.

We had so many years of testimonies, and often did this on a weekly basis in some form, **but I still didn't understand why we were doing it.** I puzzled over this. What we were doing was not in John 3:16. It was not a part of Romans 10:9-10. I could not see it reflected in the ministry of 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?**

We even used what we call "Communion—spiritual fellowship with the Holy Spirit" to do inner healing a lot and would lead people to see Jesus in spirit themselves and ask him to 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!" he often said and he would revisit their trauma, this time with them 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 this time the pain only lasts for 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 so 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 sooner how important it was!

So this ministry is good news, it is a part of the Gospel, just not the gospel of salvation exactly. So where does it fit in? It is the beginning of the experience of the gospel of the Kingdom, which is not a matter of talk (*logos*) but of power (*dunamis*). It is not a matter of doctrines but of experiences; it is not a matter of denominations but of transformation.

## **Freedom for the Captives**

Next as I read, 'to proclaim freedom for the captives' **Jesus spoke explaining that we are being sent to free the people**. And I asked, to free them from what? And 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, deep cleansing, breaking addictions and curses, but it is also bad habits, hobbies, passions, careers, car, toys, games, fashion, music, friends, facebook, fantasies, lifestyles and even political views.

Much of this pollution is too small and grimy to bear specific attention. Would you seek deliverance for eating too fast? But the accumulated effects of thousands of dirty thoughts and bad attitudes builds up over time and does indeed affect our freedom. And people can get so bound they can't even help themselves to be set free any more. And you can't free them from these chains with a logical discussion or witty argument.

When it came to deliverance, I saw that in the Gospels of course, but not so much talk of it in the Epistles. But I didn't yet have a scriptural picture of how it related to other types of ministry.

And this definitely overlaps with Inner Healing. There is some common ground. One clear area is how people's thinking or beliefs were being bound by both woundedness and spiritual bondage. The solution again was not human arguments like counseling or therapy.

**Human 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.** Flicking that switch cannot restore disconnected electrical power, fix a short circuit or repair a broken light bulb. 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 up against the knowledge of God. Only the Holy Spirit can do this! Human arguments simply cannot.

**So 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 find the freedom of his promises enabling them to walk in the higher blessings of the Kingdom.

And again these promises of God are not automatically enjoyed by believers — **they are available, but you need to first understand them and then stretch out your faith and lay hold of them sometimes quite 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 in those areas and such people will simply never mature into proper saints free in the Spirit.

So you can see that ministers trained to operate effectively in these areas are so valuable to the growth and maturity of the Body at large. May we have more and more who are trained to do so! If there is a complex need such as this, there will be people God raises up to minister freedom in it.

People just don't outgrow the abuse they suffered as a child and can die at 99 years old still carrying wounded bitterness from childhood — with all the accompanying 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?

Now consider the problem of being in bondage to curses and sins add to it the combined effects of having a broken heart and you can see what a problem people face. In fact these two areas are closely related: sometimes the bondage is attached to a wound, sometimes the bondage makes the heart break and become even more bitter. **The curse that has no cause shall not 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 causing them further harm. But if the wound is not cured under the bondage they often remain overly sensitive and in pain still. These works of the Spirit are closely linked.

So like I said before we do not do this ministry by using wise arguments or crafty schemes but by laying on hands and even praying for people privately in our homes even hundreds of miles away. And again this is an entire ministry area as well and so there are people empowered by God to do this full time! Thank God for them, and for Him giving them to us!



Let's just be clear that 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 achieved by the effort of focused, applied faith. It does not come 'automatically!' It needs to be actively taken possession of and he says yes, everyone's heart when they first come to salvation in God will have strongholds 'in all the best places,' its things like: trust, peace, kindness .... you name it!

Again, we had been delving deep into curse breaking, deliverance and fighting demons by this time so I had a good grid or context to understand this so he did not explain it much to me at that time beyond saying those few things, and so he continued to explain more to me.

### **Release from Darkness**

Now part three reads '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, if this was about seeing visions and revelations, He said, well not quite. **"It's not seeing revelations," he said, "it's seeing THE Revelation ... of WHO GOD IS."** Wow! It's not seeing visions from God, it's seeing The God of Vision.

Prophecy tomorrow's weather will be sunny and fine with a 40% chance 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 surely important but still, no one's life is going to be fundamentally changed by knowing that in advance. But 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 IN PERSON and having Him let 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! You'll see. He's Joy as a Person!— **It is having these kinds of experiences that change a person—permanently.** So it takes face time, spirit-to-Spirit fellowship, real interaction in spirit/Spirit. So this is what he was talking about as the third aspect of his ministry to his beloved people, his Bride—removing our blindness to seeing who God really is. It's interactive, personal and powerful to transform us into the image of God we are beholding.

So the Lord had been teaching us how to fellowship with him in the Spirit and how to teach people to do it as well, and we called it having Communion with him since I used the Greek word John used, *koinonia*,

but Jesus takes the religious formality out of it and **said he simply calls that having fellowship with him.** And all we are doing is 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. We did this to great effect in so many settings, but more and more people are discovering this exact discipline all over the world right now, and calling it many different things.

But again, I didn't see that so clearly in the Scriptures. I knew Jesus lived like that—even higher than that as he was enjoying the 'limited omniscience' of the Mind of Christ as it is called. And also I think John in his old age did this when he wrote his Gospel account and quotes a very long section of prayers that Jesus spoke privately to God while John himself was asleep, and when he woke up Jesus was being arrested. There was no time for Jesus to tell him or any other living human these things obviously and I know John's account of the private prayers of Jesus in the Garden are 100% true, so God must have either brought John back in time to watch it so he could later write it accurately, or 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—so I felt I had a good handle on Communion / Spiritual Fellowship with the Holy Spirit, but I still didn't see how it strictly was a part of the 'Gospel'—especially the gospel of salvation.

And after leading people in this wonderful experience over and over again we started to focus on leading people to first ask Jesus three personal questions as a way to set their relationship on a stable footing. When they first connect with God in spirit, and begin to be able to see him with the eyes of their heart, the question first we invite them to ask him is, **"Who are you?"** We want to let Him explain himself to them in a personal way. Second we invite them to ask, **"Who am I?"** and to listen to how He talks about you, describing 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 that God has made when you were Born Again—but our memories of life on Earth obscure this reality from our view until our minds are more renewed. Let him tell you what he thinks of you, I guarantee it's going to rock your world!

Third, we lead people to face Jesus in spirit and ask him the hard question: **"Do you really love me?"** Most people have only doctrines of God's love for them, and no real experience of it. So we want to help people face their fears, ask Jesus this directly, let just him speak to your open heart in spirit and let him impart this truth to your deep inner man that only Him telling you this deep truth personally can ever really do.

So we know that **'we now with unveiled face behold the Lord, as in a mirror, and are being transformed into the image we are**

**beholding.** So we teach people to do this in Communion, and this is the deep work of God Enlightening us, Releasing us from Darkness, that he was talking about in Isaiah 61. **People need to SEE GOD for who he is and this is what transforms them.** So when Jesus told me this I finally began to understand more confidently why this was indeed such an important ministry and is a key of the Kingdom—not just a fringe interest or novelty we had come up with for dealing with difficult people.

## A “Year” of Favor

But when he explained the fourth blessing to me it all came together! This showed me just how interconnected the first three issues were. I’ll share this fourth part and then go back and explain more of what I mean.

The next part is the Year of Favor. Some versions say the Year of Jubilee, or other terms. I asked him what does this mean and **He said this is a time when He basically answers our prayers more.** Why now and not before? **Because, he said, now we are no longer so much a part of the problem as we were.** The sinful behavior, bad attitudes, bitterness, unforgiveness, selfishness, ignorance and unbelief we previously had in our hearts which was caused by our wounded hearts, spiritual bondage and ignorance of God’s real nature ... all this was driving God’s blessings away! Now that we are well on the path to wholeness, **God’s blessings fall on us in a way previously interrupted or prevented by our disobedience, unforgiveness and ongoing sin.**

He simply said it’s a ‘year of favor’ simply because, **“Now I answer your prayers more.”** What a wonderful way to live!

But oh no! I looked at my wristwatch to see what the date was—when did the year start? Am I’m missing it! Is it almost over? I began to panic.

**“Oh no, it’s not that kind of year,” He said. “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 already nine months of opportunity of having my prayers answered more! **No, it’s not that kind of year!** Amen. Now I see that the ‘year of favor’ may very well last decades, and I’m sure it will, probably it will last for many us right into eternity!

But can our bad behavior really drive away God’s blessings? I’m just waiting for someone to say, ‘That’s not true. It’s all by grace, our behavior doesn’t matter.’ But first, grace, or *charis*, does not mean this. Grace does not mean forgiveness or mercy but instead is a free empowerment by the Holy Spirit so we can stop sinning and be changed into his image. It’s Paul’s word for the Anointing basically as I already

said briefly. But second, even 1 Peter 3:7 says even things like just fighting with your spouse will hinder your prayers:

*1 PETER 3:7*—Likewise, husbands, live with your wives in an understanding way, showing honor to the woman as the weaker vessel, since they are heirs with you of the grace of life, **so that your prayers may not be hindered.** (ESV)

Anyway I know what the Lord spoke to me and that's what he said. **When we stop being so wounded, bound and ignorant of Who God Is he answers our prayers more as we are no longer such a part of the problem as we were before.**

People ask mature believers to pray for them all the time. Why would you need to? Because we expect God will answer their prayers better, and he does. But why? Why does my elder in church get his prayers answered faster and more completely than me? Well, because they have stronger faith, are closer to the Lord than us babies, and being more mature and more intimate with him they just somehow receive answers to their prayers easier. So we can all grow in faith and grace and there are real benefits for doing so.

### **A 3-fold Freedom**

So let me just look back at those first three ministries again because now we can better understand how they are connected and why experiencing them is so vital to enabling us to walk in the Kingdom. **Woundedness, spiritual bondage and spiritual blindness** are all interconnected. And this freedom is not a doctrine to adhere to, but transformations to undergo. **They are not verses to memorize as much as they are experiences of restoration from the Spirit of God for us to enjoy.** There are therefore also ministries and callings that people are empowered to operate in to bring these transformations into people's lives purposefully.

### **If the Enemy has a 'Walled City' in our Hearts**

So when Jesus was healing me one time I was shocked to see so much was broken inside my deep heart and he said yes, after being born again we must undergo much inner healing, adding, **"The Promised Land has walled cities in all the best locations."** The Promised Land is my heart! It is a country. The Kingdom is WITHIN me. It is a country!

So if the enemy has captured a 'walled city' within my heart, the Holy Spirit is not free to be able to flow through me in that area. Therefore I am not going to be able to experience the fullness of his blessings, intimacy or goodness in that area either. Let's say it's about

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 decided to serve him full-time and quit my corporate job, another thing I struggled with for many years. It could be humility/pride, kindness/bitterness or self-control/indulgence. If these 'walled cities' remain under the control of demons of unbelief I CANNOT easily enjoy God's blessings in these areas.

Unbelief may come from a wound, fear, a bad experience, lack of confidence, a lack of feeling loved by a parent, a lack in many ways ... and this wound is exploited by a demon or curse which can attach itself to such a wound like a fly or bacteria infecting an open cut. This soreness affects the heart again and this ongoing pain and frustration blinds us to the Goodness of God—and while you can assure people he is good and faithful, only sometimes people have a hard time believing you.

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 pain of a wound keeping it unhealed and painfully sensitive which also causes blindness to God's love and goodness.** I'm not sure the best way to say this but these three areas are definitely interlinked.

For example, I've met people while ministering in the public square who were drinking with their work mates. One guy said he did not believe in God, was obviously a chain smoker and heavy drinker but he also shared his alcoholic dad abused him as a child. Can I pray for you? I ask. He says, I don't believe in that rubbish! Then you won't mind if I do it because nothing will happen anyway, right? Oh, OK, fine, he says. But it's a right waste of your time, mate. Well, good, just sit right there and 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 me eye! Then I get a vision, Oh! 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 just hurt him instead. Oh, I see the football match! Oh, I see the scar. Oy! You're bawling! No I'm not. Someone give this guy some tissues! No, I'm not bawling ... *braa haa haa ... AHHH!!!!*, he screams! We're in a public square where he was drinking with his mates don't forget. A few minutes later after we feel the anointing subside we now 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. Nasty habit really. I think, yes, I don't want to have another cigarette as long as I live. Well then, 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 do. I know he's up there looking after me always. I just, I don't know, I guess I was just *hurt* from the way me dad

always treated me.

So I've seen scenes like that play out over and over. People find healing change from God's Spirit and all we do is pray and maybe lay hands on them too. Human arguments cannot do this. God's presence on the other hand can't help but do it!

So when Jesus told me this it made me realize **these kinds of ministries are a core part of the restoration of our souls**, and this is the only way people are enabled to walk in the fullness of the Kingdom. Only it is beyond the scope of ministry that is solely focused on preaching repentance unto salvation—so it is beyond the Gospel of Salvation—but what it was, was the integral work of the Holy Spirit in what I now understand was the expression of the advancing of the Gospel of the Kingdom in their hearts. It is the way people are enabled to find the Kingdom, walk in the Kingdom, receive the many and manifold blessings of the Kingdom. Maybe you can describe it better than I can, but when people have enjoyed inner healing, spiritual freedom and begun to have open communication with the Lord in various ways and begin to See him, to see Him as he really is ... this restoration and intimacy ushers in what he called 'the Year of Favor' or 'the Year of Jubilee!' Can someone say 'Amen' with me?

## The Day of Wrath / Day of Revenge

Now verse 2 has a second part and when he explained this it terrified me. Jesus would proclaim the year of the Lord's favor ... but then 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 the better translation may not be '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—and I will NEVER forget it. It terrified me! Why is it only a day? And he said:

"It is only a *Day* ..." but his voice changed.

He spoke more slowly, as his tone dropped lower and he sounded ... well, *angry* and He said:

"... *because* ..." and there was a pause while he seemed to be catching his breath in anger and then he began to raise his voice:

"... WHEN I GET ANGRY and DECIDE to ACT ....

NOTHING

CAN

STOP

ME!"

I nearly freaked out! It IS the WRATH of GOD!!

The tone of His voice reflecting His ABSOLUTE POWER and the Indignation of God was so SCARY ... I am still feeling it right now ... the charge of electricity of *the Fear of the Lord*. All I can say is Don't get God mad! *That's it!*

And the Fear of the Lord we are talking about is not some cordial respect. I mean 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 him!

When God does this, punishing Our Enemies, it is going to be too scary to watch and 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!

When Mitt Jeffords saw the Angels in Heaven God showed him their minds and thoughts and he saw that they all carry a great and mighty FEAR within them. Why, he asked God, is there Fear in the back of the minds of the Angels in Heaven? And 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."**

If God's wrath is enough to scare the ANGELS for millions of years, ought people to fear him as well? It is not just a warm regard we are talking about.

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. The Day of Wrath is real. And it is coming.

### **To Comfort and Provide for Those "In Zion"**

The next blessings, numbers six and seven if you were counting, are that God will "Comfort and Provide" for those who mourn and grieve in Zion. Comfort and provision means much of what you think it means! But what is Zion? Where is it? Because only people who are IN IT will get this Comfort and Provision. It's simply the Kingdom. It is not church people, or just 'Christians' in bulk, but only those who are in the Kingdom who will find these blessings. He gives them a Crown, Oil and a Robe instead of the ashes of mourning, loss and despair.

People forget that the City in Heaven will one day be relocated to the Earth. (Revelation 21!) We however do not need to wait until that day to enjoy the blessings of God in the land of the living, because if God indeed lives freely in our hearts we can enjoy this now. The breach caused by sin has been remedied, people should begin to act like it! Those who live in the Kingdom do!

The Good News is this: 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 seems to be the linchpin of the whole matter: the nature of this 'good news' that Jesus preached, demonstrated and ministered is not merely what is spoken about, it is not just a doctrine or only a matter of 'talk' but it is something that has to be DONE to us for it to be received and enjoyed. That may be why James says, "**hearers only deceive themselves but the DOERS are blessed.**" We need to DO these things to lay hold of these blessings. This is why this is not just a message, or a doctrine, or a belief or opinion but an *experience*—it is something MINISTERED to us, something RECEIVED by us, something DONE ... yes, something EXPERIENCED by us. The Kingdom is not merely something thought of—it is not a matter of word, talk or '*logos*'—it is something that *comes* in reality, in power, in *dunamais*, and which remains within us.

## 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. They shine! 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 what it looks like.

So first, notice the change of pronoun.

We saw at the start that HE sent HIM to THEM; that is: the Father sent Jesus to the repentant people prepared to hear him. Then it explained how Jesus was sent to minister restoration to THEM.

But now the focus shifts and we read what happens to THEM who were restored and they are first TRANSFORMED into Oak Trees of Righteousness ...

I suppose 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, love and enjoyed intimate friendship with the Holy Spirit all day, every day? God's year of favor comes simply meaning their prayers are freely answered; God's wrath unfolds meaning I suppose no one can get in their way, and they live in a world saturated by Divine comfort, unlimited provision,



Chapter 20: Isaiah 61: The Model of Your New Life

supernatural joy and unstoppable energy. Miracles would flow freely. Angels would be working overtime. People near them would be healed and repent without ever being preached to or prayed over. We're already seeing this and now we can maybe begin to understand why!

So if you placed THAT kind of person into a ruined city, how long before the news crews would begin reporting miracles, healings and resurrections *en masse*? A week? A month? Surely less than a year! That's how I summarize the rest of this verse, but I put it all here in NIV to show what it says THEY become. But the pronoun shifts again and THEM becomes YOU:

"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.

<sup>11</sup>“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 is like the Blessed of God in Psalm 1. This is the opposite of what John the Baptist said in Matthew 3:10 (NIV) which reads:

**“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 15:13 (NIV):

<sup>13</sup>“He replied, **‘Every plant that my heavenly Father has not planted will be pulled up by the roots.**

Everything, every PERSON 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! That’s us!!

And again consider thoughtfully what effect such people would have on the Earth as they “rebuild, restore and renew” ruined cities?

I saw Jesus over Jerusalem once and he was 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.”** This work is slow and time consuming, and it requires careful, personal ministry to do it, to restore these broken ‘living stones.’ And who else is equal to such a task but these people who God has personally prepared to bring restoration to the cities ruined for generations? Think of it. Just think of it!

Next they will be given the wealth of the nations—this word can be read as ethnicities—not really ‘countries’ but ‘peoples’—but to us here it simply means the ‘unsaved’ or what we as Christians call the ‘world.’ This verse is partly a reference to the ‘wealth transfer’ we often hear prophesied about! Everything in the ‘world’ that is under the Enemy’s dominion is basically stolen and being used for perverted goals and to enslave Mankind. When God’s people are capable, spiritually prepared, willing and obedient they will be given this wealth so it can be used for

its original redemptive purposes. Let that sink in a bit.

These people—YOU, it now reads—will also be called Priests; you will be called Ministers of our God! And this means it's not only for a few special 'called' or 'gifted' people but for 'whosoever' will take the Kingdom by force: the force of a faith that won't be denied, and lay hold of the transformations that turn people into a Christ-like kingdom of children of God. It's everyone who walks in maturity. Everyone who walks with God—it is being offered to you!

So Revival therefore is not merely a program, not a just concert, not somehow a three-part series on DVD ... **it is THESE PEOPLE transformed by the Holy Spirit and then unleashed on a dark and dying world.**

Don't waste your time making program fliers and just 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.

Then finally, let me mention verse 9 regarding the community:

““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.**”

This verse in NIV is clear enough to most people, but I want to point out one key word here, the word 'People' in the phrase “they are a people the Lord has blessed.” The actual word is not 'People' but 'Seed.'

Oh no! Really? Yes! These 'people' are “the SEED!” And everyone who sees them will know and acknowledge it! THEY ARE THE SEED that God has blessed. The Seed of Abraham! The Seed of Christ! And its on display for everyone to see!!

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 more “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, and for those that do EVERYONE will ACKNOWLEDGE that they got it! This is what this verse means. You can't hide a city on a hill. You don't cover a lamp with a trash can! No, you LET IT SHINE, Baby, SHINE! Amen!

## I ... *shock*

Words failed me ... by this point I was in total 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 Gospel and resulted in the ministry of the spread of the Kingdom of God in people’s hearts—this was one BIG thing, but I was in double shock to see the picture emerge that these people, the THEY of Isaiah 61, are a vast army of overcoming Warriors of Love, blessed kings under the Great King—the Army of God. They are literally the army made from once dead Dry Bones, the very vision of Ezekiel 37. It will be an Army of Christ-like overcomers turning the WORLD Upside Down—maybe turning it right-side-up is more like it—but they are the ones restoring the cities ruined for generations and walking in the great promises of God from all the way back to Abraham, for these promises are all YES IN CHRIST, amen?—And these are the people who finally laid hold of them! And I think YOU must be one of this great number, I mean one of the THEY in the Restoring Army of Overcomers—because I don’t think you would be able to read this far if you weren’t. I am one, he told me. What about you?

Letting this huge picture settle into my heart it began uniting dozens of other separate revelations I had seen over the years, many of which I mentioned at the start of this section, connecting them into One Big Picture ... just as he said so many years ago would happen to me ... This left me stunned, at a total loss for words. I had found what I was looking for (what I think he led me to search for) and I finally exclaimed in excitement, **“This is the MODEL of your Ministry!”**

At this Jesus 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, if we let him mold us like clay into the masterpiece of sculpture he wants to make us into. 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.

But however God does it, it is Isaiah 61 that reveals the key paradigm of Christian Kingdom ministry revealing the real purpose of our lives as ministers and the real methods of how to spread the experience of the Kingdom to the Body at large. And it’s not by might, nor by our power, not by our programs, nor by our doctrines, not by sermons, not by ceremonies—it is **only by deep, multi-faceted, very personal and very frequent interactions with His Spirit purposefully transforming us into His Eternal Image.** This therefore needs to be our main goal as Kingdom ministers. All else is fluff. All else is meaningless details. Dare I say useless endeavors and vain busyness? Yes, I dare.

## **From Salvation to the Kingdom**

So when I saw this with clarity my goal shifted from merely preaching salvation to ministering the EXPERIENCE of Full Restoration and Transformation that he explained to me in this verse. I finally began to see the difference between the Gospel of Salvation and the Gospel of the Kingdom: One is but a narrow door to lead people into the other, and just as many people fail to find the former, many also enter the narrow door yet fail to Embrace the later.

I began explaining the Narrow Door was a preparation ministry to prepare people to hear and see the Kingdom but what Jesus ministered was a next step beyond salvation. And Jesus said, **Don't call it a next step ... it's *The Kingdom*.**

So people not only must go through the Narrow Door of salvation, they must maintain a continual walk as a repentant, humbled person from there on out. Repentance is not a one-off. People must live continually from now on as one of the Poor In Spirit—it is a lifestyle one must never turn back from or abandon. We do go on to maturity and somehow 'leave the elementary teachings behind.' But no, it is not that we stop repentance from dead works, etc., of course not. We live by the Spirit and avoid these things by instinct, so much so we don't need to spend a lot of time focused on talking about them anymore. Tell your two-year to take that toy out of her mouth! Don't touch the wall socket! Don't run with scissors!! Well, after you reach High School you just stop talking about these rudimentary things. Do we now touch wall sockets? Do we now run with scissors? Well, yes, we might because we are being trained to install wall outlets. We are being trained in First Aid and Quick! Get the Scissors!! So we must go on to visions and revelations but it is only by continuing through the passage this Narrow Door leads us into that we may find the Kingdom.

And do tell people the 'narrow door' does not lead to narrow hall, a confined space or 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.

## **New Goals, Methods and Tools**

So when my GOAL of ministry changed, my METHODS also needed to change—and that required that the TOOLS I must use according to these methods to reach these goals must change also.

All of these ministries are vital to restore God's broken people, one person at a time, to enable them to carry the presence of God within them and not collapse. Most everything can be accomplished by laying on hands, a prayer in authentic faith, the flow of the Presence of God.

God intervenes and saves, heals and enlightens people sovereignly all the time ... that's true! But still, to walk this path continually and enjoy these blessings in full it is never 'automatic' — so it comes by seeking with some understanding, by standing in revealed faith ... it is not laid hold of by accident! And that means it can be accelerated by the service of trained, equipped ministers who specialize in these areas.

God asked me to build him a theme park and I was at times straining under the task. Then I had a dream where I was confused about accomplishing this and I saw a customer service information desk and asked her to please help me. I said I was told to go to the park I am building and I was already given a key they said, but no one ever gave me a key and I don't know how to find the park land. She checked the information sheet on her desk and nodded in agreement saying, "Yes. Here is your Key." And she swiped her palm into mine like she was passing a key to me and not wanting anyone to see it—but there was no key. Then she gave me directions but ones 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 the notes on her desk again and again did the same thing, "Here is your key," swiping my empty hand with hers ... Only later I understood. Let me say it simply. Are you waiting for the Secret Key of Knowledge to unlock the power of the Kingdom? Well, the secret is ... there is no secret. If God says you can do it, that is already the secret. That is already the key.

Faith is a confidence in what you don't see. Walking by faith in the God you can't see is a key that the Spirit gives you every day you walk with him. Being Spirit-Filled is so much more than just speaking in tongues.

People however are still operating within an old mindset, an old wineskin, using old methods to achieve old goals—goals and methods they understand which often are not only very 'natural' and 'earthly' in nature, they are also quite similar merely to the preparation work modeled by John the Baptist. Yes, it's still good, but still so often quite focused on using largely 'natural' methods and tools to do it. They are therefore mainly producing converts that have more in common with disciples of John the Baptist than the disciples of Jesus Messiah. It's nothing to worry about, if they have been truly Born Again in this process and 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 on one hand: the Mind of Man, the Church of Man, the realm of ministry under the influence and control of the Natural ways of the Flesh of Man, the understanding, ambitions and goals of Man—and how this is fundamentally inferior to the Kingdom of

## Chapter 20: Isaiah 61: The Model of Your New Life

God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Baptism of the Spirit leading to Open Fellowship with the Lord—which operates by the understanding of the Spirit, according to the ways and methods of the Spirit, to achieve the desires and goals of the Spirit—it is from the Lord who IS the Spirit, and who is now dwelling in our hearts in an ever-expanding domain as we yield to the Spirit at work in our mortal bodies. But even these Words of the Spirit make no sense to the people who continue to walk in the flesh, the mind of Man, carnal ways, etc.

I apologize for only being able to share briefly on this topic and not be more thorough here, as 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 journey of enlightenment. **The Spirit of Prophecy is the Testimony of Jesus and this is the high, end goal of prophecy, to reveal Jesus and his Kingship, his Kingdom and our identity as his royal children to us.**

It's nice to know tomorrow's weather and all that, but the Great High Purpose of Prophecy is to empower us to walk in the KINGDOM as we come to personally know the Great KING of it. This is the goal for which Prophecy has been given to us, as it is very much like an engagement gift, and what we will finally receive is not merely a house, or wealth or a jewel of great value but a Husband. HE himself is our Reward. The gift is only a token of that union while we wait for the actual honeymoon.

Also understand the hardships and privations, humiliation and abuse I had to endure to be able to reach this discovery means this revelation is very valuable to me, but yes, I do 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 that I hope never to face again. So 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 don't forget it doesn't even work, it is not even a thing without the King from whom all of it flows.

## A Promised Land

So 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 one day. Then the next day 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 front legs already by the next morning and began to have 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 really struggling just to breathe, I just sat with him continually 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, I could suddenly understand



him talking to me, spirit to spirit. He said, '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 little 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. I love you, Ivory. You were such a GOOD dog!"

But then he said, 'Can I go now?'

Jesus' presence was there so I just said, "OK. You can go," and he breathed *one last breath*—and died in my arms. I then saw him in the spirit running circles around Jesus so happy and excited; he's in heaven waiting for me! Jesus asked me to give Ivory to him. He just looked 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, was part Chow and who 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.

I moved out of the old shack up in Kau Tsuen where God had spoken so much to me and where I spilled so many tears and so much blood from the assault, then stayed three days at a friend's house, then moved to the City in Jordan, staying at a boarding house with some Philippine ladies for a few more months until my retirement funds were returned as I prepared to leave Hong Kong for good 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 had met a few years before and he 'just for no reason' wanted to invite her to visit and also offered to pay her way!—don't tell me that's a random coincidence!—She arrived in the Philippines a few weeks before me but in Manila almost 500 miles north of Bohol where I was headed!!

I had by now been around Filipinos, but mostly ladies, so Filipinas, for several years already 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 so 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! And even when it

takes over 20 years for it come to pass. So I'll just try to quickly and briefly wrap up a few loose prophetic ends before I finish.

Yes, I had a vision of two people carrying the Glory of God from our training on Communion in Hong Kong and they went ahead of me in small boats to the Philippines. The wake of their boats was made of gloriously colorful light! One went out of my vision, but the other stayed in focus in the dream as I myself slowly sailed there on a large passenger boat that looked like the local 'roll-on-roll-off' ferries so common there.

I did soon arrive in Bohol alone and God said to just take a few days to settle down before I got started so I did and then soon began meeting with people and planning seminars on teaching people to hear God's voice. It was hard but the people were SHOCKED that they could actually hear God speak to them in conversation in person. And that 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 who went ahead of me because I taught her about Communion and she was carrying that revelation with her. 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 didn't but 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 fliers but 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 sometimes EVERY DAY and how lonely I was, I was just going to keep myself focused and wait.

But when I got down to less than one dollar, I think I had 14 pesos left and the bus to town was 15 pesos, which would be about US\$0.25 but I didn't even have that much money anymore—suddenly a friend I didn't talk to in over two years emailed me asking how I was. Actually I'm in trouble, I said! How so? I'm on mission and totally broke and ... well, she immediately sent US\$2,000 and it arrived within a few minutes via Western Union and she even kept sending me support like that for about six months! Don't tell me that was a lucky break!

Local people are often ready to scam any rich Westerner, especially young girls, and a few times I saw Ann's special wisdom and tact in action—I myself was shocked! She first 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 seemed to be training me!

## **Meeting the Angel of the Revival**

So I began training a few people to help me run our first seminar and during one of the training sessions I suddenly saw something like an open vision and what I saw was an Angel walk up to me. He was one very serious operator and he seemed like he was a combination of every military general I'd ever heard of, all rolled into one! He walked in straight lines, turning corners at 90-degree angles, like soldiers do during marching drills. He came up to me and gave me a crown and spoke a few things but I just stared at him understanding somehow that he was assigned to run the coming revival! He seemed extremely capable; one very serious dude!

Our first seminar was held in a university and it *blew people's minds* and God said to get a second one ready but to hold it in a church this time. But somehow the second seminar seemed off—it was odd to see so many Christians in a church venue 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, and it was blocking the flow of the presence of the true Spirit of God—maybe offending him is a better way to think of it.

Our third seminar, this time in the center of the Island in Carmen, was wildly powerful. God has some special plans for this location he told me and 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 a giant Throne in the Heavens nearby 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 thereabouts where maybe 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 can understand so far.

But the more I worked with Ann the more God revealed her special nature and it left me in awe so many times. It turns out she began missions work right here in Bohol when she was 13 years old 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!

And I was funding everything we did and 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 that 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 there so we went there to pray to find out what it was. God had already given me some vague prophecies about this place and I asked for some confirmation of his plans, as people do. But He said simply, “**I have a plan for Anda.**” OK, so maybe I was not ready to hear any more and so I just needed to trust him. 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 and 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 the Spirit said excitedly, “There it is!!” He still didn’t explain why it was so exciting to him or to me! But yes, there it is!!

So Anda is quite remote and is known for two things: **beautiful white sand beaches and witches**. Ann has a cousin from there. But as Ann is from a medium-sized clan, and she has hundreds of cousins and everywhere we go she seems to meet someone who just happens to be a cousin! I’m not exaggerating!

Anyway the three of us got to Anda and late at night we three were praying in a kind of dorm room with many bunk beds in it. The town was asleep quite early to me at 9 pm and the streets were perfectly silent already. By midnight I had pressed in and went very high up in the Spirit and was talking with the Father about his big plans telling him, “I’ve come all this way as you said to. So ... let’s get started!”

I was so deep in the Spirit I was only vaguely aware of my physical surroundings and then I heard some loud commotion in the room but I was able to ignore it until I felt a rush of wind and it seemed like someone had rushed past me. I finished telling the Father what was on my heart and felt I should go see what was happening around me physically, so I came back to my physical senses and Ann was now standing in the back corner of the room by the washroom. The wind I felt was her running past me to get away from *something* ... I looked around outside and saw a

cat catching bugs outside by the sliding glass door.

Why would a cat scare you? I asked, but she said no, it was because of the man! And Ann went on to describe who she saw banging furiously at the door with wild anger in his eyes. She could describe what he was wearing, his hair like this, his black t-shirt like that, and his wildly demonic eyes. I said, "You're seeing things. It's a cat!" So 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. There was no one there!

But 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. He manifested in human form and started banging wildly at the window to disrupt us from praying. It partly worked!

I wasn't scared one bit however since I had been openly fighting demons day in and day out in Mui Wo for several years and I'm just not scared. I respect the battle and the danger but actually if am not standing far outside my assigned tasks I just knew FAR GREATER is HE WHO IS IN ME than any of these monsters who are in the world. My confidence would later be greatly tested as we woke to being choked, saw apparitions, had bizarre arguments and irrational fears invade our home; the kids would see witches walk around, one had an open vision of a demon dog attacking him, for others it was demons of perversion in the house or whatever. Yes, we fought long and hard to bring freedom to the people we were called to help. I thought it was going to all be administrative duties and handing out gospel tracts. Not even close! We had to fight the kingdom of darkness for every inch of freedom that so many other churches and minsters later enjoyed without knowing what went on behind the scenes to allow them to have that freedom.

Well, anyway the three of us all went home separately that day, a Sunday. I stayed the longest and spent hours just walking and beach-combing a few kilometers down the white sand beach shoreline by myself—it was beautiful and relaxing but which God said I would never be able to 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 in the future and we had even met some of the local government officials and spent a few hours with them learning about their quaint little town during our visit. So the next day, Tuesday, I already had ten ideas written up in a proposal, as an American lawyer would probably do, and I had just handed it to Ann who had come over and I asked her to read it and tell me what she thought. It was just after 8 am in the morning ... and the power went out. It was actually exactly 8:12 am 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 up and down just like ocean waves—it was an earthquake.

An hour away from us one church which was just a few meters from the epicenter near Carmen and Sagbayan had been warned by God a few days ahead of time that a great shaking was coming but God said they would be OK. They had almost so visible damage to their buildings! But only a few tens of meters away from them hundreds of homes were completely flattened. In all I think 15,000 homes were damaged or destroyed.

Back in the main town where we were we ran up a nearby hill in case there was a tsunami. There wasn't but it was a precaution we took anyway. We were told Bohol was special because it never had severe typhoons and never had earthquakes. Well don't believe everything the locals tell you I suppose!

But still many other people had the same idea we did and soon hundreds were gathering up the hill where we were as a safety precaution. I saw one lady proudly carrying her huge idol of Mary 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 had just happened? And he showed me a vision. It was like an egg, I mean the island had been inside something like an egg shell, under a shell-like covering that was pitch black on the inside. But the top was now broken off and the BLUE-BLUE sky was shining down but I could see the edges where the egg shell remained in jagged broken fragments and that's where I could see the very black color of the inside of the shell that used to cover the island in a demonic religious prison.

The Lord 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 electricity was out and phones were down for a while 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

## Chapter 21: A Promised Land

and how much I had to endure to obey his word. 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, I said. She's done so much to abuse and ruin his work and I'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 I felt it was unfair to me. But OK, the Lord will make it all right. I'll just forgive it all ... but it was a premature celebration.

She didn't call to see if we were OK, she called to yell at me because me and my daughter 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 me and our daughter were affected, and then after a while more she realized we were in the most affected zone but news could not get out very quickly! Then she said she began to be worried. Why didn't we call her sooner she demanded! 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 phone call 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, delivering water to remote areas ... many people died! Oh, by the way, our daughter is fine. Yes, yes, how is she? ....

But then I asked her in all seriousness when was she coming to the Philippines as God had called her to, to join me on this mission. Maybe I'm not the best with my timing, but she'd been estranged from me for three years by now, and I said maybe it's time we work things out? No, it's only been a little over a year, she insisted. No, I clarified, it will be 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." Glad she almost noticed. But I continued:

"Sooo ... 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," she said firmly. "God never told me that. He never spoke to me about that!"

We had been together in this very city in 2009, and over a dozen of the early prophecies of this mission were from her. She had several of the confirmation visions and words of clear and specific direction. How could she now say it never happened? But God was listening and 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 didn't think I could do it all by 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 finally got a divorce. Hearing God's word, I agreed in word, but thought maybe it would buy me some time and let her reconsider, you know, call her bluff.

Was it a bluff?

## God, Your Promises Failed!

So without air-conditioning, which we call 'air-con' for short, we drink a lot of iced drinks here to stay cool. Here's a recipe you can try! Take ice, sugar, local calamansi lemons (or *calamondin* as they are known in Florida), squeeze out the juice and put it all into a blender. Add water and your confusion about prophecy not making any sense, pour in your relief of God's justice, but then add a hearty dose of your fear of the unknown, lack of money and abundance of people in need ... Mix a heaping spoonful of loneliness, squeeze out your PTSD into the jar and shake it all together with a 7.2 earthquake as you try to steel your mind against the coming witch attacks—and there you have it! My emotional state in a cheap plastic cup!

Bottoms up!

I was confused, consternated, confounded and ready to give into my anger and fears. Were we 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!"

But God, ever the gentleman, kindly replied to my painful accusation by 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."**

I was so upset I wasn't really listening but what echoed in my mind was the phrase that his promises had "not yet come to pass" ... I calmed down enough to ask him, "Not yet come to pass? What? That's impossible!"

He promised me he had a Special Woman for me! But she was now divorcing me!

I could still quote the whole 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.*

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 doing so to help people we had only just met a few weeks ago but who now were cut off by broken bridges, we got stopped at a damaged bridge at one point in Calape town along the coast, about 30 kilometers from our destination, and the local official would not allow us to pass in the pickup truck.

Without pause 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 late at night in this moment of national crisis and when I saw her, she was beaming, yes of

course cute but oh no, she was also ... *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 doing it now! 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 possibly soon-to-be-ex-wife was really not 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 still organizing relief and back at my house there were many kids around, some of my daughter's friends from school, and it was hectic and I asked Ann if she prayed about my 'situation' to help me with God's direction. I trusted her objective view but what she finally said was something I never even considered. What she said was, "Well, what about me?"

Oh, no, no—NO! I got instantly overwhelmed with emotions and walked away quickly upstairs nearly in tears that fast. I was struggling to keep it all together and the last thing I needed was real temptation. I needed to clench my fists to steady myself and I said through a cracking voice, "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'd often intentionally done, but 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 knew it was not but I was confused and just needed clear direction ... but 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 already told her this ... only she never told me!

That stopped me cold! My crying stopped too.

It's funny but it bore immediate witness with me and it made perfect sense and brought instant relief to my tormenting confusion. 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 me with it? This word rang true to me. How foolish and stupid was I for not seeing it myself, Mr. Prophet. It gave me a real sense of freedom and peace and humility.

But then I asked Ann, "But why did you ask me about you? What do you know? What has God told you?"

But instead of speaking she kept perfectly silent but also 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 many years ago 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 and vanished. I waited steadfastly 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 undeniable warmth again and finally looked behind me and there it was already risen up in the morning sky shining onto me! 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 mind 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 she was just skin and bones and I suddenly recognized her from the second part of vision. The vision however still made no sense—*until right now*.

I told you this 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 already 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!?!?"

"I though it was Satan. But God just told me it's true. We are going to be married someday."

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 along the way to help you understand what God told me, what it meant and how it played out. So I don't need to tell you any more! So there!

I'll mention there were all those words about God giving me abundant wealth but I had so little for so long, so many years having so precious 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.

"But 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 ... I want you to 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 over-burdened 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!* Yes, Lord. Amen.

### **And About My Writing...**

And you of course remember God told me back in the 1990's vision of *Barns on a Hillside* that 'I needed my wife to be 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. The main castle was triangular and in a Medieval European style. He named it Symbatico; he named the walls.

There is a second castle, the 'White and Steel' Crystal Castle which is a 110 meter tall work of art: gems, angels, horses, water drops, flowers, crowns and butterflies are worked into the design motifs. This 'Women's Castle' is a work of art that sits in the center the of "Domains" which is an area of approximately 100 hectares (maybe 240 acres) which are comprised of Eight Themed Gardens of about four hectares each, and Eight Themed Lands, also about four hectares each. The Newgardens that surround the Crystal Castle are primarily walk-through spaces but each is very unique. And 300 meters or so from the castle's perimeter is a two kilometer long circular belt road beyond which the area is divided into Eight Themed Lands each with one main park ride the Lord said, explaining other themeing to me in some detail.

One of the Lands the Lord said would be an indoor snowy village. Most Filipinos have never even seen snow! Another would be a handicapped children play area he named The Refuge. Another would be for Balloons he said, so for that 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 the 1800's but set far into the future and in outer-space. The working title is *Starquake!* Genetically modified animals team up with a clan of Christian space gypsies to battle a crazed AI warlord and his pirates in the hinter reaches of the Large Magellanic Cloud, the LMC. It's Star Wars meets Narnia!

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 to enable me to do this. That's what Jesus sent me to empower 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 purple puzzle in the sky being revealed.

It was more than a year after the earthquake when we stayed for a few years in basically a huge hotel: nine bedrooms, floor-to-ceiling glass panels for walls that led out to the wrap-around balcony decks overlooking the tropical bay. And I was photographing some visitors one day and had my back to the sea but in the reflected image of the ocean (reflected in the floor-to-ceiling glass panels) I immediately recognized the two distinct bays from this vision so many years before! It was the view in front of my house which I had been staring at for months but I now saw it in reverse in the reflection in the glass panels and yes, it was the exact scene from the vision of the puzzle in the sky all those years ago when I was still 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 WORD—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—some day you may understand that the journey and destination are one and the same. That's what Jesus told me! I struggle to do it some times, but his teaching is as clear as it can be.

So 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, just trust him! He knows what he is doing!

# Epilogue

So the Story is over, the Narrative done. But I feel that it could be helpful, and maybe a little fun, if I end by adding a few personal reflections of my journey from *Cockroaches* and *Barns* to the *Promise of the Sun* ...

And I'd love to conclude with a pithy one-liner on my long journey of learning, now basically done. Publishers like that you know. Only, God didn't give me one!

This must be why He asked me to write a separate book—*10 Things About Prophecy*—which can be considered a companion to this book, but also check out *The Foundations of the Kingdom!* Just remove your socks first unless you want them knocked off for you! But do take a look!

Oh, there is so much more I'd love to share about my journey and maybe God will let me do that later. **This however was the end of my main learning about prophecy**—for sure, there's always a surprise or two waiting around the corner—we are always learning but after this time I was not *learning about prophecy* 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 focus of my walk from here on.

If I eventually get to share that continuing journey there is much less prophecy but a lot more struggle. Are you ready to fight the witches? How can you be ready? Is there a school for that? A police academy for dealing with witch-warfare? Maybe we need to start one? But if I write more on my journey it certainly won't be 'How I Learned About Prophecy—Part Two,' but more likely a part one of 'How I Learned About Missions.' I only wonder what the angel will ask me to name that one? '9 + Coconuts.' Or maybe '7 - Chocolate Hills' ... or maybe just '28 living in a 3 bedroom house with six dogs and 7 cats'? Well, I probably need to work on my titles a little.

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. And to reach the full stature of Christ we each must do our part!

## What do I really Think about Prophecy?

But if I were to summarize prophecy or give my overview in a sentence, I'd share one verse, Amos 3:8. People often quote Amos 3:7—

“Surely the Lord God does nothing, unless He reveals His secret to His servants the prophets.”

But people don't see any clear reason to bring up 3:8, but in fact this is the real insight behind prophecy—at least to me.

Prophecy is not first about us hearing, us needing or us seeking. It's always first about Him speaking, him providing, him loving. Because in all things He surely was first. So all the attention belongs on him and this is Amos 3:8 ...

“A lion roars! Who won't get scared?!

God has spoken! Who can help themselves but prophesy!”

Prophecy is not first about us, our gifts, our callings, our mantles, our training, attitudes, positions in or outside of the church, our maturity, our experiences, our needs or our questions—none of that is first ...

**Prophecy is first about God** speaking—everything else is just ... *details*.

## What does God Himself think about Prophecy?

But I'll finally end this book the same way I am ending *10 Things*, by sharing what God told me his view of prophecy is.

God had asked me to host a Prophets Training School and in turn I asked him to give me the big picture, an overview of what he saw prophecy as—but he didn't want to do that for a while. He had so much he wanted to say first—maybe he was also laying a foundation in my understanding beforehand so I could lay hold of what he wanted to say to me in reply to my question? But I kept asking—pestering him really, until he finally spoke:

“You want an overview of prophecy?” He said, **“I speak to whomever or whatever I like ... I fear NO MAN—**

“*Selah*,” [He actually said that! He actually said, ‘Selah.’ So take a minute and ‘let that sink in a bit’ ... and then He continued:]

“I AM 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 ... of LIFE ... of 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, I say.

Let’s just try and keep it simple, if we may!  
Is that OK? OK! ... Then have a nice day!

~ The End ~



## About the Author—

Edward “Eddie” Johnson is an equipper, a prophet and used to be a lawyer and university lecturer in Hong Kong until he got promoted! Now a missionary in the Philippines, he and his wonderful wife, Lilie Ann, are called to lay the foundation for revival in Bohol, Central Visayas, in the Philippines, as well as build a theme park, a new town and other development projects the Lord said are part of His blessings of restoration to the people there.

Jesus named their ministry **Prayer Mountain** calling their work in the Philippines: **Prayer Mountain Bohol**. Their main websites are [www.prayermountainbohol.com](http://www.prayermountainbohol.com) and [www.kingdom-foundations.com](http://www.kingdom-foundations.com) and [www.40-days-in-heaven.com](http://www.40-days-in-heaven.com), among others.

### Other Books from Edward Johnson include:

**Foundations of the Kingdom**—based on many conversations with Jesus about his Kingdom this book explains what Paul called the administration of the Gospel, keys to help us open and operate in his Kingdom: explaining the differences between the Gospel of Salvation and the Gospel of the Kingdom, Isaiah 61 as the model of our new life (as explained in Chapter 20), the importance of ministering in a demonstration of the Spirit and power, of teaching revelation, of equipping the saints so each can do their part, and much, much more. [www.kingdom-foundations.com](http://www.kingdom-foundations.com)

**40 Days in Heaven**—for which he was simply the editor as it is the true story of a man’s 40-day visitation to heaven over 100 years ago, which the Lord asked him to republish for a modern audience. On Amazon but the full text is on-line to read for free at [www.40-days-in-heaven.com](http://www.40-days-in-heaven.com).

**10 Things on Prophecy**—as “8+Splash” is a narrative on ‘How he learned’ about prophecy ‘10 Things’ is a companion book on ‘What he learned’ about prophecy, both of which the Lord asked him to write.

**Starquake**—the working title for a sci-fi novel trilogy—think ‘Narnia meets Star Wars’ which is a three-book ‘hard science’ series the Lord also asked him to write.

**Communion, Enjoying Spiritual Fellowship with the Holy Spirit**—is one section of *Foundations of the Kingdom* expanded into a short book, of which the First Edition is already on Amazon.

... and more, and also more to come!



**“A lion has roared!  
Who will not fear?  
The LORD GOD has spoken!  
Who can help themselves  
but prophesy?!”**

**~Amos 3:8**

**The Lord asked me to write a book on *How I Learned about Prophecy*—which his angel said to name *8+Splash* ... Now 18 years later I’m finally sharing my personal journey where I started out with no giftedness, no understanding and no idea there even was such a thing as prophecy—to eventually being able to hear God in two-way conversations—being literally taught by God.**

**The fact is everyone can hear God’s voice if they would just quiet themselves down and listen. And God has so much he wants to say, like Amos wrote, *When God speaks, Who can help themselves but prophesy!***

Edward “Eddie” Johnson is an equipper, a prophet and a missionary in the Philippines; he and his wonderful wife, Lilie Ann, are called to lay the foundation for revival in Bohol, Central Visayas, in the Philippines, as well as build a theme park, a new town and other development projects the Lord said are part of His blessings of restoration to the people there.



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