

wHaT tHe LoRd HaS dOnE wltH mE

by Victor Nicholas Hafichuk

A Theo-autobiography

PART THREE – Israel to Bernalillo

At the end of [Part Two](#) of *wHaT tHe LoRd HaS dOnE wltH mE*, the Lord informed us it was now time to go to Israel.

Particle - The Path of Truth

In the late winter of 1978-79, in Dauphin, Manitoba, the Lord gave me this song as He prepared us to go to Israel. A challenging path is the path of truth, but it is also an exhilarating one. Each segment of this path brings its trials and troubles, and its rewards, with continuing consistent evidence and assurance that staying the course is more than worthwhile.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “The Path of Truth,” or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Satan Comes To Intervene

I gave two months notice at work, which gave Dal Fulford plenty of time to find a ceramist to replace me. I didn't feel free to tell anyone where we were going, only that we were selling everything and leaving the country. We began advertising all our worldly belongings for sale.

A lady professing to believe came by to purchase some of our things. She asked why we were selling. We told her the Lord was giving us instructions to sell everything and obey something we weren't free to talk about.

She was skeptical and recommended that we speak to “Pastor Greg” of the Pentecostal Bethel Tabernacle, with whom we had [visited](#) nearly two years earlier. “He is such a wonderful, loving man of God. You really should talk to him and not do things on your own,” she advised.

I knew we were dealing with Satan. The Lord gave me a song of the event.

Particle - The Father Gave Me Words

We were learning that Satan's servants are ever there, with Bible under arm and God's praises on their lips, prepared to do battle “in love.” The strange thing is that while I recall the Lord giving me what to say to this woman, I don't recall what it was.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “The Father Gave Me Words,” or to read the lyrics.)

When I consider what God had in mind and what He did in sending us to Israel, it is little wonder the enemy made the effort to stop us. What a marvelous development coming up!

Particle - Disposing of Our Goods

We held a moving sale at our apartment. Such financial dealings were always a challenge, because money was a problem to me. How much do I charge? Did I sell it for too little or too much? Some hard bargain seekers would come; it didn't matter how low the price was on anything, they would want it for less. We sold our Queen Anne stainless steel cookware for much less than it was worth, and many of our wedding gifts went for a song. Some people went away fairly happy, some much happier than they let on while dickering!

“The customer always complains that the price is too high, but then he goes off and brags about the bargain he got” (Proverbs 20:14 GNB).

Particle - Getting because Giving

We were down to the last few days before leaving by Greyhound bus to Winnipeg. It was now nearly two months since the Lord said, *“Now is the time.”* Most of our goods were sold or distributed to others. We only had remaining our biggest possession, the car, to sell. How would we do this?

The lady who was taking over my job was a ceramist/potter from Winnipegosis, about thirty-five miles north of Dauphin. A week or two before we were to leave, her car broke down and she needed transportation home, so I lent her our car. When she returned the next day, she said her son might be interested in it.

They arrived the day before we were to leave, dickered on the price some, and paid us cash for the car. What a timely gift from the Lord it was, while lending to someone in need! He has often shown Himself faithful in such circumstances.

Who thinks giving doesn't pay?

Who says there is no God?

Particle - My Parents See Us Off

We paid my parents a visit the night before we left. They knew we were leaving, but they didn't know where we were going.

During the visit, I spoke to Dad about hearing the Voice of the Lord, relating incidents to him. I was surprised to hear him express some credulity, because in the past he simply swept aside the idea of having a personal relationship with God. He said, somewhat marveling, “Well, if you do hear His Voice, you are one in millions!”

He had an expression on his face that indicated something was dawning on him. That expression would be a faint hint of something I would see of him six years later, in very different circumstances - a world apart, in fact.

The next day, they drove us to the bus depot and saw us off. As we sat in the bus, I saw them on the platform, both very sad and crying. We were all crying.

Particle - A New Creation

Throughout my Christian life, my father refused to believe me. He also couldn't and wouldn't understand that what God had done in me made an irreconcilable difference between him and me, not only in terms of thought and way of life, but in very nature.

He lingered for the old Victor, not willing or able to accept that I had died. If only he had desired, not the grave for the two of us, but the resurrection! What man in his right mind would trade the skies and birds for the earth and worms?

In all sadness, I turned my back on him, but I don't regret it; no, not for a moment.

I wrote a poem about him and our relationship:

You linger at my grave, longing for your son;

I've left the darkness for the light, and what is done is done.

The change in me is not perceived by frail human sight,

And so you think that I am wrong, and you are surely right.

Reason fails to comprehend the things in my new life;

Explanations will not do, they only lead to strife.

People, habits, and memories call, but I've traded old for new;

I've traded all that's bad and false, for all that's good and true.

I'm a stranger in this world, whom you have never met;

I've only kept this outer shell on which your heart is set.

My life is hid in Jesus Christ; believe me you will not;

Your heart is very hard and cold, for truth you have not sought.

I'd rather walk on foreign soil, than to this evil world be loyal,

And trade the rags of dirt and toil, for robes magnificent and royal.

Kingly blood flows through my veins, as I am led down holy lanes;

I've left the world of sorrow and pains, and climb the heights for greater gains.

Someday I know I will return for others who will come

And each man will, in his own time, till all are in the sum.

Great and glorious will be the day when all men drop the sword

And raise their hands in harmony to praise our mighty Lord.

Particle - A Deadly Pull

I think one of the greatest battles I ever had was to forsake family, more particularly my parents, most particularly my father. His draw on my heart was very powerful and, in his last years, his state was so pitiable that it was very hard for me to refuse him anything. It was agonizing, indeed.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "A Deadly Pull," or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Farewell to Canada

We were leaving Canada with the sense that we wouldn't be returning, having sold all our possessions, not free to tell anyone where we were going, and departing from a peculiar, almost apocalyptic, scene.

We had been subjected to -20 degrees F; temperatures that began at the end of October and remained, for the most part, until the beginning of April, just before we left. Meanwhile, there were almost record amounts of snow, so much that maintenance crews couldn't dispose of it. Cars were buried in driveways, homes were deep in snow, and city sidewalks were as trenches almost everywhere, walls often over our heads. Snow came and remained, piling up.

When a late spring arrived, the snow began to melt all at once. As we traveled by bus to Winnipeg, there was nothing but water as far as the eye could see, through much of the countryside. It was as though we were in a ferry crossing a lake, except for the roadside markers to guide the Greyhound bus on the highway through the water.

We thought we were escaping the judgment of God on Canada. This took place at a time when, politically, socially, legally, parliamentarily, economically, and atmospherically, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, the Prime Minister of Canada, had devastated the country with a socialistic, cynical spiritual influence, and the majority of people seemed to love to have it so. They saw him as a hero, and many still do. (To us, he was evil incarnate - a selfish, arrogant scoundrel.)

He was even a nominee, years after he died, in the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's contest, "The Greatest Canadian."

A Much Deserved Tribute: Thankfully, the winner of the contest was one who deserved the honor of that national contest title infinitely more than Trudeau - Tommy Douglas, former Premier of Saskatchewan, and founder and leader of the New Democratic Party.

Tommy did great good for the country, winning sorely-needed basic rights for the common man by establishing governmental laws, policies, and infrastructures. Perhaps his most notable accomplishment was universal healthcare for Canadians who couldn't afford most basic treatment.

Things have changed, however, and the NDP is no longer what it was in Tommy's day, not by a long shot. And the governmental policies aren't as he originally intended them. All is greatly corrupted - the usual course of this world.

For example, Tommy never intended that Medicare coverage should include abortions, sex changes, and the broad range of sorcerous pharmaceuticals we have today. These are horrid travesties of a policy meant to meet serious needs, not meant to murder, poison, and cause mayhem.

Back to our story: I had just turned thirty-three. In the seventh year of my spiritual conversion, we had no idea we were headed to Israel to meet a new long-time friend to be, who would become closer and much more than a brother.

Particle - The Truth about Trudeau

Marilyn had a vision of Pierre Trudeau and Canadians. He was feeding the chickens, scattering feed to them with one hand, while in the other hand he concealed an axe behind his back, ready for use.

Particle - El Al, Oy Vey

We booked a direct El Al flight from Winnipeg to the Ben Gurion airport near Tel Aviv, Israel.

The seat rows were uncustomarily compact, and my seat was dysfunctional - it couldn't recline. The whole plane was packed, so they couldn't give me another seat; I sat upright all the way.

I believe the flight, with time change, was about fourteen hours - about nine in real time. They didn't give satisfactory compensation for inconvenience. With honor, they should and would have.

Why did this happen? The Lord was dealing with my fears and sympathetic notions. I was afraid of losing our luggage with transfers (fear inevitably breeds mistakes and invites trouble). I had also wanted to support Israel (El Al being an Israeli company). I concluded we would have been better off booking with another airline, with a stopover. Perhaps my reaction shows how little I was willing to suffer unselfishly?

Particle - Introductory Trials

Arriving at the Ben Gurion airport outside Tel Aviv, we had no idea what to do or where to go. We knew nobody there, didn't speak the language or understand the customs, and had no plans, reservations, or connections.

Cab drivers swarmed. I was dressed in gaudy summer clothes and appeared the ideal sucker for those inclined to take advantage of tourists. We were also lily-white in complexion, fresh out of a

six-month life of deep freeze, with little more sun than a deep freeze would afford, into a land of tanned skin. It seemed somewhat the reversal of coming out of a hot sauna and diving immediately into an icy lake, as Swedes are reputed to do.

I was skeptical and fearful of con artists, for I had experienced them in Tijuana and elsewhere, back in the sixties, so we passed up a respectable and respectful older cabdriver, waited, and finally got a con artist (as things work). He saw us coming, bounced our luggage around, packed other people into his car with us, charged us 50% more than he should have, and at the end, persistently demanded a tip, all the while scorning us.

He dropped us off at a cheap old hotel in Tel Aviv, the Nes Ziona. The manager was unpretentious and friendly. Prostitutes frequented the lobby and rooms, indulging U.N. peacekeeping soldiers and young tourists at all hours. Clicking their high heels on the uncarpeted floors at night, they disturbed both those asleep and those awake in neighboring rooms.

Particle - Holy or Hellish Land?

Marilyn was understandably not impressed with our humble accommodations, so we upgraded to a better hotel down the street with less of similar activity. While there, we began considering our options and decided to go to a *kibbutz* or *moshav*.

At the hotel, Marilyn fell quite ill. Stress alone could have been the cause, as could the heat - the *xhamsin* winds were in season, hot and dry from the eastern desert regions. Marilyn had fever, headache, and nausea, but she finally recovered.

We were told we could volunteer on a kibbutz as laborers, so we made some phone calls, thinking we would try it out until something else came up. A moshav (something like a kibbutz) offered to take us, though we refused to be vaccinated and were passing the maximum qualifying age as volunteers. By then, we had somehow learned vaccinations weren't good.

We enlisted another unscrupulous cabdriver, compliments of the desk clerk, to "take us for a ride" to Moshav Habonim on the Carmel coast, about 50 miles north of Tel Aviv and 20 miles south of Haifa.

Particle - Moshav Habonim

At Habonim, they took one look at us, with our clothes and white complexion, decided we wouldn't last long, and thought they would get it over with. They assigned us to our quarters; we found them filthy and began to clean house. It took us all day, the day we were supposed to have to settle in and be given an accommodating tour of introduction and acquaintance, as was customary with new volunteers. That introductory day never happened for us, though it did happen for all other volunteers who came after us.

The moshav members initially despised us, which they confided to us months later, after realizing they had misjudged us by our appearance when we arrived.

Habonim was an agricultural community, the residential section situated on a rocky hill beside the Mediterranean. On its premises, it had the rocky ruins of a small Crusader castle. Habonim, which means "the workers" or "the builders," prided itself in hard work. Unlike a kibbutz, which traditionally has a common dining hall, called a *beit am* (house of the nations), for the whole

community to use daily, moshav families eat in their own private homes. There are other minor differences between these two forms of socialistic communities.

As was the case with most moshavim and kibbutzim, Habonim had many enterprises. It had a vermiculite factory and a dairy, it had orchards of bananas, mangoes, lychee nuts, and avocados, and it grew cotton, onions, and other crops. Bananas have awesome, gorgeous giant blossoms - I would gladly call them "blawesomes"!

I had occasion to work in all the food productions and the vermiculite factory, though not in the dairy. Marilyn often worked with other women and prepared meals for the volunteers (they preferred her cooking over taking turns with those who couldn't cook).

For interesting nature, occasionally we saw scorpions and snakes that looked like, but were not, vipers. I loved the Mediterranean Sea, but the beaches were littered with globs of tar or oil.

Particle - Imported and Home Grown

There are those who immigrated to Israel and those who were born in the country. An Israeli-born is called a *sabra*, which is the word for the fruit of a common cactus. And according to North American social standards, sabras *can* be rather prickly.

We occasionally found a more favorable, even refreshing mentality with the sabras than with the immigrants. One could often have a meaningful conversation with them. They were more realistic, sincere, sober, and humble - not in all cases, but several. Plainly, these people have been born in fire, their lives in constant danger, surrounded and greatly outnumbered by rabid enemies, having to fight simply for the right to exist.

Their outlook and disposition were in clear contrast to those of more affluent privileged Jews born in America, who were often soft (yet hard), proud, selfish, satiated, self-confident, argumentative ideologues raised without fear of harsh danger or life-threatening persecution.

As for the Americans who experienced the army and war, they had a hardness, a callousness the Israeli soldiers we met generally didn't have. Americans seemed arrogant compared to Israelis. Again, this wasn't always the case, but often was, at least in our limited experience.

Of immigrants, we found those who came for ideology's sake and those who came escaping persecution, often coming with nothing to show for possessions. Those fleeing to Israel for their lives were more like the sabras, substantially insecure, but with a measure of humility and a greater sense of reality.

We were seeing a live demonstration of how suffering and hardship can do much good. Being pampered, protected, and afforded one's desires of the things in this world are often detrimental to body, soul, and spirit. Spoiled children miss out and have a hard time catching up in life.

Particle - Our Friends at Habonim

Some of those we met at Habonim:

Raeli, our first volunteer supervisor. His wife didn't have good first impressions of us. Raeli later confessed they thought we were lily-white and quite useless.

Leah, a Holocaust survivor.

Doron, son of Leah.

Raphaella, Doron's wife. She was our second supervisor and took a more personal interest in us.

Yaacov, Raphaella's father, a wild, reckless truck driver, reputedly responsible for some deaths on the highways, who offered to take us on a complimentary tour while on a delivery trip to the Negev, past Dimona, the location of Israel's alleged nuclear facility. Against the secret advice of some members concerned for our safety, we accepted. We had asked the Lord, Who gave us the peace to go, and we enjoyed his company and commentary.

Ben Yehuda, the engineer and custodian of the water system of Habonim. He was a bachelor who invited us to his place for slides of his trips around the world, focusing on buildings and architecture. He made us some delicious juice from his pomegranate tree.

Artur, originally from the U.S., sought us out and encouraged us to be a part of the community; he became a closer friend.

Aharon, a man who fought in or against the British army when it was still in "Palestine"; I quite appreciated him.

Miriam, Artur's wife, daughter of Aharon.

Moti, the appointed farm manager for a term, with whom we had some friendship. He was looking to leave Israel for greater financial opportunities and independent living, perhaps in South America.

Chanaan, the orchard keeper whose yard was a beautiful cactus garden with great variety. He invited us for a visit to his home (I had some words for him about God that were encouraging to him).

David Hooker, the bookkeeper's eldest son. He took us sailing on the Mediterranean.

Jonathan Hooker, David's younger brother, about 20 years old. He was our thorn in the side.

David and Jonathan's parents, who raised four children (or more) in a small one-room house. The father was the moshav bookkeeper.

Katriel, a sabra, and his American wife, who was having a hard time in Israel.

Monty, the vermiculite factory manager. He was an intellectual, an aggressive, outspoken, opinionated man with not a great amount of tolerance or patience.

Eli, Monty's assistant, married, quiet. He was a sabra, I believe.

Don, from Texas. He believed he had a calling of God on his life as a prophet and held many strange beliefs, like sleeping with other women, including other men's wives (without shame). His Anglicized Hebrew with a Texas drawl provided constant entertainment for many.

Shoshanna, Don's wife, who shrugged off her husband's sexual exploitations, saying he would grow out of it (he was close to fifty). At a wedding on the moshav, Shoshanna, in her evening dress, cleared tables of garbage after the meal, and got into a garbage can to stomp down the contents to make room for more.

Nadab, a ten- or eleven-year-old, son of a woman sleeping with Don. He was full of adventure, and could speak Hebrew and English fluently.

Victor, married, originally from England, who sought me out when hearing we had spiritual beliefs. He claimed he saw a vision of Israel being invaded and mostly destroyed (with which I disagreed); he and his wife were getting together with Don in their "cult."

Neil and Linda (Sedorsky?) from South Africa, who were very friendly and entertaining. They were quite uncertain about being in Israel after a life of having wealth, leisure, independence, and servants. Linda related to us as though we ought to be doing things for them. Perhaps it was my dark tan - Neil once quipped that if I got any more tanned, they'd have to reclassify me.

Moshe, a young active fellow turning eighteen and not looking forward to his three-year stint in the army (I have read that recruitment age in Israel is now seventeen).

Ezra, who thought we were searching for deeper meaning and suggested we go back to our "hometown church," until he found out that the Lord had spoken to us to come to Israel (he literally gulped with surprise).

Ezra's daughter, who was embarrassed with her father's approach to us (I wished she hadn't been).

Yankeleh, a pleasant, rather tender fellow, who tried fitting into the farm scene, but was having a bit of difficulty doing so.

Daniel ("Danny"), who spoke of his part in the war in which they charged up a hill and took the Golan Heights. He had carefully, desperately sought cover behind every rock as he advanced, and he survived when many soldiers did not.

Yael, a pretty young girl, born of a blond father and a mother that looked East Indian. Her father was a truck driver hauling livestock feed.

Johnny, a fellow originally from Nova Scotia, Canada, and who came to support Israel in the wars, likely the Six-Day War or maybe even the '56 Suez War.

I appreciated all of them but one - Jonathan Hooker, the young selfish, arrogant, insulting spoiled brat, though a sabra and army-trained. He knew nothing and everything. He was a test of all virtue. Not at all like most sabras.

Of all people, Jonathan was the one who lived next to us in the same building, noisy and inconsiderate altogether. So goes life.... Habonim's answer to the Thorndale Apartments.

Particle - Hide and Seek

We met a few volunteers from around the world: Alan from England, a communist who was cynical and rather bitter about religion; Linda, his girlfriend; Simon from England; Angela from England;

Lynette from South Africa; Marcus from Switzerland, who was looking for acceptance and purpose; a girl from Australia; and a short young Irish fellow with a chip on his shoulder who indirectly challenged me to a fight - I didn't bite.

Some volunteers seemed to be trying to find themselves while hiding from everyone else.

Particle - A Closer Friend at Habonim

Artur befriended me. He was originally from America (California?), and married Aharon's daughter, Miriam, a sabra. He played guitar and urged me to join him with mine. He also took me to a private spot at the Crusader castle at Habonim where he would retire on occasion to be alone and meditate. It was a personal gesture to show his appreciation of our relationship.

Particle - The Dead and the Living

Marilyn and I paid Jerusalem a visit. Of the many places we went to see, the alleged tomb of the Lord was one. As we approached, the Lord spoke to Marilyn saying, *"Why do you seek the Living among the dead?"* Surely, why would we? We turned around and left.

Particle - Not Giving a Fig

In the old city of Jerusalem, I bought some fresh figs from an Arab vendor in his mid-twenties, choosing him because his price was marginally less than that of other market stalls (I didn't know he was Arab). He weighed them on a balance, with his back to me, concealing the scales. When it seemed I was getting less than I was supposed to, I asked him to show me the weight on the scale.

He instantly got angry and spat out, "You are a Jew! Are you a Jew? You are a Jew!"

I replied that he could have easily made a mistake, and I just wanted to see the proof of value. He was caught at cheating because he had to top up the figs for what he was charging me.

He was seething - the anger I saw in him was unsettling. What I found even more disturbing was that there was no shame or apology on his part for the "error." He was indignant that I questioned his cheating me.

This wasn't the only time I witnessed an intense unqualified, unjustified Palestinian/Arab hatred, ready to be vented in any direction. Years later, I learned that this was typical Muslim religious philosophy toward infidels, as set forth in the Koran. Muslims retain the right to do anything they please, including all moral wrong, and infidels (non-Muslims) do great wrong by merely questioning them.

Particle - Ghouls Guarding the Golden Gate

My particle title is admittedly a bit extreme, but given the facts, not as far from the truth as one might suppose. I wanted to see the Golden Gate up close. As I approached, some Arab children suddenly dashed up to us, yelling. An Arab/Muslim cemetery guarded the way, and I didn't know we weren't permitted to pass through it. The boys assured me that it was an offense and a dangerous thing to enter it.

As foreigners, we didn't know this. We saw no guard, gate, or even a sign, though there could have been, and likely was one, perhaps small and makeshift. Certainly there was nothing official enough to handily alert us against trespassing, or to the gravity of trespassing in this particular case.

This area is curiously full of danger and intrigue. The Golden Gate is so famous, yet unapproachable, and for what good reason? With these Arab boys, who ranged between ages nine to twelve, I again saw hatred, an enmity that was eating away at their souls. At the time, I didn't know that it wasn't merely an Arab issue, but a Muslim one.

Particle - The Presumed Poor in Pocket and Poor in Spirit

Beggars were everywhere. While I wanted to give to the poor, how was one to tell who was in genuine need and who wasn't? We have heard of those in America who make a respectable living begging while holding down a regular, well-paying job.

More disconcerting, however, were the attitudes and ploys. One blind man displayed himself as a devout Orthodox Jew, arranging the Torah (Scriptures) and other religious articles on a cloth on the ground in front of him. This was as if to say, "See, I am a good, pious, God-fearing man. Give to me!" I didn't appreciate one asserting his piety as the reason I should give to him, and I didn't give.

On another occasion, in Tel Aviv, there was a one-legged man on crutches, with a collection container on a stand made for that purpose, like the Salvation Army uses for its donation campaigns. The container seemed rather full, but he was literally shouting impudently at the passersby in front of him to give. He was rudely, contemptuously demanding it. Perhaps he thought his war wounds (if they were war wounds) entitled him to demand reparations or appreciation from the public. I wasn't about to give to him, either.

The Lord was continuing to teach us that the poor of whom He spoke weren't the poor in pocket. And several beggars we met certainly weren't the poor in spirit.

Particle - A Dress for Marilyn

We thought we might pick up a dress in the Arab market for Marilyn. Seeing one she liked, we looked it over and realized it was too high a price for the value. As we walked away, the vendor pursued us with a discount. Refusing it, he reduced it several times, until I thought, "Maybe." Finally, I decided I would rather purchase something in a more reputable or reliable shop.

He gave his fifth and final offer, and we bought the dress for a quarter of the original asking price. Over three decades later, Marilyn still has that dress and occasionally wears it for lounging around.

Particle - The Dome of the Rock

What an enigma that right on the ancient Jewish Temple site stands a gold-domed representation of enmity toward Jews and the whole world! Tourists pour in to see its glory. We approached, but couldn't enter. We knew we wouldn't please the Lord by going in to see this structure, built by those who call Him a liar in all their ways.

In the mosque are boldly and prominently written four words: "God has no son." But the Old Testament boldly proclaimed a coming Messiah, and the New Testament declares Jesus Christ is He:

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life” (John 3:16 MKJV).

Years later, as I write, I find it ironic and significant that the Muslim declaration, “God has no son,” is written on the Jews’ sacred site of the Temple. Didn’t the Jews, in no uncertain terms, declare that God has no Son, and even tried to make sure He didn’t?

Particle - Volunteer Bus Tour of Israel

A three-day bus tour of northern Israel was organized for the volunteers of several kibbutzim. Marilyn and I didn’t wish to go, not given to sightseeing. People at Habonim talked us into it, however, and in the end, I was glad we went.

We camped outdoors, slept on the ground, and ate from plates washed in the river by volunteers who were ignorant and careless about sanitation and hygiene. For a day or so, we didn’t help, but a woman got after us, and we changed our minds and pitched in.

Two armed guards, Yair and another fellow, accompanied us. We visited some kibbutzim and historic sites, while the guards served also as tour guides. They took us right to the northern border crossing, where the Christian Militia was buffering between Israel and the PLO. As we were returning, we saw PLO shells fired on grain fields just behind us, setting them on fire.

We were told the shelling came from the nearly impregnable large Crusader castle, which was set on a steep hill. We could see it just over the Lebanese border. Bombs by the IAF couldn’t penetrate, so thick were the stone walls. Men had to take the fortress on foot. I believe it was in the raid on Lebanon in 1982, three years after we were there, that Israeli soldiers stormed this difficult-to-approach castle and captured it.

Particle - Shell Shock

Our tour bus stopped in a small-town store, where we bought some unshelled peanuts. Sitting on a bench outside the shop, I and others ate them and let the shells drop to the pavement. I made a remark to the guards that we had just “shelled the town.”

Seeing the material was biodegradable, I didn’t think there was a problem, but one of the guards took offense at the mess we made. “You’re Canadian and you make a mess like that? You should be ashamed of yourself!” he exclaimed.

I gathered the joke was lost on him.

Particle - The World Influences Believers

But I suddenly *was* ashamed. I went in and asked the shopkeeper for a broom. Though he gave a weak, “It’s OK,” I cleaned up the mess.

Upon looking around, I saw that the village was well-kept; the streets and walks were spotless. I hadn’t thought I was making a bad mess, because the shells were organic material - I wasn’t strewing cigarette butts, plastics, or wrappers. I then considered our Western lifestyle, where garbage of every kind was everywhere, and I realized more clearly that, though I was a believer, the decadence of the West had adversely influenced me more than I realized.

Of course, the streets were clean. Why shouldn't they be? Why should I act like a pig, no matter who else does or doesn't? I admitted my fault to the guard, and apologized to him and the shopkeeper. The guard brushed it off as though he had no time for such triviality. Nevertheless, he had performed a necessary task not part of his official duty, and I was bettered for it.

Particle - Sweet Sleep Safe from Serpents

On our tour, we were taken to the Jordan River where we would be sleeping outdoors. Whether to tease, test, or testify, they told us that in the night, deadly vipers might approach the water, so we should exercise caution. Not having a tent, we were vulnerable.

We prayed and asked the Lord for His protection. Finding the ground hard, we gathered old tall grass, which was plentiful there, made a bed, placed our bags on the grass, and had the best sleep I can remember having in my life, before or since, to this very day in 2012.

After a two- or three-day tour, we returned to Habonim, pleased to have gone and pleased to be back.

Particle - Meir Kahane

While at Habonim, Marilyn and I found out that Meir Kahane was going to speak in Jerusalem. He was preaching the immediate removal of all Arabs from Israel. Some at Habonim thought it strange that we, as Gentiles, should be interested, especially when most Jews themselves were not. Their opinion of him wasn't very positive, considering him a radical and a cause of trouble for them.

We were interested because we believed that much of what he said made a lot of sense. We had read a book of his, *They Must Go*, in which he outright declared that a democratic government wouldn't work for Israel, and all Arabs needed to leave the country if it was to survive as a Jewish state.

Arriving in the meeting room, we had expected hundreds of people. We had front-row seats in a small room with perhaps less than forty people, and of those there, it seemed they were somewhat like us, present more out of curiosity and appetite for sensationalism than support for his convictions. Several questioned Kahane's motives and understanding. We believed he was right but didn't have any inclination to personally or actively support him. When returning to Habonim, we found few, if any, interested in what was discussed.

Particle - Ulpan

After a few months of proving ourselves good workers and being considered worthy of their acceptance, the friendly people of Habonim asked us if we would like to be permanent members. If so, we would need to leave them for a while and attend an *ulpan*, a Hebrew language school, likely on a kibbutz, where we would work half days and learn Hebrew the other half.

Upon learning Hebrew, and with the Habonim community prepared to sponsor us into Israel, we could apply for citizenship. Being Gentiles, it wouldn't be easy. I came across people in government and elsewhere, who were quite bitter towards Gentiles or "Christians." I recall one lady who couldn't hide it and almost didn't even try.

Particle - Kibbutz Revivim (“Dew Drops”)

We searched for an ulpan in nearly every area of Israel. There was a new one opening in Dan, near Mount Hermon, not far from us. We visited, but didn't feel right about it. There was one in the West Bank, which we also didn't feel right about. There were simple agricultural ones, ultra Orthodox, Messianic, communist, atheist, liberal, conservative, specific philosophical, and others.

Nothing felt right until, one day, Kibbutz Revivim HaNegev came to our attention. The desert? Yes, I wanted the desert. Their schedule and program suited us, and the Hebrew instruction was reputed to be reasonably good. This was it. We applied and were accepted.

Particle - Our Roost

Revivim was an older kibbutz with over 1,000 people, a modern theater, and a dining hall that could seat about 900 persons. It had peach and avocado orchards, egg production, broiler production, cotton, and a plastics factory, among other things.

Old houses in an agricultural environment are sometimes converted into chicken barns. That is what happened on my two childhood farms before I was born. At Revivim, the reverse was true; having a shortage of living accommodations, old shacks made into chicken barns were converted back to living quarters for volunteers, like us.

In our unit, amusing us each day at about the same time, we had a friendly in-house pet mouse that would come speeding out of his hole and make a mad dash around the cupboard for another hole, skidding all the way on the slippery old linoleum.

Sand would occasionally blow into our rooms from the desert when winds came up, the blankets were about a foot too short, and we would occasionally lose something from the public laundry (our laundry number was 444), but it really wasn't all that bad. In fact, I enjoyed it.

Particle - What Is This I See?

Next door to us was a young Jewish couple from the USA. Beside their bed (which was in open view of the front door), I saw the Jerusalem Bible. I began to realize that one of them was a believer in Jesus Christ, and one was not, yet I wasn't sure which was which. I also perceived by the Spirit that there was division in their marriage. The couple was living in fornication, that is, they weren't married as far as God was concerned. All this came to me before we had opportunity to meet or get to know them.

Particle - Fresh Fruit Ripe for the Picking

Not far from our door was a pomegranate tree with ripe, juicy, flavorful fruit, about four times the size of some we see in the stores here in Canada, ours for the taking. Nobody wanted them! We picked these and enjoyed this treat with our neighbors, Paul and Alison Cohen, as well as with others.

A bit farther away was a date palm, which I climbed one day and gathered ripe dates. The tree was quite tall. On the way down, when I had nearly reached the ground, I clumsily jumped down and skinned myself on my chest and the insides of my upper arms.

It was worth it! They were the most delicious dates I had ever eaten. To our surprise, my wounds were healed with little treatment and in a very short time. Was there medicinal power in fresh, tree-ripened dates? In the dry desert environment? In pomegranates?

Maybe the Lord was simply generous with His wages in sending us to Israel to speak to Paul.

Particle - St. John's Bread

Carob! What a wonderful little secret about to be uncovered! There was a carob orchard near our quarters, with pods hanging, ready to eat. They were delicious. One day, as we were picking some, a lady came by and said, in broken English with Hebrew accent, "This what you call, eh... St. John bread."

"St. John's bread"? I knew John ate honey and locusts, but as with many others, I thought he ate the grasshopper-like insects called locusts. But something started to come together for me. On cottage cheese and other dairy product containers, I recalled seeing "locust bean gum" listed in the ingredients, which refers to carob. Suddenly, it struck me that John hadn't been eating insects, but the highly nutritious produce from the leguminous tree common in his environment.

Of course! That would make far more sense. Carob was highly nutritious and ever available. Locusts were not consistently available. They would come and go, usually in swarms. For John it would have been feast or famine! "Let's see, I've been fasting for 40 days now. If that swarm of locusts doesn't get here soon, I'm in trouble." I was elated at the revelation!

Particle - Home of Golda Meir

Revivim was the home community, for a time, of former Prime Minister of Israel, Golda Meir. (By the way, Golda Meir was born in Kiev, Ukraine, about the time my grandfather, at age 4, was leaving the Ukraine with his parents for Canada.) Golda's daughter, Sarah, and her husband, Zechariah, were in their fifties. They still lived there, and had been there since before Israel became a nation. He being a potter and my knowing ceramics, Zechariah wanted me to help him get a production of pottery and ceramics started.

I had learned how to make molds, which could have been of great use for reproducing ceramic copies of the pottery pieces Zechariah created on a wheel. I was looking forward to this, but at the same time, I felt like these things weren't to be.

Particle - Language Experience

My first language was Ukrainian, until I was five, when I began to speak English with my younger friend and neighbor, Raymond McKillop, and later in school. The third language was French in many grades of school. The fourth was a short stint of Esperanto in high school. The fifth was two years of Latin in one, in grade eleven at the minor seminary. The sixth was Greek at Bible school for a year and a half. The seventh was German for a few weeks while in Austria, and the eighth was Hebrew in Israel.

The one language I always wanted to learn was Spanish (as a child, I listened to Cisco Kid and Pancho speaking Spanish and thought I would like to know it), but never did, except for perhaps a hundred common words. Hebrew was the most fascinating to me of all because it gave me some connection with the Bible, though the Greek did as well. The difference was that I used Hebrew as a common language in Israel, unlike Greek.

Partice - Varda, Our Hebrew Instructor

Our Hebrew ulpan class was made up entirely of Jewish students, except for us. They were from many parts of the world - including Iran, Argentina, England, and Australia - but mostly from the U.S. Varda, an enthusiastic, helpful lady of about 55 years, was our effective Hebrew teacher in a class of perhaps 30 students. Varda was a heavy smoker and suffered headaches. I was afraid she would develop cancer. Over ten years later, we heard she was still alive. It was good to hear.

Partice - We Meet Our Neighbors and Our Destiny

Marilyn and I officially met Paul and Alison in the dining hall, as we sat across from each other, perhaps the third day we were there.

Paul asked us, "Why did you come to Israel?"

I told him we had come to live.

He said, "But you're not Jews. Why would you want to live here?"

I hummed and hawed a bit, but finally said that we were believers and the Lord told us to come to Israel.

He said, "*I* know why He told you to come. He brought you here to talk to me!"

Partice - A Messenger Requested and Sent

At that time, we began to talk of the Lord. Paul revealed that he was the believer, and we recognized that Alison, his wife, was not. Paul had come to believe the year before, married Alison after he believed, and they came to Israel from the U.S. to live.

He had prayed that God would send a man to talk to him. He'd been having struggles, at times to the point of tears, not understanding or knowing what was happening between him and God. He felt disconnected, but was unable to even articulate the problem, much less do anything about it. And his wife couldn't relate to what was going on with him.

Partice - God's Mission for Paul

On a subsequent visit with Paul and Alison, I had a Word from God for him. I told him that he would be telling people their sins and that it wouldn't be easy. He would be hated and misunderstood, but it was God's calling on him. Alison fidgeted and her countenance fell; it was plain she didn't want to hear this.

In the days to come, we met and talked. Paul listened and wanted to hear more, while Alison struggled. We took a bus to Beersheba for a day, visited, and ate at a restaurant, but there was a strain in our relationship. Much more was developing than a budding friendship between Paul and us, but this wasn't happening with Alison. A dividing sword was at work.

Partice - Fleeing from America, Too Late

It was around this time, I believe, that I had a vision, not a picture, but a premonition or a spiritual sensing.

We were at an Egged bus station in Beersheba with Paul, and a crowd was shoving and pushing to get on board (not an unusual sight in Israel). I then saw, as though it was in America, even perhaps in other parts of the world, Jews trying to cram onto buses to escape to Israel. They were fleeing persecution and destruction, but it seemed they had waited too long; it was too late for most.

At the time (1979), it was difficult to imagine it could be that way for Jews in America. Things have changed in thirty years and are changing all the more rapidly.

Particle - Paul to Be Our Friend

Many were the times there seemed to be the possibility or promise of a lasting relationship when we met someone, but in all those instances, it was never to be. At some point after meeting Paul, we enquired of the Lord about him and Marilyn heard that he would be our friend. While this was true, he was to become much more than a friend.

Particle - Sukkoth (Feast of Booths or Tabernacles)

The Day of Atonement came and Paul published an article in the Revivim bulletin about the meaning and fulfillment of Yom Kippur. He plainly declared that Jesus Christ - His death and resurrection - were the fulfillment of the Feast.

It caused a stir in the community, particularly because it was a Jew who had written the article. Alison told Paul she thought it was in bad taste and that he ought not to have done it. Paul didn't doubt himself and was eager to testify, telling the Jewish people about their Messiah.

Particle - Seeking Signs, Fornication, and Forsaking

Paul had become a believer before he and Alison married. He told me that he had been sleeping with her before marriage, and he had asked God for a sign as to whether they should marry or not. One night, he asked that, if they were not to be married, Alison would wake in the morning facing away from him, but if they were to marry, that she would wake facing him.

"She woke facing me," Paul said, arguing that he received a sign from God as requested, thus proving that Alison was to be his lawful wife.

In this way, Paul confirmed what I was seeing. I now began to understand the implications of what I first saw of them, when viewing the room next to ours. It became more and more evident that I would have to deliver a message to him that I didn't want to deliver. I struggled, wondering if I was right, but I realized the Lord required it of me to speak and I would have no peace until I did.

Paul and Alison weren't supposed to have been married. Marriage license or not, they were living in fornication as far as the Lord was concerned, and I had to break the news to them that Paul was to forsake her.

I tried to communicate subtly to him, hoping he would come to the realization on his own, but it didn't happen. I was afraid that if this message was clearly recognized by others in the community as coming from me, my name in Revivim would be mud. Likely we would be expelled from the kibbutz, and if so, our hopes of remaining as citizens in Israel would be dashed.

As I hesitated and time passed, I knew we would have to risk the contempt of the community and forsake living in Israel, if I was to successfully deliver the message to Paul. Now the informal training of communicating I had received at Arc Industries with the mentally handicapped would bring forth some of its value. I had to make myself very clear.

“Paul, two things,” I finally said. “**One**, believers are not to be yoked with unbelievers. That is what the Bible says.”

I then quoted:

“Do not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship does righteousness have with lawlessness? And what partnership does light have with darkness? And what agreement does Christ have with Belial? Or what part does a believer have with an unbeliever?” (2 Corinthians 6:14-15 MKJV).

I continued, “You two weren’t married when you became a believer. You married Alison *after* you became a believer, which was contrary to God’s counsel.

“**Two**, you asked God for a sign but what does Jesus say about signs?”

I quoted Matthew 16:4:

“A wicked and adulterous generation seeks after a sign. And there shall no sign be given to it, except the sign of the prophet Jonah. And He left them and went away.”

I continued, “You asked for a sign, but God plainly says He doesn’t give signs. So then, what of the supposed sign you received? Either it was coincidental (there is no evidence of a miracle, as with Gideon’s fleece), or the sign came from a source other than God. Satan would be glad to furnish you with a sign, and would have the license to do so, seeing you sought one against God’s will. Satan comes with all power, signs, and lying wonders.”

I provided him with:

“He will use everything that God disapproves of to deceive those who are dying, those who refuse to love the truth that would save them. That’s why God will send them a powerful delusion so that they will believe a lie. Then everyone who did not believe the truth, but was delighted with what God disapproves of, will be condemned” (2 Thessalonians 2:10-12 GW).

I said, “Paul, you need to leave Alison. She is not your wife.”

He looked at me as though he didn’t want to hear it. “I love Alison,” Paul returned.

I said, “Yes, you love her, as Solomon loved many wives he wasn’t supposed to love.”

Paul broke the news to Alison, at first not as a decision, but as a matter of discussion, still not prepared to take the step of obedience. News spread quickly through Revivim, and soon, Alison was

the victim, Paul was the dupe, and I was the villain (to bystanders without knowledge, this would be understandable).

We talked with Alison. While she was dismayed and wanted to continue as Paul's wife, she honestly declared she didn't agree with Paul's bearing witness to the Lord, particularly among Jews. More specifically, she reiterated her disagreement with posting the article he did in the paper on the meaning of Yom Kippur.

We took into consideration another passage in Scripture in light of these matters:

1 Corinthians 7:12-15 MKJV

(12) But to the rest I speak, not the Lord, If any brother has a wife who does not believe, and she is *pleased to dwell with him*, do not let him put her away.

(13) And the woman who has a husband who does not believe, if he is pleased to dwell with her, do not let her leave him.

(14) For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband; else your children would be unclean, but now they are holy.

(15) But if the unbelieving one separates, let him be separated. A brother or a sister is not in bondage in such cases, but God has called us in peace.

While Alison was pleased to dwell with Paul as a man in the world, was she pleased to dwell with him as a witness of Christ? Of which pleasing does Paul speak? More importantly, what if they weren't supposed to have been married in the first place?

Particle - Crossroads

A song was given to me at this time for Paul concerning his decision.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "Crossroads," or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - U.S. Entangles Itself with Muslim Nation

Paul related to us a dream he had in 1979. He writes:

"Around the time the Muslims took over the U.S. embassy in Iran, I had a dream wherein I was watching a U.S. helicopter in an Arab/Muslim country hovering over a city with its ladder descended and soldiers starting to go down it. I tried to, or wanted to, warn them not to go down as I knew it was a trap and felt great anxiety for them. But it seemed I had no way to warn them off; they were determined to enter, and did. Immediately I felt a sense of doom, because there was no easy reversal after this commitment, and I feared they were going to get the worst of it."

Victor's note at time of posting, in 2012: I see the Iraq invasion as the fulfillment of this dream.

Particle - The Word of the Lord by Marilyn to Paul

One day when I was away from home, Paul dropped in and talked to Marilyn. She asked him when he was going to leave Alison. "I am going to wait and see when the time is right. Maybe the Lord

will have more to show me,” he said. Marilyn replied, *“You won’t be hearing from the Lord anymore.”*

Paul tells us that those words greatly impacted him and that he knew what he had to do. He believed that what was spoken was from the Lord, decided to obey Him, told Alison what he had to do, and she told others.

Particle - The Desert

One day, Marilyn and I took a hike into the desert. I loved the dunes, wadis, sand, stones, succulents, solitude, sun, sunset, and even the scarcity of serpents. I loved everything - as long as there wasn’t too much of it! In part because of the landscape, and in part because of the troubles brewing in the kibbutz and threats of violence from some young American Jews, I was inspired to write a poem, “The Desert.”

We lived in a literal desert in Israel, and within my soul, I could feel all the things expressed; we were in a desert in our spiritual lives, a desert through which all pilgrims on the journey to the City of God must pass.

This poem was prophetic of events that would shortly come to pass as we spoke the Word of God to Paul, whom the Lord had given us to be our friend:

The desert is dry and parched, and I am hot and thirsty;

We two have been matched as partners in this stretch of our history.

The sun’s scorching face is forceful enough; from it I find no escape -

No shade, no water, no nightfall to comfort my soul in its wearisome journey.

Miles and miles of burning sand, I scarcely know where it began.

It started with greenery, then greenery and sand, and now it’s sand upon sand.

After some miles I’ve trodden and feel I can go no farther,

A trickle of water comes out of a rock, destined for that very hour.

With leanness of soul and hungering for life, not a soul for months I’ve seen,

All my possessions have slowly been lost, ‘til much lighter my journey has been.

It’s strange how the harder the trials, the sweeter the life becomes;

Easier the life filled with comforts, the more ensnared in this wild.

Many storms form on the horizon, threatening I know not what,
And only the odd one materializes to give me the wisdom I've sought.
With serpents threatening my life, and insects disturbing my peace,
I travel over jagged and treacherous rocks and long, from this desert, release.

Many mirages promise me life, yet they are at a distance,
But somehow I'm learning the difference between what appears to be real and what
is.

I can't tell how much longer this wilderness journey will be;
I know only this: I can't turn back, not while I have yet to be free.

Methinks I've seen circling above, those wretched birds of prey,
Who hover and wait so endlessly, for their opportune day.
But I believe in the One Who has promised to keep me until the Day,
And when it comes, it'll be by His choosing, and with Him I'll arrive to stay.

Particle - Three and a Half Years

I didn't realize it then, but from the time the Lord spoke to me in the log cabin at the end of March 1976, to the time I spoke to Paul at the end of September 1979 was *three and a half years*. This specific time measure is mentioned in both Daniel and Revelation.

How did I link these two events? It was many years before I made the connection and realized the significant implications. There was no study or calculation - it was only a matter of revelation.

Particle - The Yogurt Hits the Fan

Revivim, being disturbed by our influence, as they perceived it, immediately assigned Marvin, an American Jew, to do some sleuthing to gather evidence and analyze our activities. He didn't once come to speak to us or to Paul, though he spoke to many others.

The leaders decided that I was proselytizing - converting Jews to Christianity - something they abhorred. Within days, they arranged for a hearing to determine what they would do with us. While

it's true I had talked to others about the Lord, even as Paul had, I didn't proselytize Paul - he had become a Christian the year before. This didn't matter to them.

Particle - Judgment One Way or Another

There were a few young American Jewish men, Matt and Baruch (two troubled and potentially violent boys), and two others, who threatened to take matters into their own hands and do us violence to force us out of Revivim, all because of my message to Paul.

Meanwhile, Barry, a supervisor, arranged for the director of the ulpan program for Israel to come from Tel Aviv and preside at a hearing two days hence. We had previously met him and received his approval to come to the ulpan in Revivim. I liked him.

Particle - Fourth Eviction for the Faith

The hearing had a foregone conclusion. By then I was realizing that we had come to Israel, not to live, but to speak to Paul. Our job was done.

They gave us three days to leave Revivim. Marilyn came to tears, and Barry was very happy to see this happen to us. It seemed he was quite bitter toward Gentiles and nominal Christians. When we graciously accepted their decision, saying we understood their feelings and position, his countenance fell; our reaction seemed to rob him of satisfaction.

Particle - Parting Words with Paul

We advised Paul that he needed to obey the Lord without delay, though we didn't expect him to leave with us. We decided to go back to Hotel Nes Ziona in Tel Aviv and told Paul where we could meet, warning him not to tell anyone where we were or to allow himself to be followed. We then took the next vehicle out of Revivim, two days before the deadline to leave.

Particle - Experience No Guarantee of Learning

Some volunteers were in awe over what was happening and remarked that they felt judgment coming to Revivim for what they had done to us.

There was another Gentile from the U.S., David, who had been a prominent and responsible volunteer at Revivim, though not in the ulpan. He was also editor of the kibbutz paper, in which Paul's letter and my poem, "The Desert," were published. We heard later that he publicly questioned the justice of our expulsion and wondered how it was that Jews could practice such intolerance, given the history of their victimization in like manner. They had granted us no rights or benefit of doubt as defendants.

Particle - Rendezvous

We decided to go back to Moshav Habonim to let our friends know that we were expelled from Revivim and that we wouldn't be returning to Habonim. It seemed that the news had gone ahead of us, though there was nothing mentioned - nobody seemed willing to talk about it. The atmosphere was unsettling, and I realized there was nothing I could do about it, given the circumstances.

At Habonim, Artur had befriended us, and now he was hurt. He walked away, thinking we had been proselytizing, and that, in an underhanded way. He seemed to feel betrayed. I knew there was

nothing we could do but pay the price of ignominy. I hoped that some day in the future, Artur would understand and recognize me as a friend (now 32 years later, it hasn't happened, not that I expected it would). We left, sadly, with hopes dashed, yet relieved it was over, and headed for Tel Aviv.

Particle - Pitiful Pettiness on My Part

Notwithstanding the sadness, I was petty, resentful, and stubborn. When we had first arrived at Habonim, being judged to be wimps, they put us to work the first day, though Marilyn was still ill and we had to clean our filthy living quarters before we began work elsewhere. When later volunteers came, we discovered the policy of Habonim was to acclimatize newcomers, giving them a day of leisurely introduction and touring.

There was a daily allowance paid to all volunteers, which, adding insult to injury, we didn't get for the first day we worked because we weren't supposed to be working! While the allowance was a pittance, I told Mr. Hooker, the bookkeeper, that I wanted it for both my wife and me. While he was willing to pay, he gently chided me, saying that the idea of volunteering was to participate in, and contribute to, the kibbutz way of life. I ignored his counsel and took the money. I wish I hadn't done it. I see no good purpose having been served.

Particle - Comes Half a Man

Back in Tel Aviv, we sat in front of the Nes Ziona, wondering if Paul would soon obey and meet us. A day or two later, there he was, coming down the sidewalk. As he approached, I saw a man as though cut in half. Paul was spiritually crippled. He seemed like someone trying to walk out of an operating room after major surgery.

While I had compassion for him, and the sight wasn't a pleasant one, I knew it had to be the way it was. Marilyn and I never doubted it, though such a spectacle might have caused us to exclaim, "Oh, God! What have we done?!"

Paul informed us he told Alison that he had to leave her. She was distressed and called Paul's and her parents in America. David Cohen was on his way immediately.

Meanwhile, we planned to fly back to Winnipeg, Manitoba almost immediately. Why Winnipeg? I don't know, except it was in my heart to go there. We could have gone anywhere; there were no compelling ties.

We visited with Paul and shared what we could with him concerning life and his spiritual walk. We took him to the Mediterranean Sea near the Sheraton at Tel Aviv and water baptized (immersed) him in the Name of Jesus Christ, praying that he would receive the Spirit. The Lord said, "*Paul will receive the Spirit at a time in the future.*"

Particle - Banking Strike and Flight Delay Stop Us Twice

We knew that people, particularly Paul's father, would be searching for us, and decided to avoid trouble by leaving the country, but we were stopped. There was a strike involving the banks, and our money wasn't available. We didn't even have money to pay our hotel bill. The manager told us not to worry about it, that we could send him payment when we had the money. We appreciated that.

This gave us several more days with Paul, which we later realized he had much needed. God met that need, and He assured us that though danger threatened, we were safe.

In a few days, the strike was over; we bid our farewells and told Paul he might find us in Winnipeg. He took his plane for the States, and we were bussed to ours at the Ben Gurion Airport; however, our flight was suddenly delayed, so we went back to Tel Aviv.

They put us up at the Tel Aviv Sheraton in pleasant, comfortable rooms and provided the best buffet I have ever experienced - a wide variety and excellently prepared and presented.

That evening we shared with a Jewish couple in their fifties, who had a hard time receiving things I had to say, but couldn't refute them (I don't recall what they were). The next day, our flight took us to Copenhagen, Denmark, where we were put up for another night in a good hotel.

Particle - Social, Climatic, and Spiritual Relief

Coming off the plane, the cool October air of Denmark was invigorating, compared to the dry desert heat of Israel. We were also feeling the refreshing freedom to come and go independently, unlike the socialistic, restrictive atmosphere of a kibbutz. And we felt safer out of Israel, not threatened by people seeking to do us harm.

Particle - Trouble Everywhere

The next morning in Copenhagen, before our flight was to leave, we took a stroll and came by a city park that was frequented by drug addicts, dreamily, pitifully begging for handouts. The place was messy and desolate. We saw the corruption of the world, and death slowly strangling what we have called civilization.

Particle - Back in Canada; Now What?

Returning unexpectedly from Israel to Winnipeg in October of 1979, what were we to do? Where were we to go? I decided to call my old college and Amway acquaintances, Marvin and Marietta Mielke.

I recalled that they were involved in a group called "The Move of God," or just "The Move," started by Sam Fife, a former Southern Baptist become Charismatic. I heard they had some peculiar doctrines.

Their main unusual doctrines were that they didn't believe in the literal, physical, historical, personal return of Jesus Christ in His own private resurrected body. They taught that Jesus Christ comes in His people, who *are* His Body, which not only made sense to me, but also stirred in me as a spiritual revelation.

Furthermore, they gathered to live in communities, be they large rooming houses or "end-time farms" in Canada and the U.S.

They didn't celebrate Christmas, watch TV, or wear makeup, and paid attention to the moral aspects of hair care and clothing, among other things.

Particle - Temporary Home with Mielkes and "The Move"

Marvin readily received us, so we grabbed a cab from the airport to their place in Elmwood. (I realize now that there was a Marvin that worked to get rid of us in Israel and now we were being received by a Marvin - I recall a similar situation with the [two Gordons](#) when I left Riverbend School to attend Dauphin Plains.)

Another couple, Harold Sibley, his wife and three or four children lived with the Mielkes. He was a former Anglican priest turned Charismatic and was consequently expelled by the Anglican Church. And there were two young bachelors, Hiram and Klaus. Marv offered us to stay in their community home until we found our own. Undoubtedly, they were hoping we would join them.

Particle - Into the Den of a Wolf

The day we moved in, I was coming down the stairs to the main floor while Marvin stood at the bottom waiting. He had just come home from work. As he stood there, I saw a wolf, standing as a man and formed as a man, with thick, short jaw, and paws hanging down by the sides, fingers pointing backward.

I didn't know what to make of it, but as time progressed, Marvin began to manifest a nature I hadn't experienced with him before. He was brutish, dogmatic, growly, and brash. He was verbally abusive, arrogant, and contentious. This wasn't the Marvin I had known in college or in Amway.

Particle - Born Again, but from Beneath

Marv shared his testimony of how he had been to Ann Arbor, Michigan, at a meeting held by a group of Catholic Charismatic nuns, where he was converted. He said they prayed for him, laying hands on him, and he ended up lying on the floor, in the middle of a circle of them, praying in tongues. He said he had been "slain by the Spirit." He claimed that the experience changed him forever.

The Lord revealed to me that he had been changed all right. He'd been born from beneath, not from above, begotten of a she-wolf that day in Ann Arbor.

Marietta wasn't at all happy being part of "The Move." She wasn't for communal living, and wanted her TV and Christmas back, among other things. While we were there, I was slightly empathetic with Marietta and wanted to talk to her, but there was no guidance or opening to do so.

Particle - Itch in the Anus

The food budget in the house was restrictive. They ate a lot of pork because it was considerably less expensive than other meats. I developed an itch in the anus that wouldn't go away - likely parasites. I didn't relate it to the high pork diet, but it was tenacious and bothersome. I asked the Lord for a solution.

Particle - Are All Art Activities Awful?

Bob Mansfield, a member of "The Move," had a painting business, employing Marv, Klaus, Hiram, Brian Ross, and others. They offered me a job, and I learned the painting trade while we lived with the Mielkes. I enjoyed it, and I enjoyed working with them. Painting would prove to be a handy means of income in the future.

Bob had been an artist, but when becoming a believer, discontinued painting pictures. He surmised that it was wrong to paint images, or to make imitations of the real. If one is to paint, better to paint walls and ceilings, he thought. I didn't agree, but didn't feel it was necessary to discuss it.

As I thought on the matter and asked the Lord to give me understanding, I came to the conclusion that God's injunction against images (which was Bob's concern) was intended in the context of worship, and not in everyday use of pictures or works of art.

Particle - Bert and Helen Huebner Receive Their Reward

Around 1980 or so, we heard of [Bert Huebner](#). He was walking across Henderson Highway in Winnipeg from his office to his home one night, when a drunken driver hit and killed him. I thought, "There was Bert, the lead Amway distributor of Winnipeg, with many of the 'trappings' (a significant word, come to think of it) of this world, professing faith in Christ, serving mammon, upset with me for messing with his organization, and now where is he?"

Particle - Dick and Bunny Marks Receive Their Reward

[Dick Marks](#) lost his wife, Bunny, to Hodgkin's disease, I believe it was, or some other fatal disease. I recalled how they had professed faith in Christ, "believed" for her healing, declaring they would overcome, yet primarily emphasized the riches of this world as the blessings of God.

These were the elite of Amway in Winnipeg. I record these tragedies for posterity and for all to see how it doesn't pay to serve mammon - it costs. I have no doubt whatsoever that if the Marks and the Huebners had sought what was right and true, Bert and Bunny would not have perished tragically. Both couples had taken upon themselves the Name of the Lord in vain, and were not held guiltless (Exodus 20:7).

Particle - Satan Comes, Finding Nothing

One evening, Brian Ross, one of "The Move" community, called us at Mielkes', wanting to talk to us. Anticipating a battle, we went to prayer. The Lord said, "*Satan comes and finds nothing in you.*"

Brian came. I wish I could remember what he said to us. Generally, he seemed to be looking for an occasion to criticize, condemn, or accuse. Surprisingly, I didn't react or strive with him, which wasn't usual for me.

I seemed not to mind at all what he was saying, and it completely took the wind out of his sails. I think he had assumed we would disagree with him on certain points, and he found that we didn't. It was peculiar that the Lord gave us such a Word in advance. The occasion didn't seem to be significant. It puzzles me to this day.

Particle - Satan Comes, Finding Something

On another occasion with Brian, Satan came and *did* find something. While Brian and I were talking, I said something to which he instantly responded in a harsh rebuff, accusing me, saying that I didn't believe in reaching lost souls for Christ.

(As I write, I realize his reaction was identical in spirit to when the Anglican priest, Don Varcoe, spoke to me in Dauphin. It was an occasion of which the Lord had warned my brother Bob and me, in a [prophetic Word by Bob](#), that Satan would be attacking us within three days. Don Varcoe, in his reaction, represented Satan, as did Brian Ross.)

What was my reaction to Brian this time?

Defensively, I said, “I don’t believe that!”

The words had barely come out of my mouth when Brian replied, suddenly calm and smug, “That’s good!”

I knew right then that, instead of addressing him and his spirit, I was put on the defensive and lost that battle against the enemy, because even though what I said was true in letter, I said it with the spirit of defending my righteousness. The fact is I didn’t believe in reaching lost souls without the direction of the Spirit of the Lord. I didn’t believe in preaching for the sake of preaching, but I wasn’t yet totally settled on that matter. Satan saw my weakness and took advantage of it.

It didn’t matter that I was exposed or defeated. What mattered was that I was learning to walk in the Spirit.

Particle - It Is about the Heart and Not about Things

I learned a good lesson that day: I must not deal with things or with subject matter so much as with the person. Furthermore, as I write of this event 32 years later, I realize the more important lesson was that we can’t stand up to the enemy without being sure of our knowledge, position, and purpose.

Particle - Visions in “The Move” on the Move

A peculiar aspect of “The Move,” in Winnipeg at least, was that though other gifts of the Spirit were exercised, there seemed to be an inordinate emphasis on having visions. Several of the people were having them constantly. The other peculiar thing was that the Lord wasn’t bearing witness to us that any of them were from Him.

Particle - Children Playing in the Gates of the City

One evening, there was a gathering in the Mielke house for prayer and worship. Some visitors attended, flying in by private plane from the U.S., who claimed to have a specialized ministry, something to do with praise, worship, or worship music.

As they sang and worshipped, I received these words concerning them: *“Children playing in the gates of the city, neither coming in nor going out.”*

As for the man who flew in on a tour of ministry, we had a talk, and I don’t recall why, but I told him the Lord revealed things to me about people. I didn’t give any specific examples. His face turned ashen, as though he was about to be found out.

I kind of wished the Lord would show me what was going on with him, but perhaps it was enough for him to be notified or reminded that God can indeed reveal things when He chooses, and that those things practiced in secret don't remain secret indefinitely.

Particle - Correction Called Destruction

We attended two or three of their meetings wherein Biff and Jeannie, man and wife, both elders, were speaking. Jeannie preached at the first meeting. At the next meeting or the one after, I received permission from Biff to speak. I spoke about how they were wrong on certain matters, one of those being women teaching and exercising authority over men. I quoted the following:

“Women should learn in silence and all humility. I do not allow them to teach or to have authority over men; they must keep quiet. For Adam was created first, and then Eve. And it was not Adam who was deceived; it was the woman who was deceived and broke God’s Law. But a woman will be saved through having children, if she perseveres in faith and love and holiness, with modesty” (1 Timothy 2:11-15 GNB).

I also told them that the great emphasis on visions didn't indicate good things, that their “ministry” wasn't of God, and that Sam Fife was a false prophet, for several reasons. Though I didn't say it, I knew that Sam had set Marv up as an elder in Winnipeg - that was one of the reasons. If Sam were a true man of God, a prophet or an apostle, which Sam claimed to be, he would not have set up a wolf, or even a benign novice, to shepherd the sheep.

But I did say that a man of God doesn't die a tragic death, or a premature one, unless by martyrdom. Nowhere in Scripture is there any such indication, whether by doctrine or example. (In April of 1979, Sam Fife died, crashing his plane into the side of a mountain.)

I also said that “end-time farms” were an escapist, defensive action, coming from a bunker mentality, which the Lord didn't initiate or sanction. I asked them to consider the prophets, apostles, and disciples, who were willing to lay down their lives to bear witness to the nations, not separating themselves from the world.

The group wouldn't hear me, though they endeavored to bear with me patiently and respectfully. A young girl had a vision soon after I spoke, saying she saw a man digging holes in the ground all around, and that another came and filled them in. Someone else interpreted the vision to mean that I was the one digging the holes, making the mess, but someone else would come and smooth things over. In a sense, this is what happened, but not as they thought, as far as I could tell.

Particle - Beelzebub Prophecies

As we sat in one meeting, Hiram stood up to prophesy. The Lord said to me, *“He prophesies by Beelzebub.”* I found it interesting that others also didn't believe Hiram's prophecy was from the Lord.

Hiram was reeking of self-righteousness. One day, as he unintentionally (I think) drove through an amber light that turned red, he pulled over and prayed (I was sure it was for my sake), confessing his sin and fervently begging God's forgiveness. I was disgusted at his display of piety and humility and told him that an error is an error and not necessarily sin.

He insisted that God's holiness demanded perfect righteousness (he didn't use those words, but that was the essence), as though we could attain favor with God by our own righteousness. One may as well try to sprout wings and fly to Mars as be good in his own strength before God. Hiram's ways repulsed me.

One thing I must say - he was a terrific piano player - he had the feel.

Particle - The East Gate of Jerusalem

In the late seventies or early eighties, Marilyn dreamt and saw me entering through the East Gate of Jerusalem (which was no longer sealed), along with several businessmen, politicians, or government leaders who were dressed in suits but no ties, as is often seen in Israel. The news media was there with TV cameras about, filming the event for the whole world to witness. Marilyn was seeing this at a distance from the east.

Years later, on the internet, I saw an ancient picture of the East Gate with a valley before it, running parallel to the wall, and a bridge went over the valley, leading to the gate. I said, "Look at this! There was a bridge there at one time" (there isn't one there now that I know).

Marilyn replied, "I saw that bridge in my dream!"

I replied, "I don't remember you telling me that! I never knew until today that there used to be a bridge there."

Particle - Moishe Weinberger

Moishe, a Jewish fellow in his early sixties, visited the Mielkes one day. He claimed to have a ministry in the Messiah, Yeshua HaMashiach, somewhat in partnership with his new wife, a native believer and presumed Pentecostal evangelist, Elizabeth Cox, who was a fair bit older than he. They operated a mission and a tract printing/distribution operation in an abandoned old commercial building in the north end of Winnipeg. Moishe wrote a book about his life - *I Escaped the Holocaust*. We would be hearing from him.

Particle - No Talking to Marvin

I tried to talk to Marvin Mielke about spiritual matters on various occasions, but he would quickly, belligerently shut me down. Even when I tried talking to others, it was as though he was on the watch for me and would immediately interrupt with a loud, "Bull!"

Others apparently tried to talk to him as well, to no avail. I look back and realize that while I was trying to deal in doctrine, it was Marv himself that needed addressing. I didn't have it to do then.

We found a home within a month and a half of the time of arriving at Marvin's, a rental suite at 152 La Verendrye in St. Boniface, owned by Don Puhach, a tinsmith, whose shop was next door. We moved in mid-December of 1979. After eight months on the road, it was good having our own home and privacy again.

Particle - What To Do?

I spoke to "The Move" to let them know where we stood and differed with them concerning doctrine and practice; I tried to speak to Marv and got nowhere. Not able to continue with them, I

believed I could no longer work with Bob Mansfield's painting crew, made up primarily of members of the group. I quit, though I had nowhere else to go.

Money became scarce, rent was coming due, I had no job prospects and no transportation - the pressure was on. In weakness of faith, I tried dealing with a job placement agency to find work. An agent interviewed me, did an aptitude test, and tried lining me up with Dun and Bradstreet as a bill collector, given my business background. He also tried other possibilities. I balked at every one of them, and he concluded that I needed psychological (if not psychiatric) help.

I understood his perspective. I knew, however, that I had to wait on the Lord and trust Him to provide. He told us He had something better for us. I apologized to the placement rep, quit trying to make it happen, and waited. I didn't have to go looking; the provision would come to us, in a peculiar way.

Particle - **Moishe Invests**

One day, when we returned home, we found a bag of groceries at the door. Later, Moishe paid us a visit and told us he had dropped them off. Why would he do this, and why would he tell us he did? We hadn't said we needed anything, we *didn't* need anything, and there didn't seem to be any conspicuous evidence that we did. His gift seemed somewhat peculiar. We would soon come to suspect Moishe's motives.

The non-organic groceries weren't our kind of fare - processed meats, refined bread, canned goods, the unhealthy kind of food that many eat. Rather than return them to him, fearing we might offend, we ate some and gave some to others.

Particle - **Counsel Sought**

In the latter half of December 1979, having no personal, conscious direction from the Lord, I decided to go to Calgary, Alberta to the Saturday morning Christian men's breakfast meetings. Having been edified in the spirit there in the past, I hoped to receive some direction. We had no vehicle, so we took the Greyhound bus. We stayed at a motel at Motel Village in NW Calgary. The next morning, I took a cab to the meeting.

Particle - **Archie Resurfaces**

Arriving at the restaurant, I saw some of the usual frequenters there, including Carroll Vance. I was surprised to meet up with Archie. He immediately told me he had just had a vision of me that morning, told me what it was, and pressed me to renew acquaintance with him. He confessed that he and his wife, Cathie, had been selfish, proud, and stubborn.

In the meeting, I believe Carroll had a prophecy for me, but I don't recall what it was. When the meeting was over, Archie gave me a ride back to the motel. Marilyn and I talked over renewing acquaintance with him and decided to go for it. We left for their rented acreage at Standard, east of Calgary.

They were planning to move to Toronto and were selling their meager belongings. They had no idea of the value, so we helped price and sell them for twice as much as they were planning, still allowing fair prices for buyers.

They now had three children - Elizabeth, their firstborn, about three, showing remarkable signs of manipulative powers; Chris, about two; and Nathan, newly born. Three children are a lot for someone who wasn't supposed to be able to have children. The [Word of the Lord](#), by tongues and interpretation to Marilyn, had come to pass.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Victor and Another in Canoe to Africa

About the vision Archie had the morning we met at the men's breakfast prayer meeting (we hadn't been in touch with each other for a couple of years): He saw me in the front seat of a canoe, my face shining with the joy and glory of the Lord, paddling east across the Atlantic Ocean towards an area covered with cloud. He couldn't tell where it was. Then the cloud dispersed and he saw Africa.

Archie saw an unidentified person behind me in the canoe, also paddling. If that dream was of God, I believe that person would be Paul, whom we had just met in Israel, someone of whom Archie hadn't known, but who years later was to become our closest friend and co-laborer in Christ.

Particle - Another Disappointment

We talked about Archie and his family coming to live in Winnipeg, rather than Toronto. Archie was a painter and handyman, and we could work together. We agreed and made plans - Archie was going to come ahead in January, and Cathie would follow a month later. They drove us to the Strathmore bus depot, and we parted on good terms, or so we thought.

Back in Winnipeg, we discovered a home that was only three or four houses away from us and under a government rent subsidy for poor families. We spoke up for it for Archie and his family and they promised to hold it for them. What a remarkable and convenient provision! We also arranged our home to receive them temporarily until they moved into theirs. January came and went, and we didn't hear from them.

Particle - Moishe Ministers for Mammon

One day, Moishe called and invited me to come to Selkirk, north of Winnipeg, to minister in a home. We arrived and were received by two stout native men, who appeared to be on drugs. Moishe walked in, saying, "Praise Jesus! Hallelujah!"

Moishe promptly got down to "official ministry work." He opened the Bible in their living room, read a psalm, and giggled all the while, as though he was receiving marvelous understanding and revelation, yet commenting nothing to the men. When he was done, it seemed the custom that his hearers would grace him with a gift.

They gave him some money and offered him something to eat. Without saying a word, he quickly devoured some cookies and buns and washed them down with tea in about two minutes. It seemed they might have appreciated visiting with him, but he was of no inclination whatsoever to talk to them.

They had a frozen deer carcass thawing on the floor behind the wood stove, having found it in the bush. They offered some to take with him, but he declined and was out the door, with me awkwardly scrambling to follow.

On the way back to Winnipeg, I wondered what the event was about. It appeared Moishe had gone for the money. I think he received \$20, which was about the cost of operating the car to drive there and back home. It was becoming apparent he was a beggar and scoundrel, using the Bible as an attractive and persuasive collection pot.

Particle - Entering In with Elders

Around this time, I had a vision. I was walking into a small rectangular tent-like structure, carrying a Bible in one hand. I walked the step or two up to the entrance, and inside sat a group of elderly men on a bench along the walls. They were in what appeared to be humble Mideastern clothing and had long gray beards and gray hair.

Marilyn was about a dozen paces behind me, standing and crying bitterly, elbows at her sides, palms up, with hands outstretched after me. She was very distraught with what I was doing or where I was going. It appeared I was departing permanently.

Particle - Moishe Calls Me to Join Him

Some days or weeks after the vision, in March or so of 1980, Moishe and a disciple, Philip, a Jewish lawyer, were heading to northern Manitoba in Moishe's gas-guzzling Cadillac to minister in native communities. Moishe invited me to come, and Marilyn was against my going, but I set out with them.

I thought that perhaps this vision depicted my going to join Moishe (a physical elder), and generally joining the universal elders of the ages in their spiritual ministries.

On Winnipeg's outskirts, I became increasingly troubled about Marilyn's disagreement. I concluded it wasn't God's will that I go with Moishe (remember [Chadwick's advice](#) to us). Besides, knowing Moishe's questionable ways in the Name of the Lord, I didn't want to be identified with him and bring disrepute to the Lord. So as to not inconvenience the men with my indecisiveness, I asked Moishe to drop me off where we were, and I would find my way home (which surprisingly took more than five unpleasant hours, mostly by foot).

Marilyn and I firmly concluded Moishe's ways weren't God's ways and the vision had nothing to do with him. I had attempted going with him while Marilyn was against it, a scenario generally expressed in the vision; however, we would have to wait for the true fulfillment - and it would come.

Unknown to us at the time, the vision spoke of a day years later when the Lord would call me to Himself for special service, and in the process of the call, deliver me of a spiritually unhealthy relationship with Marilyn, wherein I was listening to her as His voice for me, looking for agreement and calling it confirmation, instead of hearing from Him, in faith, for myself.

It wasn't at all good that she should be my "priestess." Effectively, though unwittingly, I was in idolatry. Moishe told me my wife was unduly influencing me, and he was right, though in this matter, I can't say she was wrong - we found Moishe's works and ways weren't right before God.

Particle - False Fulfillment

We have seen on several occasions where, after receiving a vision, dream, or prophecy from God, circumstances would take the shape of a fulfillment, but they would leave one guessing or doubting. Some of this is due to speculation, but I also believe this is to try us and see if we will believe. It also causes us to grow and be strengthened in faith, patience, spiritual discernment, and understanding of the Lord's ways.

I've learned that when something is truly fulfilled, there's no doubt about it whatsoever, unless it's the wrong kind of doubt; that is, doubting when one ought to believe.

Particle - Let Your Requests Be Made Known to God

Moishe could always find a way out of personal pickles, one way or another, obvious or not. One day when he was asking for money, I confronted him, saying he needed to make his needs known to God, not to men. It was a lesson God had taught me, and one I believed was meant for every believer:

“Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God which passes all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus” (Philippians 4:6-7 MKJV).

As I pressed home this truth, and his arguments failed, he broke into an affected, “Oy, oy, oy! My head! Oy, my head! Oy! Oy!” I found it hard to believe he was being so obviously evasive.

It appeared that Jesus wasn't his Lord, but his Larder.

Particle - The Snorrer

Moishe was a *shnorrer* (look it up in a Yiddish dictionary). He was constantly hitting anybody and everybody up for handouts. As little as we had to do with him, we witnessed this several times. He snorred when he was asleep and shnorred when he was awake. He was forever shnorring.

Was he wise in his spending and money management? Could you give him anything with confidence that he respected or appreciated it? For example, he drove a big black old Cadillac, a gas-guzzler someone gave him. I was with him one day as he drove through central downtown Winnipeg. His driving was fast, crooked, and careless, as if he were driving an almost uncontrollable bumper car at an amusement park. Pedestrians, parked cars, moving cars, parking meters, fire hydrants, buildings, beware.

There was often something going wrong for Moishe. “Brudder, oyyy, brudder, my wife is sick and we don't have any food! Could you spare some money? Oy, oy, oy!” He would carry on in a pitiful manner, but the moment the money touched his hand, his countenance was immediately transformed, not to thankfulness, but to a sense of urgency to depart. He was gone in a flash, barely, if ever, taking the time to say, “Thank you,” as though there was a risk the donor would change his mind. It was like he had planted a bomb and set the timer with an allowance of only seconds to exit.

It was strange. Didn't he realize we might rightly or wrongly perceive he was playing us? Were these habits he learned in Auschwitz? Did he view everyone as a *schlemiel*?

Moishe was also skilled and industrious in ways. He built the wooden fences for the truck box in a meticulous way (he wouldn't let me do it). He would fix things and do his own mechanics on the car, even changing the large heavy-duty coil springs that gave that smooth old Cadillac ride. I have to admit he did try to make ends meet with some honest effort.

The day came when Moishe's Cadillac got unfixed in such a way that he was helpless, no matter how skilled. While driving, he got hit by lightning! Everything electrical in his car was suddenly a confounded nightmare, a write-off. We had no doubt the Lord was against him in his hypocritical ways, using His Name to impress rather than edify, deceive rather than enlighten, beg rather than offer, get rather than give... and prey rather than pray!

Particle - The Jim Jones Jitters

Marilyn and I caught the city bus to Transcona to visit a Pentecostal church. They were showing a film on the Jim Jones tragedy. As we sat near the back, a couple near their sixties sat directly in front of us. They were dressed in their Sunday best while we were in casual clothing. At one point, the woman turned around and looked at us with apparent contempt. We found out it was the superintendent of several churches and his wife.

As we watched the film of the history and happenings of the Jim Jones affair that led to the deaths of approximately 900 deluded people, the falsehood and deception was quite clear to us. We marveled that people could be duped by something so obviously wrong.

When the film ended, the pastor stood up, gasping, astonished at what he had seen. "I don't know what to say! That could have been us there! Who would ever know it would come to that? How could anyone know? I can only say I'm thankful I wasn't there!"

Those weren't exactly his words, but the idea was that they would have had no way of seeing through Jim Jones - it was more a matter of chance than anything else that they were spared the deception and resulting consequences. The story seemed to frighten him.

I thought, "Here is a man who is not only a professing believer, but the pastor of a Pentecostal church, and not only a pastor, but one teaching about, if not supposing to have, the gifts of the Spirit, one of those being the discerning of spirits. And he can't see the obvious spiritual falsehood that was going on there? No wonder people are dying! They're in abject darkness, prey to anything that comes to devour."

I went home shaking my head. Was it any wonder the Lord required me to leave all formal organized religion? He was calling me out of darkness! Here was a denomination that was presumably one of the more advanced of all denominations, having the "Spirit of God" no less, yet so blind and lost.

Particle - Paul Visits Us

We received a call from Paul in January 1980. He was on his way from the U.S. to see us. He had been in touch with our telephone company, waiting for us to be listed with their information service, which would happen when we got our land-based phone. When he arrived, we were very happy to see him. He remained for six weeks. We tried talking about spiritual matters during this time, but it was difficult. Paul seemed to be out of it.

Particle - Archie and Cathie Arrive

Suddenly, Archie and Cathie were at our door, without having given us any word. “We’re on our way to Toronto,” Archie said.

We were floored. I said, “We have a home booked for you on a social assistance program, just down the street. We made plans; we had an understanding. Now you tell us you’re not staying?! Why didn’t you let us know?”

They were hardened once again, didn’t offer an apology, and didn’t seem to care a whit about how they had let us down. “We went to a prayer meeting with Carroll and Yvonne Vance, Jim Flynn, John and Trudy Leyenaar, and others,” they said. “They had prophecies for us that we were supposed to go to Toronto, blessing us in going.”

Particle - Two Regretful Incidents of Many

They remained with us for a few days and reconsidered. One evening Archie and Cathie went out to see the house we had arranged for them, leaving us to babysit their children. Nathan, the baby, was in the dark basement in his crib. He was asleep when they left, but the basement door being open, we soon heard him crying.

After trying several things to quiet him and failing, and not knowing what to do, I gave him some light slaps on his diaper-padded behind, being ignorant and annoyed. This obviously didn’t stop the crying, but soon Archie and Cathie arrived, and Cathie took Nathan and settled him down. I regret being so ignorant of children and spanking Nathan, though I didn’t physically hurt him.

On another day, Chris was crawling around in his diapers and sat on the sofa. The sofa was wet where he had sat and I was sure he had wet it. I insisted that he be spanked to teach him not to do what he did (spanking often seemed to be my primary solution). It turned out that there was a leak in the ceiling, and water had dripped onto the sofa.

What a strange coincidence! About 1200 square feet of living space on the main floor of a 3-story building (where a leak is most unlikely, at least from the outdoors), and the ceiling leaks nowhere but where Chris sat on the sofa, in a room we seldom used! And I don’t recall it ever leaking at any other time in the 18 months we lived there.

I felt badly and apologized for having wrongfully blamed Chris. Was the Lord showing them what they would get themselves into with me, if they were to remain with us? I think so. I had a long way to go.

Particle - One Grape Will Do, Thank You

Archie and I walked and talked, discussing various things. I still tried to reason with him. Archie had a hard, unpredictable spirit. He and Cathie both did.

We continued to show them hospitality. “We had agreed that you would come and learn from us. What happened to that?” I asked.

“We *have* learned things from you!” Archie insisted. “The other night, you made us hot drinks and served them up yourself. I never do that kind of thing.”

Floored again. I thought, “He eats a crumb from the plate and says he has eaten? One day at school and he thinks it’s graduation time? There’s the whole land of Canaan to be taken and they settle for a grape?”

How slow on the uptake could I possibly be? I was coming to the conclusion there was no use trying to reason with them. They hadn’t changed at all.

Particle - Archie’s Word for Paul

One morning, Archie sat stewing for a time and then spoke. “Paul,” he said strongly, with dramatic effect, “go home.” His words suggested the Lord was speaking by him (Paul was still visiting us).

“Where’s that?” Paul asked, in a slightly testy response.

Archie replied that he should go back to his home city, Philadelphia, perhaps to his parents.

Paul replied that it was no longer his home. I seem to recall that Archie repeated himself (not sure).

I then said to him, “Archie, that was not a Word from the Lord. It doesn’t witness with us.”

Archie was somewhat defiant and defensive. I said, “You’re not serving God. You’re deceived. Those people in Calgary prophesied falsely to you, in emotion because of the parting. They said things from their own feelings, not from the Lord.”

I went on to say that it wouldn’t be good at all for them in Toronto, that they were headed for hard times. Archie proudly insisted he was afraid of nothing or no one, and that his only intent was to serve God. Had I said anything about being afraid of anyone?

Particle - Archie Leaves

I finally said, “Go. I’ll say no more. You have your mind made up, and now you must go.” I was finished trying to reason with them.

I’ve learned that the Lord has many reasons for doing anything. As Mickey used to prophesy in Prince Albert, *“The Lord’s purposes are manifold.”* Archie and Cathie were supposed to stay in Winnipeg, and the Lord had even arranged for a home and occupation, but they refused. Yet they needed to go to Toronto to be taken through trials, and we weren’t ready to deal with them, anyway. Though we knew we had much to teach them, we had much to learn ourselves. We also needed changing.

So they left, and I told them that I wasn’t going to continue communications with them. We had previously renewed acquaintance with them, even as they had requested, tried helping them again and came up feeling sorely abused. They hadn’t changed a whit from the time the Lord told us to turn away from them. I wasn’t the least interested in ever seeing them again.

Particle - Ravens Would Pluck Out Archie’s Eyes

Just after they left, I recalled a vision I had of Archie some time before. I’d seen his face; he was dazed. Ravens had pecked out his eyes.

The prophecies over them in Calgary were the fulfillment of the vision. I was reminded of a proverb:

“The eye that mocks at his father and despises to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it” (Proverbs 30:17 MKJV).

I assumed it was the last we would be seeing of them. I was wrong.

Particle - The Harlot John Paul II

While Paul was visiting us during that time in January and February of 1980, he had a dream from the Lord. This is his record:

“The world leaders, including Khomeini and the Soviets, were gathered together with Pope John Paul II. He was dressed as the pope from the front, but when I saw him from behind, his frock was open, split down the middle. This exposed his naked body, which is that of an attractive woman, whose walk was one in high heels, hips swaying, and beckoning to men, ‘Come have sex with me’.”

Particle - Paul Leaves

Spending time with Paul, it became clear we weren't accomplishing anything with him, either. Paul was like a zombie much of the time, in a state of some sort of inexplicable stupor.

I said, “Paul, you need to go. There is nothing for us to do for now.”

We rented a car and drove Paul across the border to Grand Forks, North Dakota, where he caught a bus to Albuquerque, New Mexico - why there, I don't recall.

After a few weeks, he headed back to Philadelphia. There, Paul spent a bit of time with Alison, his unlawful wife, until they both realized it wasn't right or good, and so parted again. Paul kept in touch with us. Those times were a mystery for all of us - times of no direction, no spiritual companionship, and no substantial spiritual works. I wondered if Archie's prophetic direction to Paul to go home to Philadelphia was of God after all, especially given that things had finally closed with Alison.

Particle - Accepting Obscurity

Many would like to be of value and importance to others. In one of these years, I came to the place where I could say to the Lord, “If You wish to work with me and leave me as a nobody, if You choose that I get no credit for anything, unlike with Moses and John the Baptist, for examples, so be it. I accept. All that is important is that Your will is done, whatever it is.”

Particle - Lech Wałęsa's Anointing

Around the time of the Solidarity Movement in Poland, I had a vision of [Lech Wałęsa](#). He was standing at a bar in dim lighting. I saw two men enter, dressed in common laborers' clothing, and come up behind him, each stretching forth one arm, holding a hand about three inches over his head. It seemed they were praying, or pronouncing something over him. Then they left.

He ended up leading Solidarity to victory against General Jaruzelski's government, but later, Lech seemed to have lost his power. I don't remember if I saw this vision before or after the Solidarnoczn victory.

Particle - Moishe to the Rescue Seeking Rescuing

We had a parking space assigned to our suite, but nothing to park. Moishe came by for a visit one day, and he had a beater pickup truck lent to him by a Mennonite evangelical farmer, Henry, whom Moishe was always hitting up for handouts. Henry thought that by lending him a truck Moishe might somehow use for income, it may prevent him from digging into Henry's pockets. Moishe accepted the truck, but had nowhere to park it. He asked if we had space and we gave him ours.

Moishe planned to use the truck for delivery service in the city. However, not being physically able, he needed an operator. Seeing I wasn't working, he asked if I would do it. We asked the Lord, were at peace to go with it, and soon we were in a tiny moving and hauling business.

We started advertising in the classifieds, offering low rates, as Moishe had advised us to do, and got cheap customers who nickel-and-dimed me terribly. We raised our prices and got more and better customers. We raised our rates again and could barely keep up with the business. The Lord was showing me that life, business, and success aren't about low prices.

Particle - The Trepaniers

On one of the first truck hauls, I was to deliver some furniture in the St. James area for a woman. While my helper and I were there, she suddenly had a seizure. I suspected it was demonic possession, but was restrained by the Spirit to pray for her. While I was there, her son-in-law and daughter, Mike and Theresa Trepanier, who were in their 20's, strode in to the rescue and began to pray for her.

Mike publicly confessed faith in Christ and was involved in a Pentecostal church. It seemed that he intended to impress me with his spiritual testimony, praying for the sick. After the woman came out of her seizure (she wasn't delivered), Mike and I visited for a short while, talking about spiritual matters, and then I left.

Particle - Speechless in God's Presence

One day Mike unexpectedly dropped by our home, saying he was in the neighborhood and the Lord told him to say to me, "Blessed is he that comes in the Name of the Lord." I didn't know what to make of it, whether it was his own thoughts or whether the Lord actually spoke those words to him.

Mike then asked that we have a time of prayer. I asked him if there was anything in particular he wanted to pray about. There wasn't.

I sensed Mike was being religious, so I said, "Unless we have something worthwhile to bring before the Lord, the religious act of prayer isn't acceptable to God. Are you going to just talk? Do you really think you have anything to say to Him? Doesn't the Bible teach that, when we are before Him, we ought to keep our mouths (Ecclesiastes 5:1-2)?" (Mike's idea of prayer was mostly about speaking and little about hearing.)

I said to him, “Here, let’s get on our knees, and we’ll see that there is nothing to be said to Him” (I was moved by the Spirit of God to make this suggestion). We got down on our knees and suddenly the Presence of God was upon us in a very special way. Mike marveled and excitedly remarked, “You’re right! What can anybody say? He knows everything, even what we think!”

We had both received the distinct impression of God’s Presence and omniscience, independently of each other. I marveled that He should do this for us. Mike thanked me and was on his way.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Black and White

Marilyn and I took a walk near the St. Boniface Hospital only blocks from our home. There on a street corner, I saw a nun speaking to some young women. I had the urge to speak to her. We walked up to them, and I said, “Why do you dress in black if you choose to represent Jesus Christ? Jesus is not black; He is white.”

Some of the women giggled nervously (I perceived they were mentally handicapped). The nun replied, “I desire to serve Him with all my heart.”

“Then you must represent Him as He is - white, and not black,” I responded.

We left, having no more to say.

Particle - My First Writings

Aside from Bible school in 1974 with structured writing activities, I first began writing on spiritual and Biblical matters in 1980, this time, spontaneously. I covered perhaps half a dozen topics, but the only ones I remember were on Christmas, perhaps the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and a bigger one on how to identify false prophets. I tried distributing these.

I recall visiting my former best friend, Gerry McClintock, at his office at Continental Grain. He was successful with his company, having risen to the top. I was surprised to see him silver-haired by then. I shared the writings with him, which I expect he didn’t read. As I look back, I don’t think he was missing much; I wasn’t ready to do what I was trying to do.

The Lord spoke to me saying, *“If you are willing to let go of these [writings], I will give you something much better.”* I burned the writings. The reward for obedience wasn’t immediate.

Particle - Trucking Not Profitable for Moishe

The trucking business increased, but because the truck was an older one, it wasn’t long before repairs were necessary. I informed Moishe that his profits would have to go to repairs, and he must have spoken to Henry, the Mennonite farmer and truck owner, who was quite annoyed. He’d been hoping to end Moishe’s constant requests for handouts by letting him use the truck.

I wasn’t about to be investing in it, seeing that my having it was tentative at best. However, I had obtained and paid for a business license and was advertising. I had lined up several appointments to move people when Henry came and said, “The gravy train is over. I’m taking the truck back.”

He seemed to think I was making a lot of money for nothing, which wasn't the case. When I tried reasoning with him, asking him to allow me to at least finish my commitments to customers, he brushed my concerns aside, refusing to compromise.

Perhaps Henry was right. Perhaps I was counting on someone else picking up the tab for the truck repairs while I kept the income, but I do recall the truck needing a lot of repairs. Henry thought he was doing Moishe a favor; I suppose Moishe thought I should pay for something, and I didn't see how we would ever make enough money to support the truck.

Particle - Forging Forth with an Affordable Ford

I immediately set out to buy a used truck. Checking the classifieds, I found a forest green 1973 Ford F250 $\frac{3}{4}$ ton on a used vehicles sales lot near Ericksen's garage on King Edward St. They were asking \$2,300 for it. I went to look at it, taking Art Beals with me for his opinion on it, and then returned home to consider and pray. The salesman was a one-armed character who evoked a little sympathy from me. Without asking, he came by our place with the truck. I told them all I could afford was \$1,750, and they accepted. I continued business with barely a hesitation.

That truck would turn out to be the most useful, profitable, and economical automobile I have ever purchased to date, serving me and others well for years.

Particle - But Moishe Keeps Trucking

But Moishe was again foiled in his hopes for income. He continued to ask me for money. Marilyn and I both knew we couldn't give to him; it would only be encouraging him in his covetous and religious folly, and he wasn't prepared to listen to any advice, spiritual or otherwise.

Neither was his wife, Elizabeth, an older native, very humble or willing to change. She professed faith and presumed to be an evangelist of God. One day, while helping Moishe move some furniture, we asked something of her. "Don't interrupt me!" she indignantly bawled. "I'm ministering in prayer to someone!"

I wasn't aware she was on the phone doing so. Was I supposed to have known?

Particle - Richardson Fruits

We went to a Kenneth Hagin "crusade" in Winnipeg. There we saw and spoke with Tim Wegener from the [Richardson group](#), the people we had met in Dauphin three years earlier. He had suffered a nervous breakdown, overworked by his spiritual shepherds.

Tim told us about Sue, the woman who had rebuked me at the [tent meeting](#) in 1977 for questioning her leader, Mrs. Richardson, and her prophecy. Sue was also burned out from stress and exhaustion.

He told us about [John Poepke](#), that his wife had died of her illness, and he had gone back to the bottle, from which he had been redeemed not many years before we met him.

He finally told us about [Edna Gremadza](#) of Sheho, Saskatchewan, who had also followed the Richardsons and who fell away in disillusionment and resentment. The Richardson fruits were not good.

Edna was the one who said I had a Catholic spirit. We would see her in the future in a deplorable state.

Particle - Kenneth Hagin

As for the Hagin meeting, there was much hoopla and little substance. Kenneth is just another of many men with their names in lights, presuming to be serving God with knowledge and sensationalism, but leading many astray and lulling them to spiritual slumber and death. His doctrine of "Word Faith" ("name it and claim it") is a pernicious one, its roots going back to William Branham and since taught by Kenneth Copeland, Creflo Dollar, and many others.

How is the "Word Faith" doctrine so pernicious? It gives the impression that we can properly exercise the power of God independently of Him and without sanctification. (For more on this, read about Joel Osteen: [Everybody's Friendly Enemy.](#))

Particle - Folly and Fate of the Heedless

Again and again, we were confronted with people to whom we spoke truth and tried to persuade from evil, but to no avail. They rejected what we had to say out of hand, and opposed us. We invariably saw them suffering the fruits of their foolishness, ignorance, and heedlessness, their works catching up with them in devastating ways.

And even then, they still weren't getting it!

Particle - Uncle Steve and Aunt Flossie Szmon

Marilyn and I decided to pay a visit to Steve Szmon, my mother's brother, and his wife, Flossie, in Transcona. Steve had been a wild man, forever fooling around, rarely serious. He lost his arm in a factory accident. I don't know if he took up drinking before, during, or after the mishap, but he certainly took it up: He and Flossie were alcoholics.

As we visited in their shabby home, he had a case of beer beside his sofa chair, and Flossie had her beer in the fridge. As they sat visiting with us, they drank, while we abstained. It was a sad spectacle. They were entirely sold out to alcohol. I had the impression that had we accepted their offer of a beer, they would have found it difficult to part with it. It seemed almost too precious to them to share with anyone.

Uncle Steve expressed appreciation that I should honor him with a visit. He seemed flattered. I wondered if somehow we could reach them for the Lord and bring them to life, but it never happened. Of course, God could have done anything, but He didn't give us to say or do anything.

Particle - Mount St. Helen's

Our landlord asked me if I would paint our 2½-story building. It being aged, wood-sided with weather-worn wooden windows, I had much scraping and sanding to do. But I wasn't very professional about it. I hung over the edge of the roof by a rope tied from the chimney to my waist to prep and paint the dormers (I used no scaffolding). I wonder about it now. What was I thinking?! I was thinking cheap - that's what.

The house was to be painted white. At that time, Mount St. Helen's erupted in Washington State and sent the ash thousands of miles, all the way to Winnipeg and beyond. What a surprise! Seeing a fine ash settling on everything, I thought my paint job would be in jeopardy. Who would suspect having such a concern? But it was OK.

Particle - **Worker Not Worthy of His Hire**

I hired Merv Forbister, a muscular fellow, to help move furniture for a while. He was a bodybuilder and quite able to do heavy lifting, which was needed.

He was also a writer, or so he said. One day when I asked him what he wrote, he said I wouldn't appreciate it because it was quite sexually explicit (he knew I was a Christian).

I had a constant struggle with him, always having to tell him everything again and again - to be careful, to tilt the furniture we were carrying in the right direction, to think ahead, to think for himself, and more. Otherwise, he was a hard worker.

I wanted to give him a raise. I thought, "He's only getting minimum wage. Surely, I am cheating him." The Lord withheld me, saying, *"He isn't worth what you're paying him."*

One day after I lectured him, as I was dropping him off at home, he proudly, dramatically turned to me and said, "Oh, and by the way, you can take your job and shove it!" and jumped out of the truck. It was disconcerting and amusing at the same time. I was glad it was over.

Particle - **Employer Not Worthy of His Workers**

I was hard on workers. I demanded performance and often upbraided them for their shortcomings. I had several quit on me. I was to be blamed, not having patience or understanding. Several of them tried hard to please, but I was never satisfied and would express it.

I recall one worker I appreciated - Armin Grueneklee, who was in his late teens. He was quiet, responsive, responsible, respectful, mild-mannered, unpretentious, punctual, dependable, and a hard worker - even though he wore an earring! I had difficulty being hard with him. On the contrary, I was thankful. I had plans for him for expanding into some handyman and landscaping business. The Lord, however, had other plans for me.

It is remarkable how well a life can speak without a word.

Particle - **An Explanation of My Temperament**

One of our customers was an intelligent elderly widow who had been married to a Russian (Belichenko). Recognizing my name as Slavic, she kindly commented on how her husband and Slavs in general were basically insecure, sometimes paranoid, due to their historical background of being forever invaded.

I recognized that I had fears and thought her explanation quite credible, partially because I had seen these things in myself and in my families (maternal and paternal), in contrast to many others who were not Slavs.

Particle - **Lost, Lawless Lives**

We received a call to do furniture delivery in the slum core of the city. We had just loaded our truck for a woman, when the back lane was blocked by a taxicab. The driver was her husband (or boyfriend), who owned the furniture with her and wouldn't let me out until the truck was unloaded. They were breaking up, and she was trying to get away with his furniture! He had called the police, who were soon on the scene trying to mediate in the squabble. She wouldn't pay me. "Too bad" was her attitude.

Particle - Never Out of the City Core in His Life

Doing another job in the same area, I temporarily recruited the woman's boy of about sixteen years, seeing I had no helper at the time. Sean Smith wasn't a great worker. I began to think that perhaps I could help him learn something, maybe even save him from the slums, so I tried working with him.

One day as we were driving to another part of Winnipeg, I was surprised to find that he had never been there or to any other part of the city. In his entire life, he only knew the tiny slum section in the core. I was amazed, but also recalled how many in the Bronx and Harlem slums of New York were the same, never venturing out of their local neighborhoods.

The boy had no idea about anything. His diet was atrocious. For lunch, he would have a slurpy and a bag of chips from the convenience store. In an hour or so, he was standing around in a sluggish, dozy manner; he had no energy just when we needed it. I tried to talk to him about proper food - protein for energy, for example.

He also had no idea of work ethics. He was standing around letting my customers lend a hand in work they were paying us to do, not because he was lazy so much as ignorant and without a shred of experience. It was pitiful.

I marveled at how lost and clueless people could be. His older brother, Tim, was a derelict, hooked on drugs, his mother a calloused opportunist, and who knows who his father was.

Some customers began complaining. I was having to repeat instructions to him, and he was reacting unpleasantly at times. I didn't know what to do. Finding myself unequipped for the job of helping him, I let him go. I didn't feel it was up to me to deliver him. Also, it seemed it wasn't his place or time for deliverance.

I do believe that during the time we spent together, I said many things to him concerning principles of life. Perhaps those would help him, just as pieces of advice from concerned adults helped me when I was a child.

Particle - All of Creation Groans

Time and time again, I found myself witnessing dire straits and various needs of others, but I was unable to do anything about them. This concerned me as a Christian. Wasn't it my duty before God to find a way to help? Couldn't anything be done? Was I not willing to sacrifice myself to that end? I just couldn't do anything, and yet I harbored the hope that, one day, something could be done for many, if not all. One day....

Particle - Revisiting MIT (Now Red River Community College)

I decided to check out the halls I once walked at the MIT from 1965 to 1967. One thing shocked me in particular. The floor in the Business Administration section was completely plastered with cigarette burns. When I was there, 14 years earlier, we smoked, but we put our butts in the ash trays provided. Now I witnessed a travesty. How lawless and destructive people have increasingly become! And that lawlessness grew (and grows) worse by the day.

Particle - Gunn's Great Knish

Somehow we found out about Gunn's Bakery on Selkirk Avenue in Winnipeg. They made great bagels and other pastries and breads, but we particularly loved their super knishes.

"Is it not good that he should eat and drink and make his soul see good in his labor? This I also saw, that it was from the hand of God" (Ecclesiastes 2:24 MKJV).

Particle - "Go With Your Gods"

Two young men came by our home from the Watchtower Society (Jehovah's Witnesses). I invited them in, and we visited for two or three hours. In spite of the reasonable arguments and evidence I gave them from Scripture, which they couldn't reasonably deny, they were adamant and steadfast in their resistance, as are most JWs I've met.

While the elder was trying to be civil and measured in his response, the younger became impudent and even mocked me. I wondered how they expected to win anyone to their truth that way.

I also thought, "Better to provoke now and let their colors show. What about those who don't provoke them, are deceived into thinking they're joining godly men, and discover too late the folly of their ill-fated decision?"

There is a parable speaking of this very thing. It is the whole seventh chapter of Proverbs.

Finally, as they were leaving, standing at the door, unpremeditated words came forth from my mouth that surprised me. I said, ***"Go with your gods and be destroyed with your gods."*** The expressions of both the reserved and the arrogant immediately changed and became as one. They were stunned, even the young, impudent one. God had turned them to destruction.

Particle - A Letter from Carroll Vance

Carroll Vance wrote me a note (I'm not sure exactly when I received it), and closed it with words I knew were prophetic and significant:

"May you find grace in the sight of God, even as did Moses and Noah."

Those words would become more and more significant and meaningful as the years passed.

Particle - It's Great to Be Somebody

What a freedom when you come to the place where you don't have to prove anything, when you can accept being nobody because you're accepted by the Only One Who Counts!

I knew a man by whom I met Judas Iscariot. Judas, I learned, was a glory seeker, one who wanted in on the best this world had to offer, and who was prepared to betray any association to get what he wanted. Ironically, what he wanted was belonging, acceptance, recognition, social security, and most of all, glory. He lost it all or, rather, lost all opportunity of gaining such because he was so consumed with himself.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “It’s Great to Be Somebody,” or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Reagan Taking America for a Ruthless Ride

It seemed like a tight race between Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter during the 1980 Presidential elections. At the last moment, while people were in the polling booths, I received that they would vote for Reagan, and it would be a landslide victory.

When Ronald Reagan was elected, I had a vision in two parts. In the first part, he was driving what looked like a school bus. The bus was America. He drove into a set of deep ruts. In the second part, he drove the bus toward a cliff, and it seemed sure he would be taking it right over the edge.

In the vision, I heard that Reagan was going to take America straight down to Hell. Years later, it was realized by analysts that “Reaganomics” and the policy of deregulation did exactly that. Reagan’s deregulation legislation in the name of free enterprise has delivered America over to tyrannical powers operating in unrestrained greed. He has brought America to bankruptcy, powerlessness, and misery.

Particle - Warning to Marilyn’s Sister

Marilyn’s kid sister, Sheila, fresh out of school, was planning to marry and wrote from Calgary to tell us so. We knew this wouldn’t be good for her and, by letter, strongly advised against it. We felt she wanted to escape her situation at home under her stepfather, Les Klein, who, we were told, was mistreating her. He also wanted her out.

She ignored our warning. Years later, we would hear of the sad results.

Particle - Quickened to Quicken Others

Around this time, I had a vision of a person lying on the ground, at the foot of a mountain. I was that person, mortally wounded or sick; indeed, for all intents and purposes, I was dead. Down from the mountain came a spirit being, shining in light, almost light itself, and picked me up. He began to carry me up the mountain, and as we proceeded upward, life gradually entered into me.

Soon he expected me to make an effort to climb by myself. And I did so, gaining vibrancy and strength. By the time we reached the top, I was transformed into a like spirit being, radiant with light. I then descended down the other side, and did for another as had been done for me.

Particle - The Beals Arrive In Town

It was in the summer of 1980. While fast asleep about 11:30 in the evening, the phone rang - it was [Art Beals](#): “Were you sleeping? Ha, ha! Two sleeps are better than one, you know!” I was surprised to hear from them. We hadn’t seen them since ‘75 on [our way back](#) from Europe.

Probably being tired after a long, hard day's work and having to rise early for another, I was a bit annoyed that they should wake us when there was no apparent need for it. Perhaps they had hoped we would invite them to our place that night? That didn't occur to me, knowing they were in their motor home. We made arrangements to meet them at the Grant Ave. shopping plaza the next day.

Arriving there, we found them in a terrible state - defeated, depressed, and miserable. They were at the shopping plaza in their motor home, likely because they weren't able to afford a trailer park. They were back in Winnipeg, ready to take up residence and occupation, having just arrived from Aylmer, Ontario, where they had moved several years ago, and where Art had taken on pastoring a small independent church. Their daughter, Andrea, was with them.

They told us of how they had been almost starving in their church. The people Art was shepherding weren't bringing offerings sufficient to support them. Why they didn't get a job, I don't know - I suppose they expected others to provide for them. During that time, Art was also preaching some in the southern States with "Reverend" Franklin Walden of Georgia.

Having spare rooms in our suite and parking available at the back of our place, we offered them to stay with us till they found their own home. Instead of having them live in their motor home, we decided to sleep in our basement, give them the master bedroom, and Andrea another large bedroom. They remained with us for three weeks. I needed someone to help me in moving and hauling, so I hired Art and paid him wages, not charging him for room and board. They were free to help themselves to anything they pleased.

Art and Doreen had come under some Pentecostal influence known as the Holiness Movement. They believed women shouldn't cut their hair or wear makeup or women's slacks, or have an "uncovered leg." They believed women shouldn't dress appearing as men, in clothing, hairstyle, or any other way (we agreed with the principle of women presenting as women and men as men).

We didn't disagree with these matters in principle, so much as with their application, particularly the peculiar notion of leg covering (which I'll explain later). The problem was that they emphasized external holiness, but failed miserably to have any peace and righteousness with God through faith.

We found all of this rather ironic, because they had once been amused and even critical of us, thinking we were legalistic when Marilyn wore a head covering for a time in 1975, something we changed our minds about not long after. We didn't change because of their criticism, but because it was revealed to us that a woman's hair was given for a covering.

We found they hadn't nurtured Andrea, their adopted daughter, in love, something we had warned them about in 1975. Now the chickens were coming home to roost. Andrea was in a state of mind toward them in which she swore that when she turned the legal age of sixteen, she would cut her hair very short, plaster her face with makeup, and wear the tightest jeans she could possibly squeeze into.

Particle - What Are We Eating?

It was now time for more lessons on diet. The Beals didn't believe in eating pork, being listed in the Biblical Law as unclean. We hadn't yet come to that conviction, having been steeped in traditional orthodox Christian rationale and doctrine, though the truth of clean and unclean meats was plainly set forth in the Scriptures. Still, we were given to pay some attention, thankfully.

Marilyn and I went to a Chinese restaurant around that time and ordered breaded baby shrimp. While eating, I thought, "These shrimp aren't at all crunchy. They're very soft." Two weeks later, we read in the *Winnipeg Free Press* that the restaurant had been shut down for serving baby mice as shrimp.

The thought of eating mice will tend to make one gag. I certainly felt betrayed and defiled. However, the Beals pointed out that shrimp and pork were no different from mouse, dog, cat, rat, gopher, or skunk, according to the Scriptures. God classified them all as unclean.

I also remembered the information [Gary Fry](#) had given me in Prince Albert in 1972 while he was working at Burns' processing plant, about a high percentage of pig carcasses being rejected, from time to time, because of parasites.

(By the way, we had gone to the restaurant because we had a promotional discount coupon. "Cheap is as cheap does"? The unpleasant occasion was just another of many "eating out" lessons the Lord was bringing home to me.)

Particle - Downfall of the Superpowers

We were watching a newscast one day when Art said, waving his index finger as he was wont to do, "There's going to be a nuclear war for sure between the USSR and America."

I immediately received a Word from the Lord: *"The superpowers will be brought down from within."*

I took this Word to mean that we wouldn't see the USA and the USSR destroy each other with their nuclear arsenals, which was a comforting thought; nonetheless, they would be coming down.

Particle - Beals Storm Out

It was quite apparent, as days passed, that the Beals were becoming rather disgruntled. Perhaps eating pork was one of the things that bothered them while staying with us, though they were well aware of the Lord's words, **"And into whatever city you enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you" (Luke 10:8 MKJV)**, interpreting them as a call to submission to eating the unclean in such situations.

But I think we soon limited or eliminated pork for their sakes. I'm not sure we did, but it would have been the right thing to do:

Romans 14:19-22 MKJV

- (19) So then let us pursue the things of peace, and the things for building up one another.
- (20) Do not undo the work of God for food. Truly, all things indeed are clean, but it is bad to the man eating because of a stumbling-block.
- (21) It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything by which your brother stumbles, or is offended, or is made weak.
- (22) Do you have faith? Have it to yourself before God. Blessed is he who does not condemn himself in what he approves.

They didn't complain about anything until one day, without warning, Doreen blew up, and they stormed out in a rage. For one thing, somehow they saw us as an evil influence on Andrea. She had been helping herself to the non-alcoholic beer I kept in the fridge. As far as they were concerned, we were making a lawless drunk of her. Marilyn was also perceived as an evil influence on Andrea, because Marilyn wore slacks and cut her hair (though she didn't wear it short). It seemed nothing was their fault or Andrea's; it was all ours.

Particle - Paul Shows Signs of His Calling

Paul came for another visit, and he was there when the Beals blew up and stormed out. The Beals were confounded by his speech and reasoning, unable to answer. This didn't deter them from their chosen course, however, throwing all our hospitality in our faces without a cause.

Then and there I received another demonstration of how God was going to use Paul to confront religious hypocrites in their folly years later with truth, good reason, logic, Scriptural evidence, forthrightness, and boldness, yet without contempt or insult. (I had also seen indications of these qualities in Paul when he reasoned with people at Revivim.)

Particle - Moon Turns Blood Red

In one of these years, I had a dream and saw the moon turn blood red in a manner as though a can of red paint was spilled over top of it. I then saw the letters "CCCP" on the surface. I wondered if the Soviets or Russians were going to claim ownership or control of it, thus winning a major psychological and social, if not military, victory over the West and, indeed, over the world.

As of 1989, the Soviet empire was no more. As of 2009, it is still defunct. What to make of the dream, I don't know; I only report what I saw.

Paul writes:

"Here's what I see in the dream: The Soviet and their socialistic system had ambitions to take over the world. They presented their system as the way to peace and prosperity, under their rule.

They particularly claimed there was no God - it was man's endeavor and power all the way. The moon (man) has no light of its own, being dependent on the sun (Christ). So God gave them what they declared, and the Soviet system collapsed, extinguishing their light and hopes, whether for themselves or for any others who looked to them. Even China got away from pure socialism after the Soviet collapse."

"But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars of Heaven shall fall, and the powers in the heavens shall be shaken" (Mark 13:24-25 MKJV).

Particle - Beals Apologize

Art and Doreen returned within a few weeks to apologize to us for their behavior. Doreen did all the talking because, contrary to their religious doctrine of women not wearing "that which pertaineth to a man," she wore the pants in the family.

Concerning women and their legs, they believed women could “cover” their legs with see-through pantyhose or stockings, and thus wear dresses that would show much of their legs that were theoretically or technically covered.

So, as Doreen sat in the sofa chair across from me, talking to us, with her legs crossed, one could see two-thirds of the way up her thigh. But she covered her legs with hosiery! As I was listening to her apology, I thought, “I wish I could say something to them about their contradictions, but there’s no talking to them.”

Their apology wasn’t born of genuine repentance. They were just trying to remove the self-incurred tarnish from their religious image. They had been exposed even more than her “covered” legs - quite naked actually, yet unchanged. They weren’t capable of genuine change for the better. The apology they gave to cover their nakedness was as revealing as her pantyhose.

Nevertheless, I told her that we didn’t hold anything against them, forgiving them. They immediately left, having “done their duty,” just as I had expected. I’m sure they went away dissatisfied with our reaction.

Is it any wonder Jesus couldn’t and didn’t spare His words with the scribes and Pharisees, the champions of external holiness?

Particle - No More Pork, No More Itch

We took to heart the Beals’ counsel not to eat unclean meats. I had made the connection now between eating much pork while staying with the Mielkes and the problem with my “aggravated” anus. Within weeks, the itch disappeared. Parasites? Likely.

I had gone to a doctor for treatment, and the young intern, embarrassingly, put his finger up my rectum for examination, caused it to bleed, and prescribed a medication to be applied externally, but it didn’t work.

There goes the medical profession, treating symptoms instead of getting at the root cause, and dealing in quick fixes, though fixing very little, because knowing very little. Dealing with the cause and cutting out the pork was the solution.

The Lord knew, however, as He knows all things. Not only did He know, He also made it known to us - that’s the great part! He is indeed the Great Physician.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Alison Calls

Paul’s ex-wife, Alison, called our place. I don’t remember why - likely, she was calling Paul to complete some divorce papers. We talked a bit. I encouraged her, telling her there was no condemnation for her.

She said, “I know you believe and are sincere in what you’re saying.”

I knew there was no resentment with her. I appreciated Alison and wished that she could join us, but I knew she couldn’t. The Lord wasn’t calling her.

Particle - Beals Need Help Moving

Months after they had apologized to us, Art called. They needed a truck to haul some of their furniture. I hauled it for them and didn't charge them for it. Was I a naïve sucker for punishment, or was I given by God to give to them? I was never told we were doing wrong in being generous with them, and we never lacked any good thing.

Particle - Mike off the Hook, for Now

Mike Trepanier often complained of how God wasn't fair. I was taken aback by this notion, especially when he would act so religious. I told him he needed to take up the cross of Christ, rather than seek glory and pleasure in His Name.

Paul wished to address Mike in his attitude and thinking, but I disagreed, thinking there was no good reason to speak to him. Likely I didn't understand what Paul wanted to say. I later came to understand more of what Mike was like, and was thus sorry for having prevented Paul. The day would soon come when I would see Mike's spiritual need much more clearly.

Particle - Visiting My Parents

Fall of 1980 arrived, and we hadn't seen my parents in Dauphin since leaving for Israel in the spring of 1979, nearly a year and a half before. We decided to drive to Dauphin, 200 miles north, in our Ford F250. Paul was with us.

The moment we walked into my parents' house on 8th Ave. SW, across the back lane from where they once lived, I found my mother cleaning her oven, using a bread or butcher knife.

She came up to me with a menacing look. She brandished the knife in my face and said, "I've been praying to God that He would bring you."

No gladness was expressed, though it may have been there and Mom wasn't able to show it. It was more like a defiant, "See? God hears my prayers, too."

(As I look back, I believe it must have grieved them that we hadn't come to visit them after returning from Israel. I can only say that we weren't free to do so.)

As always, Mom had nothing of substance to say. So often, I had tried having a serious personal discussion with her. She would even call, saying, "Let's talk," and when pursuing it, nothing would happen. It was frustrating. She would talk about "putting down" 10 quarts of pickles, crocheting a doily, making a quilt, anything but what really mattered. Mother was locked in a prison, unable to escape to the outside world; she couldn't face reality.

While it was obvious my parents wanted a relationship with us, it was also plain they wanted it on their terms. I couldn't see myself indulging them in the slightest, without denying the Lord.

Particle - The Influence of My Mother

While we were in Dauphin, we spent the night in their home. The house was spiritually dark and disorderly. I don't recall if it was then, or shortly thereafter, that I had another vision of my mother, a horrible one.

My mother was puttering with papers in her house. From under her dress, coming out the back and immediately down to the floor was a large serpentine tail, starting out as thick as her body and gradually getting thinner as it extended through doorways and along stairs, filling the whole house.

Particle - Last Visit with Ron and Barb Hrehirchuk

The next day I decided to go visit Barbara and husband, Ron, at their farm. Why? I was foolish. After all those years of rejection, I hadn't given up trying to reach them. Marilyn refused to come with me, having much more sense. Paul didn't come, either.

While there, Barb did all the talking, and the subject matter was superficial. She and Ron decided to give me some decent quality suits and leather coats Ron could no longer wear, having gained weight. It was ironic; at one time he was the slim and I the overweight one.

As I left, Barb gave me a hug, saying, "I believe in the Lord, and I love you." I was skeptical, if not convinced that what she and I meant by "believe" differed significantly, as night and day.

Particle - Last Visit with Uncle Bill and Auntie Anne

Marilyn, Paul, and I paid a visit to my second set of parents on earth, my father's uncle Bill and aunt Anne. I didn't know it would be the last, though it didn't take a nuclear physicist to realize the distinct possibility. They were thankful to see us and enjoyed the visit. I find it sad that I didn't have it in my heart to be more considerate of all these people, but I'm convinced it was, and had to be, the way it was.

Particle - The Pleasurable Prestaykos

As a kid living six miles from their dairy and grain farm, I always enjoyed visiting, and especially spending some summer vacation time with, Uncle Fred and Aunt Mary Prestayko. Aunt Mary was my father's sister, the youngest of nine. They were hard-working people and well-off as farmers, enjoyed company and always took an interest in others, no matter who they were, young or old. They teased, laughed, and enjoyed getting into controversial subjects, whatever they might be. And they were unpretentious.

On this trip to Dauphin, Paul, Marilyn, and I paid them a visit. They enjoyed it, and so did we. I again testified to them of the Lord and they listened, soberly, though questioning and mildly objecting. There was always the reality that I was divided from them, however - they naturally sympathized with the rest of the family, and I had to let them go.

Particle - Fred and Mary's Son

Bob was my oldest cousin by about 10 years, Fred and Mary's only son. His mother's great interest was Hollywood. She loved buying all the magazines and reading up on the stars. Her aspiration was that **Bob be a star**, an actor or singer. He did have a super voice. However, even after being granted auditions, he couldn't get over stage fright. He failed to realize his mother's dreams (I now realize it wasn't his dream). Eventually he returned to Dauphin.

Bob was in derision of my life in Christ, though not aggressively. It wouldn't go well for him.

Particle - Forsaking

The Lord Jesus Christ calls all those who would follow Him to forsake all:

“If anyone comes to Me and does not hate his father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. And whoever does not bear his cross and come after Me, he cannot be My disciple” (Luke 14:26-27 MKJV).

“So then, everyone of you who does not forsake all his possessions, he cannot be My disciple” (Luke 14:33 MKJV).

Forsaking means letting go. It involves willingly leaving behind, in terms of preference, that which is near and dear. It’s hard to part with those you love and who love you, but that’s what forsaking family and friends is all about.

Forsaking family was very difficult for me. My hesitation and looking back caused a great amount of complication, aggravation, and pain. If one is to forsake, he ought to get on with it and not delay or compromise.

As we were parting from my parents to return to Winnipeg, [Olga Gerard](#) dropped by. We had a strained few minutes. She sympathized with my parents concerning our relationship or lack thereof. I gathered she perceived us as religious, selfish, deluded fools who were dreadfully hurting family and friends.

Though I knew my parents were hurting, there was nothing I could do, except that which I should have done, and didn’t do. I should have left them, put my hands to the plough, and not looked back. I should have let the dead bury the dead. Instead, we lived a few years of frustration, complications, sorrow, and vexation, trying to bridge the uncrossable chasm between us. That visit with them was the last personal one I would initiate for several years, though we would see them sooner, by their arrangement.

As we watched, Olga whispered something to my parents from her car as they stood by, leaning over. My father looked at me, and I could see they had heard something unpleasant, though they were all in agreement. Olga drove off and we left for Winnipeg.

It’s hard to see one’s parents siding with others against their own children, particularly when the children seek their parents’ good. It downright hurt, but there was nothing I could do.

“And a brother will betray a brother to death, and a father his son. And children will rise up against their parents and will cause them to be put to death. And you will be hated by all for My name's sake, but he enduring to the end, that one will be kept safe” (Mark 13:12-13 MKJV).

Particle - Tried By Tires and the Lord Answers

In the trip to Dauphin and back, the alignment in my truck was off. I felt the slight pull, but thought, “The dealer was supposed to look everything over to make sure it was OK.”

By the time we returned to Winnipeg, a new set of 16-inch front tires were destroyed. I felt badly about it and took the truck to the used car dealer from whom I had bought it. They sent me for an

alignment, and the truck had a peculiar problem. The alignment technician scratched his head, trying to understand what was wrong. Try as he might, he couldn't bring the truck into alignment.

I thought, "They sold me a dud truck! Now what?" I cried to the Lord for help. No sooner had I done so, the technician realized the problem. He found that a part in the steering system wasn't the right size, forcing the alignment off. (Possibly the former owner, a thrifty do-it-yourself farmer, had put it in by mistake.) The tech replaced it, thus correcting the alignment, I bought two more tires, and we were in business again.

Who says there is no God?

Because of unpleasant monetary experiences in my childhood, I very much hated suffering loss or being taken advantage of in any way. The tires I had to replace became precious to me, being relatively costly and seeing I hadn't received value out of them because of my ignorance and lack of due diligence.

One other detail of these tires was of great significance to me: When I bought the truck, the dealer obtained, at my request, a used spare tire and charged me for it. God was going to do something unusual with it.

Particle - Paul Loses My Spare Tire

One day after Paul had returned to be with us for a while, he and I took a haul to the dump. Paul left the tailgate open, and so we lost the unsecured spare tire. When I discovered what had happened, I was very upset with him.

Why? I was covetous and I hated losing things. I was still hurting from having worn out two new identical tires because of negligence. That kind of tire was hard to come by secondhand and could be expensive to replace. I eventually found another used one, but still regretted the loss. I was angry with myself for having trusted Paul to do things properly, he being young and inexperienced. I was annoyed with him for some time. I had a thing about that tire.

The loss was God's first half of the plan, but there's more to that tire, as you'll see....

Particle - Proper Equipment

We worked hard in the hauling, doing everything the hard way, including carrying 17-cubic-foot (or larger) freezers, fridges, washers, and heavy hide-a-beds up and down long sets of stairs. Finally I wised up and bought an appliance dolly. What a difference it made!

Why do we not see these simple things? Why don't we learn sooner? In my case, one of the reasons was because I was so miserly. To skimp is very expensive. Love of money costs life.

Particle - A Baal Worship Service

Art and Doreen called, inviting us to a meeting at the Mount Zion Apostolic Church in north Winnipeg. Their friend, Franklin Walden, was in town from Georgia to preach. We went.

Franklin was trying to preach as do Negro preachers, with passion, gravelly voice, and theatrics. He added the Negroid language and voice characteristics, which Caucasians don't naturally have. It

was all show, and we couldn't enter into the atmosphere of the meeting. People were shouting, singing, praising, and raising their hands, as is often the case at Pentecostal meetings.

When Art and Doreen saw we weren't falling in and flowing with the crowd, they were offended and accused us of disturbing the "moving of the Spirit," in which case, they said, we would "jeopardize souls being saved."

At the end of the service, most people were responding to the altar call, going forward and raising their hands toward Franklin Walden as he stood there. He seemed to be taking in all the worship and praise for himself.

As we watched, who should come in but Moishe Weinberger! He acknowledged us, but was in a hurry to get to the front of the sanctuary to meet someone there by appointment. At the front, we saw someone give him some money. Of course! He had no sooner received it than he was swiftly on his way out the door.

As we watched the people at the front, the Lord spoke to me saying, *"This is a Baal worship service."* I was floored. I knew He wasn't speaking figuratively. The meeting was literally what He called it.

When I later asked Art about Walden's black preaching style, he explained that, being from Georgia, Walden preached as the blacks there like to hear it. Was he being all things to all men, or was he a manpleaser? (I didn't see one black at this meeting.) If I am to believe the Lord's words, I would have to say he was a manpleaser.

Particle - Looking to a Hero

In pondering the Lord's Word about Baal worship, He later revealed to me that it was essentially hero worship. People in the churches are following men and worshipping those who are charismatic, impressive, or outstanding, like Billy Graham, T. D. Jakes, John Hagee, Joyce Meyer, political leaders, famous, wealthy, and powerful business people, and movie and sports stars.

Man looks on the outward appearance. Those who excel in the flesh often seek to be, and are, worshipped. The greater crime is that in religious circles, these things are done in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Particle - Jehu's Wonderful Works against Baal

I came to delight in Jehu, king of Israel, who invited Jehonadab to join him in his chariot as Jehu demonstrated his zeal for the Lord. He destroyed wicked King Ahab and his wife Jezebel, and took decisive measures to wipe Baal worship out of Israel. But I was saddened to see he didn't go all the way with God. He failed to remove the idolatrous worship center and images King Jeroboam of Israel had devised to keep the people from abandoning him (see 2 Kings 10:15-31).

Particle - Ancient Gods Not So Ancient

Around this time, the Lord gave me another shocking revelation. The ancient false gods Israel worshipped in Biblical days are being worshipped today in nominal Christian churches, as well as by all non-Christian religions. These gods are namely Ashtoreth (the goddess of love, fertility, and

prosperity) and Baal (the god of might and heroism). Most Christians are worshipping these, yet they think they're worshipping Jesus Christ.

They worship heroes (Baal) such as prominent televangelists, and walk in false love. Their love is a feigned, selfish, self-righteous one, the counterfeit spirit of Satan, who comes as an angel of light. It is a **getting** love and not a **giving** one. The worst of it is that they do these things in the Name of Jesus.

Particle - Light Shines Best Where It's Needed, in Darkness

I was called to move some furniture in Winnipeg's north end for a young cook at a pizzeria, who related to me that he was a new convert to Christ. Besides paying me for the work, he gave me a free pizza.

That wasn't all he gave me. There are those rare occasions where one experiences something wonderful, in whatever dimension, though he may not realize it sufficiently. He invited me into his house, where there were several people, friends and family, I suppose (I wasn't introduced).

In the living room I sensed that I was present with people who were believers and those who weren't, but I couldn't tell which was which. I didn't have time to focus on individuals, and the fellow, being a new believer, was still rather worldly. Some were drinking beer and some weren't, but one party wasn't rejecting the other, at least from appearances.

I saw that the young man was having a difficult time finding his way through the complexities of faith in the midst of an unbelieving world, trying to judge and do what's right. Though I didn't know it then, I was seeing that light shines best, not in light, or among other lights, but in darkness. And salt is useless in a shaker if it remains there. Light and salt must be used where they're needed.

What I appreciated, upon reflection for many years, was the absence of religion - of formality, posturing, and pretense. All these people were themselves, and those who believed didn't judge or condemn those who didn't. I suspect I perceived the casual atmosphere and Christ's unobtrusive Presence, without condemnation for sinners.

Those who didn't believe were realizing that they were being left behind by those who believed, while those who believed weren't trashing everything and everybody, as if they were suddenly superior or holy.

What I witnessed was a wonderfully welcome contrast to what is found so commonly in churches, where those professing faith parade their righteousness before one another, impressing nobody but those they please, "preaching to the choir." I saw in this house, not posturing, but reality. Which reminds me of another vision or dream I had, and which I have forgotten about for so long....

Particle - Friendly, Humble, Caring Older Believers

I don't recall if this was a vision or dream, and I don't recall when it came. It's been many years since then.

In the scene, I was surrounded by several older saintly people, both women and men. By "saintly," I don't mean anything like what the Catholic Church portrays in pictures. Those are merely

figments of an artist's carnal imagination. What I'm talking about is an unaffected, unimposing piety, a "right being" with genuine innocence, humility, joy, peace, and love for all.

They seemed outwardly poor or humbly dressed, but oh, how rich they were within! Their spiritual wealth was evident in their eyes and countenances. It was so good to be in their company. It was so real that I now wonder if I had not met such people before, not remembering where or when.

Particle - Eating Out

Perhaps a year after the event with the young man, we dropped in on the pizza place where the young fellow had worked. He wasn't there but we were hungry and ordered a pizza.

I like my pizza half-baked and expressly ordered it that way. It came out so well done, it was black on the edges. As well, I had ordered two extra toppings, both of which were merely sprinkled, but for which we paid perhaps a third again of what the pizza was worth.

When I brought the overdone part to their attention, they would do nothing about it. The owner did the waiting and was openly dismissive. We ate it, paid, and left.

This was just another of several continuous bad experiences in eating out. The Lord was teaching me something here.

On another occasion, Carroll and Yvonne Vance had taken us out for dinner to The Keg on Macleod Trail in Calgary. In my food I found pieces of glass. Calling the headwaiter over, he laughed about it and did nothing. Being with the Vances, I didn't press the matter. What could I do? Besides, I was far more interested in what Carroll, one gifted in prophecy from God, had to say, and didn't want to be distracted from spiritual matters or to disturb him.

Eating pizza burned black at a pizza place in Brooks with the Mediawakes after church services on Sunday was also unpleasant. The waiters did nothing about it, perhaps because they were very busy, seeing the church crowds were out for lunch. I think the Mediawakes were paying for it, and I didn't feel right about complaining out loud or appearing disagreeable.

Marilyn and I once took [Sharon Utech](#) out for dinner at a pizza and pasta restaurant on Portage Avenue in Winnipeg. We had met her in her hometown (Fork River or Winnipegosis) in 1977 and she was now living in Winnipeg with her brother.

I believe we heard the restaurant was popular for its food. The place was drenched in smoke. I asked for a non-smoking area, but making such a request in those days would usually give the impression one was from a mental asylum or another solar system. I don't know why we stayed, but we did. We ate, hastily left for some fresh air, and were soon home to shower. I thought, "This isn't good. Why should we subject ourselves to this?"

Once in Calgary I was served up chopped ham, instead of the corned beef I had expressly asked for in a Denver sandwich. It was an insult to someone who, by conviction, didn't want to eat pork.

It didn't occur to me that by sending the sandwich back and kindly asking for corned beef, I could be offending the chef, thus inviting unwanted unmentionables concealed in my sandwich. Paranoid? Perhaps, but we've heard stories and seen documentaries of hidden cameras in restaurant kitchens - chef snot in your hamburger can't be good.

In this exceptional case, we had invited Constable Ivor McCorkindale of the Calgary City Police to sit with us in our booth on his coffee break. Because we were bearing witness to Ivor of the Lord, I didn't wish to press the issue in his presence when the sandwich returned, with the ham remaining, though the waiter promised me it was now corned beef. I could both see and taste the difference, which wasn't difficult; Ivor agreed that it wasn't corned beef. At that point, the Lord said to me, *"Eat it; it won't kill you."*

Seeing I was given to speak of the Lord, and seeing He told me to eat it and never mind, I have to conclude we were to be there. Therefore, this instance cannot count as one in which we were wayward by eating in restaurants, though it wasn't pleasant. After all, we were on the road with no other known and preferable food source, in which He makes allowances. *"The Lord's purposes are manifold,"* Mickey Patrick used to prophesy repeatedly in Prince Albert. It's true.

Admittedly, I have had a bad attitude in many circumstances. In dramatic contrast, Paul and Silas were singing and rejoicing in the Lord after being unjustly beaten bloody for doing good, and the Lord brought salvation to the jailer and his household (Acts 16). And I complain when I have to eat a sandwich with some pork in it? Nevertheless, it was another unpleasant event of many in eating out. I have viewed this incident as a double-edged sword - needful for the time, but setting us in a different direction for the future.

I also didn't appreciate waiters flattering me, or drooling over me, for anticipated tips. And I didn't appreciate it when they glared at me because they thought the tips weren't enough, especially when I didn't think their service was worth anything.

If they expect to be rewarded, waiting staff ought to be available and see to it that the food is satisfactory soon after being served, that the water jug and breadbasket are replenished, that we can order things overlooked during the meal, and that things aren't burned or raw or missing. All these services should be rendered with a friendly and sincere attitude, recognizing it is the least to be expected of them.

It became rather frustrating when waiters seemed to expect a tip whether they rendered satisfactory service or not, busy or not. "Entitlement" is the word of the day.

Invariably, I was the one who would find hair, glass, or something unacceptable in my food. "Trust Victor to find it!" became the common remark. I always chalked it up to being the attitudinal culprit, attracting trouble like a magnet nails. Why were these things happening to me? Ever slow on the uptake, it took me a long time to catch on that God wasn't blessing us in eating out, something He had been discouraging for some time.

It occurred to me that whenever I needed to eat out, having little choice except to go hungry for days, there was seldom a problem. Eating out when there was no need for it was invariably a recipe for frustration.

I have concluded that God doesn't favor restaurants, at least not for us. In thinking about it, there are many good reasons for not eating out:

One, it is rarely sanitary. Restaurant employees don't always wash their hands. Cooks and waiters can have colds or other pathogens. They have fed me mice disguised as breaded shrimp, pork, charcoal (made from my food), glass, hair, stale and rancid food, and leftovers (several of these, deliberately), as well as rendering us careless service and contempt. Are strangers, whose motive is

primarily profit, going to handle your food with tender loving care? Rare wise ones will do so, knowing it promotes good business, but in most cases, I don't think so. I've been a stranger, so I know.

Two, becoming dependent on eating out, people lose their cooking skills, which is a basic all families and households should conserve and enjoy. Proper knowledge, food care, and preparation are important. We see these skills diminishing year by year with our clientele in our organic grocery business.

Three, it is costly eating out. If people were to add up their bills and consider what they get for their money, or what better they could get for it, I think many would be surprised, if not shocked.

Four, restaurants, especially fast-food joints, are notorious for lack of nutrition and unhealthy chemical inputs. Pink slime, anyone? Morgan Spurlock's documentary, *Super Size Me*, tells it all.

Five, this is speculative, but I believe a day comes when hospitals, restaurants, and other public places will be directly or indirectly serving up super bugs, or other pathogens, that will cut a deadly swath through populations exposed to lack of hygiene, ignorance, carelessness, and irresponsibility. Creatures of habit will be the hardest hit. It's no secret now that many are dying in hospitals because of lack of hygiene on the part of doctors and nurses.

Will restaurant employees be more conscientious about our health than hospital personnel? I think that getting into the habit of taking responsibility for one's *own* health (eliminating unnecessary eating out being one of several measures) can one day save one's life. I expect it has already done so for many. More and more, we hear of new dangers and threats in the food industry.

Particle - Marietta Leaves Marvin

I decided to visit Marv Mielke in 1980 about a year or so after we left his place. He was on his way out the door when I arrived. He never looked like he could afford to lose any weight, but now he was thin, haggard, and subdued, the opposite of how we last saw him.

Marv stopped just long enough to tell me that his wife had left him, taking the children with her. She said she wanted TV, Christmas, and a private home, things she couldn't have with "The Move," vowing she wouldn't return unless things changed.

I think that at the time of that visit, he had just renewed union with her. The group wasn't there in his house anymore. He apparently quit "The Move," if they hadn't already quit him. I suppose he met Marietta's conditions.

But what would happen from here? Could their former relationship be fully restored? Was it worth restoring if he was supposed to forsake family for "The Move of God" and failed to do so? Could she respect him? Was he worthy of it? Or had he never really believed "The Move" was of God? Had he cared?

We would find out what Marietta chose to do.

Particle - Dave Cohen Visits Us

Paul's father decided to pay us a visit. We received him with open arms, thankful he would come. He brought flowers and acted as though we were rather special to him. We supposed it to be true

for two reasons: 1) we were his son's friend, and 2) we were genuinely friendly and open with him and Frada, his wife, in the phone calls, as they called to keep in touch with Paul. We expected he could recognize our sentiments toward him.

We discussed many things with Dave. He asked questions, some of which pertained to the paper I had written about false prophets and how to identify them - it had many Scriptures from the New Testament, which spoke of the Jews persecuting the Christians. Paul had given him a copy. Dave never said a word about those references at the time. (The paper wasn't focusing on those verses, but we would find David later focusing on them.)

Dave also took many pictures, and while we indulged him, I didn't want them, and wasn't comfortable with it. He took them inside and outside our home, of us standing here and there, including one of us standing with the business truck in its parking space out back.

When Dave left, we thought it was on the best of terms, notwithstanding the disagreements we had on beliefs and division in faith, which we didn't find to be unusual or unusually difficult. (Paul remained with us.)

Particle - To Philadelphia

Weeks after Dave visited us, we took him up on his invitation to visit them. We booked a flight for Philadelphia, with a stopover in Toronto, then on to the Newark Airport, where Dave joyfully picked us up.

The entire visit seemed very good. Dave entertained us and treated us as newfound friends. He took the three of us fishing on the ocean in his boat; he flew his model plane for us, which crashed; we ordered one of his favorites - garlic and oil pizza, and ate Philadelphia's soft pretzels with mustard. We also visited Frada's most handsome sister, Annetta, and toured sites like the Smithsonian, the Liberty Bell, and the White House in Washington D.C. (where we saw George Bush Sr. casually speaking on the street with others before he became President).

Particle - Beth Yeshua

While in Philadelphia, Paul, Marilyn, and I decided to go to a Messianic congregation meeting at Beth Yeshua. Jews coming to believe in the One they had so sorely rejected was of great interest to me. I also wondered what they had to offer us, a common thought amongst Gentile Christians concerning Messianic Jewish movements. I enjoyed the music and dancing, though we didn't dance - we were cautiously, circumspectly sizing things up. Time and time again, we had learned that appearances seldom tell the true story.

A fund drive was on for a building in which to worship. As we talked with some people, I received a Word and said to those we were visiting with, *"The Lord doesn't want a building."* A certain woman became defensive and argued. Not getting into the reasoning, I repeated that the Lord was after their hearts, a temple without hands, not a building. She rose up and declared, with indignation, "Well, praise the Lord!" and stomped off.

It wasn't long before I could see that these people didn't know the Lord after the Spirit. They were worshipping Him after the flesh (from a human point of view):

“He died for all people so that those who live should no longer live for themselves but for the Man Who died and was brought back to life for them. So from now on we don’t think of anyone from a human point of view. If we did think of Christ from a human point of view, we don’t anymore. Whoever is a believer in Christ is a new creation. The old way of living has disappeared. A new way of living has come into existence” (2 Corinthians 5:15-17 GW).

Beth Yeshua was lively and religious, but it didn’t worship Yeshua in spirit and in truth. They simply claimed Yeshua for themselves, as though He belonged to them, first and foremost, He and they being Jewish. They were worshipping an historical Jesus, not the Living Present Personal God He is, not the “I Am That I Am.” As most Gentiles have a carnal worship of God, which is not acceptable to Him, so we have found it with most Messianic Jews professing faith in Him.

Particle - Fifth Eviction for the Faith

A former high school acquaintance of Paul’s, Tynne (Tina) Satinoff was attending there. When she discovered Paul was there, she was beside herself with joy, if not with marital hopes. As we visited, we shared with her that if she was genuinely desirous of walking with the Lord, she needed to come out of men’s works (which we discerned Beth Yeshua was). She would have to take up the cross and forsake all.

Tynne invited us to her elder’s home, Joseph Finkelstein’s. As we visited and shared with her, he stood between us and her, and defended Tynne’s spiritual walk and involvement with Beth Yeshua.

He said to me, “You’re a false prophet.”

I asked him how he determined so. He said that he could tell by my countenance.

“Is that it?” I asked.

I don’t know what he saw, except for an uncommon sobriety and perhaps a sense of disappointment with the expectation that Tynne would heed him and not us. But I hadn’t heard of anyone determining whether one is true or false by a countenance before.

Though Tynne was somewhat disappointed that we were parting ways, she listened to Joseph and the two of them agreed to dismiss us. We would find out the fruits of Joseph’s and Tynne’s choices in later years.

Our time complete in Philadelphia, Marilyn and I flew back to Winnipeg, leaving Paul behind. We parted on what seemed to be genuinely good terms with his parents. They said they were thankful Paul had such good friends.

Before leaving, I tried to help Paul get started in a business of his own, perhaps as a handyman. This would enable him to come and go more freely than if he were employed. But he didn’t have the necessary skills or aptitude. He went on to try other things.

Particle - Trepanier Tends to Our Trucking

While we were gone, we left Mike Trepanier with the truck and asked him to answer what few calls there would be from the paper for our services. He had very few deliveries, but while he operated

the truck, he pasted a round mirror on my rear view, furnished a cushion on my seat, and left a chain behind the seat for times when we might need it.

When we returned, he asked us how we could survive on the meager income he had experienced when we were away.

We hadn't had a problem at all. We have learned that it isn't only how much one earns but how much one spends. More importantly, it's about how the Lord provides. One can be wealthy on very little or poor with very much.

“He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack” (Exodus 16:18).

Particle - Unconscious Disregard and Dishonesty

Mike asked me about the chain several months later. I don't know why I was *so* dense, but I honestly didn't think that the chain I had in the truck was his. He even mentioned that there was a shiny, forged link to join it midway where it had once been broken and was repaired, which there was.

A few years later, I realized it was his and wondered how in the world I could have been so stupid and stubborn, ignoring the matter. I have been that way many times from childhood. It's almost like a mental disorder. Becoming a believer didn't seem to make much difference with me in these sorts of things for some time.

Particle - Religious Works

For years, I aspired to be some great Christian worker, God's "man of the hour," His gift to men. Oh, how self-centered and presumptuous! We began running a little ad in the personal section of the *Winnipeg Free Press* offering free spiritual help and solutions to personal problems.

We got calls, but they were from strange people, mostly misfits who not only *didn't* belong anywhere, but also *couldn't* belong. It was no wonder they were troubled. They had their own ways of seeing things and weren't about to be persuaded otherwise. They were hurting, nobody was helping them, they weren't open to help, and we were in no position to help them. It simply wasn't our time. Here are two fellows I recall:

Particle - The Star of David

One Ukrainian fellow barely into his thirties believed he had a revelation from God. He was planning on going to notify Israel of the meaning of the Star of David, that being that the two triangles represented the Kingdom of Heaven and the kingdom of this world. He said that the triangle pointing up represents God's Kingdom, and the triangle pointing down represents the world's kingdom.

He had lost all his hair, wore a toupée, and wondered if it was vanity. He drank some wine before coming to meet with us because he was so shy and nervous. I felt badly for him, but there seemed to be nothing we could do.

Particle - Physician, Heal Thyself

Another fellow, Henry Unruh, of Mennonite background, had a horrible preoccupation with his sin of masturbation. He was thoroughly bound by it. He simply couldn't resist, as much as he would try. I shared how the Lord had set me free of that very thing, but it didn't seem to go anywhere with him.

This man labored dreadfully under the Law, perhaps thinking he was doing God service. He was a tormented soul, but a very self-righteous one. While apparently seeking counsel, he obviously believed he was in a position of counselor and helper instead, and this toward those who weren't enslaved as he. What ironies and contradictions in man! I was meeting myself in others.

We weren't free to pray for him, as we had for others who were then delivered of their compulsions. On January 3rd, 1981, the Lord gave me a song for him.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "His Yoke Is Easy," or to read the lyrics.)

It wasn't long before we gave up the ads and trying to make things happen.

Particle - Alan Gilbert

Alan, a young bachelor from the Maritimes (Canadian East Coast provinces), took up residence in the third story of our building. He had been in a terrible car accident and was left with much scarring for life, both physical and mental. He couldn't walk or talk normally.

We invited him to our place for a visit, and he began to testify of the Lord as though he was a fervent, zealous believer. He spoke of how great God was and how he had experienced close fellowship with Him. While he put on a brave face, we discerned it wasn't real.

Particle - Satan Interrupts to Distract

I began to share with Alan, speaking to him of the Lord. As I spoke, the phone rang. It was a woman who had seen me on one of my delivery jobs and was propositioning me. I confess that I was tempted by the intrigue, almost wishing that I wasn't involved with Alan in our current conversation. Yet I realized the evil of the occasion and told the woman I wasn't interested; she immediately hung up, and I went back to Alan.

I don't know if it was my conscience or what, but Alan seemed to know what was going on, and if he didn't know, he seemed curious as to what had happened. I don't remember telling him and don't think I did, but I may have. As I recall, I was feeling a bit guilty about the call, because I'd been tempted. I also thought, however, that disallowing further interruption to talk about it was best.

Particle - Look to Him

On January 27th, the Lord gave me a song for Alan.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "Look to Him," or to read the lyrics.)

This song came to confront Alan with reality and to encourage him to repent and believe. When I told him the Lord had given me something for him and then sang it to him, he broke down and sobbed uncontrollably. Suddenly he had changed and wasn't the fellow he had been pretending to be. The jig was up, not that he admitted anything.

His father came from the East Coast to visit him. After a couple days, we coincidentally met. When his father found out that we were believers and that Alan knew it, he upbraided Alan.

“Why didn’t you tell me they were believers and introduce me to them?” he asked.

Alan just sat there and wouldn’t say a word through the entire visit. He didn’t believe at all. He had only been pretending.

I found it interesting that while he deemed it worthwhile to pretend to be a fervent believer, he steadfastly resisted being one. Alan went away apparently as hardened as ever. Again, the mystery of iniquity was something at which to marvel.

Alan’s father told me of the horrible ordeal of seeing his son in a full body cast in critical condition. He told me of how he tried to talk to Alan to hold on, of how they fervently prayed for his healing, and how they were pleased with the results, considering that they could have lost him or he could have been a quadriplegic or in a vegetative state.

Particle - Introduction to Branhamites

The Gilbert family was of a branch of Branhamites whose headquarters were in Indiana. They knew the Tower family in Portage La Prairie, sixty miles west of Winnipeg, whom we had yet to meet, who also originated in the East Coast, and who were of the same Branhamite branch. We had no idea we would soon be meeting the Towers under trying circumstances.

Particle - Slim and Trim

We planned to go to Philadelphia again soon, likely in the spring. I had struggled with food and weight problems all my life. One day, as I was in the bathroom (the Lord has spoken to me there many times; I don’t know why), He said, *“By the next time you see Paul, you’ll be slim and trim.”*

Particle - A Song for Caren Lampitoc

Paul met Caren Lampitoc in a furniture store in Philadelphia where he got a sales job. True to his idiosyncrasy, it wasn’t long before he sought to marry her. I didn’t approve, and I didn’t know her parents didn’t approve, either (Paul didn’t tell us), but I was inspired to write a song for her, “What Will Be Will Be,” which was for us, too.

Particle - What Will Be Will Be

How different we discovered the Christian walk to be from what we expected or were led to believe! It was lonely, painful of soul, friendless, fraught with enemies on all sides, and the greatest enemy was on the inside. We had to do battle with unbelief, and with our carnal desires, ambitions, hopes, dreams, and lusts of the flesh - lusting mostly for social security, belonging, acceptance, importance, and recognition.

All must be surrendered or lost; there really is no choice in the matter in the call of God. He who keeps his life loses it, and if he loses it for the Lord’s sake, it’s still lost, but replaced with much more and much better at some time down the road.

The main thing is that one must learn to trust God through it all and let it happen. One must accept that God is in charge of everything, working all for good. Even if all is lost, there is no loss in Him.

On February 27th, 1981, the Lord gave me a song, reflecting this reality.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “What Will Be Will Be,” or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - To Do or Not To Do

Deeper and deeper the Lord took us in Him. Now we were seeing good in evil and evil in good; that is, whereas we once thought we knew the difference, now we began to see more clearly. That which we thought was holy was otherwise, both within and without, and that which we thought was wrong wasn't always so.

Such experience brings its own struggles and torment, but God brought us through and delivered us from evil.

On March 2nd, I received another song.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “Growing in Christ Jesus,” or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - The Cohen Conflict

A few months after the Lord spoke, we paid another visit to the Cohens. Paul picked us up at the airport. According to the Word of the Lord, I was a slim, trim 153 pounds at 5 foot 10. Paul remarked on it, having seen me flabby and as high as 167 pounds in Israel and perhaps 160 in Winnipeg.

He had remained living with his parents, but he was having various conflicts with them because of his faith in Christ. This visit wouldn't be the same as the last one. The Cohens took us to some places for sightseeing again, but our conversations got deeper concerning spiritual realities. We spoke of the walk of faith with the Lord, and the requirement for all those who partake of that walk to forsake all, mother and father included.

At one point, while we were out for a drive, seeing that Paul was siding with us in debate, Frada burst out crying, “You've taken our son away from us!” Dave lost it, driving his car erratically, and uttering a string of vile outbursts, which I won't mention here, some of which I well remember.

(Years later, he developed a painful sore on his lip that wouldn't heal. For years he searched for a cure and found none. This I saw as a result of his foul mouth.)

They drove us home; we immediately packed our bags and headed out the door. As we were about to leave, I thought to give Paul whatever money I had, in case he wished to leave his parents' home and live elsewhere. I beckoned with my arm to come to the door. The Cohens interpreted the gesture to be one of calling him to come with us, understandably so, though I didn't realize it at the time.

As Paul tried to approach us, they tried to stop him. He forced his way through and because of the unexpected struggle, he decided to come with us then and there, not to continue with us on our trip so much as to identify with us and help us with our luggage.

What was happening and would happen from there was strange. Dave decided to follow us on foot while we walked to who knows where! Perhaps we were going to take a cab or a bus to the airport, but as I recall, our flight wasn't for another day or two. We really didn't know what we were going to do. We just walked. Dave wouldn't leave the three of us, and Frada followed in the car.

At some point, Dave and Frada talked, and he began changing. We didn't know it at the moment, but a strategy was forming in their minds. He became somewhat friendly, reconsidered our leaving, suggested we make amends, and invited us back. We accepted the offer (rightly or wrongly), went back, and talked more.

I tried to explain some misunderstandings but, though they were toned down, I didn't feel I was getting anywhere. Something wasn't right. We stayed the night or nights, and Paul drove us back to the airport, remaining behind. Back to Winnipeg we went.

Particle - A Word for Frada

Returning to Winnipeg, I wrote a letter to the Cohens - a few pages long, I believe. I recall prophetic words being spoken, some of which were meant for Frada:

“Your blood and guts will be splashed against the background of your standing.”

We realized how Frada had influenced Dave, working him up to a mad rage.

Particle - What Happened to Len Delafuente

Mike Trepanier and I drove to see [Len and Lillian Delafuente](#) at their home in Winnipeg. I found Len still trying hard to be something or somebody, to be recognized as spiritually knowledgeable and worthy of holy respect. He was involved in religious works wherein he was trying to rise, yet he was bound and kept in the lower levels. There was nothing I could say or do, and we parted.

Particle - The Trucking Business

The trucking business became hectic, particularly at month's end. Marilyn would take desperate calls and press me to try to fit others in when I had no more time open. We worked hard and fast, twice the pace for the money (since we were charging by the hour, not by the job). Was it appreciated? Not that I could ever tell.

Particle - More Lessons on the “Poor”

Many of our hauls were for welfare people. I charged by the hour and they often didn't care what they were paying. There were homes where I would have to pick the socks off the floor and butter off the table. They would do nothing for themselves. I would go to the basement and find a corner of it filled with discarded damaged items that were often nearly new - bicycles, TV sets, stereos, furniture and furnishings, games of all sorts, pictures, ornaments, knick knacks, magazines, clothing, name it - all wasted and destined for the dump.

Their diets were mainly of TV dinners, prepared foods, treats, and sweets, which were more expensive and less nutritious, usually poisonous. I would see KFC buckets, pizza boxes, beer and whiskey bottles, soft drink cans and cartons, cigarettes, prescription drugs, various pharmaceutical supplies, and many other things that one would think poor people couldn't afford. Many times I could have taken things home to repair or sell at a garage sale, as they were, and made some good money.

Sometimes I would have to accompany my would-be clients to the welfare office, where I discovered that those on welfare had moving allowances. If they didn't like where they lived after a month or so, they could apply for more funds to move again, for almost any reason. "The landlord isn't very helpful," or, "There are noisy neighbors," or, "The plumbing doesn't work very well." Young social workers were gullible, and they would give the people what they requested. I never saw one refused. The system was wasteful and sick. As a taxpayer, it made me angry.

Particle - Pitying the Poor Not always Profitable

When I was a young boy, we knew a large farming family of about 8 or so that was quite poor. My mother would pity the Smylskis and give them used clothing and whatever else she could scrounge. But what did they do with their money?

At that time, there were the Gay and Dauphin movie theaters in town and the Dauphin Drive-in Theater in the country (owned by the Marshes, who also published the *Dauphin Herald*). Each theater in town would have a different movie, usually twice a week. We would see a movie perhaps once a year, if that, while living in the country. The Smylski family would drive ten miles to the movies, often twice a week or more. They were addicted, it seems.

Just who are the poor, and what is the best way to deal with their ignorance and incapability? I saw no effort on society's part at education or discipline or requirement of any decent amount of responsibility. Those sorts of things were too "demeaning" or troublesome. They just gave the allegedly poor financial assistance and, for the most part, let them decide what to do with it.

Please don't ask me to give to the poor unless I'm able to have some assurance that what I donate isn't going to the dump or to the toilet or sending the recipients to doctors, clinics, and hospitals for "free" care because of what they are allowed to buy and use with my money.

Particle - A Striker with a Conscience

As I was driving through the streets near Portage and Main in Winnipeg one day, there were some strikers picketing. I have driven by many picketers before and since, without saying a word or thinking much about it. I drove by these, and I had to return and speak to them. I stopped on the street, got out of the truck, and said, "What you're doing isn't right. There is someone here who knows that God isn't pleased with what you're doing."

They all stopped and looked at me. I wasn't sure all striking was wrong, but I felt that, in that particular situation, there was something amiss. I felt like someone there was a believer and was striking against his or her conscience, and that this particular strike was wrong.

The lead picketer, a woman, said, "OK, thank you," in a dismissive way and they went on.

I don't know what impact I had on anyone, but I had confidence I did have a decisive effect somehow.

Particle - Shunned by My Earthly Father

My father came to Winnipeg and stayed with his brother, Uncle Fred, without calling us (we found out later that he had been in the city). Though I felt bad that he didn't contact us, I couldn't blame him. We did much more of that to him than he to us, so it was perfectly understandable that he would be hurt.

I saw a difference though. While I was called of God to forsake my parents, he wasn't called to forsake us. And we weren't ignoring or ostracizing him in the usual way of the world, or bearing any negative emotion or motive, as he was with us.

The day would come, however, when I would learn how much a father cares for his son, much more, it seems, than most sons care for their fathers.

Particle - Paul Craves Marriage

Paul's greatest weakness, that I could tell, was women. He was ever looking for a marital companion. There was Alison to begin with, to whom he briefly returned more than once. Then Caren Lampitoc in Huntingdon Valley, then another Alison in Albuquerque, with whom he tried his wedding ring.

Then there was Karen, a waitress or hostess at a restaurant in Vermont. In this particular case, he wrote saying he heard God say to him, "I will magnify you in her sight." I told him it wasn't God Who spoke to him, but his own vain imagination. I was so disgusted with him.

I was dismayed at his delusions. He was fantasizing about several women, not sexually so much as matrimonially. I came to the conclusion he had spiritually given himself over to the bondage of wanting a woman ever since he took Alison in marriage against the Lord's will. I constantly had to tell him he had no business being married to anyone until the Lord said otherwise, and *He wasn't saying*.

Particle - Church History

Around this time, I came to realize that there were only two churches on earth, the True One and the false one. It was revealed to me that church history, as studied in Bible schools, colleges, seminaries, and universities, is about the false church, not the True. The True is hidden to, and from, the world; the false has persecuted the True; the True is counted as heretical; and it is the false one that writes the history of what has happened.

What we read in church history concerning the saints is how the false church persecuted and martyred them as heretics.

The greatest component of the false church is, of course, the "Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church." Record will bear witness to the fact that it is certainly Roman and universal (the meaning of "catholic"), but it is anything but holy, and it has nothing whatsoever to do with the apostles of Jesus Christ. Rome's daughters are quite the same, those being what Rome calls "Protestant."

Particle - The Truth about Uncle Bill

I don't recall whether it was in 1980 or 1981 that my great uncle died, but nobody let us know until a short while later. When I found out, I was a bit emotional and wrote a letter to Auntie. I tried to comfort her and pay what compliments I could to Uncle. I spoke of his continuous jovial attitude - always seeing the funny side of things, and making everyone laugh (which was true).

But I had a dream that night. I don't remember it very well, but I can recount the essence. The dream described Uncle as a very cruel man, mean and ruthless, without mercy. He seemed to get pleasure out of someone's pain, especially in revenge. Never was anyone able to get one up on *him*.

In the dream, I saw him doing horrible things to chickens (defenseless creatures, representing defenseless people) and deriving wicked pleasure from it. He bled them and sicced dogs on them to tear them apart, or he would tear them apart himself. There were feathers flying, and blood and guts splattering everywhere. The birds couldn't escape, being in a pen. What an ugly dream it was!

When I awoke, I realized that what I had written to Auntie was false altogether. When considering so many things in the past concerning Uncle, I knew that the dream spoke truly. I recall my mother was surprised at what I had written about him. She had known what he was like. I wonder, though, that she didn't seem to understand he had been my father for a year and a half. Or wasn't she willing to face having farmed me out to them?

Notwithstanding his outward demeanor, Uncle was cruel, crude, selfish, proud, and ignorant. He was all those things to a greater degree than many.

Particle - "Lord, Deliver Me in It or Out of It"

I came to a place in the trucking business where we were making good money. I always had cash in my pockets. It was a good feeling. However, the Lord was again drying up the oasis to send us across another stretch of desert (though I didn't realize it then). I became agitated and restless. I saw little purpose in moving furniture and goods day after day. I wanted something more. "Lord," became my repeated prayer, "please... deliver me in this trucking or out of it, but deliver me!"

Particle - Copeland's Cloud

In 1981, Art Beals invited us to a Kenneth Copeland meeting. It was held at the Convention Center in downtown Winnipeg, I believe. While there, we were uncomfortable with the entire scene, with Copeland's spirit, and with the spirit and form of worship.

As everyone was "praising the Lord," with hands lifted up, Marilyn suddenly and urgently told me to put my hands down. I knew I needed to do so. As I did, I saw flying, or floating, in along the high ceiling, from the right side of the auditorium (where the entrance was), a cloud of spirits. These spirits came down and entered into whomever they chose of those who had upraised hands. In those moments, I heard some screaming here and there.

We knew the Lord had spared us and revealed to us what Kenneth Copeland was all about. It wasn't good. When we told the Beals what we experienced, they didn't believe it and were resentful. So what was new? They were constantly resisting us.

Particle - Encounter with Gord Fuller

There we encountered Gord Fuller from Earl Grey, Saskatchewan, who was quite enthused about Copeland and the meeting. (Did he receive one of those spirits?) We had hoped to have some fellowship with him, at least there, if not at our home, but he would have none of it. (Come to think of it, I wish I had asked him if his hands were raised during the praise session.)

“This guy has some pretty far-out doctrine,” he sarcastically remarked to a companion.

He was contemptuous of me and of the doctrine of the reconciliation of all things, a doctrine we had shared with him and his wife in his home at Earl Grey a few years prior. However, he boasted of how there were miracles happening in Earl Grey, that even the dead were being raised.

Years later, we heard more of Gord and his wife and of the things he mentioned. At that future time, he would tell us something we didn't know about Copeland and the Winnipeg meeting. More interestingly, we would hear more of Gord and his reward from the Lord he presumed to worship and serve.

Particle - Paul Returns to Winnipeg

Paul followed a month or two after we left Philadelphia and spent time with us in Winnipeg. We would take walks in the evenings and, on occasion, he would take a walk by himself to the nearest grocery store about half a mile east of our home on La Verendrye in St. Boniface (I tell you this little tidbit about his walks for a reason, as you'll see).

Particle - I Think I'll Go Out To Alberta...

We decided to quit trucking and move to southern Alberta, where I had wanted to live since I was a boy. I thought, “God isn't doing anything with us here. I may as well be living where I want to live, if nothing is happening.”

I decided that June, a few months away, would be our last month in Winnipeg. We would meet all our commitments, pack, and head out. (I have to say that such a thought was a rebellious one. In fact, God had been doing plenty with us; I was just too dull to know it.)

Particle - Strange Occurrences

We started to run “For Sale” ads in the city paper, hold garage sales, and sell our possessions any way we knew how. We also began to receive strange phone calls. People would call, saying things like, “We were talking to someone in the park who said you had a church we could belong to.” They asked when our meetings were and if they could come (we had no church or meetings). They sounded strange; we had no idea what they were talking about but we would soon find out what was happening.

Particle - An Unpleasant Surprise

One rainy evening, Marilyn, Paul, and I were sitting in our living room, talking about something we had bought at the store, when a knock came on the back door. I opened the door, and there stood a slim six-foot-tall spectacled fellow, wearing western boots. He said he was having problems with his car and asked if he could use the phone. I consented and he walked in, not removing his boots, which instantly annoyed me, but I let it pass.

This in itself was strange. First of all, why would someone come to our back door? Also, the chances someone would ask to use our phone for car trouble was remote, and he wasn't even courteous enough to remove his dirty shoes.

When the man used the phone, he seemed to dial strangely, as though he wasn't doing it right. And he was steadily looking at Paul while he was on the phone.

All this was happening while we were talking about a paltry matter. I was subconsciously picking up on these things, but not paying attention. Marilyn was also uneasy about what was going on.

The fellow said he couldn't get through to the intended party so asked if we could help him. It was strange that his car was in the back alley, right behind our home.

Paul and I headed out the back door with him, came up to the car, which had the hood up, and began to look. Suddenly, somebody grabbed me from behind, and the fellow and another man grabbed Paul.

The guy holding me was strong. I don't know if it was the element of surprise or what, but I seemed quite without strength with him. He took me to the side of the house, put my face to the ground, not hurting me, and said, "You stay right there and don't look up. There's a rifle on a rooftop trained on you."

He left, and I heard the car take off. Somehow I didn't believe there was any real danger, so I got up. They were gone, with Paul, and I went inside.

Marilyn saw the expression on my face and asked, "What happened? Where's Paul?"

"They took him," I said.

"Who did? What happened?"

"I don't know."

I described what happened, and we sat there, shocked, wondering what to do. Should we call the police? Who did this? Why?

We suspected Paul's parents had something to do with it. We began to pray. We also called the only people with whom we had anything at all to do in spiritual matters and whom we thought might have something of value to say about the incident - Art and Doreen Beals. They said they would be right over.

Meanwhile, the phone rang, I answered, and it was Dave Cohen. He said, "Gather Paul's things, put them in the back behind the garage, and go back in the house."

"OK, Dave," I replied. I don't recall saying much else, unless it was that he didn't need to break in on us and use force if he wanted to get together with Paul; our home was open to him. He ignored me as though I was a complete stranger and enemy.

We packed Paul's suitcase, I set it outside and went back in. I checked in half an hour, and it was gone. It seems like we could have called the police and had them arrested on various criminal charges, but I didn't feel we needed to do anything, and that it would all work out for good.

Apparently Cohen and company didn't think there was much risk involved in what they were doing, either. Hanging around for Paul's meager belongings showed me they were quite confident of their security. Just what did they intend to do?

Art and Doreen arrived, we talked and prayed, and Marilyn received that this event was for God's glory. The Beals had nothing significant to say, though they marveled at what was happening.

Particle - All So Bizarre

I marveled at what had happened. Why did Dave Cohen and his party do what they did? They treated us as enemies, like some stereotypical cult, and our home as a restrictive compound. Now we had an explanation for the strange phone calls in the past two weeks. They had been keeping surveillance on our home.

But why the use of force and kidnapping? It made no sense. They would have seen Paul was free to come and go as he took solitary walks to the nearby store ten blocks away. They could have taken him at any time by himself. They could have come into our home, if they wished, and talked to Paul. We would have gladly let them in to talk all they wanted, or if they wanted to talk to Paul privately, fine. We had nothing to hide or fear, and **they** had nothing to fear.

Why did they not gather objective information? Why did they not talk to us? Why did they go to all the trouble and sensationalism? I was beginning to suspect that Dave was going about it in such a way as to make a hero of himself, perhaps sell a story or even make a movie. I expect he sold us to his hirelings as a dangerous, brainwashing cult. (What a pitifully scant amount of material a book publisher or movie producer would have had to work with!)

The people Dave had hired would have been unwilling to discover we were harmless. If they believed we were innocent and did the honest thing, it would have meant the end of their lucrative mission. There would have been no need for them to treat us the way they did. This way, they could take advantage of Dave's evil imaginations and passions, and collect some pay.

Particle - Meaning Their Business, Not Ours

I discovered the group had slashed the rear tires on the truck. That was disturbing. Two more new tires down. Did they really think I was going to take off after their getaway car in an old beater truck? Perhaps they did, but to me it appeared to be more grandstanding, spicing up the story for future use.

Particle - "You Have to Go"

As I showered the next morning, the Lord spoke to me. He said, *"Dave Cohen is a madman. You have to leave. He will be coming to kill you."*

I was shocked at what I heard, but I believed it. I expected he would be back within days. I told Marilyn what I received, and I knew that while we needed to act immediately, there was no cause for panic or undue haste. We took immediate measures to pack what we had, put a topper on our truck, and notify our customers that we wouldn't be able to fulfill our moving commitments. We had a few disappointed, even angry, people.

We had already purchased a Casa Rolla 13-foot collapsible Fiberglas trailer from Brazeaus, had a hitch fitted on the truck, and our furniture was sold. I called Don Puhach, the landlord, and told him we had to leave. We cleaned the suite, completed all our business matters, and headed to Art and Doreen's before we headed out of town.

There were still customers to notify, so we gave the Beals their numbers, asking Art to call them and let them know the unwelcome news that we couldn't make it. Finally, we told the Beals that if they should hear from Paul or anyone else, get contact information so that we might get in touch. We weren't prepared to give anyone information on our whereabouts.

Particle - Paul's Naïvety

We had told Paul about the potential trouble from his father, but he didn't see it, even as he didn't understand at first what I was trying to tell him at Revivim. Therefore, we decided Paul couldn't know where we were, and we didn't tell anyone else, lest Dave should get information from them.

Particle - Consulting an Erring Prophet of God

I so wanted to speak to someone who might give us good counsel in such a trying time. I thought of Carroll Vance, a prophet in Calgary, Alberta, who in recent years had a True Word from the Lord on several occasions for me. Before we left our home, I called Carroll and told him what had happened. When I told him I heard the Lord tell me we were to flee, he replied, "That doesn't witness with me because the Bible says we as believers don't flee." I don't recall the specific Scriptures he was referring to. He continued, "You need to report those turkeys who think they can do anything they please and lock them up."

Carroll was either still active or retired as a detective with the Calgary Police services and speaking from the flesh as a policeman, I gathered. In any case, I didn't believe what he said. Right or wrong, we followed through on our plans to not report the incident to the police and decided to flee as instructed by the Word of the Lord to me.

Besides, there were saints who did flee. David had to flee several times; Jacob had to flee; Elijah fled; the prophet Elisha sent a prophet to deliver the Word of the Lord to Jehu and anoint him king of Israel. Upon fulfilling his duty, that prophet had to flee (2 Kings 9). There is a time of flight and a time of fight for many saints. Our time was to flee and we knew the Lord would work it all out... which proved to be the case. And no man or police force or army can ever begin to work out justice and recompense as can and does the Lord.

Particle - Heading Out on the Highway

From the time I received the warning from the Lord, it took us about three days to clear out. I expected Dave, and perhaps his accomplices, to arrive at any time. Art received that we would *"go out with joy"* (Isaiah 55:12) - I didn't know what he was talking about; this was anything but joy. As we were driving out of town, he followed us to the perimeter of the city in case there might be trouble. We headed west on the Trans Canada Highway, imagining all sorts of threatening evils and thinking about all that had just happened.

Particle - Aftershock

For the next several years, I would be looking over my shoulder, studying strangers coming near me, watching cars on the road, wondering who was at the door when a knock came, and who was calling when picking up the phone and finding only silence.

Yes, I was physically attacked and strong-armed to the ground; yes, a friend was kidnapped in our own home, and that by his parents, who pretended to be friendly. We were betrayed, my tires were slashed, a hired foreign team was used to violate us, and our lives were threatened. But we suffered little harm physically, and the event was brief.

What about those who have been raped or brutally assaulted or whose house has been broken into and vandalized? What do those suffer who have been taken captive for days, weeks, months, and even years by heartless, ignorant terrorists, and held in dark prison boxes, blindfolded, cut off from all freedoms and loved ones, almost totally isolated and even tortured mentally and physically, with the constant threat of pain and death, day and night?

If such a minor incident affects one who knows the Lord and receives consolation in Him, and who understands some of what He does and how He does it, how does a more severe incident affect those who have no hope or understanding?

I had no nightmares as a result of the incident, for which I can be very thankful, but I can imagine how many people are traumatized for the rest of their lives, both in ways they well know and ways they aren't aware of.

It would be years of caution, suspicion, skepticism, at times anxiety, and even small bouts of fear, in varied circumstances, before a fiery event would come and cleanse and heal me of a lifetime of scars, and leave me with only benign memories of the past. By the way, Marilyn wasn't affected so negatively. She says I'm a more intense person, which I am.

On our way out of the city, we remembered the Branhamites in Portage La Prairie, Bert and Marie Tower, of whom the Gilberts had told us, and decided to visit them.

Participle - The Branhamite Conference, Indiana

Arriving at the Towers, I think that only their son, Brent, was home. He was about 18 and ready to drive to their denominational conference in Jeffersonville, Indiana. His parents had gone on ahead. He invited us to come. Having "no particular place to go," we decided to accept the invitation, parked the truck and trailer under cover, and headed out with him.

Arriving in Indiana, we told the Tower family what had just happened to us. Bert urged us to speak to the leader there, someone who was supposed to be wearing William Branham's mantle, a fellow who had been kicked in the head by a horse and left with a large scar on his face. We didn't feel led to talk to him about the affair.

(Something we noticed in the South was that people there, compared to Canadians and Montanans, were generally heavier and more often appeared sickly, with pasty, grayish faces. Many were obese.)

The conference was week-long with several hundreds attending. The whole affair was a social one of entertainment, more than spiritual edification, one of promoting the late William Branham and themselves. One fellow on stage repeatedly, exuberantly "testified" about how good he felt. "Oh, I feel good! I really feel good!" He must have said it *at least* half a dozen times.

I recall each preacher trying to outdo the other. One even imitated Branham's voice, but only when preaching. Brent Tower was going with this preacher's daughter, and he later married her.

Particle - Inability to Explain What One Believes

When we returned to Manitoba and visited with the Towers for a day or two, they tried hard to persuade us to join them. However, when questioned about their doctrines, they couldn't answer or explain. "Well, our pastor could explain it better; you can talk to him," they would reply. This is the reply we have had from people of several religious persuasions.

I recall one writer saying (in similar words), "If one is unable to explain what he is saying, it is better to question his understanding of it, rather than his ability to express it."

If one cannot express or explain his or her beliefs, how can they be sincere in them? Of what value are those beliefs? If they don't have their own oil, how do they expect to be sustained indefinitely by someone else's? Such is not acceptable to God when it comes to Christian faith and doctrine. One need only read the Lord's parable about the ten virgins (Matthew 25).

Particle - False Prophecy?

Before we left, we urged the Towers to consider that they were deceived. We shared many points that showed what they believed wasn't true. We told them that, in believing lies, it couldn't go well for them.

It occurred to me to give them a sign. I said to them, "This is the sign that you are wrong. Brent and his girlfriend won't marry."

(Brent was serious about the girl, but as I observed them, it seemed that he was chasing after her, and though she entertained him, it seemed she had other things on her mind. I felt that there was something necessary missing for a true marital bond and therefore expected that they wouldn't marry.)

We left the Towers and not long after being on the road, I thought, "Why did I say that? I think I was persuaded by logic and deduction, rather than speaking by spiritual inspiration of God." I had remembered how Isaiah prophesied something to happen and gave a sign:

"So, the Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold, the virgin will conceive and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His Name Immanuel" (Isaiah 7:14 MKJV).

I was chagrined at what I had done, and I think Marilyn also wondered why I said what I did. She wasn't sure of it, either. We would hear more on this matter years later.

Particle - A Tragic Tumble to Temptation

We arrived at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, and found a campground. There at a concession booth, on a hot summer day, they were selling ice cream, and I wanted some. We had learned not to eat the garbage sold on the market, and ate only homemade ice cream. God had disciplined us to eat properly.

I was in shape and happy for it. I could wear boys' size 30 jeans at 5-foot-10, a miracle in itself. I was indeed slim and trim. God's Word was fulfilled. I remained slim and trim for close to half a year.

But that day in Swift Current, I succumbed to my desire and purchased a garbage ice cream bar. I saw the dark spiritual forces in the faces of those near me, including the lady selling me the ice cream, and they were chuckling. Imagination? Guilty conscience? Perhaps, but I don't believe so.

As I opened the wrapper, ready to bite, I heard a stern voice say, *"If you eat that ice cream bar, you will have your weight problem again."* I don't recall God ever speaking to me in that tone before. Rationalizing, I disregarded it as my imagination, or even as the voice of the Devil because of the stern tone, and ate the bar. I was guilty, however; I knew I was guilty, and I felt the guilt. Woe, woe, woe!

Within months, I had to suffer the general defeat of intemperance with food and resulting excess weight, along with guilt, self-consciousness, and low self-esteem. God is Judge, not to be disregarded. My judgment and prison term would last many years.

"Behold then the kindness, and the severity of God; on those having fallen, severity; but on you, kindness, if you continue in the kindness. Otherwise you also will be cut off"
(Romans 11:22 MKJV).

Particle - Not Knowing Where We Were Going

Seeing we planned to live in Alberta, to Alberta we went. We wandered from campground to campground. We came to Lethbridge and looked around, but there was nothing open to us. I was disappointed and wondered if I had been right in believing it was God's will for us to live there.

Or was I even concerned about God's will? Wasn't I the one who decided we may as well go live where we preferred to live, because God wasn't doing anything with us in Manitoba?

Particle - Rendezvous with, and Letter to, John Taal

Remembering [John Taal](#) from Camp Caroline in 1976, and knowing he lived in Lethbridge, we called him. He came with a friend to meet us where we were staying in the KOA trailer campground. John was zealous to do what he believed to be the will of God. He came to try and do whatever he could for us. Instead of ministering to us in the Spirit, however, he did so in the flesh. He gave us money, thinking that was our need; it wasn't.

We were a bit down and doubting, wondering if we were still in danger from the Cohens, and wondering where to go or what to do. John then tried guessing what kinds of problems we had with God. Was there sin in our lives? Was there doubt? Was there this or that or what? He didn't know, and we didn't know what to say. It was obvious we were under stress, and he tried to deal with it. We might still have been hunted for our lives, but we couldn't tell John anything of those trials. Why? I don't know.

In the following days, I considered what John had been doing and where he was coming from. I wrote a letter from wherever we were on the road. In the letter, I criticized him for guessing, instead of knowing from the Lord specifically what the issue was with us, or anyone else for that

matter. I likened his approach to using a sawed-off shotgun at close range, yet unable to hit a barn door. I told him he wasn't going by the Spirit, but making a show of being a minister of God.

I would come to question what I had done in criticizing him.

Particle - The Mediwakes

We visited the Mediwakes in Brooks, Alberta. Muriel was prospering in real estate and Merv was prospering in his work with Lakeside Feeders. Merv needed a repair or connection on his stove, so I did it for him. The interest in fixing things was developing in me, though I didn't realize it.

Particle - Paul Finds Us

We traveled to Fort Macleod and stayed at the Daisy May campground. We decided to call the Beals to see if they had heard from Paul, which they had. I don't recall for sure if we stuck to our conviction about not letting anyone know where we were at this point, but I believe we stayed the course. Either way, we finally got in touch with one another. He was in Illinois at the time. Learning where we were, he immediately set out to join us.

Within two or three days, he arrived at our trailer about two in the morning, accompanied by the campground owner, and knocked on our door. We awoke with a start. Was it danger? Who was it?

Then we heard Paul's voice and were overjoyed.

Particle - Paul's Story

We were very happy to see Paul. He told us his father had hired a team in the U.S. to capture and deprogram him. Seizing him behind our home, with Dave Cohen as the driver of the getaway car (I hadn't had a chance to see him), they immediately sped to Falcon Lake, a resort near the U.S. border where they began to work on him.

For several days, they tried to change his mind about us, constantly questioning him. Paul would quote Scripture and reason with them, and they were powerless to do anything. One fellow got angry with Paul, threw the Bible on the floor, and clutched him by the throat. Dave Cohen quickly stepped in and said to the fellow and the rest of their team, "That's enough. You're through!"

That night the team had a party, relieved their job was done, while the Cohens still had their "problem." The party must have been a vexatious insult to the Cohens, who were paying for the team's service royally, yet fruitlessly. The team took off for the States, and the Cohens returned with Paul to Winnipeg.

They came to our place at La Verendrye and found it empty. They checked next door with the landlord, who couldn't tell them where we were, only that we had left abruptly. David was angry and frustrated.

They drove around for a while looking for us and the Beals. In his naivety, Paul wanted to call the Beals while with his parents, not realizing the possible danger to us from his father, who intended to kill me. However, Paul couldn't remember Art and Doreen's last name and didn't have their phone number. I say God withheld it from him for our sakes.

All along, Paul couldn't believe his father was capable of what the Lord said he would do, given the opportunity, which was to kill me. But when Paul related to us how his father was angry to find us gone, I immediately recalled where David told Jonathan that King Saul's anger would be a confirmation that he wanted to kill David. King Saul was furious when he found David missing, and nearly killed his own son, Jonathan, in his rage (see Samuel 20, especially verses 27-33). (I marvel how Paul doesn't remember things happening this way to this day.)

The Cohens drove to the airport for their appointed flight and left Paul in Winnipeg with the rental car. Soon after, while driving around, Paul remembered the Beals' name, called and talked with them. At that time, Art and Doreen didn't know where we were or how to contact us.

Paul headed back to the U.S.

Particle - Wandering with Paul

We decided to do some traveling together. Marilyn and I had the Casa Rolla trailer, and Paul had a tent. We traveled through parts of Montana and Alberta, visiting and talking. In looking to live in Alberta, I applied to several motels for a management position.

I was looking to motel management at a time when the economy was sluggish, imagining some sort of security in that occupation. Jobs seemed scarce, and I wasn't trusting God to provide. I left applications on file both by letter and in person. I gave prospective employers our old St. Boniface post office address to which they could reply to us, seeing we had no fixed address and didn't know where we would be.

I say "I," because Marilyn wasn't with me on motels. She simply didn't want any part of it. Why? I don't know, unless she instinctively or wisely knew what was involved, without ever having been involved. However, motels always held some mystique to me, and I was intent on following through, if possible.

This was a case where we weren't in agreement, contrary to the principle we thought we had learned from Ernie Chadwick in 1976 in Caroline, Alberta.

Particle - Speaking to Vic Graham, Preacher of Universalism in Calgary

From time to time, we went to one of Vic Graham's meetings in Calgary, and more than once I was compelled to speak to him of things he taught that weren't right. With Paul, we went to one of his meetings again.

Whether at this meeting or another, Vic Graham said that while our spirits and bodies would be saved, our souls would not. He likened our situation to a light bulb: The source of the light was the electricity, which he likened to the spirit. This would not perish. The bulb was the body, which the Bible testified would be resurrected from the dead. The soul was the light that existed before the bulb burned out, which wouldn't be restored. He concluded that it was only his opinion.

Days later, after considering and searching the Scriptures, I wrote him a letter and quoted some verses to him, perhaps the following, though likely from the King James Version:

"And the Lord your God is to be loved with all your heart and with *all your soul* and with all your strength" (Deuteronomy 6:5 BBE).

*“And the Lord your God will give to you and to your seed a circumcision of the heart, so that, loving Him with all your heart and *all your soul*, you may have life” (Deuteronomy 30:6 BBE).*

“For You will not let my soul be prisoned in the underworld; You will not let Your loved one see the place of death” (Psalms 16:10 BBE).

“He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name’s sake. (Psalms 23:3 KJV)

“Because Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption” (Acts 2:27 KJV).

*“And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit *and soul* and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ” (1 Thessalonians 5:23 KJV).*

*“Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, *even as thy soul prospereth*” (3 John 1:2 KJV).*

I made three points:

- 1) “Where in Scripture,” I asked, “do you find substance for your opinion?”
- 2) “If you, of all people, believe in the reconciliation of all things, then, of all things, why would not the soul be reconciled to God even as the Scriptures testify?”
- 3) “A man of God isn’t permitted to preach opinions from the pulpit or anywhere else. He’s called to preach the truth and nothing but.”

We received no reply - nothing unusual.

Particle - Dennis and Charmaine Holland

In our travels, we arrived in Medicine Hat, Alberta, where we visited Dennis and Charmaine Holland, a peculiar couple indeed. They professed faith in Christ, had been attending Grace Gospel Church in Calgary, where Archie was attending and where John Martello was an elder. We knew that Charmaine had the Spirit. I recalled her prophesying and interpreting tongues at meetings, and sharing things of the Spirit, all of which witnessed with us. While Dennis acted quite spiritual, I was always skeptical of him. He was a strange fellow.

Charmaine was horribly deformed in body and face, cross-eyed, hare-lipped, short, and quite obese, while Dennis was somewhat of a fit and handsome man. He publicly treated her with great affection. His conduct with Charmaine, though strange, was impressive to all, it seemed.

Charmaine later confided to us that when she first laid eyes on him, she said, “Lord, I want that man for my husband.” It happened. I thought, “God has graciously given her a husband of her choice, beyond her hopes.”

While we visited with them, however, issues came up. Charmaine confided several things to us about what Dennis was like privately. She told us that he would openly court other women, even in her presence, cautioning her to behave herself and pay no attention or go into the house, as he carried on with them in their car in his driveway.

What was she to do? She needed physical care, didn't have anyone else to do it, and thus seemed locked into a helpless situation. It appeared that he was a man without a conscience.

He informed us that he had been in prison for manslaughter (I don't recall that it was intentional - something to do with illegal and reckless, perhaps drunken, driving - I don't recall accurately).

Charmaine had a prophecy for me. She prophesied God would be causing me to speak, and I would ask myself, "Did I say that?" It would be words I was speaking, yet the Father would be speaking them through me. This prophecy was similar to one from Carroll Vance. Both prophecies came to be manifested continuously, but much more so in later years.

Paul and I told her that what Dennis was doing clearly demonstrated that he wasn't a believer (believers don't flout their spouses with open adultery), that she was a believer, that they were unequally yoked, and that she should leave him.

While the Scriptures say a believer shouldn't put away an unbelieving spouse if the unbeliever is pleased to dwell with the believer, we couldn't see that Dennis was so pleased. I think she believed that what we were saying was true, but couldn't bring herself to act. Her security was an issue. I told her that the Lord was up to taking care of her in any circumstance.

Particle - Our Sixth Eviction for the Faith

Charmaine talked to Dennis, and he talked to us and to her and commanded her to publicly renounce us and send us on our way. She did. Dennis was quite satisfied with himself, like the proverbial cat having swallowed the canary. We were gone.

Frankly, as I look back, I don't know how it could have happened any other way. I'm glad she didn't listen to us. It seems that God provided him for her, despite his waywardness. Years later, we heard that she had major, fatal health problems. He may have taken care of her.

It was time to part with Paul again. He took a Greyhound bus to Great Falls, Montana from Medicine Hat, and we returned to Lethbridge.

Particle - "I Will Restore"

On one of the few times we stayed at the Henderson Lake Campground in Lethbridge that year of 1981, a remarkable thing happened. A young fellow came driving a beater half-ton pickup into the Exhibition Park at the north entrance, as we sat by our trailer watching, on the other side of the fence from him. He did a couple of power turns just inside the entrance, spraying out gravel and dust, and out of his box flew a rimmed tire.

The tire rolled a fair distance and came to rest against the chain link fence, right beside us. The longhaired, unkempt fellow stopped, clumsily got out of his truck, looked in the box, got back in the truck, and took off farther into the grounds.

What landed right next to us was a 16-inch tire on a split rim, matching, even in tread pattern, the one we had lost. I thought, “Wow! The Lord has restored my tire!” I went around the fence and brought it back to the trailer.

But then I knew the right thing to do was to return the lost goods to its owner. I argued some with myself, thinking, “He deserves losing it, doing what he was doing, the hooligan! Besides, how do I know I can find him?” But I knew I should try.

I tossed the tire in my truck, drove into the grounds, and sadly enough, I found him. There he was, and he was drunk. I gave him the tire, saying, “I think this is yours. You lost it at the gate.” He took it, without a word of gratitude, almost as though I owed him.

I was somewhat disgusted and thought he deserved to lose the tire even more than I originally thought. I went back, thinking the Lord tried giving me my tire back, and I blew it in my self-righteousness.

As soon as I got back to our trailer, the Lord said to me, *“As you have returned to another that which he has lost, so I will restore to you that which you have lost.”*

I marveled at the circumstances and at the words I heard. Then I realized that if I had, with rationalization and apparent justification, kept that tire, I would have blown receiving the restoration of what I had lost, which was so much more than a tire. I breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness.

Particle - Problem-Solving

Throughout all these years, I was in a constant state of flux, wondering who I was and what I should be doing. I was lost, searching, wandering, and wondering. One idea of particular interest to me was problem-solving. I imagined people having what they considered to be insoluble problems, no matter the nature. I imagined them not knowing who to talk to or where to go with those problems. I thought of offering my services to solve any problem imaginable.

That may sound arrogant and presumptuous, but I believed there was no such thing as a problem that couldn't be solved. Indeed, problems existed because there were solutions for them, not because there weren't. I still believe that. If I couldn't solve the problem, I'd find someone who could.

I recognized the adventure and excitement of such an occupation, but I also realized potential challenges. Problems could be bizarre. I could receive calls from some rascally, if not very dangerous, demented people, if I were to advertise myself as one to solve any problem, no matter what it might be.

These thoughts danced in my head, in and out, for a few years. Little did I know that one day this would be my calling, and not only so, but with great success, though it wouldn't be as I imagined.

Particle - Tinkertown, Winnipeg

It was mid-October and trailering season was closing down. Our present problem was still with us, however. What were we to do? Where were we to go? We didn't know. I thought we were supposed

to live in southern Alberta, but nothing turned up for us; it seemed out of place. So we decided to head back to Winnipeg.

By the time we arrived, there was only one campground still available - Tinkertown. The owner was Johnny Copchuk, who had just recently purchased it at a distress price. He had been a successful tire dealer in Regina, told us some interesting stories, and offered me a job, which offer I pondered for some moments, but didn't have the leading to accept.

Particle - **Not Expensive Enough**

Johnny told us a story about how a tire manufacturer once gave him a super deal on tires for a very low price. They were blemished but otherwise perfectly fine for use. Johnny put out large full-page ads in the newspaper, advertising the tires at fire sale prices. Buyers would have received an excellent bargain. The sale bombed. People suspected they were getting something inferior or defective. Not about to be defeated, he thought it over, doubled the price, and sold out.

It's not the price; it's the perception. It's not just the quality; it's the marketing.

Particle - **The Wealthily Independent**

As Johnny and I were talking at his service counter, a husky boy of about 14 years came in asking for the price of a parking spot. Johnny gave him the price, which was somewhat above average. The boy left, saying he would be right back. Returning, he said in a bit of a sour way, "The price is too much" (he had spoken to his parents, who had sent him in to investigate).

Johnny said, "Then you don't have to stay here, do you? That's OK; you go somewhere else." The kid was caught off guard and was suddenly uncomfortable, and tried to insist they would take it. He apparently knew there was no other trailer campground open in the Winnipeg area that late in the season (we knew because we had checked out our options before coming there).

"No, no; you aren't happy with the price. I want only happy, satisfied customers here," Johnny insisted. "You need to go where you'll be happy. Keep your money." He refused to register them. The boy walked out chagrined.

Johnny then turned to me and said, "I tell you, it's nice when you come to the place where you don't need the customers' money. It's a good feeling! You can call the shots. If I let them stay and they don't like the price, they're liable to do some damage or steal something just to get their money's worth."

"The poor speaks humble requests, but the rich answers roughly" (Proverbs 18:23 MKJV).

The problem is that the boy wasn't very humble in his initial approach; consequently, he and his family paid the price. Where would they go? Likely to a motel, paying considerably more.

Particle - **My Looking Back with Longing Invites Death**

While at Tinkertown, for some strange reason I began to develop thoughts of wishing I had pursued the prettiest girl I had ever known, [Florence Yaschyshyn](#), when we were still in junior high and high school, particularly when she made advances toward me when we worked together on the Ukrainian Catholic Youth Club.

I thought, “What a fool and coward I was for passing that opportunity up!”

Suddenly, without any explanation, Marilyn fell quite ill. She was sinking fast, losing not only consciousness (though aware of losing it), but also losing all interest in life. Amazingly, she was quite ready to go into the next realm. I had my thoughts while I wasn't physically with her, so there was no apparent way she could have consciously known what I was thinking.

I knew immediately what was going on. I didn't appreciate the wife the Lord had specifically chosen for and given me, and He was taking her from me. I confessed my thoughts to Marilyn and to the Lord, apologized to her, prayed for God's mercy for us, and soon Marilyn recovered.

She said her experience was very strange. She knew she was dying and wasn't the least moved. Indeed, it seemed like nothing in this world mattered at all.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Four of Us in a Spiritual Race

Marilyn believes it was about this time and place that she had a dream, which dream caused us considerable consternation for some years until recently, primarily because we spent so much time trying to see if what it symbolized had either happened or was happening. Something one ought not to do.

The dream started with the thought that we would see or be involved with the Mediwake children, though not again with the parents. Then Marilyn saw Paul meeting up with a woman. He and the woman, while holding hands, entered a house and swiftly investigated it room by room (moving, as viewed, from right to left). They had to do it without us, while we waited for them.

The house was a large southwestern U.S. or Spanish-styled home, with an outdoor balcony on the second floor. Suddenly, Paul and the woman came out from the second floor, jumped off the balcony, and were running away. A man, presumably the owner of the property, was chasing and shooting at them from the balcony.

Paul and his companion joined us beside a large swimming pool. We were all dressed in rich fall clothing, with quality sweaters. It was needful that we should dive into the pool and swim to the other side. Halfway across, there was a narrow cement hoop underwater, through which we would have to swim.

Before jumping in, we took off our sweaters. Paul and the woman with him dove into the water without hesitation, swimming through the hoop. However, Marilyn was fearful of the cement hoop, and I had to take her by the hand so she would follow me, which she did.

After diving under water and swimming through the hoop, we came out of the pool on the other side. We raised our hands to the sky, were immediately dry, and the sweaters miraculously came onto us again. We then came to the edge of a wall or cliff, its top flush to the ground we were on. We jumped about two stories down to the ground below and continued running along a path.

At this point, there were several people on either side of the path, clapping and cheering us on. Marilyn recalls a woman in the crowd with a red sweater. Farther on, past the people, there was green grass along the path and beyond.

As we continued to run toward a green forest, the enemy that had been shooting at Paul and his companion sicced dogs on us, and they were closing in. Marilyn put out her hand, with palm down, and with spiritual power, disabled them from harming us.

Particle - “Mike Has a Decision to Make”

Winter was returning, all campgrounds were closing down for the season, and we needed to make a move. I thought of Mike Trepanier. We called him, and he and his wife, Theresa, invited us to come and stay with them. We went to their home in St. James, Winnipeg.

Arriving there, they greeted us, gave us a spot to park our Casa Rolla, and settled us in a spare bedroom downstairs. The weather getting cold, we brought in our live houseplants, which we appreciated having in the trailer. We visited for a short while, and I was wondering why we were there and what we would now do. Marilyn and I went down to our room to settle in, clean up, and pray.

Then the Lord said to me:

“You are here because Mike has a decision to make. It is going to get rough, but stick it out to the end.”

We went back upstairs, had supper with the Trepaniers, and spoke of spiritual matters. We also spoke of what had happened to us and to Paul, the kidnapping and Dave Cohen’s madness and murderous potential, of which we were warned by God. Mike acted as though he was in awe of what had happened and appeared to support us. He often gave the impression that he was quite spiritual. All seemed okay up to the time we retired that evening, but these things must have been too much for Theresa.

When we came upstairs the next morning, Mike reported to us that Theresa was gone. We speculated that she went shopping or to see her mother, who was rather involved with them and whom they would often visit, but Mike said no, that she had strangely disappeared, taking their three- or four-year-old boy, Jezreel, with her.

Not knowing what to do, we waited. Then Theresa called. She told Mike she wouldn’t return home until we were out of their house. We were rudely surprised, wondering how in the world we had offended her.

I began to see that what the Lord had said to me was developing. We talked about it and I encouraged Mike to make a decision. Did Theresa have grounds for receiving us as guests and then suddenly, inexplicably evicting us? Was he going to let her have her way? Was he head of his house? What was the right thing for him to do? Would he turn us out for no other reason than that his wife wanted us out, without apparent justification, especially when we had nowhere to go?

Mike was increasingly nervous. The phone rang again. I answered it and a voice said, “Get out. The Cohens are coming to kill you.” The person then hung up. I recognized the voice to be that of Theresa’s mother. When I told Mike, he wouldn’t believe me. He couldn’t believe she would do such a thing.

I knew it was her, primarily because I knew her to be quite capable of such conduct, despite having only briefly met her. And I was incredulous that Mike wouldn't believe me, though he was her son-in-law for a few years.

As we sat waiting for further developments, Mike looked out the living room window and spotted a police car parked down the street. He said the police were there watching us. I wondered why the police would be involved.

Jezreel then came to the door to fetch something from the house for his mother. Mike asked him to come in and stay. He absolutely refused, determined to obey his mother's instructions, which were apparently to get what she wanted and not be persuaded by us in any way. Mike gave him what he asked for, and the child was gone. I was amazed at how firm a toddler's mind could be about something in the face of his father's apparently loving persuasion.

While Mike feigned solidarity with us, I thought I could see that he was faltering and insincere, but I wasn't sure. Suddenly, the police and the landlord were at the door, knocking and demanding to be allowed in. We had the door locked and wouldn't unlock it, thinking it was some kind of trick. What were we afraid of? What could or would they do? And why?

The police told us that the landlord had his rights, and he could enter upon demand if he believed there was something wrong. I didn't believe them for at least three reasons:

First, curiously enough, we had just heard of a situation where the police used deception to gain unlawful entry into someone's home, so with that in mind, we reacted accordingly long enough to frustrate the police at Mike's door.

Second, Mike was the principal renter there. Did he not have rights?

Finally, we didn't have the faintest idea of any crime committed or of anything that could even be suspected as a crime or offence. All we knew was that Theresa wanted us out.

They threatened us with charges, so we let them in, and Theresa came in with them. The police attitudinally treated Marilyn and me as trespassers and criminals. They shouted at us and wouldn't listen to anything we had to ask or say. I tried to ask them what we had done wrong, and if they knew that we had been invited into the home, having permission to be there. They wouldn't listen and didn't care.

Mike remained silent throughout, as though he was some sort of captive victim, yet he continued to act the pious Christian. Theresa immediately openly rebuked him for how he acted so spiritual and pious in our presence, yet was an entirely different person at all other times. "Why don't you let them see the real Mike?" she chided.

Particle - The Seventh Eviction for the Faith

One officer then told Theresa to command us to leave. Sheepishly, immaturely, with subdued voice, without looking at us, she said, "Victor and Marilyn, leave my home." It was apparent she said it with guilt and embarrassment, not with conviction.

I thought, "How can this be? How is it Mike lives here, wants us to stay, his wife also lives here, wants us to leave, and she gets her way?" I don't know why, but the police and the landlord soon left, without seeing us gone. It was very strange. We headed downstairs and prayed, packing while

we were praying, and wondering what would be the right thing to do, especially when suddenly remembering the Lord had told us to stick it out to the end, though it would be rough. What did the end look like?

As we were praying, we heard a shout upstairs. It was Mike's mother-in-law. She demanded that Mike evict us immediately. She opened the door and left it open until we passed through it. Mike remained neutral, afraid and indecisive, not knowing what to do. While we hesitated, she now threatened to take our houseplants and throw them out. That little matter persuaded me to cave. Marilyn and I decided to come upstairs with our packed suitcases. I told Mike that we didn't want any more trouble and were leaving.

The mother-in-law left as we loaded everything in the trailer. Then another curious thing happened. Theresa came out, confessing that she didn't know what got into her. She didn't know why she did what she did. She asked me to pray for her, which I did, but I did so cautiously and conditionally - I don't recall specifically what I prayed.

They asked us where we would go from there, and I honestly told them we had no idea. Mike offered us something like seven dollars for expenses, which I believe I turned down, saying we would be okay; the Lord would provide.

As we drove away, the realization hit me that Mike hadn't been required to make a public declarative decision. I made it easy, too easy, for him. I had caved over a few miserable houseplants. He was spared the clear exposure. I was sickened by the thought. I had disobeyed the Lord, Who said to me, *"It is going to get rough, but stick it out to the end."*

There was my love of mammon in the fore once more. I resolved I wouldn't let this happen again, though I knew I could fail at any time and only the Lord could make things happen as they should.

I must keep in mind: Had we known where we were going or why when we came to the Trepanier home? Did the Word I heard from God when we got there not come to pass within a day or two?

Who says there is no God?

Particle - The Straddling Spider

Marilyn soon had a vision of Mike. She saw him inside their home, looking out the window. Straddling the house was a giant spider. Mike was trapped in the house. He was dismayed and confounded. He had made pretence of worshipping the Lord fervently, and I had been very frustrated with him in years past, unable to do anything about the hypocrisy I saw. This event settled that.

I was now realizing what Paul must have been seeing in him the year before.

Particle - To Beals'

Now where do we go? It was nearing the end of October 1981, and winter was closing in. Our money was running out and we had no job prospects. We decided to pay the Beals a visit.

We arrived there on a Sunday. They were now caretakers of an apartment block and living in a two-bedroom suite. When we arrived there, they seemed quite receptive to us and were willing to put

us up for a time. Perhaps they remembered our putting them up for three weeks, less than two years before?

The last time they saw us, Paul was kidnapped, and we were fleeing for our lives. We told them about our trip, our visits with Paul, how he was doing, and of our just having been evicted from the Trepaniers'.

Particle - My First Ever Vision of 1975 Fulfilled

That evening, Art Beals' cousin paid them a visit. She had attended the United Church service that day. Neil and Cathy Wiebe also came by, dressed in their Sunday best. The first thing Neil said to me, while shaking hands, was, "Hey! Where's your suit? Weren't you at church today?"

I thought it a strange question. After not seeing each other for years, was that the best he could do? Besides, we were never known to him as being in the habit of going to church, and when we did attend with them, I never wore a suit, not that he necessarily would have noticed or remembered. It was simply a light and playful remark, yet significant....

As they visited, the Wiebes and Art's cousin discussed that day's Sunday school lessons. As it turned out, the United Church program was identical to that of the Mennonite Church Neil and Cathy were attending.

I thought, "Here we have a highly liberal, nominal Christian church (the United), watered down in doctrine and practice, with identical Sunday school materials to that of an evangelical Mennonite church." Unlike the dead, compromising United Church, the Mennonite church was formed during deadly persecution centuries earlier by the tyrannical nominal Christian denomination, the Roman Catholic Church. Whereas there once seemed to be life with early Mennonites, now it was as dead as the obvious dead. As the Lord revealed to me days after receiving His Spirit, these nominal churches in their essence are all alike.

(By the way, the Roman Church calls itself the "Mother Church" of all Protestant denominations. Rome is on factual historical record to have slaughtered its "wayward children" by the hundreds of thousands and millions. What kind of mother does that to her children, albeit misbehaving ones? I ask you.)

And then it struck me. The first vision I had in the Beals' home, over six years earlier, of the Wiebes, was this night fulfilled! There were the Beals, *not in* the church systems, and there were the Wiebes *in* the church systems, though Art and many others had been calling them out of formal religion, and they wouldn't come out. (I knew that Cathy was the ruling power in the Wiebe household.)

I suddenly had another realization. The second vision I had at Art's years ago had appeared on the heels of the first. If the first was now fulfilled, surely the second vision's fulfillment was close at hand. The second vision was of me, as a lamb, being slain by Satan on an altar before the Lord. There was Dave Cohen out to kill me, as the Lord had warned, and there we were, back in the very city from which the Lord had commanded us to flee. "Uh oh!" I thought, "I am about to be killed! By vision, the Lord had told me that!"

I was now concerned, though I wasn't frightened so much as anxious. "Is this now my time?" I asked the Lord.

I thought, “Surely God has much more in store for us than the life we had lived so far.” I had to come to terms, however, with what seemed the likelihood of my being taken from the earth. I concluded, “If it’s my time, so be it. I only hope I’ll be faithful.”

My consolation was that, according to the vision, the event was pleasing to the Lord. “Then that’s the way it will be,” I thought.

When the company left, Art and Doreen made arrangements for us to sleep on the living room floor. Our trailer was in the block parking lot, and we had brought all our plants inside. I believe I told the Beals what I had realized in the visit with their guests and what could be expected in terms of the fulfillment of the second vision, perhaps a sudden and unwanted visit from Dave Cohen.

(Theresa Trepanier had been frightened when I related what was happening in our lives, driving her to expel us from their home. Would this be the Beals’ reaction as well?)

Particle - Andrea Keeps Her Vow

Their daughter, Andrea, was now sixteen. She was fully set on fulfilling the vow she had made a little over a year before. She cut her hair very short, plastered herself with makeup, and fitted herself into a pair of very tight jeans. Art and Doreen were perplexed and depressed, yet seemingly helpless to do anything about it. Andrea was of legal age to be independent of her parents and do as she pleased, and she was determined to take full and vengeful advantage.

We were witnessing the fulfillment of things we had warned them about over six years before, and the consequences of their ignoring those warnings.

The next day or two, Andrea, Marilyn, and I were in the living room watching something on TV. Art and Doreen were out. I was uncomfortable for both her and us because of some suggestive subject matter. Andrea had no desire to talk or change so, wisely or otherwise, I took the remote and changed channels. Andrea was immediately upset; she rose up and stomped out.

Each day we were there, the atmosphere grew colder and heavier. For the first couple of days, they wondered what we were going to do, but we had no idea. After three days, Art and Doreen would hardly speak to us. Yet there we were, on their living room floor, right in the middle of their small apartment with no idea of where to go or what to do. We were beginning to feel about as welcome as a large, fresh, stubborn rug stain. It was getting very uncomfortable.

I was still licking my wounds over the Trepanier affair, having acted hastily before Mike made a decision. Marilyn and I went for a walk, and I decided that no matter how uncomfortable and unpleasant it got, I wasn’t going to make the same mistake again. I was going to stick it out to the end. They would have to kick us out. I wouldn’t be volunteering to go.

(I didn’t care about Dave Cohen or any other lurking danger we would expose ourselves to by staying. My heart was firm.)

Particle - Our Eighth Eviction for the Faith

On Wednesday morning, three days after we arrived, Art broke his two days of silence. “I have something to say to you from the Lord,” he said in a gruff manner. “For your good, we are sending you on your way.”

He then proceeded to dump on me for the next quarter hour or so. He accused me of many things. Andrea had complained to him that I was controlling the TV, not letting her watch what she wanted (there was but one incident, with sex scenes). He once more accused us of being a bad influence on her, blaming her state and conduct on Marilyn's "unholy example" by wearing slacks (though Marilyn didn't wear short hair, jeans, or makeup). He accused me of doctrinal and spiritual error, of lacking love, and of being deceived.

We sat through the entire session of accusations and condemnation without saying a word. I knew there was no point. I had tried talking to him in the past, to no avail, and I knew he wouldn't listen now.

Finally, he repeated that they loved us and were asking us to leave for our own good. And then he invited us to have breakfast with them before we left.

I replied, marveling, "Are you kidding? You just spent almost the last half hour dumping on me and accusing me of all kinds of evils, you're kicking us out though we have nowhere to go, and now you invite us to sit down and eat with you?!"

With that, we packed our suitcases, pillows, and sleeping bags, and loaded them into our trailer. They asked us about our plants. I said, "How can we take them in the freezing cold? They'll die. You can have them." (I was sorry to see my artistic homemade habitant-styled wooden planters go, but what did it matter now?)

During the three days there, I made some long-distance phone calls to motels where I had applied for jobs, so on our way out, I placed some money for the calls, and for food and utilities, with surplus, on their foyer counter, and we left.

Particle - Satan Did His Job

Marilyn and I were a bit shocked. We had just been kicked out of two homes, presumably of friends, in three days, without any conscious offence to our hosts; winter was upon us, and we still had no prospects of a home, job, or any direction from God as to what to do.

Campgrounds were closed for the season, and snow was beginning to fly. All we could think of doing was taking a motel nearby to compose ourselves, pray, gather our thoughts, and determine some course of action. Checking in, we went to our room, and I immediately fell to the floor on my knees beside the bed and said, "Lord, where do we go? What do we do?"

Immediately God said to me, *"The second vision is now fulfilled."*

"What?" I asked in great surprise, yet with credulity. "The second vision is fulfilled?"

I was amazed, and I told Marilyn. She had a witness that what I heard from the Lord was true. While I had expected to be literally killed by Dave Cohen, instead the fulfillment of the vision of Satan killing me was a tongue-lashing from Art, a session of false accusation and condemnation followed by expulsion.

However, that was bad enough, wasn't it? The great unpleasantness was one thing, but it came from someone we had looked to for help and comfort, people we considered not only friends, but Christian companions in the spiritual pilgrim's journey in this world. I had once even looked to Art

as a spiritual elder or parent of sorts. But according to the vision, Satan came through Art and slew me, and there I was, as silent as a sheep in slaughter, with nary a word to speak in my defense.

Then so many things in our history with Art suddenly began to make sense. No wonder he had said the things he had said. No wonder he hadn't believed the things I shared with him concerning the Lord. I had been looking to a tare for counsel and fellowship, expecting him to have understanding in the things of God. I was deceived by none other than the great deceiver himself, even slain by him, as was finally being made known to me nearly seven years later by the visions.

Who says there is no God?

Given the numerous previous telling experiences we had with the Beals, you might think, "Victor just doesn't get it, does he?! Slow on the uptake or what?! What did he expect? A bouquet of roses and a box of chocolates?" I know I'm so slow on getting the message - very slow - but I think I can also say it just isn't that simple. Some things take time to cook or come to maturity, and finally, they do.

Particle - "Ben..."

I remember when in *Star Wars*, Luke was perishing in the very cold atmosphere of the planet he was on. Ben Kenobi appeared to him in spirit, telling him he would be going to another planet, Dagobah, for Jedi training. All Luke cared about was being saved from his present circumstances, but Ben didn't say a word, or apparently do a thing, about them.

I felt the same way. There I was, asking God questions about our predicament, and all He told me was what had just happened. What I didn't understand was that our circumstances were all being taken care of. The Lord reigns over all.

Wasn't it getting rather obvious? We certainly weren't calling the shots!

Two visions came back-to-back in Art and Doreen's home in 1975. The Beals went their way, and we went ours for years. In the 7th year, we returned to their home (though a different home) in the same city, and the two visions came to pass back-to-back.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - What Is Big and What Is Small

When the Lord gave me these two visions, they seemed quite significant, especially the second one, in which Satan slew me, and significant they were. Yet when these dramatic visions were fulfilled with the Beals, the events seemed like common, ordinary occurrences.

Who can judge these things? Who can comprehend the power and influence of the seemingly small things happening to people every day? What is big and what is small?

This is why I've said, "Appreciate that the big things you're looking for may be happening right now, most often in the cloak of insignificance."

Particle - "Guess What! You're the Devil"

The Beals had told me, before we left, that they would like to know what happened to us. I decided to call the Beals to tell them the significance of the visions and the fulfillment. Did I call to have some sort of satisfaction? Perhaps; I don't know. Doreen, as usual, answered. I told her what the Lord had revealed to us. She became very angry, but I don't recall what she said. Obviously, in putting two and two together, they wouldn't relish the thought of being in Satan's stead.

Particle - The "Trep Prep"

We came to realize that the event at Trepaniers' was the Lord's marvelous preparation for the fulfillment of the visions at the Beals. It was a training session, a dry run. Yes, I had failed the Lord at the Trepaniers', cracking under a little pressure, but it served to discipline me for the time when the real event would come and the two visions would be fulfilled, in the seventh year.

I consider that if we had left prematurely when things got heavy in the Beals' home, the event of his tongue-lashing wouldn't have occurred; in other words, the vision wouldn't have been fulfilled. (Yet all God speaks must be fulfilled.)

From this time forth, we would be referring to a "Trep prep," seeing other similar circumstances working out, knowing that our goof-ups were preparations for something important just around the corner. That's encouraging to know, isn't it? Others might refer to these circumstances of failure and learning as small tailored boot camps.

Particle - Another Session of Correction, Coming Right Up

We checked the post office for mail and found letters from a motel owner or two. We decided to go back to Alberta and take one of those tentative offers. We stopped at Lloydminster, saw the busyness of one, including the responsibility of a restaurant, and the apparent desolation of the surrounding area, and decided we didn't want it.

On we drove to Edmonton, arriving with ominously appropriate timing on Halloween night, right into the chastening hands of a rather untrusting, controlling, thrifty fellow, above 60 years of age, Hilbert Hansen, who owned the East Glen Motel in Westlock, about fifty miles north of Edmonton.

Particle - Lack of Faith and Insecurity with God

Now Edmonton and Westlock are geographically within the southern half of Alberta, but I had felt we were supposed to be living well into the southern half, in the Lethbridge area. It wasn't happening.

That was another problem I had - I was always so afraid that what I thought I was hearing from the Lord was my own imagination, "voices in my head," as my father once said in Dauphin. Perhaps Westlock was the place, but no, I wasn't convinced or satisfied. Yet that is where we were going.

Particle - Hiding in Fear

I often wondered why we had so little choice of motel management opportunities at the time of need, because there certainly were much better choices at other times, as we ruefully discovered later. However, with hindsight, there is no doubt we needed to be where we went - it was tailored to our needs. God knows His business.

One of the reasons I chose this motel was to be able to hide more easily. We heard the Cohens were still searching for us. With the motel position, I could cancel my license for the truck, not have an address or phone number listed in my name, and whatever else possible by this strategy to keep myself off any traceable public records.

It was silly and unbelieving of me to think this way. For how long does one flee? Where does it all end? I wasn't trusting God for our protection. In that fear, we paid the price for our self-made security, which could easily be breached anyway.

Hilbert referred to us as transients, in a derogatory manner. Yes, we were as Abraham, transient, at least for a time. Yes, as the Bible said of him:

“By faith Abraham obeyed when he was called to go out into a place which he was afterward going to receive for an inheritance. And he went out, not knowing where he went” (Hebrews 11:8 MKJV).

“By faith he lived in the land of promise as a stranger, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs of the same promise with him. For he looked for a city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God” (Hebrews 11:9-10 MKJV).

But there is no security in this world except that God gives it. He alone is the source of any security or prosperity. This I know, if it's God's will that I perish, not all the armies on earth can save me, not for one second. And there is also the other side of the equation: If He determines that I live, all the armies of the earth can't prevent it.

Particle - Monetary and Motel Miseries

Our job title was “manager,” but it was anything but. We were mostly maids, launderers, clerks, and repair-persons. We were offered, for a rental fee, an old abandoned dump of a house for a residence, which former managers wouldn't accept (they stayed in motel suites, instead). It took us days to clean and condition the house, and something in it made Marilyn very ill. We later found the remains of a desiccated cat in the furnace fan motor compartment.

We got paid nothing for cleaning and repairing the house. When I repaired and painted the walls and plumbing, which wasn't part of our job description, we were refused compensation. We were responsible 24 hours a day and were spelled off one day a month by Hilbert and his wife.

Customers would ring the service bell at all hours. I would wake up to a loud, crude bell in the house, hurriedly dress, run half-asleep across the parking lot to the office, say, at three a.m., check people in, and head back to the house. Just try to go back to sleep! And who ever knew the kind of people one might be dealing with? Sometimes drunks would ring the bell to wake us up just for laughs.

We calculated our wages for the hours put in to be perhaps \$1.50 to \$2.00 per hour, far less than our part-time hired help was getting paid to clean rooms. Though we were on partial commissions, we began to realize that Hilbert had everything figured out, and we weren't free to think or act independently. There was really no way of making much more income from efficiency or innovative management. I felt like I was in a psychological, economic straitjacket, not that I was a potentially effective business manager anyway.

All the towels were white, which showed all stains, and thus had to be cleaned with extra care and labor, for no extra pay. Hilbert wouldn't change colors, saying others were too expensive. Marilyn's fingers began to crack on the sides of the nails and wouldn't heal, likely because of the harsh detergents. It would be interesting, however, the way they would eventually heal, though years later.

We had some strange, eccentric clientele, and some were absolutely filthy. Our motel was their place of getting away and doing their thing, leaving us to deal with the mess. One day a biker gang came in, and while they were quite friendly, some used the white towels to clean their bikes! We often dealt with unpleasant happenings - stolen hotpots, stolen towels, filthiness, parties, drugs, unauthorized pets, disturbance of others, heavy smoking, incense burning, and more. My fascination for motels took a swift, effective, super-disillusioning trouncing.

Particle - Drug Bust

The word was out - the East Glen Motel was the place to go for drug parties. I didn't know that until, one day, not long after we took over, a fellow rented a suite and had such a party. The place was packed.

I wondered what I should do. Call the police? For some reason, I didn't want to do that. I put on my muskrat fur hat, the kind the RCMP once wore. Wearing my parka, without warning, I walked into the room full of users. Boy, did they scramble! The host cleared everyone out immediately, paid me for extra cleaning bills, and was very cooperative in every way. The word got out, and nobody dared have a drug party there again.

Particle - So Slow on the Uptake

One day, we received a phone call from a fellow who said he was on his way to Westlock on behalf of his contractor, who would need rooms for himself and his crew. The fellow was there a bit sooner than I expected, and signed for a room. We didn't collect in advance, and we weren't in the habit of getting much in credentials.

I was wondering about him, however. He looked like anything but a carpenter or construction worker. He was small and skinny, had long fingernails and tender hands, and when I asked him about his carpentry, he spoke of placing a specific number of two-by-fours here and there.

I suspected a dud, but somehow didn't catch on. I must say I am abysmally slow at catching on to the implications of things, as blatantly obvious as they may be. Someone can punch me in the nose in broad daylight, and I won't catch on until some night two months later at three in the morning, I might sit up in bed and exclaim, "He hit me in the nose!"

I'm still only now realizing things as I write, things that happened decades ago. More astute people might have picked up on these things in minutes or even seconds. And I once wanted to be a detective or a lawyer? I would have starved to death and *never* figured out why.

Particle - No Mercy Shown

The kid was a dud. He laughed out loud in amusement when he discovered what an easy pushover I was, recommending places to eat in town and not asking for credentials. When I questioned him once, he said his boss wouldn't take kindly to being questioned on his integrity. I should have

known then, but my problem was that business was very slow, and I wanted his, especially with a crew. I let it go.

After three days of this fellow watching TV, sprawled out on his bed day and night, eating junk food, no crew showing up and excuses as to why not, I decided to deal with it. He had nothing to pay and was gone.

I then called the police, who located him farther north doing the same thing. He made a career of fraudulent mooching and was known for it. He was a fetal alcohol syndrome victim, with nowhere to go and nothing to do. I was angered that he had suckered me. I wanted justice, but the police encouraged me to let it go, that there was no point, though they would try to rein the guy in and warn others.

I should have pitied, rather than resented, the wretched soul, but that was my problem, which was bigger than his. While his wasn't a moral or spiritual problem, mine was. His was a matter of mental dysfunction from the womb; mine was a matter of attitude since the womb.

Beware of those who want what you have. Beware of yourself when you want what others have.

Particle - A Turned Down Six-Gun

On another occasion, a fellow clandestinely brought a girlfriend in, and we had just changed the prices so there was a difference between one and two persons. When he paid at the checkout, I saw her sneaking out the back way. I realized that the fellow was linked to the sneaker. I asked him who the woman was, and he pretended he didn't know, but in a mirror, I saw her enter his truck.

I didn't like his lying to me. As they were driving out in his high big-wheeled diesel truck, I grabbed the passenger door, opened it, and found them both there, exposing him, and that, in front of his lady friend. I instantly realized I was dealing with a proud, violent young man.

He was enraged! He tore out of the truck and after some moments of arguing and railing on me (I was being very nice to him and asking his consideration), he said, "How much more is it?"

I said, "Two dollars."

In a moment of great potential danger, this was frightening, funny, and embarrassing at the same time. He looked at me with a mixture of expressions that worked their way around his face, tried to avoid each other, and collided, getting lost in limbo somewhere.

On the one hand, he may have been relieved it wasn't more like ten times that amount, but on the other hand, he couldn't understand why I would go to so much trouble, and even embarrass him, for two dollars (I couldn't either)! How does one get stunned and relieved at the same time, while being embarrassed in front of his escort? In a confounded state, he paid the two dollars, got back into the truck, and angrily drove off.

As I watched the highway from the office, I saw him driving back and forth for the next two hours or more, and knew he was raging and contemplating something. I then had a vision of a six-gun, pointing to the ground, disarmed. I knew I had been spared violence, or perhaps even murder, by being inoffensive towards him in attitude, though I had confronted him.

So again we reviewed the pricing policies of our rooms for the number of occupants. It didn't make sense to charge a mere \$2 for another person. Either don't charge at all or make it worthwhile. Quit the confusion in between.

Particle - Searching for Spiritual Fellowship

We were soon approached by a local Pentecostal pastor for rooms. He invited us to his church. We went one evening, hoping to find living water for our thirsty souls. As we ascended the steps to the sanctuary, the Lord said, *"You won't find what you are looking for here."* We didn't turn around at those words. We went in to the meeting and, as He spoke, so it was - dead.

Particle - The Artful Ways of Thieves

Elaine Kapitaniuk worked as a maid for us. One day, we found extra hours filled in under her name in the record book, and it wasn't in our handwriting. I thought I would watch for further developments and, sure enough, she filled in other days when she wasn't there.

When I asked her about it, she was a bit sheepish, but wouldn't admit to anything. I simply showed her the "error," she agreed with it, unable and unwilling to argue, we corrected it, paid her what was coming to her, and didn't call her back.

But she wasn't the only thief....

Particle - Rebuked By the Lord Again

Hilbert had a storage room with discarded items, among them old TV sets. I decided to clean up these things, and asked him if I could sell them. He didn't think they were worth anything, but gave me permission to dispose of them.

I put the TVs out front, priced them low, and let people try and buy if they so chose. They all sold. I then thought, "For all the work we do and the little pay we get, I'm keeping some of the money. I won't tell him how much I got for them."

He hadn't told me the money was or wasn't ours to keep.

When they came up for their monthly one-day stint, he asked me if I had sold them. I said I had, for so much. He said, "That's great! You can have all the proceeds." I can tell you that my heart sank at something that should have been good news. The Lord knows how to catch a dishonest child in a trap, not always by force or cruelty, but by kindness.

I had a hard time confessing to him that I had lied to him about the amount. Perhaps I didn't need to confess, seeing he was willing to give the proceeds to us. Perhaps if he had known the amount I really got, he would have split it or not given any. I don't know. I just simply had to get it off my chest.

I tried to tell him in different ways, but finally came right out with it. He didn't say much, but when it dawned on him that I wasn't trustworthy in that matter, and being he was the distrustful type anyway, he was highly suspicious of me from that time on. This would be of particular grief when we were leaving.

Particle - My Money Monkey's Pet

The occupation was almost an unbearable experience. One day while hanging two flags (something else we had to do each day), I complained to the Lord. Marilyn received the words, *“Who are you worshipping, Me or mammon?”* The money monkey was addressed again. Always overcome with money issues, I knew the answer.

At another time, I was seeing other motels full, while ours was empty. Marilyn received words again - *“Don’t look at the appearance.”*

Particle - My Pound Problem as Promised

Added to the problems of the work, my past sin was bearing fruit. As the Lord had said it would be, so it was. By the time nine months had passed from the time I ate the ice cream bar in Swift Current, I was fighting my weight problem.

Added to that, I had great regret at what I had lost. As you know, my weight problem had been a constantly frustrating losing battle most of my life. I realized that the day the Lord spoke to me about being slim and trim, it had been something established for the long term, provided I obeyed Him. I had lost a precious and much enjoyed victory over an ice cream bar! How grievous that was to me!

Perhaps only people with a lifelong weight problem could understand, but only in part. Add to the mix the spiritual dimension and guilt of having disobeyed God and ignoring His clear warning, even writing His voice off as that of Satan, and suffering the consequences - only then can you know how I have felt.

Particle - Should Have, Shouldn’t Have

Besides all the nightmares that plagued me, there was the habit of “should have/shouldn’t have.” Regrets and brooding over mistakes have plagued me all my life - not an easy way to live. While logic says to get over losses and failures, learn from them and get on with it, this is easier said than done - at least for me. It doesn’t relieve one to thin spilled milk with tears.

Particle - Sparrows Speak

As I was exercising one day and struggling with weight, regret, money matters, and being locked into Westlock, a bird landed on a wire only feet from the window. I believe it was a house sparrow. These are usually rather skittish and restless. This one stayed longer than usual, and I was reminded of how Jesus said:

“For only a penny you can buy two sparrows, yet not one sparrow falls to the ground without your Father’s consent. As for you, even the hairs of your head have all been counted. So do not be afraid; you are worth much more than many sparrows!” (Matthew 10:29-31 GNB)

Particle - My Father Visits

In the fall of 1981, my father came to visit us in Westlock. It was a Friday, and he wanted to take us out for dinner. We went to a new place where we heard the food was tasty, generous, and

inexpensive. Dad said he would order fish because, as a Catholic, he wasn't supposed to eat meat on Fridays - until he saw that steaks were on special, two for the price of one.

My point isn't to criticize him. Rather, I would like to say that when it comes right down to it, I don't believe that Catholics themselves truly believe there's anything serious or legitimate about many of their rules, traditions, and doctrines. That applies to all religions.

I would go so far as to say that deep down inside, men know right from wrong, though they have seared and salved their consciences, hardening themselves in darkness. A man in darkness may still remember what he once saw, if ever so faintly, even after much time. The record is there.

The Scriptures also say:

“The Gentiles do not have the Law; but whenever they do by instinct what the Law commands, they are their own law, even though they do not have the Law. Their conduct shows that what the Law commands is written in their hearts. Their consciences also show that this is true, since their thoughts sometimes accuse them and sometimes defend them” (Romans 2:14-15 GNB).

Of course, all Dad had to do was go to confession at the next opportunity, and all would be just fine (I speak tongue in cheek).

Particle - Do Not Be Deceived

That fall, Fred and Delores Molnar came from Camrose for a short visit. They were well dressed and groomed, and they looked prosperous, successful... and happy. We definitely weren't free, happy, or prosperous. Marilyn received a word concerning them - *“Don't be deceived.”* The time would come when we would see how deceptive appearances were in this case.

Particle - Don't Call Your Wife “Stupid”

A native stayed one night and while in the office, he witnessed me get angry with Marilyn and call her “stupid.” He went to his room, returned after some time, and spoke a Word from the Lord to us. In kindness and piety, he rebuked me. “Don't call your wife ‘stupid,’” he said. “The Bible says husbands are supposed to love their wives. It says that if you call another believer (brother or sister) a fool, you are in danger of judgment.”

I knew he was speaking needed truth to me. I was both ashamed for the need of rebuke, but also glad to have someone approach us from a spiritual perspective. I confessed my wrong and wondered if he had anything else to say to us. He didn't. I thanked him for faithfully speaking that which the Lord gave him to speak.

Particle - Storm Stirring in Stettler

We had Paul's mailing address in Vermont where he was living at that time, in the first part of 1982. We wanted to let him know how we were doing, without letting him know where we were, lest he should let it slip to his parents, who were still searching for us.

In order to use someone else's return address, I called Lois Benson in Stettler, asking her if she would forward our letter to Paul. She wouldn't do it without her husband's consent; she asked him for it, he gave it, and I sent her the letter, which she forwarded to Paul and he received.

I also tried sharing things with Lois, but all she could say was, "I don't need anyone; I have the Lord." She wouldn't hear that there was such a thing as ministries, elders, and leaders in the church, or fellowship in a body of believers, submitting to one another.

I suppose she still believed her pastor, [Len Rosenfeldt](#), who warned her against me in 1977. She was very hard. I knew the Lord would have to take her through hard times to deal with her hardness.

I believe I sent her a letter (or I may have told her by phone), saying that there was a storm coming her way.

Particle - Cohens Searching For Us

We called my parents and discovered that the Cohens, or people working for them, were calling for us. We were thankful we told nobody where we were, particularly Paul. My mother and Marilyn's mother, Laura, were in touch with each other, wondering where we were.

The Cohens called Laura, claiming to be the RCMP, telling her we were a cult and drug traffickers. Judging from what we would hear from her later, it seems rather certain that she believed them, though she said she really didn't know *what* to believe about us.

By the time my father and the Molnars visited us in Westlock in the fall of '81, we had been easing off the cautionary measures.

Particle - A Common Curious Coincidental Characteristic

God's corrections and judgments are awesomely tailored. Hilbert was very much like me, or rather, I was much like him. He was stingy, money-minded, friendly, but ever with a selfish agenda, and liked to have firm control over everything. It was so stifling and vexing to work under a man like that, but I knew that I was exactly the same way, and that the Lord had matched us up because of it.

As if the Lord would indicate how similar we were, I found another curious coincidental characteristic. Hilbert would sign using only his initials - HH, which he would scribble. My signature was VH, which I also scribbled. One time after they spelled us off for a day, I saw his signature and thought, "I didn't sign this. What is this?" As I began to investigate, I saw other papers Hilbert had signed and realized that our signatures appeared identical, even though the letters weren't. I knew we were "identical" in many ways. I can't criticize him, of course, but I didn't like at all what I was compelled to see in God's live mirror, arranged in His power and wisdom to correct me.

Particle - Virtue Claimed Is a Virtual Lie

Hilbert once said, "I'm a reasonable man." By then I had learned that when people claim a certain virtue, the truth was invariably the opposite. Why is that? I suppose it's because they realize their shortcoming and are in denial of it.

I learned firsthand, again and again, Hilbert was very unreasonable and wondered at how he could ever claim to be otherwise. Was he lying or did he really believe it? I suspect he believed it.

Particle - The Miracle of Thanksgiving

We were in Westlock in spiritual chains; I was living with troubles and regrets, one of those being that I hadn't heeded my wife's disagreement with working in a motel. I had broken the law of agreement between us, and we were both paying the price. I wanted so much to be out of there. Besides the troubles, inconveniences, poor pay of the business, and being burdened with an unsavory boss, I was troubled by losses and regrets of the past, I was overweight, and I was plagued by uncertainty, doubts, and fears about my relationship and calling with the Lord.

One day we decided to give ourselves to thanksgiving to the Lord for our circumstances, not so that we could get out of them, but just to thank Him for placing us there for His purposes, acknowledging His Lordship in all things, both bad and good. And wouldn't you know it - almost immediately, things began to change.

Particle - A Sign of Life from the Dead

The winter had been a cold one, with temperatures in the minus high thirties at times. Spring came, and we did some yard cleaning. In the back yard, there was a compost pile about two feet high that had been there before we came the fall before. As I was cleaning it up, I found the green cutting of a philodendron, about six inches long. I brought it inside and Marilyn potted it.

It grew. It became special to us, symbolizing our survival as compost in spiritually cold and trying times. Several times in the following years it put forth leaves, which would die off or brown on the edges. We would cut them off and the plant would have to start again. So it was with us, time and time again. Thirty years later, we still have it, now crawling high up along the timbers of our log home.

Particle - Notice of Release

We were beginning to think we would be held at Westlock as prisoners for years, but we were very pleasantly surprised to find that very soon after giving thanks, the Lord gave us the release. I gave Hilbert Hansen a one-month notice, though only two weeks was required by law. After a few weeks, he asked that we stay on for an extra month to give him time to replace us. I didn't want to stay any longer than absolutely necessary, but I consented. He offered no reward.

Not only did he offer no reward for the favor, but when the day came to leave, he wouldn't give us our last paycheck. I highly suspected that if I didn't collect it then and there, I wouldn't get it. I knew he was holding it back because he didn't trust me, and was wondering if he might find something missing after we were gone. It was a battle to the end. I knew he wasn't within his legal rights to withhold pay, and insisted that he pay, and he finally did. I promptly cashed the check, and we were on our way at last.

Particle - The Greatest Fool on Earth

While it was such a relief to be free from the East Glen Motel and Hilbert Hansen, it wasn't long after we left Westlock that I was subjected to examining my past. I saw that I had suffered much financial loss over many years and began to see myself as the biggest loser and fool that ever lived. I recalled so many things, not the least of them being how [David Miller](#) had cleaned me out of a

sizeable share of our house in Charleswood. I began to realize how I had treated him, deserving everything I got, and reaping many times over what I had sown. I saw how selfish, money-focused, and niggardly I was, losing all the way. My apologies to you, David.

And now I was supposed to be a believer, one who had faith in God, worshipping Him, not mammon. I saw myself as a big loser in both worlds. The realization was so poignant that I began to wonder if I would survive. I loathed myself.

God would speak to me of my financial losses again, this time with promise of good.

Particle - Ruling Spirits of My Two Earthly Families

I don't know in what years I came to have this realization, but I came to believe that three prominent spirits ruled the Hafichuk family. They were pride, love of money, and self-pity. Often I saw these spirits raise their ugly heads with several members of the family (by blood, not marriage).

Several years later, I came to realize that what I saw in the Szmon family (my mother's side) were the spirits of pride, foolishness, and willful ignorance.

Particle - Gordie Howe Campground, Saskatoon

From Westlock, where were we to go? We had no plan, but we headed east, though I was still wondering if southern Alberta shouldn't be our destination. We soon arrived at the Gordie Howe Campground in Saskatoon. The sites were hedged with tall lilacs, and it was June, their time of bloom. Both the beauty and fragrance were refreshing.

Particle - False Anointing

There we met the Ratzloffs, a couple in their fifties or sixties. They told us about their son who was an associate evangelist with Terry Winter (who has since died years ago of a brain aneurysm at age 56).

They related how their son had prayed that God would anoint his tongue powerfully to preach. He told them that once, while in prayer for anointing power to preach, his tongue became very thick (in feeling, I supposed), and he received a supernatural power, including speaking in tongues.

I knew he had been asking for the wrong thing for the wrong reason. I also knew, therefore, that he received, not the Spirit of God or anointing from Him, but a spirit from the powers of darkness.

Particle - The Shepherd Faithfully Feeds His Flock

The Ratzloffs asked us where we went to church. We told them we didn't.

"What?" Mrs. Ratzloff asked in surprise. "Then how do you get fed?" (They saw we were very open to discuss spiritual matters.)

A spontaneous reply instantly leaped from my lips: "The Shepherd feeds me."

She didn't know what to do with that.

Many people have the notion that Jesus Christ is only in formal, established, socially-accepted churches. Now why would He command me to leave such institutions where people were perishing, as I would leave behind my own dung, if He chose to remain in them?

Particle - The Dunghill

The Ratzloffs told us that they were going to the Alliance church in Saskatoon, and that they were building a large new one on the south side, pastored, I believe, by Walter Boldt. They were quite enthused about it, and perhaps particularly about its size. Soon after, I had a vision of the new place:

There were people walking from all over the city to that site, carrying pails full of slops, including dung. They were dumping these slops, which were partially solid, partially liquid, onto a heap, which was long, wide, and some feet high. This heap was... the new Circle Drive Alliance Church. What a hideous picture! God likened this church to a slop pile, a dunghill! Didn't Paul call the pre-Christian components of his denominational formal religious life "dung" (Philippians 3)?

Particle - Headed for the High Hills

At Gordie Howe, we met a young couple professing faith in Christ. They were headed for the Rocky Mountains with their children, expecting a nuclear exchange in the world soon, on a global scale. I wondered how the Rockies were going to save them. Many are they who think to trust the Lord and think to hear His Voice, but are paranoid or deluded, living in rebellion and imaginary worlds, believing themselves capable of living independently of all others.

Particle - Eddy Boyechko and Family

Surprise, surprise! My cousin, Eddy Boyechko, and his wife, Jeanette, and their children happened to be camping at Gordie Howe. I invited them to our trailer, where we shared some organic treats with them. They seemed to think them rather weird.

We also shared some spiritual matters with them. Eddy's contempt was quite visible through his mask; it was a thin mask indeed, one that, at one time, was quite sufficient to deceive me, but not now. He hadn't changed a whit.

The next day, as they were parting, he knew that I knew. I said very little and didn't enter into conflict with them, but neither did I pay them any more respect.

Particle - Eddy's Enjoyment of Exemption to Enemies' Efforts of Evil

Eddy related to me how he and his family were at a campground one night and, for some reason, some teenagers were out to do mischief to him and his property. It was dark and Eddy happened to be outside sitting in the shadows as he spied the tricksters sneaking up on him. They didn't know he was there.

Suddenly, to surprise them, he shouted something like, "Hey, what are you doing?!" The boys were startled and immediately made a run for it. As they bolted, one of them suddenly screamed in pain as he struck his shin hard on a trailer hitch he didn't see in the darkness. Eddy had a great chuckle about it.

Whether this story was true or otherwise, I considered how the experiences of my life were generally anything but satisfying or victorious against evildoers. I had become convinced that there was seldom, if ever, justice or satisfaction against evil for me. Even though I was a believer, a child of God, having been one for nine years, people seemed to be getting away with all kinds of evils against me. It was the story of my life.

But Eddy, an unbeliever, seemed to enjoy the upper hand. Furthermore, I perceived it wasn't because of cleverness or virtue, but simply because it was given to him. Why was God favoring him so, and why wasn't He giving me that same kind of protection and satisfaction? Why did people constantly do me evil and get away with it? (I now know I needed or deserved it, and that would be why.) I couldn't understand it.

The day would come, albeit many years later, when I would see the Lord protect and vindicate me in ways this world can hardly imagine. And wasn't He doing that now? Didn't He, for example, warn me of Dave Cohen's intent to kill me? If I had examined my past, I would have easily seen God's favor in ways Eddy wouldn't believe.

The way I saw it was that I was fleeing from Dave Cohen, while Eddy's enemies were running from him. I suppose I was envious of Eddy.

Particle - People Don't Change but by a Miracle

We have been reacquainted with several people after not having seen them for many years. On the surface, they may seem to have become somewhat more humble or proud, educated or ignorant, traveled or sheltered, hardened or softened, wealthy or impoverished, formal or casual, stuffy or down-to-earth, preoccupied or attentive, narrow or broadminded, religious or non-religious, but essentially, they are still the same as in their beginning. Indeed, under closer examination, they seem to become more established in what they were from the start.

I have learned that only a new birth truly changes one for the better. Unless God performs a personal miracle in their lives, we find that though people change somewhat superficially, they remain the same essentially. If there is an apparent change, it's only because they've learned to conceal or sophisticate their faults and weaknesses.

Particle - Pretty Women Loving Me

Occasionally I would dream of some woman attracted to me and I to her. (In dreams, people can have an attractiveness and essence I've never experienced in reality.) I then feel badly, knowing I'm married and can't have what is being offered me. My wife has also had dreams of men being affectionate with her. I haven't been an affectionate man, and I haven't been even remotely fulfilling for my wife. That, I certainly believe.

This sounds like we each lack something in our relationship. I don't doubt this is the case. At least for my part, my priority has never been an idyllic marriage or even a good one. My desire has been consecration to God. However, I've never been or done what I've expected or imagined one who has been fully consecrated to God would be or do.

Particle - Another Loose End Tied

We visited a grocery store in Saskatoon. There we were, passing through a city of perhaps 170,000 people, and who should we chance upon but [Judy Strauss \(nee Linton\)](#)! This was another of the many constant appointments arranged by the Lord - some unfinished business I was unaware of.

Judy, you will recall, was the one for whom I had to confess desire to Marilyn, before God would grant me His Spirit in January 1975. There was no trace of the apparent humility I remembered of her as a new believer some eight years before. Now I saw Judy as proud and self-assured, religious, haughty, and completely closed to anything I might have to say.

Her countenance was hard and consequently unattractive (I had known her when she appeared younger, more tender, humble, and innocent). She was now dogmatic in her beliefs and boasted of her husband's position as a Baptist pastor.

Her attitude was one of "I'm a successful pastor's wife, and therefore I'll tell you a thing or two, because I know better than you. After all, aren't you the one who fell away from the faith?"

(Besides what I saw in her attitude, there could be no question they were against our departing from the Baptists after we received the Spirit.)

And this is the woman I thought I might like to court when she was single? How time, as overflowing waves on a shore, serves to erode and change the landscape!

I think God gave a confirmation that it was better to have taken the direction I took after all, having Marilyn for wife, not that I ever really doubted the choice. I was glad to have run into Judy. It was just one of many loose ends taken care of. I was thankful Marilyn was my wife.

Particle - What You Heard Is Not What I Meant

I was chagrined that, while some people appeared to believe my words, they misinterpreted them and went in other directions than I intended. Harry Strauss was a prime example. In 1974, when I conducted a class at the Faith Baptist Church, he seemed to take to heart my exhortation to full commitment to the Lord. But when Marilyn and I received the Holy Spirit months later, though Harry and Judy heard about it, they didn't follow us. I had hoped we could talk to Harry at that time, but it didn't happen.

Instead, he became a Baptist pastor.

I thought, "How could my words of exhortation to follow the Lord have taken him and his wife in this direction? Am I responsible for this? Knowing the ways of the Lord, I can only conclude that He didn't choose Harry to enter through that narrow gate of life. **'Many are called but few are chosen.'**"

Years later, I would see more of Harry on TV, as they held an Easter service in their church in Regina. While he appeared rather successful to the religious world, I perceived him to be tragically empty, the end result of his chosen path. Many, I expect, would differ with my perspective and conclusion.

Particle - Glorious Music in Heaven

I had this dream at the Gordie Howe Campground, which dream happened to be about three years after Paul was called upon, in Israel, to leave Alison and to follow the Lord. I was in Heaven. In

Heaven I saw Paul and Alison, but Alison didn't belong there, not because we were better than she, or because she was wicked, but it just wasn't her time or place. I needed to tell her so.

At some point, whether before seeing Paul and Alison or just after, I saw an elderly man, well-dressed, seated on a chair, bowing in prayer, saying, *"Lord, bless brother Vic."* He reminded me of [John Taal](#).

Then we heard music, and a choir of many people, all male, it seemed. How beautiful the music and the voices! Comparing the best of music of this world to what I heard in Heaven would be like, well, there just could be no comparison - I'd have to say it's the difference between life and death. The heavenly music was food for the soul and spirit, with abiding sustenance.

In the midst of the singing, a sudden shout went out from all of them, in unison, a resounding roar of permanent joy and excitement. How wonderful!

I then saw a man on stage, who reminded me of [Merv Mediwake](#), playing a bass while all sang. He was holding the bass in his left hand, while plucking the strings with his right. On his neck and hanging down over his abdomen, he wore a long beaded, multiple-stringed necklace. With a playful expression (as Merv was inclined to have), he began to pluck the necklace instead of the instrument strings, and the bass sound continued as though he was still plucking the bass. Everyone broke out in joyful laughter.

It was the humor of God - clean, funny, at nobody's expense, miraculous, sharing his glory with another. What a taste of Heaven!

Particle - "I Will Replenish"

In one of these years (I think it was shortly after we left Westlock), when I looked and saw that I had nothing to show for my past, God spoke to me saying, *"Replenish, replenish, I will replenish."*

Though I had some difficulty believing it, God was assuring me that, one day, we wouldn't be poor.

I thought, "I must just want to think that! Why would God want me to have financial wealth? Does a devout Christian or man of God need it?"

I certainly wasn't aware I was seeking the riches of this world.

Particle - Forbidden to Visit Parents

After many weeks in Saskatoon, it was time to move on. We headed for Manitoba. When we reached Yorkton, I determined to go to Dauphin to visit my parents, but Marilyn received a Word from the Lord: *"If you go there, that will be the end."*

I knew it was a Word from the Lord (it witnessed with me) and I wasn't about to disobey. The consequence of the ice cream bar rebellion was more than enough. We headed through Russell, Manitoba and on to Winnipeg.

Particle - Truck Problems

Why we came back to Winnipeg, I don't know. As was often the case, without commitments or obligations, we could have gone anywhere.

During that time, the truck developed a vibration in the drive train that service stations couldn't identify. We crawled along at about eighty kilometers an hour or less, through Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. In Winnipeg, we checked with Erickson's on King Edward Street. They had serviced the truck in times past, and couldn't identify the problem. I decided to live with it until the Lord provided a solution.

Particle - Harboring Hopes of Helping Helen Huebner

Happily, Hafichuk has had all sorts of notions that never panned out. In my insecurities and small-mindedness, I had hatched the idea of working for [Helen Huebner](#). She was now a widow who could, perhaps, use someone with business management training and experience. She was a professing believer of sorts, and I enjoyed Amway while I was in it, so maybe something might work for both of us.

I was surprised by her spirit and attitude when we went to visit her at her office (I hadn't said anything yet about my ideas). Helen was sarcastic, almost caustically so. "Well, how about getting back into the business and doing something useful with your life?" she snorted (yes, snorted).

My, but widows can be tough when they want to be! I wondered if Bert wasn't eternally grateful to the drunken driver that killed him. Maybe he saw his opportunity to escape and took it as he was crossing the street the night he was killed!

Helen had a son helping her in their product warehouse, so I assumed the door was firmly closed to my notion. However, I ended up visiting with him for a while. He was a sad young fellow, browbeaten and empty. I shared some things about the Lord with him, and there seemed to be a tiny bit of light breaking through, though it wasn't obvious. Soon we left.

Particle - The Haunted House

We decided to look for a house to rent, which would be much less expensive than living in a motel. From there, perhaps I would do trucking again, or painting, or something. We found a home for rent, reasonably priced, and took it. It needed work, but I thought that if I worked on renovating it, we would have income immediately. The landlord was willing, so we didn't need to give a damage deposit, as is customarily required of renters.

It wasn't long, perhaps three days, before we could no longer stay there. There was a strange uncomfortability that we couldn't identify, but which we weren't prepared to tolerate. We also felt generally out of place.

I called the landlord, thinking we were going to be charged a month's rent. I told him that we simply didn't feel right about the home. To our surprise, he was very understanding and charged us nothing at all.

He wanted to talk more about how we felt, and while we couldn't explain much more, he believed he had an explanation. He told us that his wife had just died of cancer there. He believed her death had something to do with our feelings. We had known nothing about it.

Particle - My Gift of Garbage to God

While on the road in our Casa Rolla trailer, we headed to a humble trailer court on North Main in Winnipeg. We were wondering what to do, and we were stressed because of unbelief.

I prayed and said to God, “Lord, I sacrifice everything I have to You, all I possess and am” (I believe I meant my future as well).

Suddenly, in a vision, I saw an altar upon which lay all kinds of foul garbage - dung, used menstrual pads, and every vile thing... the worst kinds of things people would find in common refuse. It was as though someone had dumped bags of miscellaneous garbage on the altar. I realized I had nothing to sacrifice, and whatever I had of me or mine was a vile insult as a gift to God. It was the height of presumption to even suspect I had anything to offer Him.

I was ashamed. I fully deserved and needed the chastening revelation of myself.

Particle - Calling Evil Good

During the stay at the trailer court for a couple of days, I made attempts, without inspiration or conviction, to find work there as a groundskeeper or serviceman of some kind, and to negotiate with the trailer court manager for a lesser rate. During the brief conversation, I said something about her being a generous person. I believe it was flattery, and very soon the Lord convicted me of having said something that simply wasn't true. I remembered the Scripture:

“And the heart of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of those who stutter shall be ready to speak plainly. The fool shall no more be called noble, nor the miser said to be bountiful” (Isaiah 32:4-5 MKJV).

I thought, “Lord, I have called the miser bountiful. I'm a hypocrite, contradictory in all my ways.”

Somehow I knew that the woman to whom I had spoken was a miser, yet I was looking to her for work, for provision, and for generosity. I was trusting in flesh and blood, rather than the Living God and Source of all things. How miserable a creature I was!

Particle - No Commitment unless God Directs

We left that trailer court. It was an unkempt, dismal cheap place, swarming with mosquitoes. We decided to go to Bird's Hill, a provincial campground north of Winnipeg, which turned out to be beautiful.

While there I decided that I wasn't going anywhere, whether to live or work, unless I heard the Lord specifically direct me, and unless Marilyn and I were in full agreement. I had learned my lesson, at least for a while (how soon we forget), and I vowed I would freeze or starve before going where I wasn't led.

Particle - “To Lethbridge”

We were at Bird's Hill about a month. The winter of '82 was approaching, it was getting colder, and campers were leaving. Our plumbing in the trailer froze, and something had to give. I was prepared to buy straw bales from some farmer and hunker down for the winter, determined to go

nowhere or do nothing until God spoke. I wanted Him to tell us what to do and where to go. I had no stomach for another Westlock.

I don't recall specifically what the transaction with God was or how it occurred, except that I was prepared to go anywhere or nowhere, as He chose. Then came a peace and rest I never knew before.

We had some visits with the park warden, who professed faith. He was having his problems and receiving misleading spiritual direction from his church. We advised him that he needed to put his trust in God, rather than in men.

One morning, Marilyn came back from the public showers and washrooms crying. They were closed for the season. After several days of waiting and praying, the Lord said, *"To Lethbridge."* That was all He said.

Particle - "Step on the Clutch"

I knew our truck needed servicing. The clutch was almost gone. I checked the classifieds in the newspaper and found someone who was willing to do mechanical work for a reasonable rate. He offered to replace the clutch and whatever else was needed.

To replace the clutch, the standard transmission had to be removed, which wasn't too easy, but we did it. He having done the clutch work, it was then my duty to hold the transmission from above, in the cab, while he was underneath guiding it into place. The transmission weighed perhaps 70 or more pounds and I was having a difficult time bending over and holding it.

The mechanic (a constable with the Winnipeg City Police) was stumped and quite frustrated. We tried and tried to fit the transmission with the clutch, but it wouldn't slip into place. I cried out to the Lord, asking Him for the solution. Immediately, I thought to put my foot on the clutch pedal, did so, and the three-speed transmission instantly dropped into place.

"What did you do?!" he blurted with surprise and relief.

"I asked God for an answer and He gave it to me," I replied. "I put my foot on the clutch."

He didn't say much, but he marveled, knowing I knew almost nothing about mechanics. What I did made sense to him; he even explained how it worked.

Who says there is no God?

Everything else was falling into place, too. He determined that the drive shaft was causing the vibration. He ordered one from the auto wreckers, replaced the defective one, looked the rest of the truck over, and said, "You should be good to go now." I thanked him and paid him, so relieved to be rid of the mechanical problems that had been haunting me.

I was thankful we were now on our way.

Particle - **Medicine Hat**

As we approached Medicine Hat, my stick shift was suddenly in my hand, free of the floor! I managed to pull over and stick it back in, keeping it there until we got to a campground. Someone helped me replace a broken pin, and we were in operation again.

Particle - *Marriage Counselors Par Excellence*

We met an elderly couple at the campground with whom we visited for a while. They were having marriage problems and confided to us. All we did was listen and, as they talked, they came to realize each other's thoughts and feelings more fully. This helped them to reconcile, for which we were thankful.

Could this be what the Lord had in mind for us, an effortless ministry where people would be unburdened and helped without our aggressive input?

Particle - *Alternative Alternator Alterations*

A mechanic specializing in alternator repairs was camped there. I told him my light was coming on. He looked, said the alternator needed brushes, replaced them, charged me, and said that should do it. The light was still coming on, however. He told me that after a few miles down the road, it would go off. It didn't. I had to turn back after several miles and replace the alternator. I think he lied to me.

Particle - *A Different Lethbridge*

The last time we had been in Lethbridge, it was a shut door to us; we were compelled to move on. This time, as we drove in, there seemed to be little doubt we were to stay. I decided to get a newspaper and look for home rentals. Walking to a store, I bumped into a man with a realtor tag. I said, "Seeing you're a realtor, perhaps you know of a home to rent. We're new in town."

"As a matter of fact," Norm Tolley replied, "I just got a home for rent today. Come into the office." He called Richard and Cindy Willis of Vauxhall, the owners who had been trying unsuccessfully to sell their home at 45 Meadowlark Boulevard and decided to rent it for a while. He filled out the papers, paid no attention to the fact that I was without a job, credit references, or fixed address. All he wanted was a month's rent and the usual one-month rental damage deposit.

He showed us the home, we decided to think about it, took a room at the Travelodge Motel on Scenic Drive for two days, prayed, and decided this was it (we knew it from the start, but I was still skittish from the motel incident). We took Norm's offer and immediately moved in - just in time. It was November and winter was right behind us. The Lord had provided us a home with the very first contact on the street.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - *Neighbors on Meadowlark*

Our home was half of a side-by-side economy duplex. The Don Thompson family was on the other side. Next to our home was another duplex, in which Sandy Ponech, a single parent, lived with her son. A few doors down were Dale and Susan Cole. They were all friendly and helpful. I parked the trailer, put it up for sale, and received no bites. We met our landlords, the Willises, and appreciated that they were friendly.

Particle - Earning a Living

What do we do now? I was still determined that I wasn't going anywhere unless I knew for sure what we were to do, and Marilyn and I were in agreement on it. While we waited, I purchased used furniture and appliances through the classifieds. We bought some in need of cleaning and repair, fixed them up, sold some, and made some money.

Particle - Getting to the Bottom of It, the Sooner the Better

We had no income, and we had \$45 left. The rent of \$450 plus utilities would soon be due. Our anniversary was coming up on November 30.

I had been discerning a pattern with the way the Lord worked with us. It seemed that He wouldn't provide for us again until the cupboard was bare. So, in order to ease the pressure and not prolong the pain anymore than necessary, I decided to promptly spend what we had left. I went out and bought a dozen roses for Marilyn. The cost was an exorbitant \$42.

"Roses!" she exclaimed when I presented her with the bouquet. "Are you crazy?! What in the world did you do that for?! That was all the money we had!" She was beside herself.

I told her my thinking, and she was too upset to think or agree. She wouldn't get flowers again for many years, not until I began to understand that she hadn't been rejecting me or the flowers, but reacting to the pressures of the time. It should have been a simple thing to understand, but again, I have been very slow on the uptake. I was hurt by the rejection.

But more importantly, there was a lesson involved:

Particle - Birthdays, Anniversaries, and Religious Holidays

The Lord was bringing home the truth that the celebrated events of this world are not those He would have us honor. So a couple is married 30 years. What kind of marriage has it been? So someone is 5 or 50 years old? Is the number of years of value, or is it the quality of the life lived in God's sight?

We learned that while the Bible recorded age, it didn't honor the celebration of age. I have seen few, if any, people who have the right to be proud of their ages at all. I certainly had no right.

Wherever birthday celebrations were recorded in Scripture, invariably there was death. On Pharaoh's birthday, he beheaded the baker (Genesis 40:20-22); on Herod's birthday, he beheaded John the Baptist (Matthew 14:6-11); and on the birthday celebration of Job's eldest son, all nine of his children died as they partied, notwithstanding their father's pious life and substitutionary sacrifices on their behalf (Job 1:4-5, 18-19 KJV).

Besides giving up celebrating birthdays and anniversaries, we dumped Valentine's Day (which is pagan and extols false love), Halloween (a particularly demonic event), Mother's and Father's Day (which are artificial and cheap substitutes for the realistic honor of parents), Christmas and Easter (pagan revelries with Christian excuses), and all others of the world.

Particle - Provision at Home

The landlord wanted us to paint our home, and the labor would be applied to the rent. I accepted the opportunity. This time we were getting paid for our work, unlike with Hilbert Hansen in Westlock; however, there was still no other work or income.

Dale and Susan Cole invited us to Christmas dinner. Though we told them we didn't celebrate, they insisted on having us anyway, saying it wasn't going to be festive as such, and we accepted. We were thankful for them.

Particle - Something Better than Canadian Linen

I looked for work, which wasn't abundant - it was a time of economic recession. In unbelief, I applied, along with twenty or more other applicants, to Canadian Linen for a delivery route they were advertising, and was offered it. In praying about it, Marilyn and I knew I couldn't take it. She received that the Lord had something much bigger and better for us. I knew it to be true. We continued to wait.

Notice how Marilyn was often the one hearing from God?

Particle - Something Better than Trucking

I met Ed Nakamura, who owned and operated Elite Custom Upholstery. I had contacted him to do some upholstering on a sofa for us. He gave me some menial work, with menial pay, tearing old couches apart.

I wondered if I might not get into the trucking business again, renting a portion of his shop. Lethbridge required commercial facilities, unlike Winnipeg where I was permitted to work out of the home with a simple license. The city's requirements for using Ed's facilities weren't feasible, and I couldn't get my own place. Furthermore, I sensed I couldn't go back to the old business. God was taking us on to something else.

I tried to talk to Ed about his life, but he was closed. He was a Buddhist and saw no reason to change. It wasn't long before his wife left him.

Particle - A Tragic Loss of Life

Working part-time for Ed was Sid Wendelboe, a young alcoholic hippy. I liked Sid. He was colorful, with humor and somewhat uncommon insight, but he was hooked on drugs. He wasn't interested in God or in changing his life. I heard a few years later that he died. His parents, being JW, couldn't help him.

Particle - God Provides and Is Prepared to Do More

Did we trust God contentedly in our trials? No. We started to be very restless, so much so that I was starting to feel a hole in my stomach, and Marilyn was losing her hair. Yet I wasn't going anywhere unless I knew the Lord was in it. But what were we to do? The rent was due, and we had nothing to pay.

Particle - Apology to John Taal

In such trying times, I often look for sin or fault with myself. Here we were in Lethbridge in great turmoil, and though we knew John Taal, and he was a believer (so we thought), we weren't free to contact him for help or direction.

I asked myself, "Should we be free to contact him? If so, why weren't we doing it?" Could it have been the critical letter I sent him? Surely, he was only trying to help, and I'd merely been biting the hand trying to feed me. I decided to call him and apologize. Marilyn didn't agree. She said I would be vexed. Again, I didn't listen.

I paid the Taals a visit, apologized, and it was as gravel in my mouth. There was no peace about it at all. John's wife mocked me, and he was entertained by his wife's conduct. He included her as a believer in judging matters when it was clear she had no faith whatsoever. He wasn't gracious, and I wasn't settled. Marilyn had been right again.

But there was more to come, to my surprise, though it would take years.

Particle - A Provision on Time

We spoke to Fred and Delores on the phone, and received a letter from them some days later. We hadn't told them our needs, as was our direction from God. In the envelope were two things: a much-needed financial provision of \$700, which would cover our rent, utilities, and food, and a more precious spiritual gift, a message, which said:

"God is ready to assume full responsibility for the one wholly committed to Him."

Those words would be permanently etched into my soul from that time forward. They were haunting words, but in a positive way. I wanted the fulfillment of them above anything else, a complete commitment, trusting God in entirety.

Wouldn't it be just exhilarating to see God catch you when jumping off a cliff, so to speak? Wouldn't it?! I believe that's exactly what He wants. Not tempting Him, no, not at all, but believing and obeying Him in the face of impossibilities, making apparently irrational choices.

I wondered at how Delores had the spiritual problems she had, yet also had revelations, insights, and words to speak, which couldn't be denied as of God. When I asked her about the words, she and Fred had nothing to say.

(Years later, I heard that Kathryn Kuhlman had spoken or written them. Delores had read a lot of so-called Christian books. Internet searches show that Andrew Murray wrote them. They are, "God is ready to assume full responsibility for the life wholly yielded to Him.")

Was this the Lord giving me a breakthrough after apologizing to the Taals? We didn't make any connection at the time between the apology and receiving the provision. I believe if there had been a connection, the Lord would have quickened it to us. On the contrary, I felt I had practically betrayed the Lord by backing down on a spiritual rebuke John Taal needed and deserved.

I was hoping that an opportunity to "correct the correction" would come, though I rarely found such things to be in God's plan. A Scriptural example is when the first generation of the children of Israel weren't willing to fight the enemy in Canaan, not trusting God. God got angry and sentenced them to wander in the wilderness for forty years until that generation died out. Hearing that

rebuke and regretful of His anger, they changed their minds and decided to fight after all, but God wouldn't permit it. They tried anyway and were defeated.

My experience has always been that trying to right an error with God is out of order, an artificial arrangement that can't retain God's blessing. However, I would be wrong in this case (God often seems to have exceptions to the rule). The time would come when I would have an opportunity to speak to the Taals again, both husband and wife, which was important.

And truly, as a nation, the second generation of Israel *did* have the opportunity to take Canaan, forty years later, and they were successful.

Particle - "Grace! Grace!"

In one of these early years of walking with the Lord, He spoke words such as these to me (not precise wording, but certainly the precise spirit and essence): *"They will come to you accusing, crying 'Law! Law!' But they hate My Law because they hate Me. They will come to you declaring 'Grace! Grace!' calling iniquity 'grace.' They will have the fruits of their supposed 'grace,' but I will give you and those with you to bask in the grace I have granted you."*

Particle - CUSO, Botswana, and Papua New Guinea

I think it was a fit of desperation or escapism. We got the idea of joining CUSO, a Canadian federal foreign aid program, and going overseas or wherever they needed us. To do that, they suggested we begin to develop a record worthy of acceptance, which would include community volunteer work and cultivating relationships with those in authority, such as pastors of churches, so that we might use them as influential references. Holy hoops!

Well, we tried. We started volunteering with English as a Second Language. I loved instructing English, and the students seemed to appreciate me. The trouble was that I clashed with the supervisor. One evening, we came to the word "congratulations," and in teaching the students how to say it, the supervisor put the emphasis on "grat" and I corrected her, putting it on "la."

Whether I was right or wrong, she was in power, didn't like being corrected before the students (as nice as I was about it), and we were out. This was fine with me; I came to realize I wasn't about to join some church or suck up to a "reverend" to appease the government in its artificial scheme of qualifications, just to go live in a mud hut in 120-degree heat, eating parasites for however many years, to serve some bureaucrat's crazed invention of charitable international works at our expense.

I'd rather eat sour grapes!

Particle - Sealed in the House

Again, we were out of money. Again, we were struggling. Then Marilyn had a vision. She saw our home sealed by the enemy. Nobody could enter or exit, and we were trapped. But then she saw the Lord break through and free us.

Particle - Three Dollars and Fifty Cents

We had \$3.50 left in our checking account at the Bank of Montreal at the Park Meadows Mall. I withdrew \$3, left 50 cents to keep the account open, put \$2 in the gas tank and gave Marilyn \$1 for groceries.

It just occurred to me that 3 ½ is a significant number in Scripture. We could have had any variation of amount. Why 3½ dollars?

Particle - Trapped on a Ledge

Around this time, Marilyn had another vision. We were on the side of a mountain, near the top, but trapped on a narrow ledge. There was no path forward or back, and there was no possible way out for us. The vision showed the Lord come to deliver us.

Particle - I Can Wait No Longer

Soon after Marilyn's visions, I said, "I'm waiting no longer." I decided to head down our street, offering my services as a handyman. That day, I repaired a man's gate latch and water taps. I repaired a lady's shower, cementing loose tiles back into place, and brought home a deacon's bench to refurbish.

Particle - "I Am the Able Handyman"

That day, my handyman business began in earnest and increased. I realized that in the past year or more, the Lord had been developing in me an interest in being a handyman. He had been leading all along. Why, then, didn't He tell us? Why let us stew and sweat?

He had to deal with my attitude. Who was I to determine that I would do nothing or go nowhere unless He related to me in some certain way? After all, I realized that though my motives and independent spirit weren't right, Westlock and working under Hansen was part of the program and His will for me. As the proverb goes:

"We make our own plans, but the LORD decides where we will go" (Proverbs 16:9 CEV).

But who was I to be a handyman? I wasn't experienced at all, and I had few tools. The Lord said to me, ***"I am the Able Handyman."*** I called my business Able Handyman Services, knowing the Lord was "Able."

I quite enjoyed the business for many reasons: I was my own boss. I had variety - in this kind of occupation, there are so many different things one can do. The Lord had put an interest and enjoyment in me for repairing and building things.

The income was the best I had ever had. Relatively speaking, many people weren't earning as much or more than I, but of those that were, many didn't have the advantages I had. I got to meet people from many walks of life. I was learning a variety of good and useful things. And finally, my schedule was flexible; I could come and go freely.

It was good.

Particle - A Witch's Coven

We printed fliers and I headed out to distribute them door-to-door. On 3rd Ave. S., I dropped into a building that had activity in the basement. It turned out to be Hazel Hill, wife of George Hill, leading what appeared to be a women's Bible study or something like that.

When I met her, there was an instant clash. I saw black enmity, a hatred in her eyes. I was told this was the Victory Christian Church she and her husband founded. When I got home, Marilyn and I prayed and received that Victory was *"a witch's coven."* This was in the spring of 1983.

Particle - Women's Aglow

At some point, we asked about Women's Aglow and received that it was a club of, and for, *"rebellious women, lawlessly doing their own thing."*

Particle - Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

We asked about FGBMFI and received, *"Not of God."*

We asked about many religious organizations, realizing that just because people do things in His Name doesn't mean He is with them in it. As He said:

"Not everyone who calls Me 'Lord, Lord' will enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but only those who do what My Father in Heaven wants them to do. When the Judgment Day comes, many will say to Me, 'Lord, Lord! In Your Name we spoke God's message, by Your Name we drove out many demons and performed many miracles!' Then I will say to them, 'I never knew you. Get away from Me, you wicked people!'" (Matthew 7:21-23 GNB)

What can be confusing is that there are genuine believers involved in these churches and organizations, yet deceived, because they aren't believing and obeying God. They prefer the social benefits of this world, and the glory and praise of men, instead of the praise of God. So then are they "genuine believers," after all? What's the difference if they don't obey? What kind of belief is that?

2 Corinthians 6:14-18 MKJV

(14) Do not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship does righteousness have with lawlessness? And what partnership does light have with darkness?

(15) And what agreement does Christ have with Belial? Or what part does a believer have with an unbeliever?

(16) And what agreement does a temple of God have with idols? For you are the temple of the living God, as God has said, I will dwell in them and walk among them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people.

(17) Therefore come out from among them and be separated, says the Lord, and do not touch the unclean thing. And I will receive you

(18) and I will be a Father to you, and you shall be My sons and daughters, says the Lord Almighty.

Particle - Correspondence with Paul

By now, along with occasional phone calls, we were beginning to have regular correspondence by snail mail with Paul, as much as two or three letters a week, talking about everyday occurrences and what the Lord was doing with each of us spiritually. Paul was roaming throughout several states, picking up odd jobs like landscaping and waiting on tables in restaurants. Though we were apart for extended periods, we had a special bond that couldn't be explained or denied.

Particle - Running Effortlessly

Around this time, Paul had a dream, which he relates here: "Sometime in the early 80's, I dreamt I was running along, taking long strides and gliding along nicely, but then I ran out of strength. I then saw Victor running very fast, not the same kind of long strides but seemingly effortlessly, with his hair flying straight back as if to emphasize great speed."

There would come times when Paul would weaken in his walk and I would be quite exasperated with him. But that would change, thankfully!

Particle - A Matter of Conscience

Going door-to-door drumming up business in the spring of 1983, I met "Father" Chauvin, who tested me with the repair of a water-damaged ceiling in the washrooms, which I repaired to his satisfaction. From there, he gave me a fence to paint and other miscellaneous jobs.

One day, he asked me to oil the sanctuary (a big job for me) and the wooden statue of Jesus. The sanctuary walls and ceilings were all wood that required oiling. I had a conscience crisis, knowing the Lord had delivered me out of the Catholic Church. If I wasn't supposed to be doing anything with them or their practices, what was I doing there?

I reasoned that I wasn't a Catholic, had no intention or danger of being one, and externals weren't the issue. Knowing I had no respect for images, and not having the conviction or inspiration that it was my time and place to speak against Catholics or their practices and doctrines, I took on the job.

Rationalization for mammon's sake? Could be; likely was, but I'm not sure. I did feel free to go ahead with the work. I also appreciated getting to know Mr. Chauvin, and he treated me well.

While oiling the six-foot statue, I had a strange reverential sensation, though not intense. The statue was a representation of the One I loved, the One Who loved and saved me. I was kept from falling, however, and I received more understanding, not of the value of having images, but of *not* having them. They can have a power that is anything but healthy for the soul.

(In retrospect, I would now refuse the job.)

Particle - A Near Disaster

Mr. Chauvin wanted me to use raw linseed oil for all the wood in the sanctuary. When I spoke to Randy, a knowledgeable salesman at Freddie's Paints, he firmly advised against it, but Mr. Chauvin insisted that his fellow priest, a master carpenter, strongly recommended it. I told Mr. Chauvin what I was advised, but he was firm in his resolve. I went ahead and began to apply the oil with a roller on the walls. As I look back, I should have brushed it on, but I knew that it would take so much longer and cost them so much more. Or I could have done a test patch to show them how it worked.

However, I applied the oil with a roller, and as I rolled, I had to wipe the wall down repeatedly with absorbent rags because the oil was bleeding. The wood wasn't raw, but finished; with what, we didn't know. It could have been varnish, so the oil wasn't penetrating as desired; it also dried very slowly.

I purchased and used a whole sack of rags from Canadian Linen to do the job. About five p.m., I left for the day. All my equipment remained in place, including the many oil-drenched rags in a cardboard box in the sanctuary aisle. Yes, for those who already know what I'm talking about, your breath is almost taken away, right?

While at home having supper, tired and expecting to relax for the evening, I had this urge to go back to the church. I resisted it, but soon decided I would go back. As I entered the sanctuary, I saw smoke rising from the cardboard box.

I looked and found that the rags were already developing burn holes. They were on the verge of bursting into flames. Realizing that we were having a case of spontaneous combustion, and knowing that the rags needed air, I quickly began to take them out and hang them on my ladder. They stopped smoking, and there's no doubt a sure disaster was averted.

What if I hadn't gone back? A fire was only minutes, if not seconds, away from breaking out. The whole chapel was oiled! What a raging blaze that would have been! And I had no insurance or any way to compensate for the damage.

I have often wondered what would have happened had the church burned. Would the Catholic Church have sued me? Would their insurance company have sued me? I don't know. I wonder how many would have desired my services as a handyman after burning down a church! If a barnburner is an impressively successful event, what is a churchburner?

I also wondered if the Lord was gently rebuking me for servicing an image and not speaking up. I do know that He mercifully spared me, regardless.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Marital Sexual Relationships

On another track... about sex during marriage: It went without saying that we wouldn't have sex during menstruation, as the Bible taught. This only makes perfect sense to those with any. However, a debate arose as to the direction in Scripture concerning the seven days from the time menstruation stopped. A woman was still categorized as unclean:

“But if she is cleansed of her issue, then she shall number to herself seven days, and after that she shall be clean” (Leviticus 15:28 MKJV).

Though my wife was in disagreement, I couldn't in good conscience partake of sexual relations in those seven days after menstruation. When once I succumbed to temptation, a great glob of semi-dried blood came forth. That was sign enough for me that the seven days were to be obeyed.

Particle - Dealing with Cheapskates

As in ceramics, trucking, and everything else, a genuinely low price is never low enough for the miserly. It was seldom low enough for me, a *bona fide* miser. My rates as a handyman were at first a mere \$8 an hour, a quarter to a sixth of what some others would have charged.

To one man, \$8 was too much, though he had a professional occupation. I tried, by conscience, to charge no more than I thought I needed. However, it didn't work out. I found that I was sought by the miserly for my low prices and despised by them and others for those prices.

How soon I had forgotten the lessons in trucking just two years earlier! I soon went to \$10, then \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$24 and \$28 per hour. The more I charged, the more business and respect I got, and the better the customers. I had many very good customers.

Particle - How to Charge for Painting

Candy Beny hired me to paint their house. Paint jobs can range from economy to excellent. The problem is that many want excellent results at economy prices. Candy was one of those. In those days, one could do a one-coat job and not really get by, two coats for better coverage, and three coats for professional results, depending on the quality of paint, of course.

I used a paint of decent quality, having learned that it saves work and trouble. It can make a big difference. However, there was no paint at the time that could give excellent coverage with one coat. I warned the Benys that one coat wasn't enough, but they were selling the house and didn't wish to pay me half as much again for a second coat.

I was foolish enough to accept the job on those terms. When it was done, and I had taken all the prep work down, Candy meticulously went over it and found the expected lack of quality in a one-coat job. She refused to pay me until I turned the job into what would be expected with two, if not three, coats.

I spent extra hours to do what I could to cover some areas without losing my shirt. When I was done, Candy was out, but her husband, Milt, was home for lunch. He was more lenient, seeming to recognize the situation for what it was, and he wrote me a check. I headed straight to the bank and cashed it.

Good thing. I heard later that Candy was livid when she carefully examined the work, swearing she never would have paid me. From then on, I was more emphatic with people about one-coat jobs and refused to do them unless it was super clear that it didn't matter to them. Even then I might have refused.

Particle - People's Hang-ups for Our Good and Theirs

While doing a job for Brian Bickerton at N.B. Peat's Real Estate, I met a salesman who was very shy, so shy that he would turn red when talking to someone. "How can he be in sales?" I wondered.

One day, I had a glimpse, a peek in a window, if you will, to his "inside." For a few seconds in our conversation, he had a strange outburst, so unbecoming and unlike him. It wasn't unfriendly toward me, but it was of a spirit that I saw could be ugly if allowed free rein. It occurred to me later that his shyness was a control placed upon him from above for his good, one he needed. I felt that he might even be dangerous otherwise.

Particle - The Fruits of Victory Christian Church Emerge

I contracted out some cement work for one of my customers. Bruce Payne was the carpenter who took on the job - building a set of front steps.

Bruce was also a member of Victory Christian Church. When we got into some discussion on spiritual matters, I found Bruce to be harsh and cynical, thinking he was righteous. He wouldn't listen to me or respect anything I had to say. I knew nothing, and he knew it all. What would become of him? We would see.

Particle - A Burst of Anger

Ask my wife or my son - anyone who knows me - whether I have often had bursts of anger, though I am the Lord's. I will mention here and elsewhere the ones I recall and which have bothered me over the years.

Marilyn and I met up with Muriel Mediwake at Zeller's in Lethbridge. We had not seen them for a while, and it was bothering me that, in my understanding, she hadn't been obeying the Lord and remaining at home when she had children, according to the Scriptural counsel (Titus 2:5). I asked her about that. Her reply was, "The Lord will be the judge of that."

I got angry and hotly responded, "Yes, He will be the judge of it, and He is right now. When you see His judgment, you won't like it one bit."

I think she repeated her statement and remained silent. We then walked away.

I think that something else was eating me at the time with Muriel. I think I felt spiritually betrayed by them. She and Merv were professing faith, but while they were very friendly, I didn't see from them the kind of fruit I expected to see, like agreement with the Scriptures, except according to their preference, and parting from fleshly religious works (they became active members in the Victory Christian Church).

Many claim the blessings of the Bible, expecting to receive them, but have little, if any, use for obedience. That bothered me, perhaps particularly because their lives were in part instrumental in leading me to receive the Spirit of God.

Nevertheless, my outburst bothered me. Was I wrong? Was she right? As I consider many years later, I don't see that it was my business to tell her what to do, even if she was wrong.

Particle - To Drink or Not to Drink

Fred and Delores Molnar brought my parents to Lethbridge to visit us. We hadn't seen my parents since the visit to Dauphin in the fall of 1980. Fred wanted to take us all out for dinner.

At the restaurant, he ordered some wine. I don't remember if Marilyn and I had any, but I wanted to resolve the issue of whether it was right or wrong to drink. I recalled how, years before, my father would press me to have a sociable drink with him and I, by my new, perhaps puritanical, evangelical convictions, had firmly refused him.

I asked the Lord now, and He said, "*Better not to drink.*" He didn't say it was right or wrong. I later found out, as you will read, that in Fred's particular case, it was indeed "better not to drink" with or around him.

Particle - Hard Words to Hear for Four Loved Ones

The next day, as we sat in the living room having a snack, the Lord suddenly spoke words to me that brought a large choking lump to my throat. He said:

“These four will be destroyed in their sins. Be thankful.”

I could barely control myself, trying to push back the tears. My parents and uncle and aunt were going to be destroyed in their sins? There was no hope for them in this life? And I was to be *thankful*? How could I possibly be thankful for such a thing?

Was I supposed to tell them? Was it a warning for them? I didn't believe I was meant to say anything at the time, so I didn't.

We visited a bit more, my father gave me some advice on my truck, and they parted. I suddenly realized how good it was to have a father's well-intentioned and knowledgeable advice. It felt very good after living for years of being without benevolent leadership and counsel from another experienced human being. How taxing it was, always being wary of strangers who weren't necessarily out for our best interests, particularly in things we had little or no understanding about, like mechanics.

It was so hard to have to be with my parents, in division, and knowing what I knew. I would ponder the “be thankful” part of the words I heard for a few years, and the answer eventually came.

Particle - A Witch in Foremost

I had to do a painting job for Olga Gaydos in Foremost. Staying in a motel, I found the clerk, the daughter of the managers, dressed entirely in black. When I asked her about it, she said she was a witch, which surprised me somewhat.

She also claimed that witches could place curses on people. I didn't feel led to speak to her about the Lord (perhaps I should have), but I also didn't feel the least bit threatened by her, knowing that the Lord's people are kept from any secret curses, and the enemy can have no power over us except the Lord permit it.

It has often concerned me that I didn't help people come to the Light of life when occasions such as this one arose. It seemed like it wasn't the time or place, or I wasn't the person for it.

Particle - Treat Your Customers Right

In one of these years, Marilyn and I went shopping at Hill's Pantry for bulk and organic foods. One day I bought a bag of chocolate-coated peanuts. They were stale, so I returned them.

A young man “served” me. When I presented the goods to him, he looked at me like I was an idiot. Perhaps it was small of me to complain, but I thought they should know, and I also thought I had either a replacement or refund coming for something I didn't bargain for.

He took my bag to the back and returned minutes later with a new bag. I thanked him and left. As we were driving away, I tried the peanuts. One was good, one was stale; one good, and one stale. It was slightly confusing, but soon I concluded that he had mixed fresh stock with old. I was

offended, but I decided we weren't going back again, whether for satisfaction on this particular matter, or for business in general.

What would be the fate of Hill's Pantry? Years later, we would find out.

Particle - Our Home Up For Sale

We should have seen it coming. Willises, the owners of our rented duplex, soon followed through on their original intention to sell. (Why else had they asked me to paint the suite?) Realtors came to hold open house, promising they would see to it that we were compensated if we had to move before the legal time.

One of those realtors was Brian Bickerton, with whom we became friends while visiting at open houses he was holding. Brian and his brother, Keith, had been developers; they'd suffered bankruptcy when the recession came. Now they were real estate salesmen working for others.

Brian started to line up handyman work for me. In the likelihood we would soon need a home, he also suggested we purchase rather than rent, and began to try and fit us into a home. Brian was a salesman, and a very good one.

Particle - House Is Sold

Real estate agent Irv Schweitzer sold the house to Jerome and Jenny Shouting, Blackfoot natives. He called on Jerome to develop the basement on a government grant and asked if I would be available to work on it, as well. They wanted Marilyn and me to accommodate the construction while we were still living there, so that it would be done before Shoutings moved in, seeing it needed to be completed for them to qualify for the grant.

This was an unfair request from Schweitzer, seeing that we would be putting up with the noise and inconvenience, but wouldn't enjoy the benefits upon completion. However, we let it happen.

When it came to get paid, I went to Irv's office. When he saw the bill, which was very reasonable as far as I was concerned, he exploded. He screamed, cursed, slammed, and stomped, as though I had just deliberately poked him in the eye with a hot iron. His secretary sat by, cold and speechless. I perceived it to be a stage performance, said very little, if anything, collected the check, and headed straight for the bank, in case he changed his mind. The check was good. I take it Irv was making money on the grant.

Particle - The Shoutings

Jerome and I had some talks about the Lord. Jenny seemed to believe, while Jerome didn't, but neither of them really wanted to share. Some might say it was the natural shyness that some natives have with whites, but I have seen that when the Lord truly touches people, no matter who they are, they are open and free to talk, indeed, eager to do so. I sensed that with their mindsets and lifestyles, they were headed for disaster. Though I tried to make arrangements, they didn't want to get together or listen to anything.

Particle - "You Won't Be Needing a Home"

Brian Bickerton showed us a couple of homes, but for some reason, things seemed awkward. One day, he showed us a pleasant well-maintained mobile home at Bridge Villa. We had money for the

deposit, and the payments were well within our means. We needed only to say, “Yes,” but then the Lord spoke to me, saying:

“You won’t need a home. You’ll be fleeing to the U.S.”

I was surprised at those words, but I knew Who was speaking, and I had no problem believing Him. Marilyn struggled a bit, but seemed to know I was right.

I told Brian. While he wasn’t a believer, he seemed to accept, though he did resist a little at first. Salesmen can be hard to read.

Particle - Forbidden Feeding on the Fruits

A plane’s takeoff uses much more fuel for the speed and distance, than when it is cruising at maximum altitude.

I had only gotten going in the [ARC Industries ceramics department](#), training the students, learning the trade, organizing the shop, establishing contacts, customers, and suppliers, and developing the business in its various aspects; just as I started getting to the point of reaping the benefits, the Lord called us out to go to Israel.

When we returned to Canada from Israel, and I started the moving and hauling business, it was the same thing. The learning process was the difficult part, and just when business got running smoothly and promised greater returns with greater ease, we had to move on.

Now it was happening with the handyman business.

For years, again and again, we would break the ground, prepare the soil, sow the seed, nurture the plants, and just when the fruit was about to come, we would have to leave it all behind. Yet, somehow we knew the Lord had us on a learning program, and always had something better waiting for us each step of the way.

Particle - There’s Lots to Be Thankful For

Marilyn had her IRS problem again (Initial Reluctance Syndrome), as when the Lord gave notice we would be going to Israel. Now, just when we were in a position to have our own home for the first time and when we were getting financially comfortable, there we were again, giving it all up. She was temporarily distraught.

On September 18th, 1983, the Lord gave me a song for her.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “There’s Lots to Be Thankful For,” or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Our Flight Vehicle

Yielding to God’s will, Marilyn made a request. “If we have to be on the road, I want a bigger trailer. The one we have is just too small.” I asked the Lord to lead us, and then I had a vision. It was the back-end of a larger trailer and two parallel single-line strokes (“whisks,” I call them) indicating our flight in that trailer to the States.

Meanwhile, by August, we moved out of the house and back into the 13-foot Casa Rolla, staying at the KOA Campground on the #3 Highway west of Lethbridge. We had been at Meadowlark for the length of a gestation period - nine months.

Rob Gregg, a house builder, advertised his 24-foot Holiday trailer, and we went to see it at his place. He hadn't cleaned it up, and we weren't impressed, except that it had an open floor space. We hadn't seen any other trailer that we liked, and it didn't strike me that this was the one I saw in my vision.

Days later, just after the Labor Day weekend, Rob came tearing into the KOA with the trailer and asked us if we wanted to buy it. We thought, "He has brought it right to our door. Maybe this is the one, after all. Why not?"

We asked the Lord, received assurance, and took it.

Particle - An Impact on a Soul

While staying at the KOA, we met Les and Muriel Dillabough. They had two sons, Patty and Keith. Keith was about 12 or so. We took advantage of every opportunity to share with him the things of God. He seemed sheepish about it, but apparently something was getting through to him, though we didn't know it then.

Particle - Loving You

My soul is compelled, as are the souls of others, as God chooses, to love, desire, and serve God, no matter what. We falter, we fail, we don't always know what God thinks or feels about us, but we press on because there is no choice. It's an irresistible and unconscious force in spite of everything.

God gave me the first stanza of a song on September 24th, 1983:

Loving You, loving You,

Loving You is all I can do.

Even when I'm sad or glad,

Whether You think I'm good or bad,

Loving You is all I can do.

More stanzas would come the following year for this song.

Particle - "You Will Go With Alacrity"

There was a prophecy containing more than what I record here. The Lord said, "*You will go with alacrity.*" I assumed it was to the U.S., but it became apparent it would be for a time in the future of a ministry, speaking forth that which I would be given to speak.

Particle - Last Verse to "Walk by Faith"

This verse came in October of 1983, just before we fled to the U.S. It was added to the song, “Walk by Faith.”

The most important part of this wonderful story,
The part you must know if you’re to enter into glory,
Is if you start and finish, you’ll never be sorry,
If you put your trust in the Lord.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to “Walk by Faith” in completion, or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Strangers from Cheyenne Needing Help

I was wondering what I was going to do for income if we were going to the States. Perhaps I might keep my truck and tools and work as I traveled, though that would be illegal in the U.S. As I was wondering, a couple from Cheyenne, Wyoming came into the park. He saw my handyman truck and hired me to wire the brakes in his trailer. It only took about an hour.

“How much do I owe you?” he asked.

I wasn’t sure I wanted to charge anything, but I also got my jacket dirty crawling underneath, so I said, “Pay me whatever you think it is worth to you.”

He paid me \$7.00!

I thought, “From now on, I either charge or don’t charge. Leaving it up to the customer isn’t a good idea.” But the event led me to surmise that I could indeed support us in this way.

However, I should have done the job for nothing. I might have been well paid, as you shall see. I didn’t give, and I was sorry I didn’t receive when the time came. I got their names but not solidly, which I would have done, had I given freely and won their gratitude and friendship. Instead, I was left with some gravel in my mouth and wasn’t interested in them anymore.

Developments would very soon unfold in a most remarkable way to once again demonstrate the sovereignty and chastening love of a Greater Power ruling from above.

Particle - Ever a Calculating Money Monger

We had to exchange money, a considerable sum to us. Do we exchange it in Canada or the U.S.? Where were the rates more favorable? The Lord was getting angry with me for covetousness and pettiness. I simply wasn’t trusting and looking to Him.

When He has His purpose set, one can do what he wishes to the contrary, and it won’t work. He will foil it perfectly, every time. As one preacher jokingly put it, “If you fix the fix God fixes to fix you, He’ll fix another fix to fix you.” One can’t escape God’s chastening hand.

I decided to exchange the money in the U.S. from Canadian to American. Bad choice.

Particle - Turned Back at the Border

Somehow I hadn't yet learned that the Lord wasn't going to let me go anywhere without burning all bridges behind us, though it had happened so many times. At the border, 65 miles from Lethbridge, the official asked us some questions. "How long will you be in the U.S., and what is the purpose of your visit?"

What could I say? That I was fleeing? I told him we were going for the winter, though I wasn't sure where.

Looking at my ten-year-old truck, he wondered if we could afford it. I had Canadian traveler's checks to persuade him on that point. However, he asked to see the back of the truck. There he saw tools, paint cans, and of particular note to him, a ladder (with which I planned to service the top of our trailer), and concluded that I was going to work in the States, for which I had no permit.

I knew that while I was willing to take on work unofficially if it came, my intention wasn't necessarily to work; I didn't know what we would be doing, work or otherwise. He suspected I would be working and told me that he couldn't permit us entry, but if we returned without the equipment, he would reconsider.

Particle - Mercy to a Miserable Miser

Do we drive all the way back to Lethbridge? "That's a hundred and forty miles round-trip for nothing, and I only get 13 miles to the gallon!" I thought. (I measured every little thing in financial terms.)

As we turned back and drove by the Canadian border weigh station nearby, Marilyn spotted the truck of Bob Utlely, a drywaller we had met at the KOA, and for whom I had previously done work.

"Why don't we see if he might not take the stuff to our former neighbor, Sandy Ponech, and ask her to store it for us until we get back?" Marilyn suggested.

We dropped into the station, Bob was there, had room in his pickup, consented to this, and we returned to the border.

However, before we returned all the way, we stopped by the roadside to take the Able Handyman Services decal off the truck cap. I thought, "Though he didn't ask me, I should do it to show him that I mean business."

Sure enough; when we pulled into the crossing, another officer met us, knew our case, checked our truck, and took particular note that we had even removed the sign. He didn't even check our 24-foot trailer (I thought he might check it to see if we simply transferred the forbidden goods). He gave us the go-ahead **along with a blessing!** (How often does that come from a customs official?) We were now in the U.S.

Who says there is no God?

I did the money exchange in Shelby, Montana. It turned out that if we had simply gone to our bank and done it, we would have been much better off. For what we lost, it would have been well worth

going back to Lethbridge and exchanging the money. But after what we had just gone through at the border, crossing back again was out of the question; I suspected they wouldn't believe us.

We lost a considerable amount, not to mention the frustration and humiliation of going from bank to bank in Shelby, finding all exchange rates to be much less favorable. The more I calculated and strategized, the worse I fared. Money matters plagued me terribly.

Particle - An Appointment with another Lesson

We traveled through Montana, not knowing what direction to take or how far to go. We passed into Wyoming. About fifty miles out of Cheyenne, we started to hear a knock in one of the wheels. As we approached the city, it got worse. We knew we had to deal with it. We pulled into a Conoco station we could see east of us from the highway.

They took the wheels off and found that the right front hub needed to be replaced. It was too far gone to be machined. To have to replace a hub was bad enough, but not having a hub available means no truck! They and I phoned several suppliers, and nobody had one.

While we waited for about three days, the owner decided to check a used one he had. Who knows? Maybe it is the hub for our truck. **It *was* the hub for our truck.**

He had me where he wanted me. We were strangers, he knew I needed it badly and that I couldn't get one anywhere else, and he charged me perhaps one and a half to two times what it was worth. I paid it, thankful that there was one to be had, and that in spite of how uncommon they were, there was one right there in the first service station provided and waiting for us, and it was the only one available.

Now, what were the chances of our wheel breaking down in Cheyenne, Wyoming, of dropping in on the only place that had an uncommon hub, and of it happening in the city of those people we had met at the KOA in Lethbridge only days before - people who may well have been able to favorably represent us to the Conoco dealer?

Who says there is no God?

And what was He saying to us?

I have no doubt that if we had befriended the Cheyenne, Wyoming people, freely giving them help with wiring their trailer brakes, we would have had their names. We could have called them, and they might have gone to the trouble of helping us. With local help, we wouldn't have been treated as strangers of whom one might take advantage.

Still, the owner of the station did allow us to park our trailer behind the garage free of charge and to be there for a night or two until the job was done.

There's another possible lesson, and perhaps a more likely one. Had I conducted myself with that couple and their wiring as I ought to have, there would have been no problem with the wheel to begin with. As far as I'm concerned, the wheel was made to malfunction to teach me a lesson.

The lesson? Here it is:

“Be generous, and someday you will be rewarded. Share what you have with seven or eight others, because you never know when disaster may strike” (Ecclesiastes 11:1-2 CEV).

And how about?:

“Do not be forgetful of hospitality, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it” (Hebrews 13:2 MKJV).

Were those people angels, with whom I was not hospitable?

The Bible says something I haven't heeded:

“Generosity will be rewarded: Give a cup of water, and you will receive a cup of water in return” (Proverbs 11:25 CEV).

On the other hand, see how the Lord still faithfully and generously provides, even while He chastens and teaches? God is merciful, patient, and good!

Particle - Bernalillo KOA

We finally arrived in an award-winning KOA campground in Bernalillo, a few miles north of Albuquerque, New Mexico. The place was near Sandia Mountain, which, we found out at the local library, had a legend of twin warriors, a legend that would prove highly significant for us.

The KOA was clean, scenic, pleasant, and quiet. I saw my first roadrunner, of cartoon fame. Dan and Debbie Money, a young couple managing the business, received us cordially. We decided we would stop there for a while. It turned out we stayed there the whole winter.

Particle - A Heart Attack

A couple in their 60's pulled in to the KOA. The next day or so, we heard a medical emergency crew come in, urgently directed to their motor home. After the medics had been there for a little time, an evangelical woman we had met came to our trailer, told us what was going on, and asked us to pray with her to save the man's life. He had suffered a major heart attack.

Immediately, I received that there was no praying for him - he would die. We weren't free to pray for him. She was offended when I told her. She believed that she would pray for him, and he would be made well. I told her he would die. For the next three or four hours, they tried to save the man, to no avail.

We later heard some of the gory details. He had a heart attack, had vomited and messed himself from the bowel. The scene was quite unpleasant. When they succeeded in resuscitating him, he tried to force himself up, as if to say, “I can take care of myself.” They tried hard to calm him, telling him to lie still and relax, but he stubbornly refused. Then he died.

I had met the man the day before. He hadn't been friendly, perhaps because he was unhealthy; I don't know. The day after they took him away, I met the wife in the laundry room and suddenly had a Word for her. I said, *“The Lord took your husband, being very displeased with him.*

He has been a stubborn, selfish man all his life, not willing to listen to anyone. That is why he was taken."

There may have been a little more, but that is all I recall. She said nothing and wasn't shaken. While she didn't show any gratitude, she also didn't try to defend, justify, or absolve him in any way. On the contrary, it seemed that she was relieved.

I knew she needed to hear what was spoken, and I was thankful to give her that word of comfort. I call it a word of comfort and not unpleasantry, because I had the impression she might be needlessly blaming herself somehow for his death.

Particle - A Messenger of God?

There was one man there with whom we had more to do than anyone else in the many months of our stay. He was in his high sixties, I believe, had a game leg, was a professional photographer, teacher, and chef, and he had a variety of other skills and experiences behind him. He seemed rather familiar with the locale and said he owned some land locally, though I think he was originally from another part of the U.S.

His name was Addis Whitehead - they called him "Addy" or "Whitey." He took us to a couple of restaurants and a Pueblo Indian festival and dance. We spent several hours together.

His name is Anglo-Saxon, meaning "son of Adam." Another book claims the inherent meaning is "worthy of trust" and the spiritual connotation is "God's helper."

Well, he certainly helped us, and I hope we were able to help him. Marilyn invited him over for a specially-prepared Ukrainian dinner with all the traditional dishes - perogies, cabbage rolls, khutia (pearled wheat cooked with honey and poppy seed, usually served only at Christmas), and nalesnekeh (pancake/cottage cheese rolls).

Though we didn't celebrate Christmas, it was around that time that we invited him for dinner, reciprocating his kindness to us. However, I felt that my ways of being money-conscious saddened him, though he was very patient and tolerant with me.

Particle - Food, a Blessing of God

I have always enjoyed food and have indulged in ethnic and cultural dishes wherever we traveled. We wanted Mexican food and found a humble, yet clean, restaurant in Bernalillo, where we went once or twice. We found an enjoyable local treat in New Mexico - pine nuts (piñon) - which we roasted and enjoyed. We shopped for our foods at Keller's, an organic grocery store of mainly meats in Albuquerque. Finally, Linda, a worker at the KOA and lady of Spanish descent, invited us for a farewell supper at her home. She served up a Mexican beef dish we enjoyed.

She also gave us a little gift we have to this day, a ceramic musical watering can/flower pot with the tune, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." I took that as a prophetic promise. We knew we would be in for something special, the dawning of the Day of the Lord, coming soon. (It was to be many years later than expected.)

I have loved food and drink all my life. And the Bible is full of references to, as well as admonishments about, these prime necessities of life. Ecclesiastes repeatedly speaks of the God-

given blessing of eating and drinking being primary in God's rewards on earth to mankind. Whenever godly celebrations were held, food was always a pleasure. All the solemn feasts were centered around food.

Jesus Christ often spoke about eating and drinking. He ate and drank with sinners, He spoke of the Kingdom of God as a great banquet, He turned water to wine at a wedding feast, and fed multitudes by multiplying fish and bread. He even spoke of our eating His flesh and drinking His blood, He being the Passover Lamb, our Sustenance and Life, the Bread of Heaven.

Particle - I Descend From Fornication and Bastardy

The Lord sent me on a search for the origin and meaning of my surname. I searched books on name origins, but found He was simply putting unexpected books in my hands (books I never would have thought of using) and leading me to appropriate portions with very little effort. I wish I had recorded the books and authors. Nevertheless, I found the meaning and origin in 1983 or 1984, partly by study, but more by Divine guidance and revelation.

The meaning of "Hafichuk": A "g" in Ukrainian is pronounced as an "h," as in "huh." The root of the name used to be something like "Gafya," and the "f" in it was once a "th" as in the Greek "theta." The original name was the Greek "Agatha," a matronymic baptismal name originating in the Greek Orthodox religion (my father's great grandparents had been Orthodox).

At baptism, people were named after a saint. A woman was named Agatha after "Saint Agatha." In the course of time, the "g" changed to an "h" and the "th" to a "phi" or an "f" (it wasn't uncommon for people to confuse "theta" with "phi"). To the name was added the "chuk," a common or traditional suffix in a certain area of the Ukraine, which means "son of" or "pertaining to." So it went from "Agatha" to "Agafya" to "Hafya" or "Hafi," and as history marched on and surnames came into use, the descendants became known as "chuks," hence Hafichuks.

"Agatha" translated from the Greek means "good." Literally translated, Hafichuk means "pertaining to, or son of, good." I could meaningfully anglicize my name, by translation, to "Goodson."

The origin of the family is a revelation by vision: One day I saw a woman (named Agatha) working with other women in what appeared to be a hay field, much like the scene in the painting, "The Gleaners," by Jean-François Millet. I knew this to be in the area of present-day Ukraine, perhaps in the Steppes. The woman wore a headscarf and long dress.

Along came a horse rider of the Mongolians that had invaded those regions around the Middle Ages, somewhere about the 1200's. The rider dismounted and took her into a shack or to a haystack. That was all I saw, but I knew they had intercourse, and I knew that she gave birth to a son, who became known as "the son of Agatha."

It was noticeable that the man, though an alien invader, didn't abuse her, and she didn't resist. I thought that perhaps she thought it useless to resist (and likely it was), but it appeared to me that she was rather receptive, and both were doing it for pleasure. From what I had heard of the Mongolian hordes and their destructiveness and brutality, it was strange that such a relationship would occur, but of course, not at all impossible.

I was amazed to see this vision, and for no greater reason than to know the origin of my surname. It was also a surprise to discover that my origin as a “pure-blooded” Ukrainian was part Mongolian, and that our family name descended from a bastard.

Shortly after discovering the meaning and origin of the name, we were in a store in Albuquerque, New Mexico when I saw a woman shopping that looked very much like the woman I saw in that vision. She was holding a male toddler on her hip in one arm, and I thought I heard her address him as “Muscovitz.”

This is a name that originated in the same part of the world as that of my ancestors. What was I to make of that? Was my mind playing tricks on me? Isn't “Muscovitz” only a surname, or can it also be a first name?

Are there parallels and repetitions in life, centuries and millennia later? Could there be many dimensions, stages, and manifestations of reality? Perhaps. Why not?

Then again, there was likely nothing to this New Mexico event.

Particle - Is Goliath Great before God?

Over the years I often felt like I wasn't accomplishing anything of importance. People were out there in all walks of life, achieving great things, or if not great, at least something. My former buddies were executives with large successful firms and with the government. Other past acquaintances were psychologists, judges, lawyers, chartered accountants, and successful entrepreneurs. Many other people were prominent religious leaders. What was I, but a nothing, a nobody?

Then the Lord said to me, *“Victor, of what value are the many and great works of men? When you move but your little finger in Me, you move mountains; you accomplish far more than men who amass great resources, and lead governments and armies, and do great works over many years.”*

I thought about it. One can consider the pope of Rome, a famous evangelist, or other religious leader, a high-powered business executive, a multi-billionaire business tycoon, or a movie or sports star. These may be wealthy, famous, charismatic, powerful, and popular among men, but how important are they? And how effective are their works before God?

Particle - Not Out of Step, but Out of Spirit

Addis took us to a Pueblo Indian powwow - a treat in many ways. I think it began with dancing. Here we witnessed somewhat of a minor spectacle.

As we watched the dancers, there was one white man, about 35, among the dozens of natives. While he was apparently in step with the rhythm of the drums and chanting, he stuck out like a missing front tooth in a grin, or perhaps more accurately, a single tooth in a mouth otherwise missing teeth altogether. While the natives danced humbly and with ease, in natural rest and invisibility, he danced with effort and pride. While their eyes were ever downward, his were often looking up and around, often to the audience. The man was lost, not knowing where to find himself, looking in the wrong directions.

The spirit of the Hopi people was remarkable to me. They were meek and friendly - their faces something like I saw of the Indians in [my first dream](#) from the Lord in 1972, though the countenances of these in New Mexico were tinged with the sadness of oppression, not radiant with the inner peace only God can give.

After the dancing, the residents invited all visitors into their private homes, sharing traditional Indian foods with us, Indian bread, a certain hot chili, and other dishes. I much enjoyed both the food and the warm hospitality. Frankly, I was emotionally moved.

Particle - Searching For Our True Identity and Purpose

The Lord was teaching me as we watched. Today, as I write, I appreciate more fully what I saw that day and the value of true rest within.

Here's what I learned from the white man amongst the Hopi dancers: Trying to be something you aren't isn't good. It's an offense to both man and God. It's an abdication of one's natural responsibility toward God, neighbor, and all of creation - such a sad thing it is.

We can only be what we are, and shouldn't try to be what we think we should be, or what others say we should be, or what we admiringly see others naturally, enjoyably, and effectively being.

We mustn't envy another's lot, or try to emulate another, or think to find our own peace, purpose, or fulfillment by the way we presume others have found theirs. We each have our own way and destiny to be fulfilled.

There are some people in the world without Christ who seem to be fulfilled or at least in their element. Yet even the Hopi natives, who were in their own element (or what remained of it), were lost. They danced and lived with a sadness, groaning along with the rest of creation, waiting and hoping for something. But what? They wait, not knowing it is for their Creator, and only He can meet any person's deep, core spiritual need.

[“For the earnest expectation of the creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creation was not willingly subjected to vanity, but because of Him Who subjected it on hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God” \(Romans 8:19-21 MKJV\).](#)

How can we find the perfect way? Jesus said, **[“I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No man can come unto the Father but by Me.”](#)** He's the only complete way.

I've learned only the Creator can fulfill the purpose He intended for us, because He alone knows it and how to accomplish it - ***it's His business***. The issue boils down to faith in Him, rather than in ourselves, religion, or any other person or thing.

That said, God has a purpose and destiny for all, even if they don't believe. There are many who have their gifts and live them out with great success - people like the great musicians, artists, writers, composers, politicians, and others. God is over all.

Particle - The Sandia Mountain War Twins Legend

We spent considerable time at the library - not as your typical tourists. The librarian informed us one day of a legend of the Sandia (it means "Turtle") Mountain. In future, we would find the legend marvelously relevant to, and allegorically descriptive of, what the Lord would be doing with Paul and me. Here it is:

"The Sun Father has children by mortal woman, and some of his offspring can travel a rainbow from this world to the house of the Sun and back again at will. The little war twins are such spirits.

These twins were known as powerful sons of the Sun, and leaders of the people at the time of their emergence, and protectors from outlandish foes. Though twins, there actually was an elder and a younger. They are a pair, not of identical spirits, but more often of opposites. In the stories there is often the theme of the elder brother who makes the first attempt, but fails, and then the younger brother succeeds.

For example, in a test of carrying the sun across the sky the younger brother had to push the elder into a monster's jaws to succeed in getting the sun to set, because the elder was afraid.

Despite the fact that they seem to have been conceived in the upper world, they are the ones who lead the people from the underworld.

In one Indian dialect their names mean Son of the Sun (elder) and Water-Dripping Son.

The twins undergo a series of Herculean adventures. They go in search of their father and are tested by water and fire, finally acknowledged to be true sons. They end up in the underworld, leading the emergence of the people.

Thereafter they kill various monsters that have been plaguing the human race. Sandia (Turtle) Mountain is the home of the war twins."

(We could give you the wonderful interpretation of this legend, the reality of which we experienced years later.)

Not long after we left Bernalillo, Paul came from the eastern states to work at the very KOA in which we stayed. Though each of us has lived in many places, some at the same time, like Revivim and Winnipeg, only in Bernalillo, New Mexico, did we both live for a time, but not at the same time, and it was only to Bernalillo Paul followed us and stayed for a time when we were gone. Does that mean anything? Perhaps not, but it is a unique thing between us.

Particle - The Very Best

In January 1984, at Bernalillo, New Mexico, the Lord gave me a song. ([Click HERE](#) to listen to "The Very Best," or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - The Dog Lady

A woman lived at the campground in a small trailer with six or more large dogs, which she kept inside. Standing several feet away from the open door, the stench was evident. How can people live that way? This is another escapist reaction to the realities of life. People will choose anything but the truth, anything but their Creator's design for them.

Idols abound everywhere, consciously or otherwise. With the dancer, it was the apparently virtuous lifestyle of the Pueblo Indians, which he thought might be his answer. With this lady it was the companionship of animals, instead of human beings. Many are the stories of people living alone, except for many dozens of cats or dogs in their homes, companions often sadly neglected.

Particle - Dave and Frada Cohen

While we were in Bernalillo or shortly before, I had a dream wherein Dave Cohen was coming after us in a van. While pursuing us, he and others with him, including Frada, crashed. Dave died in the crash, but Frada was set free. She now wore a chastity belt, and was happy for us.

I also saw in this dream a great skin or hide stretched out, held with cords tied to stakes, which were pinned in the ground. The stakes represented Judaism and the hide Christianity, or the other way around - Christianity was supporting (or representing?) Judaism. I don't remember.

There were also two women in that dream, but I don't recall the details.

Particle - Farewell

While in Bernalillo for almost six months, it seemed we were saying farewell to our entire past, not just friends or acquaintances. It also seemed I was prophesying some kind of a parting in the future, but which kind of division would thankfully cease one day, never to happen again.

On January 18, I received a song - "Farewell" (*not available for listening*):

Good-bye, my friends, it's time to go;

It's been so good to share with you.

We've shared our joys, we've shared our sorrows;

Praise be to God, we have tomorrows.

CHORUS:

There'll come a day when there's no parting;

We'll be together and with the Lord...

We must go on to higher places,

To better things, to wider spaces.

We mustn't stop and turn around

For our reward to come is bound.

CHORUS

Good-bye my friends, it's time to go;

It's been so good to share with you.

Particle - The Unbelieving Episcopalian Priest

While in the men's washroom, I met an Episcopal priest. Talking with him, I discovered he didn't believe the Bible was the Word of God. He honestly admitted he didn't really know if there was a God or not. I was somewhat surprised, though not entirely, being familiar with this kind of scenario with clergy of other denominations.

But why would he continue to be a priest or cleric? Why would he associate with an organization that presumably professed to believe in God and Jesus Christ, even calling itself a Christian church? It seemed that he saw no relevance between his affiliation/occupation and his personal beliefs.

Perhaps it was a job and a paycheck, a soulless activity. Yet it was his job to lead others spiritually. Here was a glaring example of the fulfillment of the Lord's words, "**Blind guides leading the blind and both shall fall in the ditch**" (Matthew 15:14).

There was a particular issue we discussed, but I don't recall what it was. I do remember that the man was hurting, barely trying to put on a good face, perhaps thinking it was his duty as a priest to do so. I don't recall that he was open, but I believe I had many things to say to him that would cause him to cogitate and reassess his direction. I hope so.

Particle - All-Expense-Paid Perpetual Holiday

I have always had a difficult time doing nothing occupationally or financially worthwhile, so I was naturally wondering where we should go and what we should be doing. It seemed like we were fish out of water.

One warm, sunny, pleasant day, I was sitting outside our trailer reading the Bible. I needed to go to the public washroom nearby. I then realized, "Wow! I'm not at a workstation, classroom, or some restrictive formal setting. I can just get up and go as I please!"

Suddenly, this great peace and sense of freedom and wellbeing came over me, and I was inspired to quietly exclaim, "Lord, this is the kind of life I would like to have - one where I'm free to come and go, and where You do with me as You please, taking care of all my needs and concerns, while You use me for Your purposes, and to address Your concerns."

In that very moment, He said, "*It's yours. You've got it.*"

Oh, how precious such moments are! What I would love to last a lifetime usually lasts only seconds or minutes. But there was more to come. I got up and went to the washroom, and there began a momentous dialogue between the Lord and me. Why does He speak so often to me in a washroom?

Particle - Question and Answer Period

The Lord gave me to query Him on what He told me in 1976, eight years earlier, in the abandoned little log cabin in Prince Albert. (Notice that event was in a washroom of sorts, as well.) I asked, "Lord, why are You hurting?"

He answered, *"Because My people are suffering."*

I asked, "Why are they suffering?"

"Because they don't obey Me."

"Why don't they obey You?"

"Because they choose to do their own thing."

"Why do they choose to do their own thing, Lord?"

"Because they lack knowledge."

"Why do they lack knowledge?"

"Because nobody is willing to give his life that they might have that knowledge."

I was silent for a time. Years before, I recognized that many sought for the Lord to be their friend, asking Him for things, praying to Him only when they needed something. But what about being *His* friend? Didn't He want friends? Abraham was known as a friend of God (Isaiah 41:8; James 2:23).

I wanted that. So I asked, "Lord, would I be your friend if I wasn't willing to lay down my life so that people would have that knowledge?"

There was no reply for a time, but the question to me was quite rhetorical.

He then said, *"Behold, I send a light unto the Gentiles, and I will grace them with your presence."*

Particle - Prophecies Pour Forth

Prophecies began to come forth for several days, pages of them. Regretfully, I don't have the record now, but I will report what I remember.

The Lord said, *"You will have nothing to fear. Can stubble stand up to a fire? Your enemies will be as stubble before a fire. If stubble can stand up to a fire, then your enemies will be able to stand up to you. The fire that I send is an invincible foe to your enemies, but a friend to you and to the righteous."*

He said, *“I have put a sword in your mouth to execute judgment and to rebuke the enemy, and nothing will prevail against you. Many will fall because of the sword I have placed in your right hand.*

Take the land; wrest it out of the hands of the wicked; make it a good land, clean and pure - make it My land. Smear it with the pitch of claim. Where you set your foot, it is yours. As My foot steps in your foot, and as your foot steps in Mine, so the land is yours and Mine.

When they come to Me, you will know it, because they will come to you, because you are in Me and I in You.

I am finished winking.” (This is the second time He said this to me, the first being in 1977.)

“I have been waiting a long time for this Day. It is the great and terrible Day of which the prophets have spoken, great for the righteous and terrible for the wicked. I am glad it has finally come. I have been hurting and grieving, but now I am finished winking and am about to pour out My wrath on the wicked. I will level the mountains and fill the valleys. I will recompense all peoples for all things, whether good or bad.”

He said that while He was hurting for His people, He was ready to deliver those He chose from their bondage and from their enemies.

He said, *“Take comfort in My Word to keep you from the pestilence that seeks to destroy you from before My face.*

If you believe, it will go well for you, but if you don't believe, it will not go well.”

He said, *“Your enemies will be harassing and shouting at you. They will leave no stone unturned to find fault and to wreak havoc. Businesses, governments, educators, families, police, judiciaries, churches, institutions, friends, and neighbors, those from every quarter will oppose you. Walk before Me cleanly and perfectly, and I will cover for you completely and perfectly.*

Rejoice, My son! You have great cause for rejoicing, for you have entered the great city, the city of great pyres, where all the saints and prophets have entered,

prevailing. Be overjoyed, My son! You have no idea what you've done! Be filled with joy. You've made it!" (I really had no idea.)

He said, *"I love you far beyond any love known in the earth between husband and wife or between any others. I dote on you. I call you My beloved, chosen to be especially, personally Mine."*

He told me that I was as His pet; while others would have to hunt and forage for their needs, He would give me all things freely. While others were compelled to labor, I was given to rest and enjoy His love and gift of life in Him. (I thought of how household pets like cats and dogs were fully provided and cared for, while wild animals had to fend for themselves and their young.) He said He could and would supply anything I need or want.

He said words to this effect: *"In his day, I gave the throne to Solomon. In this day, I give it to you. You are My Solomon in this day and age."*

I also recall words to this effect: *"In other days, I gave the throne to others. In this day, I have given it to you."*

Of Paul, He said, *"As Aaron was given to Moses, so I give Paul to you. Don't be perplexed about his idiosyncrasies. Carry him where you can. He will make his calling good."*

Aaron was of Levi, the priesthood tribe of Israel, and Paul is of that same priestly lineage, thus his name - Cohen (meaning "priest").

To Marilyn, He said, *"You are as a beautiful golden pear tree. People will come and eat from your hand; they will delight in, and be in ecstasy of, the tree as they behold it. They will be filled, nourished, and satisfied."*

He said, *"In the past, I've told you of many things, but now I will tell you of Lethbridge. There you will return, and there will I begin the work to which I've called you. It is a great and a glorious work. The work will go out from there."*

You will be hurried and you will be harried, but keep the peace. You will know at every step what to do, and beyond the shadow of a doubt you will know it. You have nothing to fear. No weapon that is formed against you will prosper."

He said, *"You have a hallowed and halatious calling."*

Halation - *Random House Dictionary*: “A blurred effect at the edges of a very light area on a photograph, caused by reflection of light, through the emulsion from the surface of the film or plate.” [Halo + ation]

He said, *“Light upon My Word as a bird lights on a branch. There you will find comfort and rest. Pick up your spirit, My son, and I will send it to all places where it needs to go.*

Your contemplation of matters is of no consequence.

Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

I will show you the treasures of Egypt. Even the rain and the deeps will be a blessing to you, because I have made it to be so for you, My son. I love you and have chosen you.”

Particle - “I Am Finished Winking”

There were pages of prophecies. Many things were said that I don't remember. However, there is one full prophecy that was preserved (given on March 17, 1984, in Bernalillo, NM):

“I AM FINISHED WINKING! I am fed up to complete fullness of the sins of the wicked. I can bear no more. Great and terrible is the fire that rushes to the destruction of the wicked! How fearful is the judgment that falls on ungodly people!

How do they crave destruction! How depraved are they that they should seek wounds and pain and sorrow and screaming and strife against My peace, says the Lord. How demented shall people be that they should seek horrible torment, living in darkness, rather than seeking My love and living in the light of day! So they will be filled to the full with their own devices and I will not spare them, says the Lord.

For when I called them and confronted them, they did not spare Me, says the Lord. Neither did they spare their neighbor who dwelt safely by them. They condemned; they killed; they butchered; they slaughtered; they stole; they hated; they lied; they filled Me to the full with their blasphemies and their fornications, and I will therefore fill them to the full seven times over with their blasphemies with which they have blasphemed against Me and with their wickedness which they have committed against Me, says the Lord.

Vengeance is Mine, says the Lord. As the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, so I will repay them according to the great multitude of their sins against Me, says the Lord. I am full with their sins and full with My fury that I will pour out upon them for their sins. Will it be heard and known that I recompense every man according to the fruit of his doings! ...

... You will pierce through the hearts of many with sorrow and divide the weak from the strong, the sheep from the goat, and the fleece from the lamb. You will run through the hearts of the wicked, and they will not be able to stand up against you. You'll consider and look and see them no more.

But to the righteous will be given the balm of healing. They will be carried to safety. They will be anointed with the oil of gladness above all their companions, because they have sought the Lord; they have worshipped the God of Heaven. They have forsaken their evil ways so that they might walk in holiness and truth and righteousness. To such is the blessing of God in mercifulness and great abundance. With such will I be well pleased.

And then can I rest from the horribleness of the sins of the wicked, and from the fury that has welled up to the full within Me, says the Lord. And when I have drunk to the full of the blood of the wicked and eaten of their flesh to the full, for the trespasses they have trespassed against Me and for the iniquities they have committed against Me, then I'll be at peace and then I'll be at rest, says the Lord. And I will remember their sins no more.

Weep and wail, you people, because now it is time for weeping and wailing! You have given all your time to dancing and singing and laughing and eating and drinking and sleeping and hoarding riches and enjoying yourselves, taking no regard and not considering that you have given little time to weeping and sorrow. Where laughter was greedy and took away all the room of the house, now will it be evicted to make place for great sorrow with weeping and wailing.

You have mocked the righteous and you have trodden upon the backs of the innocent. Now let's discover how well you have done and how well you have fared. As the

curtain opens in your money games to show you the reward of your cleverness and your luck, so now I open to you the curtain to show you the fruits of your doings.

Let the just man and the patient man and the pure man and the holy man and the righteous man and the man who speaks truth rejoice and sing and laugh because his reward has come. But let the wicked perish and be rewarded justly for the fornications and the abominations with which they have defiled My house and caused Me great grief and unimaginable sorrow. Let them be filled up to the full with the rewards of their sins. May they be cast out of My house and discarded in the dunghills of unrighteousness for to that end were they called and to that end they answered ever so faithfully. The Lord has done speaking. I will speak no more.

Bless the wicked, you abominable. Praise them, you unrighteous. Fill them full of flatteries and strengthen them in their wickedness. Do you think you'll escape? Do you think you can utter perversities out of your vile mouths and expect to escape the judgment of God? Cannot the One Who creates both good and evil tell the difference? Does He not have eyes to see Who created the eye to see? Cannot the One Who says, 'You shall not do wickedly', tell if you do wickedly? Will He not judge the wickedness He sees and knows of?

Are you God yourselves that you presume to escape indefinitely the judgment that I have pronounced against evildoers? How can you laugh and scorn in your hearts saying, 'God does not see me'? How can you giggle and sneer and scoff and dance in your aisles and gather yourselves before Me, only to worship the god of entertainment and the god of social benefit, you hypocrites?

Do you think you can dress in fine clothing and plaster your faces with make-up and wear smiles and read a few passages in Scripture, saying, 'God has blessed me,' and escape such hypocrisy when in your hearts you judge, you condemn, you hate, you criticize, you gossip, you slander, you lust after women, after money, after the riches of this world?

Those who have taken upon themselves My Name are adulterers and adulteresses. They have never known the true way, the path of peace, though they say, 'We are God's people, we alone are the truly righteous and blessed of the Lord.'

Salve your consciences with church attendance and pastor-pleasing and meagre offerings and Bible studies and choir singing and door-to-door canvassing and prayer meetings and tract distribution and naming your businesses and your children and your churches with Scriptural names and speaking to your neighbors in the manner you call witnessing. Am I not above consciences and above salve? Do you think your works and your words and your tears and your devotions to all these things please Me?

Though you deceive yourselves into thinking you serve Me in your hearts, yet I see and know your hearts. And when wisdom screams at you from every street corner and from every person and from every business transaction, still you stop your ears and refuse to listen. Now I bring a calamity and a pestilence upon you, and as you have stopped your ears and refused the entry of truth, so I will stop My ears when you cry out for deliverance, and there will be none to deliver you. I am finished winking."

Particle - The Two Witnesses

Here are words that I would ponder for years and not believe. There was a great prophecy (both in length and substance), which ended with: *"And if you can receive it, you are My two witnesses..."* and something needful to happen, something we were required to do, *"lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."* It is all I remember. The latter words reminded me of those of the prophet Malachi:

"...lest I come and smite the earth with a curse" (Malachi 4:6 KJV).

What was the Lord talking about? Was He saying I was one of the two witnesses? Was Marilyn the other? Or was it me and Christ in me? Or was it another with me - maybe Paul? Or was I hearing from my own imagination and not God? I didn't know, and I didn't seem to believe those words, but I heard them.

Why was I reluctant to believe? I had heard that many claimed to be the two witnesses, and I simply didn't want to go there, knowing all those were deluded in their egotistic religious ambitions. I record these now after being reluctant for some time to mention them, but here they are.

Particle - Hair Gained and Weight Lost

I received a strange prophecy one day during this period: *"You will receive your hair at a time in your ministry. Marilyn, you will not have to worry about your weight. You will have far greater and more important matters taking your attention."*

I didn't think I was all that concerned about my hair, even though it was slowly and gradually thinning, not that the prophecy suggested I was overly concerned. Even stranger, however, was that I was the one who had the weight problem, never Marilyn. Why was the Lord speaking to her as if to console her about a weight problem? We would find out. Oh, would we find out!

Particle - Visitation to Paul: Infolding Light

Around the time the Lord was bringing forth a great volume of prophecy to Marilyn and me, the Lord also appeared to Paul in Vermont, preparing him in a step to serve with me in the days to come. Paul describes what happened:

While lying in bed awake, just before going to sleep, I saw directly in front of me and to the right, in the upper corner of my room, very close to the ceiling, a ball of light, maybe less than a foot in diameter, that was constantly changing configuration as it enfolded itself in a circular motion, with more than one stream of light involved in circuitry. Upon seeing this I was rendered motionless, unable to move, overcome by a feeling of immense awe. I knew I was unworthy, but was not condemned. There was simply not anything I could do but be present and wait. As suddenly as it appeared, the light gathered into itself and shot into me. I didn't know what to expect after that, but I felt fine. Feeling relieved and spared, I went to sleep.

The next day I inquired of the Lord what happened, and He led me to Zechariah 3, in particular verse 4, but now I see that all verses apply:

Zechariah 3:1-10 GW

- (1) Then he showed me Joshua, the chief priest, standing in front of the Messenger of the LORD. Satan the Accuser was standing at Joshua's right side to accuse him.
- (2) The LORD said to Satan, "I, the LORD, silence you, Satan! I, the LORD, Who has chosen Jerusalem, silence you! Isn't this man like a burning log snatched from a fire?"
- (3) Joshua was wearing filthy clothes and was standing in front of the Messenger.
- (4) The Messenger said to those who were standing in front of him, "Remove Joshua's filthy clothes." Then he said to Joshua, "See, I have taken your sin away from you, and I will dress you in fine clothing."
- (5) So I said, "Put a clean turban on his head." They put a clean turban on his head and dressed him while the Messenger of the LORD was standing there.
- (6) The Messenger of the LORD advised Joshua,
- (7) "This is what the LORD of Armies says: If you live according to My ways and follow My requirements, you will govern My temple and watch over My courtyards. Then I will give you free access to walk among those standing here.
- (8) Listen, Chief Priest Joshua and your friends sitting with you. These men are a sign of things to come: I'm going to bring My servant, the Branch.
- (9) Look at the stone I have set in front of Joshua. That one stone has seven eyes. I am engraving an inscription on it," declares the LORD of Armies. "I will remove this land's sin in a single day.
- (10) On that day," declares the LORD of Armies, "each of you will invite your neighbor to sit under your vine and fig tree."

Particle - Humility

I slowly learned that one doesn't get to hear God speak by striving to hear His voice and to be conscious of His Presence. And God isn't always speaking, as some pretenders of a closer

relationship with Him suggest, one of those prominent ones being Henry Blackaby, who we realized in time to be a pretentious scoundrel. It isn't as though one gets to hear bits and pieces from Him while trying to tune in, like someone scanning a radio, trying to pick up a frequency while driving near the outskirts of range.

No, the Lord speaks when it pleases Him, and when He speaks, be assured, He will be heard, like it or not. He is fully capable of making Himself heard with or without any help, and despite any hindrance from us. Didn't Jesus declare that the dead would hear His voice when He spoke (John 5:28)?

Until we are humbled and repent of the arrogance of trusting in our own strengths and abilities, we won't understand or rest.

I received this poem in Albuquerque, during the spring of 1984:

Standing atop a mountain peak,

I could not hear a sound.

In vain I strained my ears to hear

But nothing came except a tear

Because I could not hear.

Cold it grew and I withdrew

To lower levels not by choice,

And there I felt more comforted

But silence remained the only voice

And still I could not hear.

"Am I dead?" in pain I asked myself,

"Is there something wrong with me?"

I should think that on these wondrous heights

Is where hearing and seeing ought to be."

And down I came again.

Lower and lower and lower still,
Not even ground level was to be my fill,
But lower and lower and lower till
The darkness smothered me out of sight
And my only friends were sorrow and fright.

But I was not alone.

For in the nether of darkness and tether,
Down where I had made my bed,
And where I resigned to live and sleep,
I heard the Voice instead:

“Come up!” It said, “and into the Light.
Rejoice now with new hearing and sight.
I’ll take away your tether and fright
And you’ll be My servant instead.”

Particle - Loving You, Two More Stanzas

As I was singing “Loving You” at the KOA in Bernalillo in the spring of 1985, two more verses came to me to add to the [one given me](#) nearly a year earlier:

Wanting You, wanting You,
Wanting You is all I can do.
Even when I’m rich or poor,
Whether it seems I’m not so sure,
Wanting You is all I can do.

Serving You, serving You,
Serving You is all I can do.
Even when I'm weak or strong,
Whether they think I'm right or wrong,
Serving You is all I can do.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "Loving You" in completion, or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - The Great Escape

The rapture doctrine, particularly the pre-tribulation version, as it is known and believed in Christendom today, is nothing more than a fantasy, born of an escapist attitude. But some go so far as to call it the "blessed hope." It goes like this: God is going to spare His sons and daughters the suffering of a great tribulation that comes on the earth by lifting them up and away before it occurs. Key verses used to support this lie are:

"For we say this to you by the Word of the Lord, that we who are alive and remain until the coming of the Lord shall not go before those who are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air. And so we shall ever be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words" (1 Thessalonians 4:15-18 MKJV).

So when I come and say the pre-tribulation rapture theory is a lie, there are those who think I'm trying to kill their comfort and heist their hope. To such, I seem to be the Devil himself.

However, my intention is to direct them to place their faith in Him, and to prepare them for anything that might come. There is no escape, I tell them. God takes us through, not around, our problems. We need the tribulation fires. It is a principle and law of the process of God forming us in His image.

"Beloved, do not be astonished at the fiery trial which is to try you, as though a strange thing happened to you, but rejoice according as you are partakers of Christ's suffering, so that when His glory shall be revealed, you may be glad also with exceeding joy" (1 Peter 4:12-13 MKJV).

No tribulation fires, no partaking of Christ's sufferings; no partaking of Christ's sufferings, no salvation or glory. If we don't suffer with Him, we don't reign with Him. It's that simple.

1 Peter 1:7-9 MKJV

(7) So that the trial of your faith (being much more precious than that of gold that perishes, but being *proven through fire*) might be found to praise and honor and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ,

(8) Whom having not seen, you love; in Whom not yet seeing, but believing in Him you exult with unspeakable joy, and having been glorified,

(9) obtaining the end of your faith, *the salvation of your souls*.

Besides, I say to them, read Matthew 24, examine Jesus' discourse on the sequence of events at the end, and show me where there is a rapture before the tribulation. They can't find it. It isn't mentioned. Surely, if it was the "blessed hope," you might think He would at least mention it. But Jesus is the Blessed Hope. He is not the "Great Escape."

Particle - Paul Brings First Offerings

Job, God's classic example of suffering, was a very wealthy man. Within an hour, he lost everything he had, including all his children, except his wife, his house, and four servants, the latter of which also left him. In due time, God restored his goods to him twofold, and gave him new and better children.

How were his goods restored? It says:

"All Job's brothers and sisters and former friends came to visit him and feasted with him in his house. They expressed their sympathy and comforted him for all the troubles the LORD had brought on him. Each of them gave him some money and a gold ring. The LORD blessed the last part of Job's life even more than He had blessed the first..." (Job 42:11-12 GNB).

God had promised me that He would restore to me all that I had lost. Paul was the first to bring financial gifts, not because compelled or asked, but because he was moved to do so. He sent money to us in Bernalillo, the beginning of the Lord's restoration to us, as promised.

Particle - "Don't Call Me a Fool"

Many times I bemoaned the folly of my actions, particularly in financial matters, big or small, thinking of myself as the greatest fool that ever lived. As I was regretting some petty financial decisions, saying, "What a fool I am! Will I never learn?" the Lord said, ***"From now on, if you call yourself a fool, you call Me a fool, because I have delivered you."***

I must confess that on several occasions thereafter, though I might not have directly, explicitly called myself a fool, I was very close to it or may as well have done it. There were so many occasions where I was totally convinced there was no other way of labeling my thinking and actions, as you shall see. But I was constantly reminded of His words.

How did He deliver me? I thought I wouldn't be found making mistakes again, but that wasn't it. What He was doing was providing and determining the course of all things pertaining to us, regardless of my blunders. It is impossible to exhaust His provisions and protection.

END OF PART THREE

NEXT: [PART FOUR](#) – BERNALILLO TO MOON RIVER