

wHaT tHe LoRd HaS dOnE wltH mE

by Victor Nicholas Hafichuk

A Theo-autobiography

PART FIVE – Moon River to Harvest Haven

At the end of [Part Four](#) of *wHaT tHe LoRd HaS dOnE wltH mE*, we decided Moon River Estates was not for us. Well, look what happened next....

Particle - House Arrest

After viewing several homes, Jim said an acreage had just come on the market, which seemed to have the features and conditions to suit our needs. We headed west on the #3 highway.

Several miles out, I asked Jim where the home was. He evaded my question and kept driving until we took a certain turn. “You’re taking us to Moon River!” we said. “Jim, you know we don’t want to live there....”

He said something like, “It has all the conditions you need. You have nothing to lose by looking at it.” We were almost there, so we agreed.

It was a warm, sunny, friendly day on February 22nd, 1988. As we drove up to the property, I was immediately impressed by a new 8” white pine log two-story home. “This certainly is different,” I mused.

When we stepped through the front door, my attention went from the tiled floor entrance to white pine log walls to vaulted and beamed ceilings. As I looked the house over, it seemed to warmly embrace me. I liked it, but more importantly, it liked me - which counts for something if you want a home and not just a house.

Not knowing the price while viewing it, the figure that came to mind was \$129,000; Marilyn had the same thought. When Jim told us the price - \$109,000 - we were pleasantly surprised. However, I was concerned about real estate values in Moon River and that houses were selling well below value. I also sensed there would be a lot of work to do; the house wasn’t finished, and finishing could be the costly part. Consequently, we decided on a price I was willing to pay in my unbelief, fears, and chintziness, which would cover the outstanding mortgage and the realtor fees the seller would have to pay - \$95,000.

As I recollect, we had money for the balance over the assumable mortgage. However, we were now faced with a decision. It had been easy to dream, to look at homes, to toy with the idea of buying, but now there was something more at work - we might have to act. We went home to make a decision.

Meanwhile, Jim was selling. He pointed out to us that it was a unique home, as we wanted, it was an acreage, and it had a sizable assumable mortgage. "I just clocked the travel time and it's only 20 minutes from Lethbridge," he asserted. (He didn't mention he calculated from the edge of Lethbridge to the edge of Moon River, doing 120 kilometers per hour - about 75 miles per hour - where the speed limit was 110 km/hr.)

We took a couple of days to decide. By conviction and principle, we had been living debt-free since 1975. Now we were faced with getting into nearly \$90,000 of debt, plus improvements, utilities, taxes, and living rather expensively distant from shopping and social activities. In addition, I had no income to rely on, no job, and no prospects of one. We decided we would be foolish to place ourselves in such a situation.

What in the world were we doing? Having some entertainment at the realtor's expense? Leading him on when there was no way we should be serious? How fair was that to him?

Particle - A Prophecy Fulfilled

The problem was I couldn't say, "No." To buy would logically constitute an act of madness, and even a disregard of God's general will for us to stay out of debt, but there we were, contemplating it anyway. We begged the Lord to show us what to do and keep us from doing the wrong thing.

I asked [Archie](#) how he felt about it. He thought we should go for it and so did we. We decided to make an offer and, if accepted, there it was. We made the offer, and it was accepted.

We were now the indebted owners of our first home, the **twenty-fourth** of our married lives, my **forty-first** personally, counting the two homes in Israel (Habonim and Revivim) and our three trailering stints of '81, '82, and '83-84, which were longer than some of the stays in rented homes.

Thus was the prophecy of 1986 fulfilled: *"You will be on the road ministering for a while, and then you'll have your own home."* We moved in on April 28th and took official possession on April 29th, 1988.

But how to pay? We needed furnishings, landscaping (the yard was basically barren), and living expenses. Had we gone against God in His past guidance to us on staying out of debt? Apparently so, but we knew we had to do what we did, against all reason.

Bill Syme, a schoolteacher, was the former owner and builder of the home. He and his wife, Yvonne, began to build it in 1986, breaking ground on **July 10th**, the day I had my [vision](#) in Stettler, 224 miles from Moon River, of a mare birthing a colt, and the day Marilyn received a word of knowledge of new things to come. We understood it was to have been Symes' dream home, but it seems they weren't in agreement on some things. They divorced and, consequently, the home went up for sale.

Particle - Who's Boss?

We didn't want to live at Moon River and the realtor knew it. Yet it was in his heart to bring us there, regardless. When we entered the home, we couldn't refuse to buy it, in spite of all the disadvantages to discourage us. We ended up where we didn't want to be, but in a home we wanted.

“A man’s heart plans his course, but the LORD directs his steps” (Proverbs 16:9 HNV).

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Our Homes Together

The Toews basement suite was my **eighteenth** home, and Marilyn’s and my **first** home together (18/1). Then came 19/2 - Maurice Chalifour’s basement suite in Prince Albert; 20/3 - Fred and Joyce Meir’s Branion Drive housesit in P.A.; 21/4 - Dave Grier’s country home, P.A.; 22/5 - Bob Curl’s country home near Dauphin, Manitoba; 23/6 - the Thorndale Apts, 1st St. and 2nd Ave, Dauphin; 24/7 - Caruk’s Apartments on Kirby Ave, Dauphin (razed years ago); 25/8 - Habonim, Hof HaCarmel, Israel; 26/9 - Revivim, HaNegev, Israel (refurbished chicken barns that were once homes); 27/10 - Mielke’s at Riverton, Elmwood, Winnipeg; 28/11 - 152 La Verendrye, St. Boniface, Winnipeg; 29/12 - on the road and in campgrounds in our Casa Rolla trailer; 30/13 - Eastglen Motel, Westlock, Alberta; 31/14 - our Casa Rolla again; 32/15 - 45 Meadowlark Blvd, Lethbridge; 33/16 - our Casa Rolla and 24-foot Holiday trailer at the KOA campground in Lethbridge; 34/17 - Bernalillo, New Mexico, USA; 35/18 - KOA Lethbridge in our Holiday trailer; 36/19 - 104 Bluefox Blvd, Uplands, Lethbridge; 37/20 - 68 Laval Court, West Lethbridge; 38/21 - 249 Columbia Blvd, Lethbridge, with Archie; 39/22 - 1720 Ashgrove Blvd, Lethbridge, with Archie; and 40/23 - 5 Queens, West Lethbridge.

Forty homes in all for me, none of them stable or entirely my own, before Marilyn and I owned our first home together. I had served my time in the wilderness of dependence. Now came the second home I ever owned (the first only partly, with Dave Miller) the first Marilyn ever owned, the **41st** home, so to speak, of my life, and our **24th** together.

Are these numbers significant? I believe everything in the universe is mathematically precise - all objects and actions, matter and energy:

“And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist” (Colossians 1:17 MKJV).

Particle - An Interconnected World at Every Turn

We had learned, by principle, not to buy insurance unless it was compulsory. The Alberta Treasury Branch held the mortgage, and Sonya Nicas, a charming lady in charge of the matter, required we have home insurance. Shopping around, we decided on Lloyd’s of London comprehensive coverage with Dadswell-Forster. We dealt with Al Dadswell and, to my surprise, discovered he was dating Yvonne, Bill Syme’s ex-wife, the very lady from whom we were buying the home. Of all the many insurance agents to choose!

Is it a small world, or is it a Big God?

Particle - Insurance Indoctrinations

“What if your house burns down?” I hear many ask, not brokers as much as the brain-soiled masses. Has anyone ever bothered to determine the chances of that happening? Let me put it another way: When’s the last time you actually saw a house burning, out of how many houses?

“What about an ‘act of God’? Anything can happen!” Act of God? If God wants to get me, will man’s insurance and my utmost preparations save me? If God wants to protect me, I’d like to see

someone differ with Him. I've seen it, several times, as you have already read, and will read. Those differing with God never win.

Particle - Supper with Bill Syme

We invited Bill Syme for dinner. I didn't know whether I had paid too little or too much for the home, especially given the fact homes at Moon River were selling below market or construction value. I thought both ways and couldn't decide. Was it the Lord Who told us what the home was worth? Were we to pay the figure asked or what we paid?

Even though we hadn't known Bill, I felt bad for him because of his divorce. It was apparent it grieved him. Our purpose for inviting him was twofold, a gesture of goodwill and an attempt to speak to him about the Lord, with hope it might steer him to life and fulfillment. He was friendly and somewhat open, but not interested in spiritual matters.

The following summer, I saw Bill with his girlfriend at Waterton Lakes National Park. They were on bikes, eating ice cream, both subdued, and Bill seemed to be looking beyond immediate horizons with emptiness and longing.

Particle - More Women Leave Men

I got thinking about the marriage break-ups I've known since childhood.

When women dump men, the men need to deal with it and get on with their lives. Rarely do women return. Why have I seen so many more divorces wherein the wife leaves her husband, usually leaving him devastated, than the husband leaving his wife? The time would come when I would have my answer.

Particle - Great and Small Things

Bill left behind a little clay plaque hanging on the wall in the entrance, which said, "He that lets the small things bind, leaves the great undone behind." The author was Piet Hein. There was a picture of someone on his knees on the ground picking pebbles, while someone behind him with wings was flying away with a large boulder.

The message perturbed me for many years. It had a peculiarly pointed application because we eventually landscaped gravel islands in our yard and I found myself constantly picking stones off the grass. And I also weeded the lawn by hand, a tedious job. "Aren't there far more important things to do?" I would ask myself countless times in the future.

But whether by rationalization or good reason or revelation, I began asking myself some perplexing questions: "What's great, and what's small? What's important, and what isn't? What's a waste of time, and what isn't?"

Particle - An Unprofessional and Selfish Attitude

[Claudio Chiste](#) took care of the legal matters for the home purchase, and there turned out to be one peculiar hitch. When examining our property borders and pins, we discovered that the surveyor, Bill Halma, erred in his work for Bill Syme. When we informed Halma his survey certificate was in error, he insisted we should pay him afresh if we wanted to correct the problem.

I was amazed at such *chutzpah*. He didn't properly do what he was paid to do, and he wanted to get paid in full to do it again? His objection was that his client was Syme, not me. My objection was that he was obligated to correct the problem. Claudio talked to him, and Halma grudgingly conceded.

Particle - Claudio the Boy

How crippling is the power of uncertainty and fear! It can reduce an otherwise mighty man to an emaciated personality fit for little more than to exist.

Ironically the victim is paralyzed effectively by his own power. This makes him practically omnipotent, yet powerless so far as his state is concerned. Nothing can alter this condition but a fiery judgment coming into every man's existence sooner or later, which either delivers or destroys the wretched soul, depending on his inclination and desire.

All this I saw with Claudio Chiste. My heart went out to him, though perhaps not enough. I wanted so much to help him, but he wasn't open. I talked to his wife by phone. Having never met me, she was skeptical of me and protective of Claudio. She didn't know what to make of me or where I was coming from, which was understandable. I'd still help them if I could, but I know I could only do so if the Lord gave it.

Of Claudio, I wrote by revelation:

I see a BOY.

He hungers

For an acknowledgment and appreciation of himself.

He hungers for love,

Which only a good father could give,

But finds none.

"See, Daddy? See, Daddy?" he exclaims,

Waving his arms wildly.

His daddy ignores him.

Always crestfallen, the boy is unable to cease

Trying to prove, to please.

No matter the greatness of his efforts and accomplishments,

They are not enough.

His countenance tells

Both his effort and his frustration.

I see a SOLDIER.

What an excellent soldier he is!

What awesome weapons he possesses!

All his armament, his physique, and skills

Are to be admired and feared

By friend and foe alike.

But what will he do in

The Firestorm that approaches,

Nay, that is even here?

As the father,

It recognizes no sword;

It laughs at physique

And scoffs at skill and experience.

I see a PRISONER

In a cell.

His cell is small.

He starts and is afraid.

He darts from place to place.

He seeks solace

In his cot, his clock, his sink, his toilet,

His food tray, his allowance, his books and even

His bars.

Though he waits for the light from his window,
He prefers the dark.

At once

It comforts and discomforts him.

It hides him from others,

But not from himself.

And it hides others from him.

He receives little consolation

From other prisoners,

Whether from that they are

Or what they are.

Not at all alone,

He is very much alone.

He guards his own cell,

Keeping a vigilant watch on himself

Lest he escape.

The key to his door

Is in his cell.

It is rusty.

His fading eye loses sight of it

And fading memory,

Awareness of it.

Why won't he take the key

And release himself?

Ah! He thinks it to be only a locking key!

That which would release him

He rejects and fears.

A message is passed

Through his window

In a ray of light.

Will he discover

That a father

Awaits to shower

Him

With all that his heart could desire

To its innermost depths?

Will he receive new weapons and power

To prevail, yea, overcome

In the Firestorm?

Will the message get through

Or will the guard see it

And prevent it,

Hiding it from him,

Telling him it will not do?

I see a GUARD

Formidable,

Only secondly by training,

But firstly by nature.

“You’re a man, not a boy!”

he says.

“You’re satisfied, not hungry!”

he says.

“You’re the father, not the son!”

he says.

“You’re an invincible soldier;

Nothing can prevent you!”

he says.

“You are not afraid!”

he says.

“You are sound in sight,

Pre-eminent in memory

And evaluation!”

he says.

“You’re not a prisoner,”

he says,

“But free to come and go,

Possessing many books,

Cots,

Sinks,

Toilets,

Rooms,

Not to mention ample time and money,”

he says.

“The Firestorm is a myth,

A figment
Of a dreaming,
Idealistic,
Fanatical,
Religious,
Grandstanding,
Mis-fitting,
Zealot,
With more opinion and
Only one way,
A narrow way,
A blind way
Of seeing,
I think..."

he says.

(Make fast the prisoner there, guard.)

"I KNOW,"

he says.

He takes out pleasant cloth.

"You're not alone,"

he says.

"See, family,

Friends,

Associates,

Some close.

What more can you

Rightfully

Ask?

Beware,”

he says.

“Be satisfied

With what you have.

It is a virtue

To be content

With your lot,”

he says.

Persuading, the GUARD

Conceals the key

With pleasant cloth,

Cloth neither good nor evil of itself,

And secures

The PRISONER

A while longer.

Lethbridge, 1988

Particle - A Fearful, Unbelieving Couple

Through Archie and Cathie, we met Trevor Anderson and his wife, Sheila. As we visited, Trevor presented himself as humble and Christ-like while his wife was trying to turn him from having anything to do with us, treating us as people to be avoided. Both were very fearful people, professing faith but having the opposite. I could see the darkness and folly of such religious people, and it disturbed me. The day would come when I could say, “Go your way and do your thing, but know God has warned you.”

Fear is not to be pitied. It is the first vice listed to be cast into the Lake of Fire (Revelation 21:8).

Particle - The Benson Divorce Settlement

[Lois Benson](#) called us on April 23rd, 1988 to let us know there was a divorce settlement. The house had sold, and she, Trevor, and Mark were on their way to Lethbridge. Paul - who was visiting us at the time - and I drove to Stettler and helped them have a garage sale and pack and move, loading the Ford F250 sky high.

Particle - The Fire of God

The man of darkness, the carnal man each one of us is apart from Christ, scarcely realizes the implications of his stance and opposition to his Creator. He doesn't recognize the futility, much less the harm he does himself in what he considers to be his right to freedom of expression according to his understanding. Least of all does he recognize the Lord coming to him as a thief in order to deliver or judge.

The fire rages and

Nothing stands in its way -

The all-consuming fire of God:

Who can bear it?

A fearful and terrible storm,

The wicked are swept away,

Having stood and hollered,

Eaten and drunk,

Laughed and scoffed.

Now they are nothing.

So great and terrible is the fire

That we pity even our enemies,

Repentant that they stood against us.

But against us they stood,

Pushing away their good,

Despising their very lives,
Pulling seed out of the ground,
Poisoning their wells,
Burning their houses,
Slitting their throats,
Hating the urgent help,
Vigorously throwing out
The butter and honey and all good food,
Eagerly saving and eating
The eggshells and cardboard cartons,
The cellophane wrappers and bones.

Would a beggar refuse a banquet?
Would a dying man reject a physician?
But our enemies have done just so.

The fire rages and
Nothing stands in its way -
Only a terrible fire
Can clear away the refuse
And cleanse the contradiction
Of the wicked and their ways.

Lethbridge, late 80's, early 90's

Particle - Twenty-four Fateful, Unpopular Poplars

Bill Syme told us of how our neighbors, Clarence and Joanna Arnoldussen, had planted 24 poplars as a borderline between their properties years before he came along. But they planted the front twelve trees well onto his (now our) property when it was yet an empty lot. Then they added a

cotoneaster hedge on our side of the trees. Bill said they wouldn't acknowledge the situation, but I wasn't one to let it slip by, being pitifully territorial.

Particle - Sandy McClimens

Across the road from us were the McClimens, Jim and Sandy. Jim was an accountant with Lafarge, and Sandy was a very good artist. I think she asked us why we moved to Moon River. I told her the Lord had brought us. She then asked me a curious question: "Are you an emissary of God?" I was surprised she asked and said I was. She responded positively to me and was working on a painting to give to me. I gave her some of my poetry, one of those being [Abortion](#). Of all my writings, I have no idea why that one.

About two days later, Jim came to our door, returning the poetry, saying Sandy had read it, was shaken by it, and wanted nothing more to do with us. Jim wouldn't listen to anything I would say. Had she had an abortion and God was addressing her?

It's one thing to receive an emissary of God, but quite another to receive his message. Was I an emissary confronting her on a grave matter she felt guilty about?

Particle - Conflicts with the Neighbors Begin

The first night we spent in our home, we were awakened by the neighbors' children: Joel Arnoldussen, Anders Neu, and Jason King (all perhaps 10 to 12 years old). They were leaning against our home, talking out loud.

I suppose Bill Syme had been absent much of the time, and with the lot not landscaped, the children felt free to roam the property as though it were public. I had to ask them to consider there was now someone living here and it was no longer open territory.

However, in the days to come, the three boys would ride their dirt bikes, day and evening, through our property and elsewhere as though they had free rein. They certainly didn't like to be told otherwise. Whether it was because of the way I went about it (I tried to be friendly and diplomatic) or because they were highly inconsiderate and strong-willed, a conflict arose between us. Time would tell the outcome.

Particle - Telephone Party Lines

We were compelled to share a phone party line with the Arnoldussens and Jim and Pat King. As time passed, I realized they knew things from our confidential conversations with Archie and others and passed the word on to the neighborhood.

Particle - The "Second Coming"

We had come to believe Jesus Christ wouldn't return in a physical body, but that He would come, did come, and is coming in His Body, the Church. Therefore, He would come in all those who were members of His Body, which included us because we were believers. I could legitimately say I was the "second coming," as could every believer fulfilled in Christ. As Paul wrote:

"For as the body is one and has many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For also by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free, even all were made to drink

into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many” (1 Corinthians 12:12-14 MKJV).

We, the Body of Christ, are His “second coming.”

I had also had the [dream](#) of the “second coming” (the dream didn’t call it that) in which the Lord Jesus first made Himself known to me in 1972. In speaking confidentially among ourselves in such terms on the phone, people on our line eavesdropped, and the word got out that I declared myself the Second Coming of Christ, which I had. No doubt, there was concealed scorn and derision over that and other matters.

Particle - A Great Tree, Uprooted and Cut in Half

Around this time I had a vision of a great green deciduous tree, like a poplar perhaps, uprooted and suspended a few feet above the ground. I then saw a sword cut it in half, from top to bottom, through the trunk and the root cluster. This vision would soon be fulfilled.

Particle - Trouble with the Arnoldussens

The first time we met Joanna Arnoldussen was when she came over canvassing for some pro-life or anti-abortion group. We had a short visit, and we were left with the impression she was letting us know she was a Christian and doing her part as one faithful and obedient to God, witnessing of Him.

Because the Syme property (now ours) had not been landscaped or occupied with someone continuously present, the Arnoldussen children continued to take their liberties. For example, they had untrained dogs, which would litter their yard. I frequently would find the excrement tossed over to our side. I asked Joel, the primary offender, not to do it anymore, but it didn’t stop. I think I also mentioned it to Joanna, but she seemed to brush it off, as she did other things. It just didn’t seem to matter to them.

Joel was the community paperboy and would deliver his papers with a loud dirt bike. He would also repeatedly go up and down the street with it, as well as along the back of our property. Jason King and Anders Neu would join him. The noise was vexing. We couldn’t spend time outside without dealing with the constant roar of dirt bikes; not to mention they were tearing up the terrain in what was supposed to be a natural, pleasant environment for the entire community.

Particle - A Big Mistake

I was annoyed that the Arnoldussens wouldn’t acknowledge their encroachment with the trees and hedge, howbeit unintentional. I suppose it wasn’t the property, but the perceived presumption, that bothered me. Why had they not come to talk about it when we moved in? Didn’t they realize the situation or were they hoping to avoid any changes of the boundary?

Instead of approaching them promptly and directly, I mentioned it to some neighbors and landscapers we were approaching for ideas and preparations for landscaping of our own, seeing they might be wise to take true property borders into consideration. My words returned to the Arnoldussens, who resented my not coming to them about it. It was admittedly unwise and selfish of me. As the proverb says:

“If you and your neighbor have a difference of opinion, settle it between yourselves and do not reveal any secrets” (Proverbs 25:9 GNB).

Particle - A Rodding for Trevor and Mark

There are some things I have done that have been so strange and even inexplicable. I now shudder at some of them. In June of 1988, the Bensons came to live with us at Moon River until they found a home in Lethbridge. Mark attended high school in Fort MacLeod, while Trevor was taking engineering at the University of Lethbridge and working various jobs between semesters.

Mark and Lois worked for Archie, and I would receive reports from him of constant problems with them. I also recall several other matters that unsettled Marilyn and me, regarding their habits, attitudes, and actions.

They hadn't joined us for long before I had Lois take the boys downstairs and severely spank them, with pants lowered. She had a very hard time doing it. I was surprised because she was reputed to be the disciplinarian of her family, “not sparing the rod.” When she would have ceased a couple of times, I said, “More.” Somehow I felt this trial or chastening was for her as much as for her sons.

When done, all three were thoroughly shocked. What were they expecting in coming here - a party? I recall as they were coming to Lethbridge, they were all very silly and acting so foolishly.

Their attitudes could have been caused by their release from the very unpleasant environment in Stettler, the divorce finally settled, and so forth, but it was apparent they were all quite frivolous at heart, despite their circumstances. I wasn't trying to change them by punishment, but beyond us, as harsh and cruel as it appeared, a purpose was being worked out.

Many years later, when regret over this incident would come to haunt me, I received revelation and understanding.

Particle - Delores Dies

We received report that [Delores Molnar](#) was defeated in her cancer. She died a few months later on June 14th, 1988. Just after her death, I had a mental vision (different from a picture vision - more like a visualized feeling), in which I saw her on her deathbed, screaming in terror, in great guilt, afraid of what awaited her on the other side. If this happened externally, it would have been a horrible experience for Fred and their children - Garry and Stacey - and anyone else present.

Particle - Lois Falls

On June 16th, two days after Delores' death, Lucy and Marlene, two of Lois' sisters, called to reason with Lois, saying that I was a cult and that she should steer clear of me.

On the 20th, Lois and Mark were working for Archie's Handyman Services, painting, cleaning Terry Carlson's devastated rental houses, and doing general maintenance and repairs. As they were painting the exterior of a customer's house, Lois' ladder gave way, and she fell to the cement, her right hand and wrist shattering in many pieces. She was taken to emergency where Dr. Hurdle, reputedly a good doctor, said her wrist was a mess and would have to be fused, there being no way to repair it.

Lois asked the Lord about it, and He said it would be okay. She refused fusing. They waited a week for the swelling to go down and operated the best they could.

While Lois was at the hospital having the operation, as well as thereafter for a while, I had pain in my right hand. Lois refused painkillers, saying she felt no pain. They couldn't believe her. Was I taking on her pain?

Lois recently reminded me that I advised her concerning her hand to "use it or lose it." She used it, going back to painting while yet in a cast. Coincidentally, the lady who owned the house Lois was painting happened to have the same doctor, and one day she commented to Dr. Hurdle on this woman who was painting her house with a cast. The doctor asked who it was. She told him it was Lois Benson. Dr. Hurdle was surprised. "One tough lady," he said.

Weeks later, when examining her hand, he couldn't believe her good progress. He said, "I don't know what happened, but go and fly!" To this day, Lois has been pain-free, having full use of the hand. It only remains slightly deformed.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Mortgage Paid Off

Lois examined herself after her fall, wondering why it happened. She says she had known she was supposed to do something, but hadn't done it. Now she knew she could wait no longer. She called me saying, "Victor, the Lord told me I need to give you something." That something was the money to pay off our mortgage. We had gone into debt, led of the Lord to do so (by faith), and soon after, He took care of it.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Vision Fulfilled of Marilyn in Her Home

One day I realized a [vision](#) I had, likely back in the seventies, was fulfilled. I saw, now in reality, Marilyn, well-dressed, at the kitchen sink, facing south, looking out as she washed her hands. We were in our own home, as promised.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Hail Pits Our Home

A hailstorm came and ruined the finish on our logs. The soft pine logs were pitted and needed sanding down and re-staining. Our insurance covered the cost. Though our mortgage was done, and we were no longer under obligation to carry insurance, we did so, thinking it would be good to be covered in such cases again in the future. It was a foolish thought. We paid insurance for years until I realized my unbelief.

Particle - Why Insurance?

Four years later, I asked God, "Why did I buy that insurance?" "*You wanted something for nothing,*" was the reply. I was rebuked for my sin and was sorry I had put good money in the burning barrel. Fear and greed buy insurance.

Which do you think insurance companies are there for - your welfare or their wealth-fare?

Particle - July 10, New Beginnings

Living directly across the road, and no doubt glad to see fresh activity in their white elephant development, Kay Wheeler had taken several pictures of Bill Syme's home construction from the very day it began, starting with the excavation.

On the back of the first pictures taken of the groundbreaking was the date **July 10, 1986**. This was the very day when, in Stettler, I had the [vision](#) of a mare birthing a colt, and when telling Marilyn of the vision, she received it represented new beginnings. Little did I know how time and time again, **the tenth day of the seventh month** would repeat itself with significant events in our lives - all new beginnings.

Why had Kay taken those pictures? It could have been for the reason I speculated, but was there more to it? Had God given her to do it for our sakes? How often do people take pictures of construction in their neighborhood (before the days of digital cameras and cell phones)? And why did she give those pictures to me, not to Bill Syme? I could tell they were on good terms with the Symes. No, those pictures were meant for us, and she gave them to me just in time, as you will see later. We still have them.

She even wrote the explanations and dates on the back. I marveled with joy. The Lord was founding this particular "new beginning," preparing something for us of which we had no idea. And you'll see much more.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Pig in a Tower

One day, in 1988 or early 1989, I was envying Al and Kay Wheeler's lot location and view overlooking a valley and horse paddocks. As I was considering this, the Lord gave me a vision. I saw a forest lookout tower - an older, ramshackle one, made of wood with only a railing all around. There was a pig inside, standing on its hind legs with forelegs on the rail, screaming away. I knew I was the pig.

I confessed and repented of my envy and coveting my neighbor's goods, and began to thank God for the great and many blessings He had bestowed on us. I almost immediately saw a new, shining tower, more like a control tower at an airport, with plate glass windows. There I was, inside, as a person, dressed in a suit, with smiling face and shining countenance, young and handsome, in peace and victory, taking in the beautiful scenery. In the former scene, it was evident I was in a precarious position, but in this second scene, I was safe and secure. So it is.

To the Lord, covetousness is very ugly, and satisfaction with Him alone very beautiful.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - "If You Believe..."

The Lord once said to me, *"If you believe, it will go well for you. If you don't believe, it will not go well."*

I came to know the negative portion of those words many times in many different situations, sorry to say. But with time and repeated lessons, I have learned. I don't know that I've ever learned after the first, second, or even third or fourth times in some instances. It depends on how hard the lessons are. The hotter the fires, the more established the memory and reluctance to repeat the error.

Particle - The Atmosphere of Moon River

We began to realize a spiritual tyranny in Moon River oppressed the community, though some residents may not have realized it. Under this power and influence, there was a spirit of lawlessness that prevailed with both parent and child. The parents would do their selfish thing and the children theirs. The hamlet as a whole lingered in a state of social and economic limbo; it was an undesirable community with an air of desolation, oppression, and depression. An evil spirit ruled. Something had to break.

And break it did, as you'll soon see, and how wonderfully, painfully, and fruitfully!

Particle - The Kings

One day I had to confront Jason King on riding their dirt bikes on the street. The Kings' eldest son, Jim Jr., loudly cursed me with expletives not to be mentioned. But let's look at the situation: They were breaking traffic laws, using public streets without license; they disregarded the peace, comforts, and rights of the community; and they reacted in all vileness when I confronted them on it.

I could have called the police or taken the situation into my own hands. However, I thought it best to report to the father, Jim King, Sr. To my surprise, he instantly made it clear, with pride and indignation, he would always stand with his children, regardless of whether they were right or wrong, as if it was noble of him to do so.

Particle - Choosing Between Family and Truth

Why do we have wars and injustice? Why do people not understand or even care to understand that truth and justice take precedence, without debate or question, over family, friends, money, or any other earthly thing? They take pride in solidarity with those whom they love even if they commit selfish, lawless acts. Without understanding or discretion, they become party to, and responsible for, the crimes and injustices of those they defend.

In the future, fruits would come to prove the folly of Jim King's stance, as they always do. Crime never pays.

Particle - The Neus

I also tried talking to Byron Neu about his son Anders' attitude toward us and our property. He proudly retorted, "I don't tell my son what to think." Really! Here we go again with less than admirable parenting ignorance, attitude, and practice. Is that the way a parent should raise a child? Here, too, fruits would come to prove otherwise.

In each of these cases, I found the parents were as unreasonable as their children, if not more so. Indeed, I came to realize that the attitudes of children often reflect those of their parents.

This isn't always the case, of course, but often. Isn't this to be expected when the Lord visits the lawlessness to the third and fourth generations of those who hate Him (Exodus 20:4-6)?

Particle - Living Expensively at the Bottom

It wasn't long before this time (1988) the Lord had said to me, *"You can live expensively at the bottom or inexpensively at the top."* Time and again, I would choose the bottom - and it was expensive, believe me, and oh, was it ever inexpensive at the top, whenever I stepped out believing!

For example, instead of going out and buying a new dishwasher, I saw a used Maytag in the paper. Marilyn cautioned me, saying we should just get a new one, but as often was the case, I didn't listen. After all, it was a Maytag, wasn't it? Don't they last forever? I had to learn that while Maytag had an effective advertising theme of their repairman being bored, perhaps he was bored for other reasons.

Soon we had problems; the Maytag was squeaking. Ron's Appliance Repair came out and replaced the little belts, and things went fine. However, they replaced one that I didn't think needed it, so I returned it and continued with the old. Though it was a used part and only seven dollars, I insisted on a refund, and they reluctantly, yet graciously, took it back. Is that cheap or what? I was a miser of the first order. I shake my head at how they must have felt, biting their lips in the night.

The squeaking problems returned. I called another repair service. He came out and told us it was the pump and we needed an overhaul, the cost being what we had paid for the dishwasher. We accepted his diagnosis, paid the bill, the washer lasted a short while and began to leak. To this day, I believe it was merely a matter of the \$7 belt. Ron's Appliance Repair had done the right thing; I did the wrong, paid the hefty, punishing price for it, and regretted it ever since.

When you're cheap, you pay dearly, not just financially, but emotionally, socially, and spiritually. I have grieved both man and God terribly, many, many times.

Particle - Choices Given Means Wrong Ones Made

When God gives us a choice or command with conditions, He's teaching us the rewards of choosing the right and the consequences of choosing the wrong. We must experience both the bad and the good. I have all too often made the wrong choice. Am I the only obtuse one here? I believe I've met a few others.

"For the creation was subjected to futility, not willingly, but on account of Him Who subjected it in hope; because even the creation itself shall be freed from the slavery of corruption into the freedom of the glory of the children of God. For we know that all the creation groans together and labors in birth together until now" (Romans 8:20-22 EMTV).

Particle - "If I Lived My Life Again..."

"If I had to live my life again," I've heard people say, "I wouldn't change a thing!" I marvel at such a statement. If they mean they accept they were often wrong and were bettered by the consequences they suffered, as under a faithful Creator, okay, I can buy it, but I don't get that sense from them. I think to myself, "Have they learned nothing? Did they live their entire lives in a thick fog or padded chamber?" Even those should teach someone *something*.

As God is my witness, I would change plenty, if not for the fact I know what has been has had to be. It has had to be so I would know better and be better off for this world and the next. If someone were to suggest I live this life again, without any change in myself or gain for the world to come, I would say, "Are you kidding me? Forget it. I'm not in the least interested." Yes, I would.

It seems to me that anyone declaring they wouldn't change a thing after spending a life in this world is either lying, was born perfect... and remained that way (and we have enough evidence to know that has never happened), or was born a blooming idiot... and remained that way.

Nobody was born perfect. And many have been born liars and idiots, I having been one of them.

Particle - Ever the Covetous Fretter

I'm grieved and ashamed to report this, but if I'm to be true to the purpose of this Theo-autobiography, I must tell it, along with so many other shameful and unsavory details about myself.

God had given us a wonderful home, our first. The feeling of it was also wonderful. As I said, it greeted us with a welcoming hug. The blessing of the Lord was in the feeling. Marilyn was so happy to have it.

And I ruined the whole thing!

Based on the soon-discovered depressed selling prices of other houses in Moon River, I began to suspect I had paid too much. I fretted and stewed and fretted and stewed and fretted and stewed. Soon the joy was taken away and the house became a trouble rather than a blessing.

I was suspicious of Bill Syme, of the realtor, the building materials suppliers, the contractors who had been involved, and everybody else. The blessing was gone. We would never again experience the peace and joy we had of the home when first introduced to it.

Still, I set out to finish the home, which was its new and raw state. Being of logs, the house was settling. I spent many pleasurable hours adjusting and reframing the distorted window frames. I caulked and chinked the logs and did the finishing of the home inside and out. It became very comfortable, practical, and enjoyable, insofar as one might enjoy something in a fleshly way without the joy of the Lord. Had I not complained and doubted, the accompaniment of the joy of the Lord would have made it all infinitely better.

It seems every time God gave me something good, I looked the gift horse in the mouth, never satisfied, always doubting, fretting, and stewing. If there was any appreciation, it was soon gone. What's worse, I imposed a miserable atmosphere on Marilyn and everyone else. How grievous it must have been to the Lord! It surely was!

Particle - Trick Because No Treat?

We had been at Moon River six months. Just after midnight, we were abruptly awakened by loud stomping on our front deck. Investigating, we found the windows smeared with bar soap. It was Halloween.

The previous evening, we had politely declined involvement in this event, keeping our front lights off and turning children away that came to the door.

Halloween is by no means harmless; it is an evil event anyone having a genuine relationship with the Lord would reject in a heartbeat. I suppose that for our stance, we were singled out for tricks (nobody else had tricks played on them).

Not one to let something as petty as this go by (out of fearfulness, though I didn't realize it then), I headed to the neighborhood the next day, door-to-door, to find out who did it. Nobody owned up to the mischief, but I concluded it was Alan Orr's boys, seeing their suspicious facial expressions and Alan's attitude when I questioned him about his sons. With veiled contempt, Alan denied his children did anything. There was nothing I could do, so I dropped it. But it seems God didn't, as evident by developments soon to come.

Particle - 1988

There were great and popular expectations for 1988, particularly among some evangelical Christians. There were those who surmised it to be the year of the Second Coming of the Lord, perhaps primarily because 1988 was the 40th anniversary of the state of Israel, which declared itself a nation on May 14th, 1948.

For us, it was the year we received the home God promised us. It was the year Lois and her boys came to Lethbridge. And it was the year Sandy McClimens, our new neighbor across from us, asked me the peculiar question.

If anything significant was happening, it certainly wasn't visible to the world. Should we assume something wasn't happening because not evident? Didn't Jesus say, **"The Kingdom of God doesn't come with observation" (Luke 17:20)?**

Particle - Very Generous Offerings

Paul was the first to bring offerings, and they were generous. Then came Archie, and he gave generous offerings. Then came Lois with hers, which were very generous, as well. Never did I charge them for anything unless it was something tangible they bought from me; never did I ask them for anything, as the Lord had taught me; and several times, I told them they didn't have to give so much.

Several times, I asked Archie, "Are you sure? You don't have to do this!" He would reply each time with certainty, "Victor, I have to give it." There were times when I felt somewhat awkward about it. The [vision](#) I had in 1984, however, of people lining up to give us handfuls of money was happening.

How could God be so generous with me when I didn't deserve it? How could He give me so much when I was such a miser and so concerned about how much I was paying for anything? There was no explanation. I can only say the Lord gave to me in spite of the way I was. It's called "grace."

Besides, it wasn't just for me.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - More on VCC, the Witch's Coven

While passing through Park Place Mall around Christmas of 1988, I dropped into a music store. A salesman (whose name was Richard, I believe) was demonstrating a Korg electronic piano. I wanted to be able to play one. Making it look so easy to play, he sold me on it, and I bought it.

I also found out he professed faith in Christ. I'm not sure, but perhaps it was because he attended Victory Christian Church, I told him what the Lord had told me - that Victory was a [witch's coven](#). He seemed rather disturbed.

Meeting Richard a few weeks later, he told me he had gone to Victory Church and asked them if they were a witch's coven, and they denied it. Therefore I was wrong. Wow!

"Would they have admitted it if they knew they *were* one?" I asked the foolish fellow. He didn't want to have anything more to do with me.

The following Sunday I happened to see George Hill, the founder of VCC, preaching on TV. He was all worked up, preaching on 2 Peter 2, a passage about false prophets and those who spoke against dignities. The material he covered was quite coincidental with the subject matter Richard and I had discussed. The Sunday after that, George presented "Part 2" of the same subject. There was little doubt he was substantially disturbed by the conversation Richard and I had.

Particle - Nathan Determines His Own Way

One day in January of 1989, Cathie found Nathan in possession of junk treats they wouldn't buy or give the children. Where did he get them? He told her he met his grandmother (Archie's and my mother) when walking to school, and she gave them to him.

"How strange!" we thought. "How could this be?" She lived in Manitoba, several hundreds of miles away. And why would she do that? We hadn't heard from her, except for the odd letter. I had to recognize, however, that my mother wasn't always honest or open with us. But we were gullible, at least momentarily.

Then there were reports Nathan had been shoplifting at a local convenience store. We talked to him, and he admitted he had made up the "grandmother" story. This event was unpleasant, but it was something that could be expected of children, although we had hoped better things in our attempts to teach and direct them in moral values.

What was most disturbing, however, was that parents and children reported they witnessed Nathan in daring and dramatic indecent and vulgar public behavior. Nathan was no more than eight years old.

This was shocking to us, and we knew we had to take corrective action, but what? We got together and had each person in Archie's family directly and personally denounce his actions and then separate him from the meal table indefinitely. Whenever Marilyn and I visited, I didn't permit him to be present. I waited for the Lord to give us what to do next.

Days turned to weeks, which turned to months, which turned to years.

Particle - Nathan "Imprisoned" for His Safety

At the time Nathan was disfellowshipped, Archie had a vision. He saw Nathan standing on the outside balcony of the upper floor of a building. The balcony had a rail filled with sharp horns

facing inward to keep Nathan from escaping. Archie said it signified an imprisonment designed for Nathan's protection and good. I agreed with him.

Particle - A Hard Black Heart

Karen Barbie visited us at Moon River with an assistant from Green Haven Garden Center to advise us on landscaping. We had some discussions on spiritual matters. Sometime in 1989, I had a vision of Karen's heart, very hard and compressed, like that of a black Indian rubber ball. She turned out to be very bitter toward us after I told her about it.

I meant and intended no evil, but I suppose she thought I was criticizing or condemning her, which I wasn't. I had no desire or reason whatsoever to do so. Perhaps I was unwise in divulging the vision to her, but I was hoping there would be some kind of breakthrough for her.

Particle - A New Car

When we bought a used Ford LTD at Dunlop Ford back in 1986, we called the former owner, who had traded it in for a new Ford Taurus. We took his hand-me-downs, not that we minded. Our thinking was so small at the time, having had so little for so many years, that we were impressed he was able to buy a new Taurus.

Now we were shopping for a new car and bought a 1989 Toyota Cressida at Stu Sinclair's Midtown Toyota, a car superior to the Taurus. I had a bit of a problem buying a luxury car, but we did. It was our first new car in nearly 15 years of marriage, the third new one I had ever owned.

We had shopped around and the manager had already quoted the Cressida to us at under \$30,000. However, the salesman, Bill Gerlock, was pressing us for \$34,000, though we told him we already had a much lower quote from his own boss. He seemed not to understand, or he simply ignored me. I was annoyed with him and complained to the manager, who wrote up the contract for the price he had originally given me.

However, I was sorry for having complained on Bill. He wasn't there much longer. Perhaps he just wasn't suited for the job or I was the cause of his departure. So many situations I could have handled so differently, more considerately and wisely, instead of selfishly, but I just didn't.

Today, I would choose to patiently reason with him, rather than be annoyed. I'm so sorry for those situations. Bill, I apologize to you.

Particle - Charismatic Conflict

Before this event with Bill Gerlock, we met his brother, John, who was selling Mercedes-Benz and other imports on 3rd Avenue South. We had a friendly talk about spiritual matters, wherein he told us he was actively involved in the Catholic Charismatic movement.

Since the incident with Bill, John was cool towards me, even when I was shopping for a certain book at his store, Dove Christian Supplies. But his coolness may have been due to doctrine I had shared with him that was contrary to his, including my take on the Charismatic movement as a counterfeit move of God, rather than what took place with his brother.

Particle - I Said I Was a Prophet

Besides Green Haven coming out to make landscaping proposals, we had Peter Van Hierden of Meadowlark Landscaping give us an estimate. I then did a rare thing. When Peter asked me what I did, I told him I was a prophet. I certainly had nothing else to present to him - having no job or other occupation. (So often I was asked over the years, "What do you do?" and I always fumbled for an answer.)

We later learned Peter and his friends and partners of Meadowlark, George and Casey Overbeek, got quite a laugh out of my reply. We didn't know at the time they were of Reform Church background, which meant they didn't believe in modern-day prophets, apostles, or gifts of the Spirit such as miracles, visions, dreams, prophecies, and tongues.

Most people reject the idea of any kind of prophet in this day but a false one, but on what basis? While they profess to believe only the Bible, they have no Scriptural grounds to dismiss the possibility of a true modern-day prophet coming in the Name of the Lord.

They fail to recognize the invalidity of their favorite Scripture to defend their position, which says, **"The Law and the prophets were until John" (Luke 16:16)**. After John, there were other prophets mentioned in Acts - Agabus, for example. Furthermore, the apostle Paul wrote to the Ephesians about five different ministries God gave to Christ's Body, called "the Church," including prophets:

"He Who descended is the same also as He Who ascended up far above all heavens, that He might fill all things. And truly He gave some to be apostles, and some to be prophets, and some to be evangelists, and some to be pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ" (Ephesians 4:10-12 MKJV).

These same people believe the congregation of saints joined in one Body at Pentecost, which was *after* the Old Testament "prophet days," *after* John, *after* the Lord's life in His flesh, and *after* His death and resurrection.

Rarely did I ever tell anyone I was a prophet. It didn't matter to me whether I was one or not, or what I was called, though I considered myself greatly privileged God should relate to me as He had chosen.

It's what a man does that counts, not what he titles himself or what others call him. More importantly, it's what God does through him; I can take no credit for virtue or accomplishment. And what a man is will be determined by fruits, accurately discerned by those who have the knowledge, ability, and right to judge fruits.

Few are they who really know anything concerning these matters, simply because they don't know God or His ways. Ironically, those least qualified to judge are first to adamantly assume that right and power. Isn't that interesting?

Particle - Junji Kuno of Southern Alberta Landscaping

Of the landscapers we approached, we chose Junji Kuno, owner of Southern Alberta Landscaping, because we viewed his work on other properties and liked what we saw. Though we followed through with him, we saw potential problems from the beginning.

There was a language barrier, his English being poor, but we felt we could deal with that obstacle. A more serious problem was that Junji seemed to pick some large figure out of the air for an estimate, with the intent of making a little fortune on every job he took on. "Hmmm...I wonder how much they're willing to pay. I'll try the sky...." As we proceeded, he declared his goal of being a millionaire.

Perhaps the greatest problem was one of utter lack of consideration for his client. Getting him to begin the job on a promised date was like pulling teeth with one's fingers. He kept promising three days to a week, but would never make it. Finally, when I threatened to cancel, he made it out.

When he did finally come out, he'd do a small amount of work, then disappear for several more days until we would call, in which case, the process of promise and failure to fulfill would resume. It slowly dawned on me he was trying to please several clients at once, not wishing to miss out on contracts, taking on too many, and serving none (at least not us) with due diligence and respect. It was frustrating. Meanwhile, it might rain and the work would be further delayed, when it should have been done before the rain came.

Once, when on the job, I was asking for an extra tool, which was almost worthless, to adjust Hunter heads in the sprinkler system he installed (one can find them lying on the ground at Eljay Irrigation, the dealer). Junji replied, "You can get them at the same place I got them."

I was spending several thousands of dollars for his landscaping, enduring his selfish procrastinations and inconsideration, and though he frequented his irrigation equipment supplier and could get what I needed for nothing, he refused me. I was amazed. Perhaps I magnify things out of proportion (I've been known to do it), but I interpreted his attitude as one that passed beyond disregard to contempt. What a foolish man!

Then I found that while appearance was one thing, quality of work was quite another. In several respects, the work was negligent and shoddy. I wanted him to buy his stock of trees and shrubs from Green Haven, seeing Karen Barbie had spent time with us and didn't get the job of landscaping. Junji did get some stock there, but what he got from them, he simply stuck into the ground without decent preparation of a hole and root ball. The trees he supplied from his own stock weren't cared for; they were dry and root-bound. Naturally, none of what he planted did well.

Consequently, we had some trees and shrubs die on us, including a Burr oak. Green Haven made good for it. Irv Leishner gave us excellent service, but I think it should have come out of Junji's pocket, not Green Haven's.

As the landscaping progressed, there were many things about which Junji was very uncooperative. It seemed that if we had ideas and preferences, he was almost insulted. He found any extra considerations to be a waste of time, though we were prepared to pay him for anything not in the original agreement.

Finally, Junji laid our driveway with paving stone, but the stone quickly showed signs of unevenness, so I called him to look at it. He wouldn't do it until I first paid him for it (it's not as though I was negligent in promptly paying him for his work, in installments, as the work was done). I thought, "What is this? He hasn't done the job to my satisfaction and now he wants to be paid for it before it's done properly? What chutzpah! I don't think so." He never came out, and he never got paid for paving our driveway.

The last I heard from him was when he called in the latter half of November of that year to blow my sprinkler lines out (a part of the agreement). By that time, lines would have been well frozen several times over. I had already arranged to get someone else, paying them for a service I was supposed to receive free of charge from Junji. I suppose he was still trying to collect for the stones without saying so. In any case, he didn't succeed.

Particle - Apparently Benign Crimes

Why am I taking all this time and space to tell you about our landscaper in a Theo-autobiography? Not sure, but I think it's to express that these kinds of things exist both for me and for you and that they have their significant impact. I would like to expose them as a travesty on the wellbeing of all.

In my view, these are oft-tolerated crimes that should have no place in any society, though they happen everywhere all the time. One way of dealing with them is to expose them, something very few are willing to do.

Particle - A Vow to God Not Kept by the "Wor-Wor-Wor-Wor"

Solomon said: **"When you take an oath before God, put it quickly into effect, because He has no pleasure in the foolish; keep the oath you have taken. It is better not to take an oath than to take an oath and not keep it" (Ecclesiastes 5:4-5 BBE).**

After committing ourselves to Junji Kuno, we discovered another sprinkler system installer who charged the same price, but paid much more attention to detail and future needs as the greenery grew. However, when I had asked Junji if he would do only the landscaping while we hire others to do the sprinkler system, he insisted it was all or nothing. So we left it, not wanting to lose his services altogether. It brought me to fretting and stewing, as was ever my evil custom. Had I been hasty by hiring him in the first place?

In so many cases in the past, though it didn't seem I had done the right thing, often it worked out, or I found out there was a purpose accomplished in my apparent oversights and mistakes. However, I still had the worry habit. The fact I always worried bothered me, so I said to the Lord, "Lord, if everything works out with Junji in this landscaping... I will never worry again!"

Famous last words. The Lord put me through the paces with Junji, as I have described, although things did eventually work out. Did I stop worrying about things? Not at all. I have been the **world's worst worry wort**.

Is it right? No. Is it excusable? Not that I can tell. Is it shameful? What is there to be proud of? Is it grievous to God? I would think so. Is it sin? Apparently. What can I say? I have no excuse, no explanation, no defense - unless perhaps one....

Particle - A Messenger from Satan

The apostle Paul had great spiritual gifts and revelations, but he also discovered a weakness in his flesh that greatly grieved him. When seeking the Lord about it, he found God had sent a "messenger from Satan" to "buffet" him.

"And by the surpassing revelations, lest I be made haughty, a thorn in the flesh was given to me, a messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I be made haughty. For this thing I

besought the Lord three times, that it might depart from me. And He said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is made perfect in weakness.' Most gladly therefore I will rather glory in my weaknesses, that the power of Christ may overshadow me. Therefore I am pleased in weaknesses, in insults, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am powerful" (2 Corinthians 12:7-10 MKJV).

There has been much speculation as to what his "thorn in the flesh" was - poor eyesight, facial disfiguration, disease? All error. I know what it was. Paul was constantly troubled in mind. One could say he was anxious, fearful, and worried. Was it his choice to be so? No. Was he able to do anything about it? No. God sent an evil spirit to trouble him to keep him humble. God told him the thorn was to remain there, His grace for Paul being sufficient. Paul accepted his trouble after God's three refusals to have it removed.

So it has been with me, as the Lord has shown me. I know I'd be one arrogant jackass if it was not for my infirmities.

Particle - InterVarsity Christian Fellowship

In one of these years, we decided to contact InterVarsity Christian Fellowship at the University of Lethbridge because they had some information on New Age philosophy. Jeff Cullen, the president of the group, lived in Fort Macleod and passed our way each day to and from Lethbridge. He decided to pay us a visit.

We talked for a few hours. I posed to him several doctrinal matters, with which he was unfamiliar, and I asked him several questions he couldn't answer. If he did answer, it was with apology and vagary, something many evangelical Christians might classify as a mixture of diplomacy, tact, humility, and love.

I thought, "Here's a man presuming to lead an outreach organization to save souls for Christ at a university campus, and he doesn't know anything. What does this say for their worldwide organization? It has nothing to offer the world, not being sent or anointed to preach the Gospel. Its conduct is presumptuous, taking the Lord's Name in vain."

Jeff left, rather perplexed and confounded. It would be years before we'd see him again, but the next time, he wouldn't be so passive or apologetic.

Particle - Relations with Paul Cohen, the Bensons, and the Hafichuks

During 1988, 1989, and thereafter, Paul was regularly in touch by phone, mail, and occasional visits. Lois and her sons were in constant touch with us, and we were in touch with Archie and his family by phone and by visits. At times, Archie's children would come and stay with us. Though we now had our home and were no longer on the road, we still ministered to them.

Particle - Picnics and Parties Provide Poor Palliatives

One day we headed up to Waterton Lakes National Park in the foothills of the Rockies for a picnic. I have enjoyed the federal and provincial campgrounds, the sights and smells, mountains, falls, rivers, forests, log cabins, and wildlife. I once enjoyed getting together with people for camping, tenting, fishing, and fireside socializing. But I constantly longed for some kind of action or experience, perhaps hoping we would meet someone to commune with along spiritual lines.

Now we were learning that these events in and of themselves, for themselves, were no longer acceptable in the Lord. Pleasures and appeasements in this world no longer had the power to attract or satisfy. Indeed, in pursuing or indulging in them, they became a burden and vexation. If while on the Lord's business, these things happened to come along, fine, but even there, the pleasure wasn't in these things; our fulfillment was in the Lord's business. "I have meat to eat you know not of," said Jesus to His disciples. The true fulfillment is ever from above.

Particle - The Treasure House

On October 17th, 1989, at our Moon River home, I was talking to the Bensons about a vision I had. In the vision, I saw a long, high-walled building, which seemed a block long or more. Every fifteen feet or so was a door. Inside those walls were known to be untold treasures of every kind. They were reserved for those who had the faith to enter by any of the available doors they chose. Telling the vision to them, Mark said, "I'd like to have those treasures." I replied, "You have them." We were to see in later years how amazingly true that would be for Mark, time and again.

Particle - Arnoldussens' Concealed, yet Manifest Hatred

We never knew what to expect from Joel, Clarence and Joanna Arnoldussen's son. He would shout in mockery and contempt at me while I was weeding the lawn by hand. One day, we heard a thud against the east wall and discovered Joel had thrown a water balloon against our house. Another time, he set off some fireworks that stuck into our garage wall only feet from where I happened to be working. Still another time, in the snow in our yard, he tramped out the word "ASSHOLE" in giant letters facing our house.

I couldn't help suspect his actions weren't solely his, but were bred by attitudes and conversations his family had of us. What to do? I assumed that the Christian and wise way to gain any semblance of peace with the Arnoldussens was to suffer Joel's abuse without a word of complaint or rebuke. And we did suffer many things from him for a time; however, I wasn't prepared to do so indefinitely.

Particle - A Particular, Peculiar Particle Presently

Let this particle now be a warning and a promise: The next several particles may seem rather irrelevant and pointless in the context of an autobiography, but pay attention to them because they lead to developments of great significance, I promise you. I marvel at how circumstances are formed to serve certain ends. Only a much Higher Power can do such things.

Particle - A Proposed Homemade Golf Course at Moon River

A Moon River neighbor, Ron Crighton, owner of Alberta Meats in Lethbridge, a casual golfer, decided he would make a few golf greens from sand and grass in the rough prairie areas of Moon River. The way he explained it to me was that he would have sand hauled in, pack it down, seed it with grass, and water it. Knowing a tiny bit about golf greens and their complexity, I thought his notions quite unrealistic, to be polite.

He circulated a petition, seeking a majority vote from residents to be submitted to the Municipal District (M.D.) Council of Willow Creek for approval. The majority of the community signed, thinking the project was benign enough, having no idea of the complexity involved in making

useable golf greens. They didn't realize fairways would need to be maintained between greens, and that considerable and consistent community labor, water, and funds would be needed.

I decided to oppose the project, thinking it a foolish waste of community money. Just before the hearing in Claresholm, I gathered a counter-petition, explaining to the residents more thoroughly what was involved and what the possible implications could be, never mind the fact that only a fraction of the residents would be golfing, even if it did work. Many expressed gratitude for filling them in.

Frank Eden, a Moon River resident and owner of Eden Funeral Home in the nearby town of Fort Macleod, appeared at the hearing as the spokesperson for the Crighton greens proposal. I immediately presented the counter-petition with a strong majority of the residents signed up, and he was totally surprised. Others in favor of the course were also surprised and chagrined because our petition quashed their proposal.

Frank was immediately offended. I think he would have loved to take a few divots out of me then and there. Fortunately, he didn't have his clubs with him.

We had an instantly divided community on this issue. John Zoeteman, our area Reeve (elected representative) of the M.D., chaired the meeting. At the end, he made an announcement: Council had just received another proposal from yet another party. He advised that the Moon River community unite because the proposal could have a significant impact on us. He wasn't free to divulge the details at the time.

Particle - Frank Eden

It seems I was in the very successful business of making several quick, easy sure enemies. There was a rapidly diminishing number of neighbors who were on friendly terms with us. I was stroking every cat the wrong way.

Though he was once friendly with me, Frank was no longer. I found out he was quite infatuated with Crighton's idea and was incensed at me for killing it. It seems he thought the project would enhance the sorely depressed Moon River real estate values. Meanwhile, councilors and staff at the M.D. office were shaking their heads about Eden's proposal, thinking, "What in the world are those Moon River people smoking?"

Particle - More Enmity, Anyone?

When Al and Kay Wheeler discovered I had quashed Crighton's bid for his "golf course," they were also very upset and immediately severed any relations with us. What?! As a member of the community, did I not have a democratic right to express my views and take action as I saw fit, legally and reasonably? Was I only allowed to agree with what others wanted while disregarding myself and others in the community?

The Wheelers were also concerned about real estate values, hoping Crighton's golf project might brighten their prospects for sales. It was the conclusion of the rulers of the community, particularly those on the executive, that I was a most unprofitable influence and troublemaker. The time of judgment was fast approaching.

(Note: Do you recall my saying Kay had given me the pictures of the ground-breaking and foundation of our home from **July 10, 1986**, just in time? Had she waited much longer, I would not have had them.)

Particle - A Golf Course, Big Time

Now the kicker. Ron Crighton must have given others a bright idea. A local resident, Brent Derricott, came by announcing he and Alan Orr, the original owner and developer of Moon River Estates, planned to develop a professional multimillion-dollar 18-hole course on the land around our community Alan still owned, the same land Ron Crighton was going to use a tiny portion of for his golf greens. The Orr/Derricott proposal was what John Zoeteman had referred to.

The importance of Mr. Zoeteman's warning to Moon River residents was now evident. The proposal created immediate controversy. There were those who didn't want the subsequent commerce and traffic, but there were also those who saw a potential financial opportunity and significant improvement in real estate values, several of the latter being on the Moon River Association executive. The battle lines were drawn, but in what way, to what extent, and why, was a great surprise pending!

Particle - Gab, Grab, and Go

Marilyn then had a vision. She saw Alan Orr and Brent Derricott take people's money, stick it in their pockets, and run. More later, much more... wait for it.

Particle - Some Resist, But Not to Blood

Hearing a golf course was coming in, our next door neighbor, Bev Magee, expressed her great displeasure to me privately about it, but didn't wish to offend the Wheelers by speaking out. Her daughter, Karen, was entertaining marriage with their son, Mark. She was hoping others would take up the cause, which I did.

Did it pay Bev to remain silent and let others pay the price for her benefit? Mark Wheeler and Karen did marry, and they built a horse stable, intending to start a business boarding horses. Bev invested tens of thousands of dollars in the project. However, Mark and Karen soon separated, and Bev told me she lost all the money and her daughter was left without.

That which we hold on to at the cost of truth and right is soon lost, and we end up with far less than we had hoped, if anything at all.

Particle - New Neighbors Enquire About the Second Coming

Steve and Marquise Harris came to purchase the McClimens home across from us, which had been vacant for close to a year. While we were hiking together, Steve asked me a peculiar question, not much unlike that of his predecessor in the same house, Sandy McClimens. On a hike around the countryside, as if out of the blue, though the conversation was about spiritual matters, Steve asked me about the "second coming."

I didn't answer him as I would today, if I replied at all. "Why did he ask me that?" I wondered. I wanted to tell him what I knew, but decided not to. I didn't feel it was time to say anything. Perhaps he had been talking to the neighbors about party-line phone conversations I had had with Archie and others.

Particle - Steve Stalls

I wanted to share more on spiritual matters with Steve as the days went by. I appreciated the talks we had, he being an interesting and intelligent fellow, but he would stall, saying, “We’ll have more chances to talk.”

I said, “You won’t be here long.”

He thought I was talking about their living at Moon River. They had just moved in. I think I assumed that was the meaning of what I said, as well.

Later I considered the words prophetic and spiritual in meaning - he wouldn’t be given to receive what I had for him much longer. So it was; we soon parted ways, not in enmity, but as a natural course of development. Opportunity from the Lord to hear is not to be taken for granted.

As it says:

“While it is said, ‘Today’ if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation” (Hebrews 3:15 MKJV).

Particle - Dream - Steve Harris Riding a Horse

In 1989, Marilyn dreamt of Steve. He was riding a small black horse on his property, driving it furiously. We haven’t known what to make of it.

Particle - New Friends

We met Dave and Pam Adams, a young couple at Moon River who had moved in not long before us. Both were schoolteachers in Lethbridge. As we visited, Marilyn received of them that they would be *“friends better than Archie and Cathie.”* This was a strange Word, particularly because of the comparison. Dave and Pam didn’t profess to believe as did Archie and Cathie, but they soon ended up identifying and sympathizing with us in a major and highly unpleasant Moon River incident in which Archie and Cathie weren’t involved.

Particle - Moon River Elections

Elections came up for executive positions of the Moon River Association. I was nominated, and there were those who thought I had a good chance of being elected, despite my many enemies. That’s because there were many who felt the stifling atmosphere in the community due to those in power and who were running for reelection. The people were also in disagreement with various developments and expenditures the executives were forcing on the community, yet they felt helpless to resist.

Ballots were cast and should have been counted publicly, but they weren’t. Instead, the Wheelers and Edens illegally took them and counted them at Frank Eden’s house, Frank being the former president and Wheelers supporting him. How convenient and transparent! As if that wasn’t the classical entrusting of the chickens to the fox, I don’t know the meaning of the proverb and never will. Needless to say, I wasn’t elected, at least not on record.

Frankly (enjoy the pun), I was relieved. I didn't feel at all the Lord was leading me in that direction, but the Wheelers were gloating, as though they pulled a fast one on me. The executive was now in place (mostly those who had already been there) for the next stage of the marvelous design of the Lord. The enemies were about to be caught in the terrible snare they laid for me.

Clarence Arnoldussen was elected chairman, Byron Neu vice chairman, Ed Langford secretary, John Van De Merwe director, and Jim King treasurer. Three out of five men were soured against me, excepting John and Ed (as far as I knew). However, they all supported the golf course Orr and Derricott were promoting.

Then there were those who unofficially ran the community in league with Clarence, those being Frank Eden, Al Wheeler, and Ron Crighton. As for John Van De Merwe, he was usually a very friendly fellow, whom Frank Eden referred to as a "cream puff." John was of a Christian/Dutch Reform denomination (not sure which), as was Clarence. I mention this because, at the time, I had little understanding of Reform people, but I was destined to receive it through revelation and the school of hard knocks.

I had little doubt that if there was ever a time of conflict, and Clarence and I were on opposite sides, John would support Clarence. It so happened, as you'll see. Clarence was a prominent, popular, successful citizen of the community. Who was I but what Al Wheeler would soon call me, a "shit disturber," that any should side with me?

Particle - The Water Guardian

Al Wheeler, owner of Hagen Electric Lethbridge Limited (HELL), was the waterman for Moon River. This was before the provincial government took over responsibility for our water. The community for the most part was beholden to Al, seeing he serviced its wells, cistern, and water system, day and night at reasonable expense. This gave Al considerable power and a sense of authority as to other aspects and activities of Moon River. He felt he had a say, if not a final one, and didn't hesitate to express his opinions in the boldest of terms.

Particle - The Glove Is Dropped

In his sales pitch on the golf course at a community meeting, Brent Derricott was manipulative and not forthcoming. We weren't comfortable with their perceived intentions and methods of operation. We heard the same from others in the community. It seemed to be a get-rich-quick scheme that would hurt not a few in the end and be another white elephant project, even as was the original Moon River Estates residential development.

Marilyn had taken notes. Coming home, she noticed the marked lack of answers in our notepad for all the questions asked. Several questions Derricott answered with his eyes closed, a peculiar thing, as though he didn't want us to see what he was thinking. We were hearing speech, but little if any substance.

Lesson: Take notes on presentations and study the value of the answers later; it may surprise you.

Word got to us that Frank Eden, Al Wheeler, and Clarence Arnoldussen were promoting the proposed golf course, though the executive should have allowed the community to make the decision by plebiscite. Clarence didn't seem too interested in risking a rejection, or he presumed he knew best for the community. He was already purchasing available vacant lots, speculating on

their appreciation in value. As far as these men were concerned, their hour of opportunity and relief from depressed real estate values had arrived.

Clarence even purchased a lot from John Van De Merwe, who had held an empty lot for some time at a depressed value. Al Wheeler bought an empty lot and Ed Langford was also looking to speculate. So who was left to speak for the community? Who should be executing the residents' wishes instead of executing the residents?

I spoke to several people who indicated they didn't want the golf course. They hadn't come to Moon River speculating, but because they enjoyed the privacy, quiet, and beauty. Some of these were Bev Magee, Walter Burton, Dave and Pam Adams, Art and Ann Adams, Steve Harris, Lloyd Sereda, John Shaskin, Ernie and Josie Smiley, and George Kush, as well as several others with whom I hadn't spoken.

I wanted to meet with the executive, asking them to bring the issue before the community. George Kush promised he would support me if we had a meeting, testifying as to what he heard would support our case with the executive.

Particle - November 10, 1989

I called Clarence on November 8th, asking for a time to talk. I said, "Clarence, this thing is a serious matter." He said he would get back to me.

According to the Cooperative Associations Act in Alberta legislation, under Consumer and Corporate Affairs, the Moon River Cooperative Association was required to abide by strict regulations, which weren't being recognized by the executive. When I spoke to the Crown Prosecutor, Gordon Faulkner, he said that if I mentioned names, he would be obligated to investigate.

It seemed I had the executive dead to rights in a serious way, though I wasn't certain. I knew I could take the legal step; however, Marilyn and I prayed about it and agreed the Lord would take care of things His way. I didn't expect Clarence was intentionally breaking laws, and we weren't interested in the matter becoming a legal one. Though tempted, I withheld names and details from Mr. Faulkner.

On November 9th, Clarence called, saying, "Okay, how about we meet tomorrow night, Friday, November 10th? You bring whoever you want and I'll bring whoever I want." I felt like something ominous was brewing. Ideally, one would expect the executive to be there to patiently hear residents' concerns. I would especially expect this of Clarence and his wife, seeing they professed faith in Christ. Not surprisingly, we were receiving a very different witness from God. We knew we were headed for trouble and went to prayer.

Recognizing Clarence was not out to do right, but to put me away, I had three choices as I saw it: **One**, forget the whole thing and let others bother about it, if they so wished; **two**, report and let the law handle it; or **three**, go to the appointed meeting, present our case, and let them do their worst. I knew I had to make the third choice. We knew it would be bad. A great heaviness came on us, but we had to endure it.

I let others know about the meeting. George Kush, Walter Burton, Steve Harris, and Dave Adams decided to come. I still recall that evening, as Marilyn and I walked to the fire hall, where meetings were held. It was lightly snowing, and we felt like we were going to the gallows.

When we arrived, they were all there waiting, gathered in a small back room, chatting with one another. Stacking chairs were set up in a circle, Clarence straight across from us, and sitting next to him was John Van De Merwe; they were both dressed in black trousers. On Clarence's right was Al Wheeler.

Then there was Walter Burton, Dave Adams, and next to me, on my left, was Jim King. Marilyn was on my right and immediately next to her, also dressed in black, was Frank Eden. Also present were Byron Neu, Ron Crighton, who was very drunk, and Steve Harris.

Someone passed some beer around. Clarence drank. Dave Adams declined, if offered any. We weren't offered any and would have declined if so. Steve, whom we vaguely hoped might conduct himself empathetically with us, went to drinking with the rest of them. I believe Walter was also drinking, he having been known to have a weakness for alcohol.

Clarence called the meeting to order immediately and asked me to start by expressing my concerns. I barely opened my mouth, starting with how it was rumored the executive was already informally approving the golf course and was land speculating, when they should instead be apprising the residents of the implications and determining if the community wanted the course in the first place (many residents weren't in favor).

Those were the words I intended to get out, but didn't come anywhere near it. An uproar almost immediately ensued, primarily coming from Al Wheeler, who, it was evident, couldn't wait to vent. Al bellowed, preached, and insulted, not remotely having a grasp of, or the least interest in, what I was saying or the implications of what they were doing, legally or otherwise. While he bellowed, Clarence smiled and others cheered as they guzzled their beers.

Frank Eden also set to constant interruptions and accusations in a high-pitched voice. Ron Crighton, so drunk he could hardly speak and resentful of my opposing his own personal golf course scheme, began to rail out loud, as well as curse and swear; he would do so throughout the entire meeting.

Occasionally, Byron Neu would shout short statements against me. Jim King sat by quietly, objecting only to the fact he was suspected of speculating along with the others. Though I don't know for sure, he seemed to be aware of possible legal implications in what the executive were doing and wasn't going to have any part in it.

Steve Harris sat by, silently drinking his beer. Walter Burton, a timid fellow, sat silent, visibly intimidated and red in face. Dave Adams also sat silently. These last three uttered not a word throughout the entire meeting.

Frank boasted of his honor, how he sold an empty lot next to his home to someone who called back asking if Frank now wanted more for it, seeing values were suddenly to spike upwards. Frank quoted himself as having responded, "You know what, 'So-and-So'? I don't do business that way!" I marveled at how these men were self-aggrandizing, testifying of their virtues.

I wasn't there to discuss their moral fiber or self-perceived social image and status, but to deal with the golf course issue, which, obviously, was morally related. Not only was their conduct immoral, but almost certainly illegal. But this night, a few of them were moral giants, strutting their integrity before one another like peacocks spreading their tails in full array.

Al Wheeler boasted of dickering down the sale price for a lot he purchased that was already selling at a low price.

Then Clarence spoke up. He began by talking of himself as one with honorable intentions, claiming he had purchased the lot from John Van De Merwe, not to speculate, but as a prospective site for his eldest son. He would occasionally look to John, and John would smile back - another man saying not a word throughout the entire meeting.

Finally, Clarence rabidly tore into me for several minutes. He was raging, as were several others.

Whenever I tried to say something, Al, Frank, Ron, Byron, and Clarence shouted me down. While Clarence was chairing, he wasn't judicial by any means. He didn't even try to appear objective. Frank and Clarence were friendly toward Marilyn, declaring they weren't blaming her, but me.

For a couple of hours, they railed angrily while I could only pray silently, thank God, submit to the circumstances, and commend myself to His sovereignty over all. In spite of the horrible circumstances and my distress, I had an abiding peace within.

Particle - A Betrayal

George Kush was there to testify on our behalf, but suddenly spoke up for them instead, without mentioning a word of what he had promised to say. Indeed, he said the opposite. He ended his words with, "And I don't lie!" like a little boy looking for praise from his parents. They could all see he was a sycophant, without integrity, but weren't about to reject his support. Why wasn't I surprised George would act and speak as he did?

When Clarence was done and the meeting adjourned, he offered his hand and I accepted. Why? I don't know, except I wanted him to know there was no personal ill will. Perhaps I thought it was simply the Christian thing to do.

Particle - A Vision and a Time Fulfilled

We left for home, somewhat in a daze. On the way, we dropped in on Dave Adams who sympathized some, declaring it was a lynching and if it had happened in the Old West, it would have been literal. He was busy bathing his infant daughter, Brittany, and promised to visit us.

We then dropped in on Steve Harris, who blurted, "Why do you do that to yourself?" suggesting, I believe, I shouldn't speak up, but let affairs go as power brokers pleased. When Marquise, his wife, asked what happened, Steve replied there was a brutal lynching. Finding everything empty and ourselves disconsolate, we headed home.

Immediately arriving home, we got on our knees before the Lord, asking Him what happened and why. Marilyn was temporarily angry with me for confronting people on their offenses, thinking perhaps Steve was right that I shouldn't take issue with people in these kinds of things. She was crying.

It was approximately 10:30 PM. As we knelt there, suddenly God reminded me of the [vision](#) I had in October of 1987 at our Queens rental home. He said that vision was now fulfilled. Wow! I was amazed. The vision had come to pass years before I expected it ever could or would.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - The Aftermath

The next day, the Wheelers and Arnolds were out on the street in front of our home, openly celebrating and, later, giving one another gifts. We were shunned and despised. The next few years were to be very lonely and dismal for us in the community. However, they would be much darker and more dismal in the near future for our enemies. God wouldn't take these things lightly.

Dave and Pam Adams came over to console us and to encourage us not to leave Moon River, not that it crossed our minds. Pam was even tearful. It seemed they were hoping for a savior from the tyranny, not realizing God had provided one that crucial night. We didn't realize it ourselves for some time.

We were hoping for more empathy from them in weeks to come. I would call and leave messages, and they would never return the calls. As a result, I grew cold toward them for their inconsideration, which was terribly childish and wrong of me. I was partially disappointed with them, given the [Word](#) Marilyn had received of them. I recall Pam having said something to Dave that he should have returned my calls.

They soon sold their house, leaving the community in defeat. I suspect my attitude might perhaps have precipitated their quick departure from Moon River. Years later, in 1994, I met them at Zeller's and we had a friendly talk, though Pam seemed cautious or wondered how Dave might react.

Sometime after, I tried to visit them once at their new home to speak to them personally, but they were absent, so I left it to be worked out in God's way and time. I apologize to you, Dave and Pam, for my attitude.

Particle - Forty Months Exactly

Days or weeks later, I was going through my journal and spotted some relative dates. I saw the date of the vision I had in Stettler of the mare birthing a colt - **July 10, 1986**. I saw the date of the Moon River fire hall "conflagration" - **November 10, 1989**. I measured the time and discovered it to be *forty months*. I had also recorded the time of the vision, late evening, and realized its fulfillment was *forty months to the hour*.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - The Lord, with Seven Fearful Names

Shortly after the event, while sitting in the living room, I had a vision of the Lord standing on the loft balcony of our home, looking north-northwest, in the direction of Alan Orr's property, swinging an iron rod in fury and bringing judgment. He had Seven Names, which I was commanded not to utter or reveal. Was there a name for each of the seven major players?

Thereafter followed tragedies of these people, not all of them major players:

Ron Crighton died of painful prostate cancer shortly after the event.

Frank Eden moved away and shortly after found himself in hot criticism by the public as an executive of the Chinook Health Region. I had discovered firsthand that criticism was something he could never stand, so he got more, which is how things work.

Jim King was angry he was implicated in the monetary ambitions of the executive, protesting he wasn't involved. That was all he had to say at the meeting. I believe he wasn't involved, yet in spirit was complicit; while aware, he wasn't willing to support an honest effort to help the community.

Jim King's son got in trouble with the law for fraud with a bank. Years later, seeing Jim's home vacant for a long time, I discovered his wife, Pat, had left him, though I have heard since then that their marriage was restored.

Byron Neu's son, Anders, was frequently in trouble with the law, bringing grief to his parents, who simply wouldn't listen to my reports and requests to restrain Anders; Byron scorned me instead. They wouldn't listen to me and Anders wouldn't listen to them. After some years, Byron and Debbie divorced, and she fell ill to cancer.

I heard Clarence, Al Wheeler, and others lost their investments in the course because it all went under as we knew it would, though Clarence likely made money on the acreage he got from his Reform friend, John.

A few years later, Clarence and his wife, Joanna, whom the Lord revealed to me was the power center of Moon River, moved away, very bitter toward me. This was relayed to me by the Overbeeks, who bought the Arnoldussen home.

In 2003, Arnoldussen's son, Joel, who had troubled us constantly, committed suicide or died by overdose of drugs, in the fourteenth year after the fire hall event.

John Van de Merwe seemed to be okay for years. However, he favored Clarence at the meeting and certainly took no stand for truth. Later, he would discover Clarence had purchased the lot from him for a song, in speculation of the golf course. John told me recently he had fallen into serious, prolonged depression and illness, losing much weight and looking quite haggard.

A note of commendation for John: He has been a friendly neighbor; he has helped us with car boosts when needed, without charge. But, oy vey, his wife, Isabel, with a face of granite stone, could never bring herself to wave to us as she drove by, though I waved many times.

Ed Langford was not there the night of the dark meeting, but sought to profit on the golf course development and was upset with me for not getting involved in the community thereafter. It wasn't long before he died of a horrible cancer eating away at his jaw.

Alan Orr, the ambitious developer, went bankrupt, moving back with his wife and five or six children into his mother's home. A bit embarrassing for the developer of a whole community of homes.

Brent Derricott, a shady character indeed, was reported running from the law, last I heard, sought by Asian investors who were bilked by him.

Walter Burton soon moved away, selling his house below market value.

George Kush had no friends in the community and has been bitter toward me for temporarily ignoring him. His wife, Josephine, has been quite friendly and ever cheerful.

For a long while, it seemed that nothing happened to Al Wheeler, though we know his wife, Kay, was a driving force in his conduct, “the hand behind the throne.” I recently found out they lost a son a few years ago, and Al died with dementia or Alzheimer’s.

Particle - “Somebody Up There Is Certainly Watching Over You!”

The patio doors to our back deck were low and narrow. I had the impression Bill Syme had chosen these because he was trying to be energy-efficient. They were so inconvenient, however, it was difficult to do so much as carry a tray out on deck. We replaced the doors with wider ones and put an ad in the paper to sell the former.

An elderly Mormon couple from another town responded to the ad and came for the doors with their pickup truck. I helped the man load. We took one door, laid it down on the bed of his truck box, covered it with a blanket, and went back for the other half of the door system. I took the initiative to get up on the truck with my end of the patio door. I completely forgot about the door on the truck floor. I stepped right on top of it.

“*Crunch, tinkle, tinkle!*” went the glass under my army boots. My heart immediately sank like a rock in free fall - on two counts: the embarrassment of the foolishness of such an imbecilic move, and the financial loss.

“*Oh no!*” I cried out in alarm while the fellow immediately hung his head in what appeared to be quiet shock, embarrassment, and disappointment, perhaps not only for himself, but also for me. Having clearly heard the breaking of the glass, we were immediately resigned to an altogether new scenario in our transaction, socially and business-wise.

We set the second door down by the side of the truck. I moaned, groaned, and apologized, feeling so foolish. I slowly bent down to remove the blanket covering the broken glass to begin cleaning the mess.

I pulled it back and saw nothing amiss. I looked again, this time examining the whole door and couldn’t believe my eyes. There was no broken glass! Yet we had both heard the unmistakable sound and fully expected to see the inescapable consequences. There lay the door, perfectly fine. I checked it all over, again and again, not quite able to believe it. Of course, he also checked, quite carefully. There was no break; there was not even so much as a fine crack. I was astounded. The gentleman shook his head in amazement. “Somebody up there is certainly watching over you!” he quietly exclaimed.

I felt like crying and rejoicing at the same time. Then and there, I was moved to quietly but audibly thank the Lord. I then had to declare to the fellow how we knew the Lord was taking care of us.

Why had the Lord done this for me? Why didn’t He likewise cover for me in so many other situations? I had no answers to these questions until now, years later, as I write about this. Given the sorrow we were feeling from the horrible experience we had recently gone through with the Moon River executive and community, perhaps God had done this as an encouragement. I have known Him to do that. As well, He was giving a testimony to the Mormon couple that He was looking after us, who were not Mormons, in spite of my foolishness.

I recall how He had done the same sort of thing when He healed [Laura Bradford](#) in 1976, just after the people at the [Campbell meeting](#) dumped on us.

I also recall how He had revealed to us, by a second dream back in those days, our innocence concerning [Dr. Lorne Rabuka and Wally Hlewka](#), when Wally turned away from following the Lord after I “lost it,” to my great sorrow.

I was to discover the Lord doing so much more for us as a result of that fateful day of **November 10th** at the Moon River fire hall.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Miraculous Healings Pour In

What a wonder and totally unexpected blessing it was when, after the “lynching,” spiritual healings poured in for me, one after another. I have logged close to seventy. What seemed like falling headlong into a deep pit was actually stumbling upon a giant, priceless treasure trove!

The first healing I noticed, and marveled at, was finding myself immediately resting on Sundays in a way I never had before, not because there was anything special about Sundays, but because I had always known only anxiety and restlessness on that day though I never really realized what was going on.

After the healing, the Lord revealed the root cause of the torment. As children, we were taken to church every Sunday to attend Mass at the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Dauphin. Those mornings were very troubling.

Dad and Mom were usually in a bit of a panic. I don’t believe anyone really wanted to go to church, not even the parents. Farm chores would have to be done earlier, we would rush through breakfast, and washing up was a chore in itself. We would have to dress in our Sunday best, with ill-fitting clothes and uncomfortable dress shoes.

Often late, we were forced to finish our grooming and cleansing on the way to town in our ‘52 Ford. To wash the dirt from our ears and the mucous from our eyes, my mother would turn around in her front seat to face us in the back, spitting on a handkerchief and wiping us down. My ears were sometimes a bit sore from the ordeal.

The church was crammed with people, the air was stuffy with windows closed, particularly in winter, and the frankincense used in the Mass and the body odor and perfume of poor older people mingled to stifle the air and make one nauseous. The Mass was in Slavonic, a foreign language of which we had little to no understanding. The whole event, lasting about one and a half hours, was ceremonial, formal, and utterly boring.

Besides, we had to confess our sins to the priest, which was never pleasant. Do this week after week for years in your childhood and see if you don’t get conditioned to feel troubled and restless on that day of the week.

Well, the Lord healed me of that trauma I wasn’t even aware I had. The Moon River fire hall conflagration was cleansing me! Ironically, the fire hall began to represent fire produced, not doused; desired, not feared; for good, not evil.

One might think the traumatic experience of being trashed by the executive would bring nightmares. Instead, the horrid event erased many old tormenting dreams plaguing me over the years since childhood. Some of them I’ve already recounted - [here](#) and [here](#) - plus others.

Who says there is no God?

Other healings were personality related. The Lord was removing fears, misconceptions, and scars. It was a time of new beginnings, as Marilyn had received on **July 10, 1986**. It was as though I was put in a furnace, in which the fire destroyed impurities in me.

One of the healings...

Particle - Should Haves/Shouldn't Haves

I had a terrible habit of indecision after the fact, and of doubts and regrets. Doing something, I would later think I shouldn't have, or having not done something, feeling I should have. What torment! A major part of it was removed that night.

However, I've also learned one must be on guard against habits reappearing and retrenching themselves. As Jesus said:

"Behold, you are made whole. Sin no more, lest a worse thing come to you" (John 5:14 MKJV).

Particle - Hobnobbing Hobbled

I had gotten into a careless habit of visiting rather often with the neighbors, particularly Kay Wheeler across the road from us, who was always at home in her yard and ready to gossip. It seems I had become a part-time busybody. We got into conversations about several people for which I am now ashamed. The conflagration at the Moon River fire hall put an end to it, thankfully.

The hobnobbing with Wheelers came to an end because they were offended with my stance against the Crighton golf course, but hobnobbing in general ended for me by the fire hall correction.

Particle - Food and Weight Issues, and Being Troubled

The Lord has employed two factors for humbling me, to various degrees, all my Christian life. One has been my problem with food and weight. I simply have eaten too much and have only been able to limit my intake and reduce weight when granted the grace to do so. It has been no end of trouble and torment for me.

The second has been my mental and emotional troubling, usually occurring in the night and especially in the wee hours of the morning. I would be troubled about so many things, yet none of them really meant anything or had any root in sin, or were a true threat of any kind.

Marilyn has spent literally thousands of hours over the years, patiently working with me in those troubled times. Sometimes, I was okay; at other times, we spent three, four, or more hours talking. Often, it would be talking about the same things or sorts of things. Seldom, if ever, was anything satisfactorily or permanently resolved.

Much of this second problem dissipated when I received my healings on the heels of the conflagration.

Particle - The World Hates Losers

News spread that the executive trashed us, and we were soon shunned by our neighbors. Whether out of fear or contempt, people naturally tend to shy away from any discussion or involvement with those who have lost or failed. When Jesus Christ was arrested and condemned to death, people mocked and beat Him, taking pleasure in His sufferings and eventual demise. Even His closest companions abandoned Him.

But there's a time for losing, and it's a crucial part of the spiritual process of growth and development. Life without losing is like harvest without sowing. Seeds have to be "sacrificed" to the earth in order to bring forth new life. Everybody enjoys harvest far more than sowing. We were compelled to be "laid in the ground" for a time.

We came to understand there was far more involved than healings for me.

Particle - Black Angels over the Harris House

Shortly after the event of November 10th, I had a vision wherein I saw black angels above Harris' house and property, cursing everything there. Sometime later, I saw in a book a picture of the crucifixion, and dark entities, very similar to those I saw over the Harris property, tormenting the dead thief who had railed on Jesus. I told Steve about these things.

Some years later, I saw his wife trying to start a stalled vehicle. A demon had caused the problem, and the demon was in her.

Particle - How Common Are Devils in People?

Is it strange that someone should have a demon?

My three brothers had devils. I have little doubt my father had them, and my sister and mother have them. My father's father had them, as testified by others in the Hafichuk family. We have dealt with devils in my brother's children and in many others. I've no doubt those condemning us at the fire hall were possessed of devils.

When Jesus walked the earth, He delivered many people of unclean spirits.

For people to be possessed of devils is far more common than most are aware. In what the Lord has given us to know and experience these past few decades, I would say it is highly likely more people have devils than do not.

Particle - Devils See Devils

Almost invariably, to see devils is to be possessed of them. We met a lady in Prince Albert at the Campbell home meetings who said she saw devils running around in her home. She was frightened. We have also met others who saw devils in their circumstances. While we could discern there were devils in people, we could never physically see them.

It wasn't long before we realized that those who did physically see devils weren't seeing them by the Spirit of the Lord, but by the devils residing within them. And the devils they were seeing weren't in the outward, physical environment, but within their own being. Archie, for example, saw nine men sitting in business suits, claiming ownership of his soul. Those were evil spirits within, possessing him.

This isn't to say that all who have devils can see them or that those who have visions of devils, in some cases, are inhabited by them.

The vast majority have no idea they're possessed or inhabited. Neither is demonic possession something to be unduly alarmed about, lest any reading this should be frightened. Devils are subject to the Lord Jesus Christ, like it or not (and they don't), and to those in whom Christ dwells, who, by faith, walk with Him. Whether by repentance or by the grace of God, people can be, and eventually will be, delivered from all devils.

Sometimes the deliverance comes automatically through obedience on certain points. Sometimes deliverance comes because someone is prayed for, not because the subject has repented of something, but because he or she simply needed deliverance from devils to which they hadn't personally yielded themselves in the first place; they may have been born with them. The Second Commandment speaks of God's visiting the [iniquity](#) of the fathers to the third and fourth generation. There comes a time when the visitation of iniquity comes to term, and the person of that final generation is released.

Particle - Sierra Wolfe

In January of 1990, when visiting Paul in Helena, we dropped by his work place, Davis Business Machines. There we met a new employee, Sierra Wolfe. I had seen a picture of her and was impressed. I hoped Paul had met his true lifelong partner. She was pretty and vivacious, and I liked her. She later remarked to Paul that she could sometimes see auras around people and had seen the largest she ever saw when she met me. It left her somewhat stunned.

When we returned to Canada, I wrote in my journal that Sierra was intended for Paul. At the time she was living with her boyfriend, whom she married that summer. Sometime around then, I told Paul what I had seen about her. He had also seen several things happening with Sierra that seemed to confirm this. But with his eyes ever on the prospect of getting married, his idol, he fell to disappointment and bitterness over Sierra's marriage (though she never was a believer). He left Davis Business Machines at the end of 1992 for another job.

Sierra left Davis a few years later, moving to Wyoming, and eventually left her husband for another man she knew from childhood.

I've often wondered about what I heard about her being intended for Paul. We didn't know at the time there was a problem with Paul, a giant monkey on his back that wouldn't be removed for several years to come.

Particle - Prophecy to Sierra Wolfe

These were words I wrote to Sierra on March 9th, 1990:

“The blessings of God, the great things coming to you, which you yourself spoke of and which I've been informed of independently of you, are that Kingdom of God, and if you take an honest look at your past, you'll see you've been under God's wrath. And this I say not only by a given inner knowledge, but the Scriptures (God's Word) authoritatively bear witness, which you and I know to be true.

If, as you claim, you can feel what I'm thinking, you'll know my thoughts towards you are in compassion and for your good. You'll also know I have much more to say to you, but it will not be forced on you, God willing. You'll have to ask for it, even this last message, because you've said, 'I don't want to hear anymore.'

The wrath of God must continue until you say, 'I want what's right; I want to live according to God's Laws, which is true freedom, and not according to my lawlessness, which is not freedom at all, but which I have called freedom.'

Concerning the wrath of God, you are being confronted by Him at this time in your life because He loves you and chooses to teach you His ways and His will for your life that His wrath could be removed from you and His blessings bestowed on you.

At this moment you fear the requirements of salvation as your destruction and choose to cling to your destruction as though it were your salvation.

You have been given to know I speak the truth and it is for your good and, if necessary, you will discover the truth of what I'm saying the hard way. Whether you choose to believe or not, every one of my words will be vindicated, and you'll know indeed Almighty God has spoken to you."

This prophetic letter was never delivered to her. Of what use, then, was the prophecy, or why should anyone rightfully think it was from God? Consider that when Noah built the ark, Scripture says he condemned the world, though most people in his day would not have heard of him until long after the event.

Also consider that when Jesus, at one point, spoke of several cities like Tyre, Sidon, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, He wasn't present with or in them when He spoke. When He looked over Jerusalem and spoke His words to it, the residents didn't hear those words. Nonetheless, those words were the expression of spiritual reality, which would be fulfilled.

Particle - Back To Basics

In one of these years, the Lord began to impress upon me something quite significant and foundational. I was receiving we would be *"going back to the basics of life."* I had no idea what it meant, and we wouldn't know for several more years.

Particle - "Get It from Me First"

Many were the times when I took unjustified accusations and criticisms of others to heart, being troubled by them, sometimes for days or more, sometimes coming and going for years. One day I heard the Lord say, *"From now on, before you believe something, be sure to get it from Me first."* In other words, *"If it doesn't come from Me, don't believe it."*

Particle - God or Dog - Choose Which It Will Be

We met Shawn Smith when Lois and Archie were doing some renovations for him. Shawn was single and professed faith in Jesus Christ. I believe he was going to a Baptist church at the time, perhaps Park Meadows.

Shawn had a German Shepherd he prized. It seemed to have the run of the house and would even take food off the table. Shawn would give it a mild rebuke and think no more of it. Without discipline, the dog would do whatever it chose. Shawn told us the dog was quite special, that the RCMP had recognized potential in the dog and offered to buy it. He agreed to the sale, but then changed his mind. He didn't wish to part with the dog and reneged on his commitment.

Shawn and I spoke of the Lord and what the Lord's will was for his life. He was not happy with the church he was at. He also had friends who weren't content with their religious affiliation, namely a lawyer who was practicing in Pincher Creek.

While we desired to have others join in fellowship with us, I was still given the grace to direct people to a relationship with God, rather than with us or with me. As we talked, the dog came up. The Lord soon revealed to me Shawn's dog was very important to him - too important. I was directed to call on Shawn to surrender the dog.

I received his reply not long after by letter, as well as by phone. He was very upset. He called me a legalist and declared I was preaching law and bondage. It seemed apparent he had been talking to others who also worked him up, but I knew the case was one of not being willing to part with a god, his dog. He went his way and we didn't speak again, though I tried to write him, the essence of the letter being:

“Shawn, Jesus called on the rich young ruler to sell all he had, give it to the poor, and in so doing, he would have treasure in Heaven. Furthermore, the fellow was called upon to follow as a disciple. All you were asked to do is give up your dog! If I'm a preacher of law and bondage, what then might the Lord Jesus be? The fact is, you spell 'God' backwards. That's your problem, and if you insist on keeping your god, it will not profit you at all. You are in idolatry and that is why the Lord has asked you to give it up.”

We didn't hear from him again.

Particle - Gerald Thompson of Great Falls

Paul met Gerald Thompson, a black man who had been in the USAF, suffered mental stress, and was now medicated, considerably incapacitated, obese, and living on social assistance in a run-down suite. Yet he was very religious and spoke as though he had much faith, knowledge, and spiritual virtue.

We had much snail-mail correspondence with him. A peculiar thing was that we received two very different kinds of letters from him with distinct attitudes and personalities. Even the handwriting was distinctly different, though we knew all the letters were from him. We believed we were dealing with devils. However, there never seemed to be any leading or opening to deal with him or them. The time would come when we were in for a surprising revelation and lesson.

Particle - Saving Trees

The 10-year-old poplar trees the neighbors had planted on the border between us, twelve of which were on our side of the property line, were suffering, if not dying, of canker. The Arnoldussens were using chemicals to treat them.

Satisfactory results from their treatments weren't evident, and we didn't want chemicals anywhere near our yard, so we offered to take care of the trees. It appeared the trees wouldn't last much longer at the rate they were going.

What did I know about trees? Nothing at all, but I asked the Lord for wisdom and He gave it (Oh, how I could have asked for wisdom so many times for much greater things! Is there anything wiser than to ask questions when we lack knowledge or understanding?). I decided to discontinue chemical treatment and give them lots of water. It worked; they revived and began to flourish. Twenty-five years later, they're still there. They've given us wonderful shade as the sun rises in the east and, for the neighbors, a very effective windbreak from the strong westerly winds.

If you have those ugly black bulges called "canker" on your poplar trees, it's likely because the trees are dying of thirst. Give them plenty of water and they'll be fine.

I also asked the Arnoldussens to remove the cotoneaster hedge on our side of the trees, well into our property, which they did. It was forever catching garbage on our side (being downwind from the westerlies blowing across our yard). Good for them, but not for us - how selfish of me.

Particle - An Arrowhead for Flowers

I planted a "wildflower" garden in one area of the border between Arnoldussens and us. Some of those were considered weeds and likely were, but not all. There were Prairie Sunflowers, Brown-Eyed Susans, Flax (which produces beautiful dainty blue flowers), and others. Joanna decided to take Roundup herbicide and spray them all.

I couldn't believe her nerve! From our deck, I watched her do it. Realizing what she had done, I immediately tried to stop the effects, dragging my garden hose out as fast as I could and watering the flowers down, hoping to sufficiently minimize the impact. It was hopeless. Everything died.

A week or more later, I began to dig the garden up, thinking to do something else with it. I hit something hard with my hand spade and up came something to cheer me up - an Indian arrowhead! As a kid growing up on a Manitoba farm, neighbors would find stone arrow, spear, tomahawk, and hammer heads. I would be on the watch and never find any. Then decades later, along comes Joanna killing my flower garden and I get an arrowhead. I almost thanked her for it.

Then I was told our community is on an ancient Blackfoot Indian burial ground, next to the Blood Reserve.

Particle - Peeping Tom?

It came to my ears one day that the Van de Merwes had made a remark to others about my being a "peeping Tom." I was shocked. How was I a peeping Tom? Why would they say such a thing? Then we heard it came from Joanna Arnoldussen next door. Again, the question: Why?

In those days, I didn't usually have it in me to pursue a matter to the person responsible. I thought it was more or less my Christian duty to suffer these things quietly, and indeed, I believe it was; it wasn't my time to confront these matters and wouldn't be for years - not that one should pursue them as a rule.

Marilyn and I pondered and prayed about the situation as to how this notion could have originated. It occurred to us that we bird watched with our binoculars periodically, focusing on some birds in

the large poplars between the Arnoldussens and us (our homes were about 30 meters apart). They had a bathroom off the rear entrance to their home, the window of which faced in our direction. They must have seen us using the binoculars in their direction and assumed we were spying on them.

Particle - Appearing to be Right Important

Someone once said it isn't enough to be right; one must *appear* to be right. I've often wondered, "How can one watch every move he makes so even appearances aren't construed as wrong?" The answer to that question is, "One can't avoid appearances altogether. People will see what they wish to see and not necessarily what is there. It is the perspective and motive of the observer that determines what is seen. **We don't see with our eyes, but with our minds.**" Appearing to be right is an impossible task, not that we shouldn't try to present ourselves as we ought to be.

Elbert Hubbard said, "Never explain - your friends do not need it and your enemies will not believe you anyway."

Though it seemed this rumor evaporated into thin air, we would see it rear its ugly head after many years.

Particle - Compensation

Ever since we were married, Marilyn suffered intense menstrual cramps. Sometime in 1988-1990, I believe, she was in great pain, doubled up and writhing on the floor. We prayed; I asked the Lord what was happening and why. A Word came to me, "*Compensation.*" I thought something was being corrected in Marilyn's system and left it at that. What would be coming never entered our minds; we didn't expect it in our wildest dreams.

Particle - A Home for Archie and Family

As I was weeding the lawn one day in 1989 or 1990 (or perhaps later), I was wondering if we could get Archie a home. I heard the Lord say, "*You'll be buying them a home.*" Little did I know how it would happen and where it would lead us.

Particle - More Un-Neighbors

A few homes away from us lived another Netherlands Reform family, Jake and Hanny Van Liere. They had several children. The eldest boy was Quinn. He was looking for work, so I offered him the job of weeding dandelions out of our lawn by hand - something he scorned, having the attitude of, "Why aren't you using 2,4-D?"

As with most people, they had no problem taking the quick, easy chemical way, using herbicides and pesticides in their yards. Though they were religious, the natural environment meant nothing at all to them.

Quinn and his younger brother, John, were less than respectful toward us, to put it mildly. John once mockingly remarked, when watching me dig out dandelions, that perhaps they would soon see us cutting the lawn with scissors. Joking is one thing, which I don't mind, but mockery is another. That, I mind.

Often the kids would go by mocking as I weeded. I knew their parents also knew I weeded by hand. Jake, their father, was the typical cynic, whose job was to let everyone know how pious and wise he was, while others simply didn't measure up because they didn't go to his church or at least have the same general, Calvinistic doctrinal mentality. Not all, but many Dutch Reform people we've met have been so self-righteous and contemptuous of others.

Particle - Christians the Greatest Unrealists

So often we've seen professing Christians ignore the basics of life on earth. The saying holds true: "They're so Heavenly-minded, they're no earthly good." Not that most Reform people are Heavenly-minded; they don't have a clue about Heaven.

Of course, there are many who are "so earthly-minded, they're no Heavenly good." I think that saying would suit them better. Frankly, being so scornful of those who don't believe as they do, it doesn't seem they're much good for either world.

Why is it we find hippies, New Agers, environmentalists, Buddhists, and other religious and philosophical peoples caring about the environment, natural health care, organic food production and consumption, and recycling, while most nominal Christians disdain those principles along with those who try to live by them? How is it these others, whom Christians don't believe have faith in or reverence for God, care more for God's creation and fellow man than most professing Christians do?

How is it those who profess faith in a good, clean, holy God are so reckless and careless, indulging in extravagant, wasteful, and destructive lifestyles against His creation? Just who do they think they are? Why are they so willingly ignorant, irresponsible, and... unholy?

I'll tell you why. They simply don't believe as they presume, profess, or pretend. They worship a god made in their own image and call it "Jesus Christ." They couldn't care less about their Creator or their neighbor. And when someone makes an honest effort to stand against chemical pollution and destruction of the environment, these "Christians" don't give credit where credit is due; they don't even remain neutral. They give no credit or honor to those who don't believe or follow their "Christian" doctrine or ways of worship, though these others are trying to live by sound, wholesome principles.

Many nominal Christians, especially Reform people, mock and scorn others, because they believe they're the righteous chosen of God, appointed to have dominion over the earth. They presume to do as they please because they're predestinated to go to Heaven, though they serve the destroyer in devastating God's earth in their ignorance and criminal negligence.

They honestly believe, on the other hand, that all others who care about the quality of the environment will go to hell for all eternity because they weren't predestined to have God's favor and to believe and "belong" as they do. Talk about self-righteousness! Speak of an eye not being single! Speak of rank hypocrisy! Oh, we have Pharisees today, broods of vipers; indeed, we do.

So why would God have unbelievers, who are predestined for eternal damnation, stand up and try to protect His creation while others chosen for eternal bliss do as they please, destroying what He, Who is Love, created? Talk about a wakeup shakeup coming for these religious vermin.

Here's what God says about their attitude towards His creation:

“And the twenty-four elders sitting before God on their thrones, fell on their faces and worshiped God, saying, ‘We thank You, O Lord God Almighty, Who are, and Who was, and Who is coming, because You took Your great power and reigned. And the nations were full of wrath, and Your wrath came, and the time of the judging of the dead, and to give the reward to Your servants the prophets, and to the saints, and to the ones fearing Your Name, to the small and to the great, and to destroy those destroying the earth” (Revelation 11:16-18 MKJV).

Particle - The Price of Hypocrisy

The price of hypocrisy is a dear one.

Jake Van Liere has a debilitating disease. It doesn't occur to him the wrath of God is on him for his attitude and spirit. To try to say anything to him is an open invitation to be scoffed. As Solomon says:

“Never correct conceited people; they will hate you for it. But if you correct the wise, they will respect you” (Proverbs 9:8 GNB).

“Any who love knowledge want to be told when they are wrong. It is stupid to hate being corrected” (Proverbs 12:1 GNB).

“It's a school of hard knocks for those who leave God's path, a dead-end street for those who hate God's rules” (Proverbs 15:10 MSG).

How can these people presume physical death will usher their scornful spirits into the Presence of a Holy God and His saints and angels? Why not assume they can walk into His dining room with human feces all over their shoes, clothing, hands, and faces?

If I have to leave this earth for an eternal home with such companions or neighbors, send me to a place quite opposite, which I suppose would be hell - or would it be Heaven?

Particle - Having a Son

One day I was musing about what it would be like to have a son. I wasn't wishing for one; I was simply briefly wondering. Before Marilyn and I were married, a doctor informed us Marilyn wouldn't be able to have children. In all our sixteen years of marriage, we never desired children.

Particle - “I Will Show You What I Have Done For You”

One day, the Lord spoke to me saying, *“I will show you what I have done for you.”* He then prepared us to take a trip back to Saskatchewan and Manitoba, the provinces of our spiritual roots and infancy. There we would revisit old acquaintances, none of which continued with us in the way the Lord had led us; indeed, they faulted us. We set out October 9th, 1990, heading to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Particle - Information and Confirmation from Dave Grier

The first person we called on was [Dave Grier](#). The last time we had [seen](#) Dave was in the fall of 1976 when he returned to his and our home in Prince Albert for some personal belongings. This was

some weeks after the prophecy I had spoken to him, whereby he was *“delivered over to the destroyer for the destruction of the flesh.”* After the prophecy, he joined himself to Mount Zion Christian Center, led by co-pastors Bill Kellers and Dave Roberts, to which [Mickey and Lynn](#) had returned when leaving us months before Dave did.

Dave Grier was now married, with a few children. He had married a member of Mount Zion. Almost the entire church of nearly a thousand had been comprised of singles - a peculiar thing. Dave began to tell us what happened with them and Mount Zion. Bill Kellers and Dave Roberts were found out to be homosexuals. This blew their church sky high.

Suddenly, close to a thousand young congregants were on the street, many shocked and disillusioned. Bill and Dave went back to the States. Many of the congregation married one another (sad to say that today I must add: “males with females”) and returned to their former churches, or scattered to other churches, and some quit church attendance altogether.

We asked Dave and his wife about Mickey and Lynn Patrick. They said they occasionally heard from them; they were now living in Regina. We purposed, Lord willing, to visit Mickey and Lynn, as well.

Dave Grier’s wife was former Ultra Orthodox. She rejoined the Ultra Orthodox Church with Dave, and Dave became a member in good standing. The church was very pleased with him, and he was so pleased with their being pleased with him. I suddenly remembered how Dave had always been a [man-pleaser](#).

Few churches are greater or more elaborate in ritual and form than the Orthodox. Dave had been taken into the deepest, darkest recesses of nominal Christendom. Indeed, he had been delivered over to the destroyer, the prince of darkness and of the gates of hell, even as I had [prophesied](#) over him fourteen years earlier.

I marveled as we sat there and heard all these things. I recalled how God had kept us from Mount Zion, in spite of Dave’s enthusiastic participation there and his critical judgment of our “legalism,” and in spite of Mickey’s [urgings](#) to us to join them, lest we should “fall into the vicious delusion of the enemy.”

We recalled how, after we trusted God’s direction in 1977 away from the thriving and lively Mount Zion, the supposed “move of God,” He [revealed](#) to us Kellers and Roberts were beasts. This was years before the congregants found out their secret.

As I shared these things with Dave and reminded him of the prophecy and of things I had said to him fourteen years earlier, he was visibly unsettled. His wife was alarmed and broke out in loud protests. Suddenly, I was silent.

Why didn’t we have anything more to say? Why couldn’t we plead or refute or respond somehow in a positive way for their sakes? I don’t know, except I had no hope of change for them, and I wasn’t given anything more to say.

When Dave’s wife broke out with alarm and contention, I decided our visit was over. Without saying anything more, I got up and motioned to Marilyn we were leaving. We left without a word. I don’t know that I’ve ever done such a thing before or since.

I then had a vision of a bucket full of slops, rotting, breaking down. I knew it was Dave, and that the process wasn't complete. We needed to leave things as they were.

One more thing: As Dave sat in his sofa chair, I saw at his feet on the carpet an accumulation of [nail clippings](#).

Particle - The Railing and Rejoicing Reimers

I met [Nelson and Cylvia Reimer](#) at the Alliance Church just after I was converted in 1973. They were among my first casual Christian acquaintances. In my spiritual youth, I saw them as carnal and worldly, but nonetheless, I assumed they were participating members of the church. To my surprise, I discovered they had never tithed, something I believed was an essential duty of all Christians. They told us they had just begun tithing and were quite excited about it.

I had things to tell them. I shared what the Lord had taught us about the church systems and false doctrines. I shared about [Billy Graham](#), not because I was out to belittle him, but because he was constantly brought up by evangelicals as a godly man, particularly when I would talk about the Holy Spirit and the gifts. "Well, Billy Graham doesn't speak in tongues or believe in those things!" they would protest.

While Cylvia was apparently excited to hear the things I was telling them, Nelson soon became scornful and belligerent. "Let's get a front-end loader and haul it away!" he boisterously and repeatedly mocked, figuratively referring to what I was saying as "manure."

Marilyn received that nothing more needed to be said, that they would receive what we had to say. I fell for her words at the moment and withdrew any more words for Nelson. In later years I came to believe she was speaking out of fear of conflict, not by revelation. We moved on from there to visit others.

Particle - The Beaten Bergen and Sad Desolation

Jake Bergen had been an elder under Henry Blackaby at Faith Baptist Church. We called and met with him at a restaurant. There he related to us how the church grew for a while, but after Henry left, the church began to deteriorate, losing its numbers.

He told us that before Henry left, he had legally obtained personal ownership of the parsonage owned by Faith Baptist, which was reserved for their pastor. Henry sold it, pocketed the money, and Faith Baptist was now without a parsonage. We were surprised to hear this of Henry, but at the same time, we weren't surprised. Jake later left Faith Baptist and was resigned to failure, a bitter and defeated man.

I had hoped for something more from Jake, but it wasn't there. He didn't seem interested in what was happening with us and wasn't open to receiving anything. It was a gray scenario, contrasting to a time sixteen years earlier when there had seemed to be something of more spiritual worth in Jake. I realized we were blind to spiritual realities before receiving the Spirit of God and now, with some spiritual maturity, we discerned how Jake always was. The change hadn't occurred with him, so much as with us.

Particle - The Snared Fowlers

Ken and June Fowler were drawn into the Faith Baptist Church when Marilyn and I were there in 1974. Ken had serious health problems, then and now. I recalled how he started out a skeptic, but somehow a light was turned on and he was suddenly exuberant about the things of God. He had appreciated a [sermon](#) I preached on the Beatitudes, a sermon Henry didn't appreciate, seeing I wasn't preaching his understanding, but one I had received by revelation in prayer.

On this trip, we found out the Fowlers had dropped out of Faith Baptist some time before Henry Blackaby left. Apparently Ken had been ill and nobody came to visit them from the church. Sometime later, the church came to their home canvassing for money. That did it for the Fowlers. They were highly offended, not without cause.

As we visited, the Fowlers didn't seem to remember us very well, though sixteen years prior, we had been rather well acquainted. Their memories had faded, and they were preoccupied with their own little world and problems. There wasn't the warmth and hospitality anymore. They were poor in spirit and pocket, bitter, ill, cynical of many things, and their house was desolate. Perhaps one positive thing was that their children, Rick and Debbie, were reportedly doing well in their occupations.

I tried to reason with the Fowlers, pointing to the Lord, encouraging them to give Him thanks in all things and to recognize He was in control of everything. I told them there was no call to be blaming anyone for their circumstances. They wouldn't listen. Again, we were helpless to help.

I hoped for them to share something with us in their poverty. In sharing, I believed they would receive. They wouldn't share what little they had, as the widow shared her last meal with Elijah. We wondered if we should give them something, but weren't free to do so. We had to leave with sadness. The harlot, Mystery Babylon, the lady of counterfeit Christianity, had devastated another family, though they would have to bear their own responsibility.

Particle - Larry Sveinbjornson's End

Whether we heard of other members of Faith Baptist from the Fowlers or Jake Bergen, I don't recall, but we found out Larry Sveinbjornson had died. He was the fellow who had been [angry](#) with me because, as an aside, I condemned smoking in a sermon (a treasured vice of his). He also attacked Marilyn, to whom Henry teasingly passed Larry's cigarettes. Larry died in his thirties or forties. I don't recall how.

Particle - Len Koster's End

As you may recall, [Len and Ruth Koster](#) were the first people we spoke to the night we prayed and received the Spirit. When we told them of it, they reacted in fear, rejecting out of hand what we were saying. We learned Len died of a massive heart attack. He had been a heavy man.

Particle - Hilda Pirie

[Hilda Pirie](#), one of my first acquaintances in my new Christian life at the Alliance Church in 1973, sold her large house, where she had supported herself with boarders and roomers, and moved to a smaller old house and was quite alone. Her irreligious husband, Jack, a recovering alcoholic, had died. Now she was old and frail in health, with apparently few to take care of her needs. As was her habit, she asked me to make some minor repairs or adjustments while we were there, which I gladly did for her.

Hilda had always been very religious. From the time I first met her, she had “Christian” literature, pictures, and religious paraphernalia littering her entire home. We now saw the fruits of her religion, an unenviable desolation. How much more darkness would we be witnessing? It was a veritable visit to hell - so sad; yet we marveled at what God was laying out before us.

Perhaps only months before we visited Hilda, a dog had viciously attacked her, sinking its teeth into her backside as she tried to escape over a fence. She called on Dr. Lorne Rabuka to treat her. We didn't wonder why all these things befell her. Her religion wasn't of faith, but of carnal effort, not of God's righteousness, but her own. I supposed, however, many in the Alliance Church and other professing believers would have deemed her to be a godly woman of faith.

We left another person in desolation. With all these people, we had tried to share in 1975 and 1976 about receiving the Holy Spirit and how they needed to repent of religious formality and works, but none believed us. They thought we were deceived.

Particle - The Lot of the Hlewkas

I don't recall who informed us of the Hlewkas, whether it was Hilda Pirie or Abe Friesen, but we found out Walter's [back problems](#) had returned with a vengeance, and we possibly heard he needed or had surgery. If he had surgery, it didn't solve his problem. As well, his children turned to drugs and crime, one or more of his sons serving time.

We decided to take a drive by the Alliance Church. The place was closed, but from the road we saw one man standing at a side door near the back of the building. Who should the man be of hundreds of people, but Walter Hlewka. He was overweight, and his spiritual countenance was one of defeat, depression, and misery. It was another sad picture of desolation. Lord, this was a sad tour we were taking.

The tour reminded me of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* wherein the ghosts took Ebenezer Scrooge to visit his dark, miserly past. However, we weren't being condemned, but rather informed of how others had chosen their ways against the Lord.

Wally didn't see us, and we weren't led to stop and talk to him. Several times [years before](#), he and his wife had refused to have anything to do with us. If they wished to get in touch with us, they would have done so. We were seeing that none of our trip was for ministry, though we tried on occasion with no satisfaction. We drove away, sadly marveling at these sights and reports, one after another.

Particle - The Ahenakews

We paid a visit to [Willard and Sheila Ahenakew](#). In 1975, we had baptized Sheila in the North Saskatchewan River outside Prince Albert and tried to counsel her to come out of the church systems. Instead, she became actively involved with the Pentecostal church in Prince Albert. Willard, who had wanted nothing to do with Christianity, was proselytized and became a member there, as well.

By the way, Willard was an excellent aboriginal artist.

Particle - The Fruits of Sacrilege

Willard and Sheila told us the tragic tale of their son. He was struck by necrotizing fasciitis, called the “flesh-eating disease.” A sizeable portion of the side of his body had been eaten away.

We had surely learned “the curse causeless does not come.” Seeing they professed faith in Christ, I asked them if they knew why this tragedy happened. They were visibly puzzled, as if to say, “How should one know why these things happen?” I asked them if they had asked the Lord why it happened.

“Well, we prayed and the church prayed with us.”

“But did the Lord tell you what was happening and why?”

They admitted they hadn’t heard anything.

“Do you not believe you can, perhaps should, know?” I asked.

“Well, some things are not meant for us to know, I suppose. We may find out when we go to be with the Lord,” Sheila replied.

This was the typical, prevalent erroneous, unbelieving thinking of nominal Christian churchianity. No wonder the Lord had called us out of it. We needed deliverance and cleansing from such darkness. Having tried to bring Sheila out, and failing to do so, she and her family were suffering the fruits of false doctrine and religion; they were partakers of the plagues of Mystery Babylon the Great (Revelation 18:4-5).

I prayed with them and asked the Lord why they were suffering this tragedy. Almost as soon as I asked, I was reminded of an event in 1976 I had completely forgotten about - the day their son was dancing and jumping irreligiously, [showing off](#) while I was singing songs unto the Lord. It was something for which Sheila didn’t restrain or rebuke her son, laughing about it instead. I knew I had the answer.

When I told them what I had received, they didn’t believe me. Likely, they didn’t want to, especially as parents responsible for their child having suffered so. We had to leave soon, but before we left town entirely, I phoned and talked to Willard and told him he needed to come out of the church systems, not following his wife, but the Lord.

Sheila was listening on an extension and didn’t like what I was saying. I think she assumed I was “whispering” behind her back or attacking her, which I wasn’t. I was telling Willard what needed to be done, for all their sakes. At least for the time, there was no indication they accepted, much less acted upon, what I said to them by revelation. Tragedy would continue.

We would hear more of Willard’s artwork and have another opportunity many years later to communicate with them.

Particle - Abe and Helen Friesen

We called [Abe Friesen](#) and were invited to his home for dinner at Whispering Pines, north of Prince Albert. Abe had been one of the first to talk to me about the Lord in 1972 when I was still searching while working for Homes Canada. He was an elder at the Alliance Church and Homes Canada’s casual furnace repairman.

I recall giving him some rather obstinate arguments during those days against faith in Jesus Christ. Abe had patiently borne with me. Shortly after, in February of 1973, [George Lynn](#) came to town to service mobile homes on my sales lot and led me to the Lord.

Abe was also one of those who hadn't believed us about receiving the Holy Spirit in 1975.

I was now surprised Abe claimed to have been baptized in the Holy Spirit. It sounded like they had reconsidered over the years what had happened to us, coming around to believing what we had been saying. However, it didn't witness with us Abe had truly received the Spirit, and nothing in his life had changed.

I was also surprised when he asked us to pray for his wife, Helen. We stopped to consider before the Lord and I don't recall our being free to pray for her, at least not for healing; I couldn't lay hands on her, and it didn't occur to me to call them to confession of sin and repentance. They didn't tell us what her ailment was; just that she wasn't well. We would find out years later what her ailment was.

In spite of the problems in their midst pointing to a lack of God's blessing, Abe appeared quite confident - rather arrogant, I would say. He wasn't rude, but he acted in full control and was rather dictatorial with his household, particularly with their adopted native son (assuming he was adopted).

Abe's aged mother was also there. I had the impression she was the architect of her sons' - Abe's and Dick's - religious ways. Again, we were leaving another dark and desolate house. Religion had done its awful work with bitter results.

Abe suggested we get in touch with Dick, his brother, who was living in Saskatoon. We decided we would do that. Meanwhile, we went to see...

Particle - George and Gerry Croteau

We had a slightly challenging time contacting [George Croteau](#) in Saskatoon. His name wasn't in the book, but his father's was. His father said George was very fussy as to who could talk to him. He had sheltered himself away, preferring not to talk to anyone. His father had tried pleading with him, to no avail. He gave us George's number, against his son's instructions to keep his number confidential, likely hoping we could help him. His father informed us George's wife, Gerry, had divorced him.

The last time we saw George he had paid us a visit at our country home near Prince Albert in 1976. Gerry finally packed it in with George and we were told it was a nasty divorce. George crashed, big time - a major nervous breakdown. We found him in a cheap, unkempt apartment, watching TV, lying half naked on his bed.

He meticulously tape-recorded every word we spoke, asking us to speak slowly; he declared he would analyze and classify everything said and done. He claimed he would produce a monumental, comprehensive work, even greater than the Bible. He had created a world of his own, one of delusive self-importance, an escape from his unpleasant reality. What we saw we deemed to be essentially self-pity and bitterness.

George hadn't treated Gerry well at all. With her leaving, he began to mistreat himself. We tried to reason with him, but he wouldn't hear it. Yet again, we found our trip was one of observation, not participation.

As for Gerry, we didn't try getting in touch with her. Marilyn had been friends with George more so than Gerry. We heard she was with another man (a lawyer, I believe), whether in marriage, I don't recall.

Again, the door was shut for us to minister to anyone. I really wish we could have helped George and Gerry. That goes for the Griers, Ahenakews, Fowlers, Friesens, Hlewkas, Bergens, Hilda Pirie - all of them. We weren't given to do so.

Particle - Dick and Donna Friesen

In Saskatoon, we visited Dick and Donna, Abe Friesen's younger brother and his wife. Dick had vocally withstood us more than many at the Alliance Church after we were baptized in the Spirit in 1975. He had referred to our experience publicly as delusion of the Devil, though he never spoke to us directly. He had been a youth leader in the church, to Sally Hogg's consternation. Sally thought he was devilishly inspired, having had dreams of him along those lines, and she was concerned he was leading the youth astray.

Now Dick was also claiming to have been baptized in the Holy Spirit. We knew there was nothing further from the truth, having a witness by the Spirit it wasn't so. He would soon prove, not his claims, but the Lord's witness to us.

So many have claimed to have received the Spirit of God, but what have they really received?

Particle - Daytime Nightclubs

Dick and Donna took us to a modern church service in Saskatoon. There were many hundreds of people there. It was theatrical, complete with stage, professional sound and lighting, performances, music - all one might see at a nightclub or theatre. Perhaps Dick was thinking we might be impressed, and I was, but in the opposite direction.

I had a hard time witnessing all these gimmicks and strategies of the world, the flesh, and the Devil being employed to supposedly draw people to Christ. I knew it to be merely a proselyte factory, spawning spurious conversions and appearing highly successful. It was diabolical. Anyone with the Spirit of God would know it and be sorely vexed.

I recalled a term an acquaintance of Paul Cohen's in Great Falls, Rick Teague, used for modern churches: daytime nightclubs. Are churches all about entertainment? Is that what was necessary to "fish for men"? Were these the kinds of tactics John the Immerser, Jesus, and the disciples employed to win souls? The answer is plain.

We went to a restaurant for brunch, and Dick picked up the tab. We then went to their house. As we visited, Dick and Donna proudly boasted that their children, as thriving Christians, were attending Briarcrest Bible College in Caronport, Saskatchewan. There again, we were anything but impressed, knowing full well Bible schools were breeding grounds for spiritual harlots, producing counterfeit Christians, hordes of spurious converts that would be taking the false gospel into the world.

Particles - Are Back Problems Contagious?

As we talked, Dick was compelled to sit a certain way in a firm chair because he was having back problems. It wasn't a temporary condition. [Wally Hlewka](#) had been healed of his back problems, until he turned away, influenced particularly by Dr. Lorne Rabuka and... Dick Friesen.

Now one of those instrumental in turning Wally back from the Lord was having serious back problems, as well. For all I know, Rabuka would also have back problems. He certainly had other strikingly similar problems to those of the Hlewkas concerning his children, as we later discovered.

Particle - Our Tenth Eviction for the Faith

We didn't get into the subjects of Bible schools and false religion with Dick, not having the freedom to speak of those things or seeing them as immediately pertinent. However, I reminded Dick of the days when he opposed the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He acknowledged it, or rather defended himself, saying he wasn't aware at the time he wasn't right.

I reminded him of how he had worked to turn Wally Hlewka away from believing. He was defensive and suggested I change the subject. I insisted it was only right to bring these things to the light and deal with them. "What is there to fear?" I asked.

At that, he said, "This conversation is now over. You have to leave now." As we headed for the door, Donna placed her hand on my shoulder from behind, saying, "We love you." I wished that were true, but I knew she was expressing only false Christian love, so I paid no respect to it.

I think I said something along the lines that if they loved us, they would be willing to talk and not be asking us to leave. Isn't it interesting how many who kicked us out claimed to love us - my sister [Barb](#), the [Trepaniers](#), the [Beals](#), and now these? What would they do if they hated us?

Particle - What Became of Laura Bradford

While visiting with Dick and Donna, we found out about [Laura Bradford](#), Donna's younger sister, whom the Lord had healed. Laura was in yet another and more terrible car accident. Their mother was also in a crippling accident, fracturing hips and significantly reducing her mobility.

The Lord said to one He had just healed:

"Behold, you are made whole. Sin no more lest a worse thing come to you" (John 5:14 MKJV).

Laura didn't repent after her wonderful healing. I recall how at a small house prayer and praise meeting, her sister-in-law Bea Bradford had a vision and prophecy for Laura. She saw a drain plugged and then getting unplugged and clearing. When Bea expressed this as pertaining to Laura's spiritual state, Laura broke out in tears. She was obviously struggling. She never got in touch with us after her leg healing.

After Dick and Donna told us of what had happened to Laura and her mother, I wondered if her mother didn't have an influence in Laura's waywardness and was therefore suffering consequences similar to her daughter's.

Walter Hlewka also wouldn't believe, turning straight back to his old ways of thought and life, though he was warned and pleaded with. "Something worse" befell both Walter and Laura.

Particle - Dr. Lorne Rabuka's Reaping

We also heard of [Lorne Rabuka](#). He was once a very slim man. He had been an estimated five foot eleven and weighed no more than 150 pounds, but we were now told he had grown heavy. Furthermore, Abe told us Lorne's daughters turned to the ways of the world, dressing skimpily, wearing makeup as harlots, and were into drugs.

When I recall what Lorne and his wife were like when I knew them before, and how they seemed to have been blessed, it's such a sad thing to see the horrid development of the wrath of God on them.

Would these things bring them to repentance, ending their sins? Would they make any connection between their fervent opposition to God in us and the consequences they were suffering?

We would hear more some years later of how people in Prince Albert and Saskatoon continued to slander us in the ears of trouble-seeking men who were in vicious opposition to us. These men were strangers to them, but were in agreement in their evil because having the commonality of a false profession of faith in Christ.

Particle - Edna Gremadza of Sheho

From Saskatoon, we headed south until we arrived at Sheho, Saskatchewan, home of my 1972 [car breakdown](#) and of [Edna Gremadza](#), the woman we had met at the Richardson tent meetings in Dauphin in 1977.

Edna was in a bad way. She was living by herself in an old house, overweight, eating junk food, surrounded by soda bottles and carrying a bag for elimination. She had rebelled against the Pentecostal Richardson pastors of Yorkton, Saskatchewan and to show it, she cut her hair very short and left her head uncovered (they believed in women never cutting their hair and wearing head coverings).

Edna was no longer waxing spiritual. There I was with my "Catholic spirit," flourishing in the merciful blessings of God, and there she was in her "freedom and revelation."

Surely, all things are made manifest, sooner or later.

Particle - The Lady in the Cage

Somehow we found out [Lil Damsgaard](#) of Dauphin had cancer and had her breasts removed.

Particle - The End of the Idealistic Nun

During these years, I heard a report of [Shirley Zabiaka](#), the acquaintance who had become a nun and tried to impress me with her spirituality. I was told she died in a monastery in her early fifties of fatigue, stress, poor diet, and God knows what else under the circumstances of her "calling of God" as a nun.

Particle - Eugene and Christine Rushinka of Garland

The last time we had seen [Eugene Rushinka](#), his wife, Christine, and their son was in 1977 or 1978 at their home in Garland, Manitoba. They seemed to be successfully occupied at farming. Their boy was around ten or eleven, slim, active, talkative, interested in spiritual matters, eager to pray, and mentally alert. Christine was of normal build, and Eugene, a bit heavy, had been active on the farm he owned, though for a short time, in hospital recovering from a tractor accident. I had visited him at Dauphin General Hospital.

What a change of scenery now! They had lost their farm to bankruptcy, but were left on site to operate it for the bank that had repossessed all but the house and the tiny yard around it. Yet they boasted about how the Lord was blessing and providing for them. Rationalization was working overtime. "How much better off we are! The bank has the worries now!"

Another example of rationalization occurred regarding a bulldozer they sold. They had placed an ad and someone from Ontario immediately responded and bought it by phone, sight unseen, sending a flatbed to pick it up and take it back to Ontario. The Rushinkas were thrilled at how God had facilitated such a fast and easy sale. I immediately suspected the price was so "right," the guy grabbed it in spite of the long distance hauling costs. I perceived the snappy sale not to be one of success or blessing, but of loss and failure, their possessions being disposed of at fire sale prices.

All three of them were now grossly obese. Their son, who continually sat in his chair, looked as though he had Down syndrome, his eyes squinty because he was so sluggish and fat. He spoke not one word the two or three hours we were there. Their entire house was an absolutely filthy pigsty - floors, walls, ceilings, fixtures, and furnishings. There was stuff scattered everywhere - dirty laundry, dirty dishes, tools, hair, dirt, dust balls, mud, cobwebs, junk food, empty containers of every sort, papers, bags, wrappers, dirty hairbrushes, combs, socks, shoes - name it. I had never seen any home so totally neglected, even when I was moving drunken welfare people in Winnipeg. It was shocking.

Yet Eugene and Christine both acted as though **we** were the ones who understood nothing and they knew it all. They spoke of spiritual matters and were prepared to hear absolutely nothing from us. They were proud and stubborn, and there was no legitimate basis of any kind for their confidence. How deceived!

I told them we were on our way to Winnipeg. "Are you stopping in at Dauphin to see your mother?" Eugene asked. I replied we wouldn't be doing so, my mother not being receptive of us in the Lord. "Are you telling me you would go through Dauphin, your hometown, where your mother lives, and not even visit her? How would she feel? You have to go see her!"

I told him we weren't the ones to choose the division between us, or the visits, but the Lord had long ago directed us to forsake all and not look back. I said if the Lord willed we go visit her, however, I would obey. Thus far, He hadn't directed us to go. I asked him if he knew whether it was the Lord's will for us to visit her. Eugene replied, "I **know** it's His will."

I knew he was going by law and logic, not by faith and obedience. Nevertheless, he was so insistent about it, I decided we would visit her after all. I had nothing to fear and the Lord wasn't specifically, personally directing us not to go. (However, I think I caved to his persistence and my pride or shame of not visiting my own mother.)

We left the Rushinkas to themselves, but not before they told us about Eugene's brother, Nestor:

Particle - Nestor Rushinka's Reward

[Nestor Rushinka](#) was the one who often visited us at Thorndale Apartments in Dauphin in 1977 and 1978. He often fasted and prayed, we were told. He was instrumental in bringing guest preachers to the Garland fellowship. He also simply couldn't receive any of the things we believed about the reconciliation of all things and other doctrines. We covered the same ground on several occasions. I had finally told him there was no point in taking up more of my time if he didn't believe me. We didn't see him again.

By the way, they didn't believe in pastors or elders at Garland. I never knew of any in all the time we were aware of that fellowship. They preferred to be free of any authoritative person and would bring in preachers, some of which were wicked - to the point of threatening the lives of congregants, if criticized.

My estimation of the Garland group was that it was a gathering of independent-minded people who wanted sensation and pleasure without obedience and responsibility - the crown without the cross.

Eugene told us Nestor had died of a heart attack. In post mortem, they found his arteries blocked something terrible. Before he knew he was dying, he had given his farmland away to someone, supposing to follow the Lord's words of giving everything away and forsaking it all.

Eugene said Nestor had a big and generous heart. I say Nestor was very religious, but not in righteousness. He was full of works. We tried in vain to instill faith and realism in him in place of religion. Not heeding, it cost him his life.

Particle - Visiting My Mother

We headed to Dauphin and booked in to a motel on the highway south of town. The next morning, as we checked out, who should be the receptionist but Aunt [Hazel Chute](#)! We didn't spend much time chatting. She was formal and closed; I think, fearful. It was almost as though she didn't even value us as customers, never mind relatives, least of all, believers. I shake my head at what could have or should have been, had people who professed to believe actually believed. There was so much to be enjoyed in the Lord, but it wasn't to be for all these we were seeing.

We called my mother and made arrangements to visit, but there was no answer. We went to Sticky's nearby for breakfast, where we happened to bump into none other than my brother-in-law, Ron Hrehirchuk. We shook hands, but I didn't commit myself to him. Because of Barb's and his ways against us, I wasn't about to open myself to him anymore. We did tell him we were going to visit my mother. Not knowing if she would be home, we went over anyway, and she was there.

We had last seen my mother in 1983 at our home in Lethbridge with Dad and Fred and Delores Molnar. That was the [time](#) the Lord spoke saying, *"Those four will be destroyed in their sins; be thankful."* Within two years, Dad passed away of heart failure at age 68. Within 5 years, Delores died of cancer.

My mother appeared glad to see us, yet reserved and cautious. Why wouldn't she be? I hadn't come to my own father's funeral, I was counter to everything they believed and did, I claimed to see Dad in a vision after he left this world, and there was so much more she couldn't handle.

Here sat the woman who had said she would leave the Catholic Church if not for Dad who wished otherwise, yet when he died, she'd remained in the Catholic Church. There was Catholic paraphernalia about her apartment.

As we visited, Ron phoned, asking if we had come visiting her. It was apparent he was asking her questions and she was trying to answer him without giving him or their subject matter away to us. She was devious, as was he.

We spoke of various things and somehow the subject of devils came up. Perhaps we had spoken of Archie's deliverance. Her response at one point was, with some laughter, "Well, I probably have a few of those myself!" It disturbed me to hear those words, accompanied with her lackadaisical attitude about something so serious, and I knew there was no "probably" about it.

Within an hour or so, we went our way, she being the only one we visited of the many people we knew in Dauphin. We headed for Winnipeg. I don't know that anything was accomplished by the visit, although, remarkably, we ran into Hazel Chute and Ron Hrehirchuk. Though it was by Eugene Rushinka's urging we visited my mother, I can only trust the Lord was directing it all and would balance everything out in the end.

Particle - Marv Mielke

We phoned [Marvin Mielke](#) in Winnipeg. He was working for CBC as a technician. I found him reluctant to communicate with me. I seem to recall he was still united with his wife and children. While he didn't indicate anything particular or active in his spiritual life, he claimed to have a relationship with God, not seeking anything more.

I was also holding my cards close to my chest. I didn't divulge to Marv the [vision](#) I had of him in his house in 1979. I would be in touch with him years later.

Particle - Ralph and Lenore Eidse

We decided to visit [Ralph and Lenore Eidse](#) in Morris, Manitoba. We met them at their farm. We had at least three common grounds upon which to meet - our past history of Amway, past mutual associates, and spiritual and religious interests.

We asked them if they had heard from or of certain persons we commonly knew. They informed us of [Art and Doreen Beals](#). It seemed they weren't on the most cordial of terms, though Ralph and Lenore weren't bitter or vindictive towards them.

Particle - What Became of Art and Doreen Beals

Art and Doreen's daughter [Andrea](#) became a drug addict. At this time, nine years after we had last seen them in 1981, she was about twenty five. The Eidses told us of how there were parties and troubles at the Beals' residence at all hours, and the police would have to come deal with them.

Andrea had two children out of wedlock. She was disabled by drugs and incapable of taking care of them, so Art and Doreen were saddled with the responsibility in their old age. What hell had in store for them! They hadn't listened to our repeated warnings, thinking they knew better.

Particle - Falling to False Prophets

Ralph related how he and Lenore had joined a church in Winnipeg, pastored by a husband and wife team. It was clear from how he described it, the wife considered herself the primary leader and even went so far as to severely criticize her husband before the congregation, while the husband simply sat there and took it, perhaps even crying. The couple was effective at motivating people to join their church, as well as creative in financing their works, such as building a large, impressive building. The woman insisted on the best for themselves, like having a beautiful office and expensive furnishings.

Get this for innovative ways of raising the money “for God”: They would encourage the congregation to mortgage their properties or somehow get them to sign papers that would, in effect, give the church legal rights to their properties, without their realizing it, and make them responsible for the church’s financial obligations. I’m almost certain I don’t have all the details accurate, but I know the scenario was quite similar - certainly accurate in essence, according to the Eidses.

Ralph and Lenore were almost taken for their property, but someone got wise to the schemes. When the jig was up, some, if not many, of the people disbanded. The Eidses and others were no longer there.

I was amazed. How could they have fallen for such nonsense? Could they not see what was happening? What about the Scriptures saying women aren’t to be leading men in spiritual matters, as their elders? What about the emphasis on money? What about...? What about...? When I expressed these things, they looked at me as though I had suddenly gone mad and began trashing their house. One could say I *was* mad and trashing their (former) spiritual house.

Particle - Our Blessings Resented

They then asked us what and how we were doing. They may have seen our new Toyota Cressida. I proceeded to tell them the Lord had blessed us in every way, that we had been on the road ministering for a few years, and then He gave us a new log home on an acreage. I told them of how we, by faith, took on the home and the debt for it without the funds to pay for it, and in two months’ time the Lord laid it on someone’s heart to pay the debt in full, without being asked!

To hear of such miracles, some would marvel. Some would even praise God. Not the Eidses. Ralph exploded, “BULLSHIT!”

I was shocked. Where on earth did that come from? Didn’t he believe us? To be sure, such a combination and timing of need and blessed provision as ours was rare. But how could anyone calling himself a “Christian” have a problem with such marvelous provision?

For some reason, Ralph couldn’t bear what I had said. Was it that he couldn’t stand the contrast between their unpleasant financial experiences and the blessing of God’s provision in ours?

What did he think we had done wrong? Did he miss the fact we hadn’t asked for the money or motivated anyone to canvass for it or to pay our bills, so we weren’t guilty as were those who nearly took their farm in the Name of God? Was he still smarting from what others had done to them financially? Were they suffering need? He was most certainly bitter.

Maybe it was simply a quirk in his mental condition or the effect of some meds he was on.

Was it envy? Maybe he reacted that way because he *did* see how God had blessed us. Their farm was a miserable, run-down operation in a notorious Red River flood area, from which, I suppose, they had at one time hoped Amway would deliver them, which didn't happen. When I [packed it in](#) as their "star" Amway direct distributor in 1972, had I dashed their hopes and dreams?

My temporary and apparent success in Amway must have promised great things for them at last, after working so long and hard without much fruit. Perhaps Ralph thought I didn't deserve to prosper after "spoiling" things for them. I don't have the answers, but I do suspect a raging jealousy.

Perhaps he thought I was lying!

As in Friesens' and Griers' cases in Saskatoon, I didn't have it to stick around and try to reason or argue with the Eidses. We rose up and headed to the car and began to drive away. Then I felt like I should go back and try to understand what was happening and perhaps help them deal with their problem with us. As I recall, Marilyn didn't agree, but I returned to their door.

It didn't work. Ralph remained adamant, though Lenore remained out of sight indoors and was trying to calm and coach him as he stood at the door speaking to us on the doorstep.

I got nowhere. I did tell them, however, that they didn't have what they thought they had spiritually - they didn't believe. Getting angry, I told them they were tied in with the whore, Mystery Babylon the Great, false religion, and were suffering the fruits of it. Then we left.

Particle - Joe and Ann Nordin

The Nordins were people I originally met at MIT in Winnipeg in the mid 60's. In 1971, I recruited them into Amway. They were Catholic. When we last saw them around 1980, they were involved in Marriage Encounters. They very much wanted children, but weren't having success.

In those days, I spoke to them about what the Lord had done in my life after they and I had left Amway. I told them about the falsehood of Catholicism, seeing I had been Catholic and was saved from it. They didn't receive what I had to say. On the contrary, they were quite content and convinced of Catholicism.

Passing through Winnipeg on this trip, I called them to say hi and see how they were doing. They had adopted a child at first and then finally had their own children, being very happy. Here was a case where it seemed they received what they wanted, something only God could give.

We didn't visit, they being occupied. I wish them well.

We've well witnessed and learned the consequences of falsehood and idolatry, however, particularly when people have had opportunity to hear the Truth. I can't expect things to go well for them indefinitely. It has never been my experience.

But there was a difference between the Nordins and the others I mention here. Nordins didn't oppose us, though they disagreed. The others came against us. As well, the Nordins didn't pretend to be something they weren't in relation to the Lord. The others did.

The Scriptures are clear God doesn't hold guiltless those who take His Name in vain and He curses or opposes those who curse or oppose His people.

Particle - The Branhamite Towers Family of Portage La Prairie

We left Winnipeg and headed for Portage La Prairie. There I phoned [Bert and Marie Towers](#). Bert answered. I asked them if they remembered us. "Oh, we sure do remember you, all right! You're the guy who prophesied Brent wouldn't be getting married and said it would be a sign Branham was a false prophet. Well, our son is happily married, with a family now."

I had forgotten the [prophecy](#). There was no point in saying any more. I signed off and we continued on our way. That prophecy had often made me wonder. I regretted speaking it.

Particle - Patricks Keep Their Distance

When we reached the outskirts of Regina, Saskatchewan, we called [Mickey and Lynn Patrick](#), who drove to where we were. Why didn't they invite us to their home? Their daughter, Rena, was still living with them, now about 15 or 16. They also had a son, who was younger.

We went to a restaurant for supper. We weren't hungry, but they wanted to eat. Mickey had a beer and I believe I had one with him (not sure). I picked up the bill (Mickey was never a generous one).

In our visit, I asked Mickey about Mount Zion Christian Center and Bill Kellers and Dave Roberts. The Patricks were rather sheepish about the whole affair, still seeming to give Bill and Dave some benefit of doubt. More likely, they were too proud to admit they had been deceived. Mickey and Lynn had worshipped them - those men had been their heroes.

They admitted some things, however. Bill and Dave had made up stories of a miracle of multiplying food for a gathering and of Dave receiving a gift of instant ability to play piano. Bill had falsely claimed he was a US Marine, in some special force. These falsehoods and others were discovered along with the fact they were homosexuals.

I confessed to Mickey that his [warning](#) in 1976 of our "falling into the vicious delusion of the enemy" if we didn't join a "Spirit-filled church" troubled me for some time until I resolved to believe the Lord. Now we could see the blessings of the path we had maintained, while their "Spirit-filled church" was scattered to the four winds, along with their spiritual leaders. So who fell into the vicious delusion of the enemy?

I asked him why he had sent that message to me. He told me he did so under Bill and Dave's influence. They had also said to Mickey of us, "If they are true sheep, they will follow you here; if not, they won't." Mickey never accepted culpability for anything. It was all someone else's doing or fault. Are not people victims of liars for a reason?

What was presently happening in the Patricks' personal lives? They weren't talking a whole lot about the Lord - in fact, not at all. I don't think they were fellowshipping with anyone in the Christian context. Mickey was still working for SaskPower. I believe Lynn was working somewhere, as well.

They told us a slight amount about their daughter Rena, whom we hadn't seen since she was a toddler, and their son, who was born after we parted from them. It sounded like they were having some discipline problems with their children, though they likely wouldn't have seen it that way. They weren't forthcoming with us.

Years later, I would get a call from Mickey, and what he would tell me would be tragic, surprising, yet not surprising at all.

Particle - Tim and Verna Friesen

From Regina, we headed to Swift Current and looked up [Tim Friesen](#), one of my first Christian friends in 1973. Nelson Reimer told us Tim was pastoring a church in Swift Current. We found Tim and Verna living in a very humble, small old house with poor furnishings. Tim was surprised to see me, but gladly welcomed us in. Verna wasn't home (I believe she may have been at work).

Tim had gained substantial weight, perhaps 60 pounds or more. They had a child or two. And, as Nelson had said, Tim was pastoring a small, poor interdenominational or nondenominational church in a building he drove us to see, which was nearing condemnation.

As we visited, I asked Tim some questions from the past, but not anything too embarrassing, I don't think. I could have asked him about his Homes Canada [liaison](#) with the Rosicrucian saleswoman in Chilliwack, BC, but I didn't. I doubt very much he would know I knew about it.

Tim seemed to have a slight fixation on Billy Graham being a lukewarm Christian, promoting someone else's likening of Graham to Jehoshaphat, who lived a compromising life. I went further, contending Billy Graham wasn't a Christian at all, not having the Spirit, walking in great darkness and deceiving many. Tim wasn't willing to go that far. As far as I was concerned, what I was saying about Billy applied to Tim in terms of his unbelief toward God.

I found Tim's soul and spirit as desolate and dreary as their old home and church building. He had nothing but an empty profession of faith and religiosity after all those years. We didn't get anywhere in our anticlimactic visit. Marilyn and I knew there was nothing more and soon left for home.

From his library, Tim gave me some books he asked me to return when done with them. I don't recall what they were, but I found them in error and returned them, along with a letter. He replied by mail with contempt, mockery, and much contradiction. I tried calling him weeks later and received more of the same, though he was scrambling, unable to admit or perhaps even realize he was in darkness.

It's a peculiar thing how those who need light the most think themselves to be most enlightened. I see he became "Dr." Tim Friesen, pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church and president of Emmanuel Baptist Bible Institute in Moncton, New Brunswick. Their statement of faith is an accurate reflection of the darkness he thinks to be the Light of Jesus Christ.

Tim is no longer there, probably retired. Where in Scripture does one find ministers of God retiring? God's ministers expire, but they don't retire.

Particle - Not Sent to Minister, But to Observe

Throughout the entire trip, we couldn't impart anything good to anyone, any more than we could when we first knew all those people, not because we didn't have something to give, but because they were in no state to receive. The Lord didn't say, "You will be ministering," or, "Do this or do that," but, *"I will show you what I have done for you."*

We were only observers on the ten- or eleven-day trip. We arrived home, marveling. Indeed, He had shown us; we couldn't help but be thankful for His mercy and blessing to us. All those we had left behind years ago were prisoners in their unbelief. I am reminded of these words:

**“Because you say, I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing, and do not know that you are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked...”
(Revelation 3:17 MKJV).**

Marilyn described the trip as a tour through prison, where all the inmates were in their dark, dank cells, languishing, suffering, yet still maintaining their innocence and freedom, having no idea of their distressed state, claiming to know better and refusing true freedom and good food. To and of such, the Lord said:

“For if anyone has a cause at law against you, and you are going with him before the ruler, make an attempt, on the way, to come to an agreement with him, for if you do not, he may take you before the judge and the judge will give you up to the police, and they will put you in prison. I say to you, You will not come out of it till you have made payment to the very last farthing” (Luke 12:58-59 BBE).

We knew we were undeserving of what the Lord had done for us. D.L. Moody once said of a drunk in a gutter, “There but for the grace of God go I.” We could have been with those people!

The dramatic contrast of our lot to that of those who chose to ignore or oppose us was a stark and long-lasting one in our memories. It served to assure us the Lord was indeed with us all the way. How easily we doubt or forget! Perhaps, worse still, how we take for granted God's great care and blessings!

Particle - A Surprise Coming!

We arrived home from our trip on October 19th, 1990. Soon after, the Lord said, *“I've shown you what I've done for you. Now I'll show you what I will do for you.”*

What a surprise He had in store!

Particle - Northside Christian Fellowship

John Lepp was a craftsman and furniture maker. He had a manufacturing and sales outlet in the Lethbridge industrial area. One day as we drove by, we decided to check out his work; we liked it. We were looking for a coffee and end table different from the usual. With leftover pine logs from our home, John made us furniture to our specs that we have enjoyed ever since.

He also professed faith in Christ and attended Northside Christian Fellowship in Lethbridge. He invited us to church. We decided to go, not that we necessarily expected anything for ourselves, but perhaps there was something we could impart to others.

We met [Graham Bretherick](#), the pastor, who had a degree in psychology and was counseling people along spiritual lines. John wanted us to have a talk with him, hoping, I suppose, we might see the error of our ways. I had told John God had led us out of all organized religion and taught us very differently from what nominal Christianity believed, practiced, and taught. No doubt, John judged we were deceived.

Graham gave us the common arguments and reasonings not founded in God's truth, but in man's rationale. He got nowhere with us, and he wasn't about to receive our "heretical" doctrine that could make him, John, and so many others free. The Lord gives to the humble and withholds from the wise and prudent; those He leaves in pride.

Theirs was just another case in our lives where, while we were despised for the truth called "heresy," they were the ones preaching heresy, calling it "truth" - the status quo of orthodox Christendom. The experience of our lives has been that there were 450 of them to one of us.

However, it has also been the experience of our lives that eventually there was one of us and none of our adversaries. And as Elijah, we have often been doubting and fearful of the establishment and rulers, even though God has faithfully sustained us in all our needs (1 Kings 18 and 19).

Northside Christian Fellowship was associated with the Toronto Blessing and John Arnott, the founding pastor. They shared similar philosophy, doctrine, and spirit. One evening, Ben Moore (from the US, I believe) was preaching. There were several contradictions in his sermon.

And he claimed to have the "gift" of imparting "holy laughter" to his listeners, a key feature of the Toronto Blessing, which manifestation traces back to [Rodney Howard-Browne](#). After the message, a woman came to talk to Ben and began laughing uncontrollably; she stopped and started again, repeatedly. I wonder who that woman was and what spiritual state she's in now.

John Lepp's wife led the singing and praise. What we witnessed was a "go-go girl" one might see in bars, something I frequently saw in the sixties. She was dancing before the congregation, and while there's nothing wrong with dancing (great if of God), we didn't receive a witness of goodness. On the contrary, I knew it was quite unclean. This was partially, I believe, what inspired this poem:

Particle - Mystery

Flattery and beauty are very powerful assets at her disposal, and the harlot uses them well. Not only young fools, but many a strong and wise man has been taken captive by her seductive powers. Even Solomon, in the end, yielded his life to her for her promised benefits.

But these benefits are shallow and fleeting, as intense as they can be, and in the end leave one an empty shell, deluded into thinking he's alive and a chosen servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. In reality he's a fornicator, at one with the harlot and an enemy of Jesus Christ.

Her powers are awesome

her countenance spellbinding

she touches the stones

gently caressing

their response is instant

they grow excited

they move

and enlarge themselves
she takes hold
gently but firmly
bestowing a pleasure
almost impossible to resist
“Service me and I’ll give
pleasure forever -
refuse me and I’ll crush you.”
an offer hard to refuse
“It is Heaven,” they say
she plays them
they ejaculate
in all directions
their substance to the earth
her fame they spread abroad
they tell the news
and become the bearers
of death and destruction
spending themselves
and loving it so.

Moon River, February 15, 1991

Particle - Marilyn Prophecies

In our first visit with John in our home, Marilyn had a prophetic word to speak to him. We don’t recall what she said, but it was a time of her coming out from being a wallflower, remaining silent in visits with others. She had grown to think it wasn’t her place as a woman to be speaking.

While I thought we had a certain understanding regarding women speaking, I don’t know where or how she got *her* understanding that she shouldn’t speak to others. When she asked to speak to

John, she was expecting me to prevent her. I didn't, and it somewhat surprised her. (She told me this after the event.)

Marilyn's coming out and speaking forth began the swing of a pendulum from one side to the other within five or six years and a very trying time to be had by all of us.

Particle - Consequences for All

I looked around and back into our past and found everyone who had withstood or opposed us spiritually suffered consequences. It's an understatement to say it didn't go well for people who wouldn't hear us.

Then I thought of [Merv and Muriel Mediwake](#). Years before, I had spoken to them in Brooks, AB of the place of mothers of young children being in the home, while Muriel pursued a real estate career. I saw them pursuing harlot religion and reveling in it. I spoke against those things.

They also came to be actively involved with Victory Christian Church, which the Lord told me in 1982 was "*a witch's coven.*" Yet Muriel flourished in real estate and Merv in his meat processing business in Brooks, AB (Lakeside Feeders). As far as we knew, they suffered absolutely nothing. So I thought, "Well, the Lord knows the hearts. He determines all things."

I wished neither them nor any others evil; God forbid. In the past, we had enjoyed talking with them and had hoped for better things for them. One day around this time, it came to mind to call them and see how they were doing. I also wanted to apologize to them for volatility on my part. I was sure I appeared to them as a madman on occasions, understandably so.

Muriel informed me Merv was in the hospital. He had developed double pneumonia, and they had to remove his lungs to cleanse them.

How could this call be my own timing? In essence, the Lord was telling me nobody ignores Him by me and escapes accountability.

Still, it seemed I was displaying spiritual immaturity everywhere and with everyone, which bothered me considerably. Lord, when would I wise up and be of true worth in Your sight?

Particle - Immaturity

If youth was so important, would we not have been given the wherewith to embrace and enjoy it? But trials and tribulations come as a flood to deliver, teach, and mature us.

Aged wine, how good! Green fruit, how unsatisfactory! Yet the green fruit doesn't know. It covets its youth, strength, firmness, and expectation of longevity, and it doesn't care to be consumed. Yes, it much prefers to do the consuming.

Youth needs to know it is there to eventually be consumed, not to consume; it must wait, knowing waiting brings forth something desirable, rather than finding the wait a bother.

Resisting reality, the young one loses sight of meaningfulness and true purpose. Embracing reality, time unveils the substance and beauty of maturity; the once young crosses an unseen bridge and enters a pleasurable and imperishable new youth.

Immaturity says:

My will, not Thine, be done.

I want it,

I want it my way,

I want it all,

I want it now.

Immaturity says:

I'm old enough,

I can do it,

I deserve it,

It's coming to me.

Immaturity is indignant

at correction,

instruction,

and discipline.

Immaturity

harbors resentment,

seeks revenge and

a settling of scores

much in its favor.

It takes only the good,

despising the bad,

not discerning the difference

between the two

or the value of both.

Immaturity presumes

to know,
to know better,
to know all,
despising true knowledge
and the paths leading there.

Wisdom is an alien
despised, abhorred.

Folly is embraced
as one's dear life.

Yet immaturity ends;
whether by wisdom or folly,
it ends.

Moon River, Feb. 24, 1991

Particle - Dissonant Discomfort

In the first months of 1991, Marilyn began to have some spells of sickness. Over the years, she was very prone to car sickness and overtiredness. This would often give her severe headaches, nausea, and vomiting. She was also quite sensitive to being in the hot sun. Yet the sicknesses she was experiencing now didn't make sense. We weren't traveling, overworking, lacking sleep, or exposed to the hot sun.

Her appetite also became voracious, and I became a little alarmed. She was suddenly eating more than I and [gaining weight](#). And I didn't like losing my diet controller and inspiration. I was the one given to appetite and was depending on her to help me. What were the chances of controlling my weight if I were to lose my drill sergeant?

We agreed Marilyn should regulate her food intake, which she did (I look back and marvel at her discipline in this matter).

Particle - Periphery

And in April of 1991, I wrote another poem....

How many times have I arrived only to discover I was only beginning!

Living with loose ends that seem perpetual is one of the difficult facts of life, especially if those ends weren't expected to be loose, and most of all, if those loose ends appeared to have the promise of completion, upon which we set our hopes.

As we press on toward the mark of our calling from above, we gradually begin to learn that those things we counted important, achievable, and our destiny were lower rungs on a ladder, only elements of a process - small stuff.

With the process complete in any of its stages, we discover a change in ourselves, and then the elements we once considered so important are removed with our ready consent and replaced with new ones, often without our consent.

The destination is not without, but within. When once the work is done, those outward things we treasured or feared fade away, no longer perceived as desirable, important, or intimidating. That which was is no longer relevant, as a fading flower that falls to the ground. One must come to the sobering truth that the greatest works of men upon earth are entirely vain.

What's more, we can accomplish and learn as much in the most mundane and simple things of our existence as in what we perceive to be the higher and nobler elements.

Who has the measure? The issue is not one of what we do or how well we do it, but of motive and attitude. There is the key of deliverance from Periphery.

Periphery, Periphery,

Your subjects going round,

Seeing, smelling,

Even touching,

Never but never embracing.

Back and forth

This time, no, next time,

Next time THE time;

Carrots dangling in circumference,

The center obscured without end,

Faithful sentinels posted,

Drawn swords uplifted,

Guarding the Gate of Total Freedom,

The entry of which brings peace

And joy and satisfaction.

Periphery impenetrable,

Periphery pretending

To be the destination.

Moon River Estates, April 1991

Particle - Going Up or Down the Ladder?

I saw an extension ladder at a garage sale. It was used and priced as a new one. I wanted it for a fair used price. The lady holding the sale was Pat Holt. She professed faith in Christ and was a member of the Victory Christian Church. Her husband had either died or left her, and she claimed she was in financial straits. She wasn't open to anything I had to say, especially if I told her what I had heard from the Lord concerning [Victory Church](#).

I ended up buying the ladder for a price I believe she thought was too little. I thought perhaps I should give her more, simply because she told me she was poor, though she was the former wife of a doctor. However, I couldn't bring myself to pay more. Whether I was too cheap or was prevented, I don't know; likely the former.

Particle - The Prince of Reason

Each of us has our peculiar weaknesses and faults. Mark Benson's is reasoning everything out, utterly contrary to wisdom or walking by revelation. My problem, and that of others in relation to him, is that he's persuasive in argument and unless we're on our guard, we soon fall prey.

On one occasion, we held a garage sale at Archie's place at 1720 Ashgrove, where we were selling many books, mostly educational texts. I decided to clear them out at fire sale prices, 12 for a dollar. New, some of them would have cost 20 or even 30 dollars each. I bundled them, determining that if I was going to sell them so cheaply, people would have to take them as bundled.

No matter how good a deal, there's always someone not satisfied, demanding the last particle of advantage. One woman came along looking for books and insisted she buy 12 for a dollar but be allowed to break up the bundles. I countered that the bundles were determined because of the excellent price.

"If you want to sell your books, you'll break them up," she impudently returned. I was taken aback by her selfishness and *chutzpah*. I thought that, technically, perhaps it wouldn't make a difference if I broke them up, but I didn't feel I should cave to her spirit. Was I right? Was this the "Christian" way for me to react?

I consulted with Mark for a moment, and he reasoned that at least we would sell them if she had her way. I succumbed. The woman took what she wanted, brusquely slapped the money in my hand and walked off with her books and my peace.

If I had the opportunity again, I would not be "Christian." I would tell her what I saw of her and ask her to leave. Because of her attitude, I was very sorry I gave in to her, and I was angry with Mark

for not perceiving a greater picture. It was a test for him but doubly so for me. If he was crass, not recognizing greater issues, what was I for heeding his opinion?

There would be several other incidents with Mark where I would be tried and found wanting. This one was a classic example. I was slowly learning Mark was a man-pleaser extraordinaire, and this fault would prove costly in future.

Particle - Financial Wealth a Responsibility

I have said, “Wealth is a responsibility - not just a blessing or privilege.” As our wealth increased, I was more and more challenged as to what to do with it. I found it to be a responsibility indeed, one I had no ability to bear or fulfill, as I would learn.

What, under God, is a believer to do with his wealth? Some would say, “Give it all to the poor.” [George Verwer](#), founder of Operation Mobilization, for example, was a fanatical advocate of being poor to the point of deliberately wearing ragged or old clothing. He saw this not as a requirement on himself only, but on all that call on the Name of the Lord.

He failed to recognize God doesn't require it by law of every believer to be poor. What the Lord does require is responsible and holy stewardship of possessions, which ever belong to the Giver and Maker of wealth.

While Jesus called on the rich young ruler to sell all his wealth and give it away, He didn't require so of Zaccheus, Nicodemus, or Joseph of Arimathea. Yet, I expect those men were faithful before God with their possessions, if they continued in the faith.

And what of Paul's counsel to Timothy concerning wealthy men? He didn't suggest they give it all away. This is what he said:

“Command those who are rich in the things of this life not to be proud, but to place their hope, not in such an uncertain thing as riches, but in God, Who generously gives us everything for our enjoyment. Command them to do good, to be rich in good works, to be generous and ready to share with others. In this way they will store up for themselves a treasure, which will be a solid foundation for the future. And then they will be able to win the life which is true life” (1 Timothy 6:17-19 GNB).

On the other hand, there are those rich ones who treasure their wealth above God and argue, “It's not money but the *love* of money that's evil.” These words are most true, but why are those who covet mammon most often found to be speaking them?

The fearful day would come when I would be exposed and severely chastened by the Lord for my covetousness and much more besides, but the results would be very beneficial.

Particle - Fear of God's Punishment

Throughout most of my life, I've been tormented with the fear that if I didn't do what I was supposed to do, God would “get me” for it. I believe this was caused by my Catholic upbringing. I

recall many times when I was misbehaving, my mother would threaten me: “God will get you for that! Wait and see! You won’t get away with anything. You reap what you sow!”

Yes, my childhood conditioning set me in the track of thinking that way, but I’ve also learned there’s a more important factor. Fear of God’s punishment comes from not obeying and doing what one knows is right. If one does what’s right in their conscience, there won’t be the fear of punishment:

“For if we do evil on purpose after we have had the knowledge of what is true, there is no more offering for sins, but only a great fear of being judged, and of the fire of wrath which will be the destruction of the haters of God” (Hebrews 10:26-27 BBE).

Particle - Idyllic Illusions

From our home at Moon River Estates, I would take a walk out of the community and down the road, past green pastures with hundreds of heads of beef cattle. Content cattle on luscious pastures can be one of the most comforting and idyllic of scenes. I was thankful.

The time would soon come when all that would change, drastically; the cattle would be taken off pasture and crowded into pens. Not only would the owners be abusing their cattle, they would also be threatening our community with a polluting industrial feedlot - a far cry from contented cattle grazing on green pastures.

Particle - Keith Dillabough Weeded Out

[Keith Dillabough](#) came to visit. He had been to Briarcrest Bible College and was hoping to be a missionary to China. I was surprised when he told us they had “Mass” in their church services. I thought it was an evangelical Bible school. “What’s with the pagan altar worship?” I wondered.

I asked him to help me hand-weed the lawn while we talked, “if you don’t mind.” He *did* mind; he had an impossible time of it - it was almost like having to bury himself. To him, it was like cutting one’s lawn with scissors. I understood, yet found it interesting who was able and willing to weed and who wasn’t. Keith had bigger and nobler things in mind.

This apparently useless, tedious, ridiculous activity weeded out the shortsighted and high-minded. Some Scriptures mention such circumstances...and people:

“Human wisdom is so tinny, so impotent, next to the seeming absurdity of God. Human strength can’t begin to compete with God’s ‘weakness.’ Take a good look, friends, at who you were when you got called into this life. I don’t see many of ‘the brightest and the best’ among you, not many influential, not many from high-society families. Isn’t it obvious that God deliberately chose men and women that the culture overlooks and exploits and abuses, chose these ‘nobodies’ to expose the hollow pretensions of the ‘somebodies?’” (1 Corinthians 1:25-28 MSG)

“Indeed, who despises the day of small things?” (Zechariah 4:10 HNV)

Keith being without work, we offered him a labor job with Archie and Lois in Archie’s handyman services. Keith tried it for a few days, wasn’t interested, and suddenly left, without notice or explanation.

This was one of the few cases in those days when I wasn't going to let him go without some severe words, contrary to "Christian" conduct. I was tired of turning the other cheek. I wrote him a scathing letter, though a true one, with substance; however, I still question whether I should have done that. It seems I was venting for my own sake, more than instructing or informing for his, as true as the words were.

Particle - The Soviet Union Crumbles

In 1989, the Soviet Iron Curtain began to come down, evident to the world. On November 10, with the East Germans' announcement of removing travel restrictions, the Berlin Wall was dismantled.

Coincidentally, this was the same day of our Moon River [conflagration](#) and the fulfillment of two visions, one on July 10, 1986 of the [birth of a colt](#), God's announcement to us of new beginnings, and the [other](#) I had in October 1987 of the man of faith being railed on by a group of rulers in murderous hatred.

In 1991, the Soviet Union was officially finished. Would there be a reversal of developments? Yes, we had been informed [there would be](#).

Particle - "Cruelty Will Be Your Master"

Once when Archie's son, Christopher Hafichuk, was visiting us at Moon River, I had a prophecy for him. This could have been anytime between 1988 and 1991. The main part of it was:

"If you don't repent and look to the Lord, forsaking your anger and bitterness, cruelty will be your master and it will you serve."

I had seen bitterness and fretting in Chris and even an occasional lashing out.

Particle - Marilyn's Weight Problem Surfaces

In spite of Marilyn's dieting, her abdomen was growing larger, though she wasn't so ill anymore. I tried to tell Marilyn she was pregnant. "It's menopause," she countered. "Besides, the doctor said we could never have children."

"Do women get so big in menopause?" I asked.

We didn't avail ourselves of doctors if we could help it, but we called Birthright Lethbridge, thinking we could at least start with a pregnancy test. Birthright is an association that encourages women to keep their babies instead of aborting them.

Was it menopause, pregnancy, cancer, or what? Would we have mixed feelings when we found out!

Particle - July 10, the Day of New Beginnings

Our appointment was slated for **July 10th, 1991**. Marilyn had a pregnancy test and... she was with child. She didn't want to hear it, feeling trapped with nowhere to run. She cried a lot at first, but I persuaded her this was a gift from God, a miraculous one, and she therefore should not only accept it, but be very thankful. I was excited - of course, I wasn't the pregnant one. At this point we had no idea when the child was due.

Particle - Enter the Medical Establishment

We now sought a doctor for the birth. We would have preferred a home birth with a midwife, someone private who was experienced to help us, but we weren't aware that avenue was available. If we got a medical doctor, I wanted a female one. I had the conviction Marilyn's privacy towards males was important.

Particle - Abortion Anyone?

Dr. Ireland's name came up. In talking to her, she emphasized we could experience problems having a child at Marilyn's age - forty-one. She presented the option of terminating the pregnancy, in case the baby was mongoloid (having Down syndrome).

It disturbed me that leaders and trusted persons in our society could speak of murder in such casual terms. Of course, they didn't see abortion as murder, but what *is* terminating the life of an infant human being? Housecleaning? Taking the trash out? Fetusectomy? Nothing more than a complex bowel movement? An enema?

For some reason, Dr. Ireland wasn't able or willing to serve us, but referred us to Dr. Hardin, not because she was a good doctor, but because she was the only other female doctor available in our area; Dr. Hardin specialized in childbirth.

Particle - Murder or Mongoloid?

We assured Dr. Ireland we weren't concerned about a handicapped child, and in any case, we were going all the way with the pregnancy. We had to consider, however, what if we *did* have a child with Down syndrome? I had worked with such at Arc Industries in Dauphin 12 years earlier. I was vaguely familiar with both the difficulties and sorrows parents experienced with these affectionate, yet handicapped, persons.

The thought was quite unsettling. I wanted a normal child, but if the Lord willed otherwise, so be it. I suspected such a child could be a real work-over of the heart for good, which, notwithstanding the inherent responsibility, would be infinitely preferable to living with murder on my conscience.

Particle - Ultrasound Intervention

Given Marilyn's age, they wanted to know whether we were prepared to abort if there was something wrong. They wanted to take no chances. We had to tell them firmly we would follow through without any debate and with as little intervention as possible. We asked for as natural a birth as possible, whatever that meant.

Was it a boy or a girl? Was it healthy or not? We turned down ultrasound, not believing it was good for the baby's health (still don't). (Here are some good [links](#) on the subject.)

Particle - Human Hardin

Doctors are ordinary people, but by virtue of their education and responsibility with life-and-death matters, they ought to be people of whom much is expected. Dr. Evelyn Hardin wasn't an independent thinker. I don't know how she got her license. She displayed little ability to intelligently, competently assess the situation.

For example, when we found out Marilyn was pregnant, we knew she needed to eat more, so I took her off her dieting. I was now concerned Marilyn had been dieting during pregnancy. As she gained weight, Hardin became concerned, advising Marilyn to cut back. Marilyn was no more than 20 pounds over the norm; we saw no problem with it and disregarded what we considered to be the doctor's textbook approach without judgment.

Another example was when we dropped in periodically for examination. One day we were rushing to be on time and were upset with each other about something. Into Hardin's office Marilyn walks and immediately has her blood pressure taken. Of course, it was high and Hardin was ready to take medical measures.

Fortunately, we had just read Dr. Robert Mendelsohn's *Confessions of a Medical Heretic*, where we found him advising that whenever blood pressure is taken, it should be taken at least twice, after the person is allowed to settle down. There are many variables to take into consideration. I see the difference whenever I take my blood pressure at Save-On's pharmacy department. My second and third readings are significantly lower than the first, every time. Why would not a medical doctor care to know such simple, yet important matters?

I suggested we take the blood pressure again in a few minutes, Marilyn settled down, and her pressure was normal.

Particle - Is It A Girl?

We recalled the dreams both [Paul Cohen](#) and [Bob Gregson](#) had of our leading about a little girl and concluded our child would be a girl.

On July 14th, we met with Archie's family and the Bensons at Cam Peat's acreage Archie was renting southeast of Lethbridge. Everyone was excited, although I felt somewhat tempered in my joy because things weren't going well with Archie and his family or with the Bensons for that matter. There were constant conflicts.

However, they were still excited. Everyone had gifts to give. Everyone gave gifts for a little girl, but Danny, Archie's youngest, bought a squeaky rubber hammer. I thought, "Why would he buy a boy's toy when we expect a girl?" We had even chosen a name for her - "Alaythia," a Greek-derived name, meaning "Truth."

Particle - Vision - Out like a Cork from a Bottle

Just before the baby was born, we had concerns about the pregnancy and delivery. I saw, in a vision, the baby coming out suddenly, almost like a cork popping out of a champagne bottle, with no complications.

Particle - Not For the Sword

The world has always had its threatening situations, but now seemed like an undesirable time to bring a child into it, given the evil days. As I expressed this concern to the Lord, He said, "*The child is destined for the crown, not the sword.*" We had nothing to fear.

Particle - Arnoldussen's Bitch Attacks Marilyn

The Arnoldussens had a temperamental bitch that would bark, growl, and snap at me and others if we got anywhere close to their yard. One day, as Marilyn was in a part of our yard next to theirs, the dog came violently at her. I was nearby and ran to ward it off. It didn't touch Marilyn, but it was close.

It was annoying that we should be harassed by neighbors' dogs in our own yard. When we complained to Joanna, she brushed it off as though we were being ridiculous, blowing things out of proportion, or lying.

A few days later, the milkman came to deliver at Arnoldussens, and the dog attacked him. Only then did they get rid of it. We heard no apology from them. Ah, Reform people, and the daughter of a Reform pastor, no less.

Particle - The Greatest Satisfaction

What is the greatest satisfaction one can have on earth? I have learned it.

It doesn't come by travel, sightseeing, recreation, or entertainment. It doesn't come by power, financial fortune, social status, drugs, food, drink, or fame, no matter how much one may have of these. It doesn't come by health or by being loved. It doesn't come by friends or by family - a wife, husband, or child. It doesn't come from a church or religion. Knowledge or volume of accomplishment doesn't satisfy. What, then, provides the greatest satisfaction?

It is to fulfill one's duty and calling on their life. It is to perform to the best of one's ability that for which they were born. The apostle Paul said, in Peterson's words, **"This is the only race worth running. I've run hard right to the finish, believing all the way" (2 Timothy 4:7 MSG).**

It doesn't matter how great or small the calling may appear to be, whether it is an apostle, caregiver, janitor, business executive, schoolteacher, bureaucrat, mother, or housewife.

Solomon said these things:

"Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might; for there is no work, nor plan, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave where you go" (Ecclesiastes 9:10 MKJV).

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep His commandments. For this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it is good, or whether evil" (Ecclesiastes 12:13-14 MKJV).

All else, he said, was vanity.

This same satisfaction works even in short-term obligations, whether annual ones, monthly, weekly, daily, hourly, or by the minute. What you do, do well, and it will be well with you - a great truth.

Particle - Paul Cast Out

We saw Paul for the last time in a while on August 18th, 1991, when he left for home after a visit. He called on the 21st. Something Paul said provoked me to tell him that seeing he could only think of women and marriage, he may as well go to it. I said, "Go fornicate! If that's what you want, don't be a hypocrite; be what you really are. Better to be cold than lukewarm. Go do your thing."

That was the second time for me to kick him out. I was fed up with constantly trying to correct him in his fetish about women.

Particle - Letter to Jimmy Swaggart

In 1991, Jimmy Swaggart was found out - a fulfillment of what I had [prophesied](#) to Dave Neufeld in 1987. It was announced that men like Oral Roberts and others were ministering to and praying for him. I wrote Jimmy, telling him that Oral Roberts and whoever else praying for him did no good and that he wasn't delivered of his demons.

But who was I that he should listen to me? I didn't expect him to respond... and he didn't.

Particle - Weeding Our Lawn By Hand

From the beginning, we determined not to use chemicals on our lawn. We didn't want children playing on our lawn with pollutants; we didn't want birds, insects, and microorganisms poisoned; and we certainly had no desire to support the tyrannical, destructive chemical industry. This meant we would let our lawn go to weed, or if we were to eliminate weeds, with our limited knowledge, it would be on our hands and knees.

What a job! We had a half-acre of lawn, and I recall a time when only a tiny portion of the lawn was so full of dandelions I would spend six hours just getting the "bloomers" by the root. There were the "tinies," the "budders," the "bloomers," and the dreaded "fuzzers," which were ready to produce more because we had missed them at earlier stages.

We needed all the help we could get, so Archie and his family, Lois and her boys, Paul, and on rare occasions, other individuals would come in their spare time. The Hafichuks, the Bensons, and Paul Cohen spent many long hours helping us.

I tried hiring one of the Van Liere kids, but all they could do was scorn the notion of weeding by hand. How the chemical industry has taken over the world in its perspectives and philosophies, affecting our environment, health, and wellbeing! Of course, we could have let the weeds go, but we wanted the conventional manicured, grassy lawn.

Were there benefits? Yes! We got some exercise, fresh air, sunshine, and instead of wasting our time sitting around a table or on a sofa or watching TV, we visited and talked, dealing with issues in our lives while weeding. We had a clean conscience, a healthy environment around the home, and enjoyed the satisfaction of not supporting heinously-destructive mercenaries.

Not to mention that so often has the Lord spoken to me on the lawn or given me revelations, and I found it a suitable time to pray and meditate. I discovered a new meaning to "being on my knees."

Particle - Making Visits Productive

The Hafichuks and the Bensons would often come out to our place on Sundays, their day off. However, we would only sit around and have the most boring times. I got tired of it and thought, "We aren't accomplishing anything physically or spiritually; it's always dead, so why not head out on the lawn leisurely and weed while we either talk or remain silent?"

Thereafter, it was assumed that whenever they came out, they would be weeding unless other things came up. Cathie didn't like it, feeling Archie worked hard all other six days and needed a

rest. I understood, but felt that either they stayed home on Sundays or weeded when they came out. Right or wrong, I could no longer tolerate nothingness or uncomfortable silence; there was no peace or rest in it.

Particle - Harassment from the Van Lieres

Jake Van Liere's boys, Quinn, John, and Ben, would come by mocking. We didn't rebuke them or complain, but remained silent or tried to reason with them, time and again. They continued their assault. This was only further proof [bullies](#) won't go away if ignored or if their victims don't stand up to them.

One day they came to our home for no other reason, it seemed, than to have a bit of fun. "Idle hands are the devil's playground"? Marilyn answered the door, and she became angry with them (I don't know what was said or done). I came out, angry this time as well, and chased them away, telling them they were no longer allowed on our property. That event, however, wouldn't be the end of it.

Particle - The Impossible Accomplished from Above

One day, I was utterly overwhelmed with the weeds getting away on me. Because Marilyn was pregnant, she could no longer join me on the lawn, and others were busy with their duties. I was near surrendering to using 2,4-D broadleaf herbicide or just letting the weeds go. Then the Lord spoke to me and said: *"These things are accomplished from above."* I thanked the Lord for His Word.

Archie unexpectedly dropped by in the afternoon and helped me for about an hour on one small patch. He left and, as I resumed, I looked out on the lawn, and there wasn't as much as I was sure there had been just hours before. Was the Lord blessing me by Archie?

Within a day or two, by myself, with only a few hours each day, I was caught up, with the weeds under control. From that day forward, those words would return to me on many occasions when I felt desperate or overwhelmed, not only in weeding, but in greater matters.

Particle - Claudio Chiste and Donald Moffat

You'll recall that [Claudio Chiste](#) represented MH Consulting in the [Spencer trial](#) and [Donald Moffat](#) was the bombastic adversary who promised a countersuit, presuming or pretending I was a crooked consultant. What were the chances of the lawyers for both the defendant and plaintiff in my case being taken out of law practice some short years later?

In 1991 we heard Claudio Chiste had gone bankrupt. I recall he had spoken of real estate and leverage. I guess he over-leveraged himself. He retreated to a cabin in the Crowsnest Pass.

I wanted to help him, so I called his wife, who was understandably skeptical and protective, seeing we had never met. My efforts didn't go anywhere - Claudio wasn't interested. The words about the firestorm in "[I See a Boy](#)" had been prophetic.

Donald Moffat had offended the law somehow and found himself out of practice. His offense wasn't mere incompetence or oversight, but I don't know exactly what its nature was.

Particle - Clothing and Prophecy for a Girl

I began buying clothes and supplies for a baby girl. I also had a prophecy for a girl and what she would be like. These are some of the words I recall (there were many more):

“Alaythia will be a comely, godly child, obedient to her parents, calling them ‘Momma’ and ‘Poppa.’ She will be filled with the Holy Spirit from the womb and receive revelation and spiritual understanding yet as a young child, with words to minister to us in time of need. She will be a great and wonderful blessing. You will enjoy her while she’s here, and you will miss her when she’s gone.”

I would come to realize this prophecy reached well beyond the coming physical child, even as Isaiah’s prophecy to King Ahaz would refer, not to an event in his day, but to one centuries later (Isaiah 7). My prophecy referred to the little girl Paul Cohen and Bob Gregson saw in their dreams, and whom someone else, years later, would also see in a dream, only this time the same little girl would be a grown woman, a reality already unfolding.

Particle - Surprise!

We began prenatal classes, but it was too late for me to learn what I thought I needed to learn. On the evening of September 21st, the baby was particularly active and Marilyn was a whirlwind of activity, housecleaning as though we were getting unexpected company.

And we did get unexpected company. At 2:30 AM on September 22nd, Marilyn woke me saying, “I think my water broke.” According to another of Dr. Hardin’s judgments, the child wasn’t to come for a couple more weeks, not that these things are precisely determined.

We called Dr. Hardin, who wasn’t happy about being called at that hour. We were directed to come to the hospital. Arriving there, the doctor examined Marilyn, made arrangements, and was taking leave to get some sleep, thinking the baby wouldn’t be born for several hours. She didn’t reach her room. The nurse, realizing something was happening, called down the hall after the doctor and delivery commenced almost immediately.

It didn’t take long before the baby was out. The total time of Marilyn’s labor from the breaking of water was about four hours.

When the baby came forth, Dr. Hardin was taken by surprise and dropped it! Fortunately, it was to a utensils table less than a foot below. I was annoyed. She was quite incompetent and didn’t seem to care. But there was the birth, as foretold by the Lord in the [vision](#).

Danny was right - it was a boy! Five pounds, fifteen ounces, born at 6:34 AM; a tiny guy, but lively. What to name him? Apparently, we had to scrap “Alaythia.” We pondered for days until we settled on “Jonathan,” which means “God is given” or “gift of God.” Surely, he was a gift, a surprise, and such a wonderful one. I also saddled him with my first and second names, “Victor” and “Nicholas,” something he would come to occasionally teasingly complain about - or is he serious?

We were surprised a child was coming. We were surprised it came so soon, and we were surprised it was a boy. The nursing staff seemed to expect some problems, seeing Jonathan was born of a woman in her early forties and he being premature by two weeks or so. There were no immediate problems.

Imagine the change in lifestyle for us, especially for Marilyn! Just having a child was a huge change after 17 years and getting on in age. Besides, Jonathan was no ordinary child. He didn't sleep normal baby hours of sleep, not because something was bothering him. He just didn't sleep like other babies. Nor did he cry, or complain, or whine, or argue or get easily upset. Remarkably, he seemed to take things in stride from the beginning.

(Given Jonathan's interests and activities today in free running and gymnastics, I've reconsidered blaming Dr. Hardin for dropping him. I wonder if Jonathan didn't surprise her by displaying his natural aptitudes at first opportunity.)

Particle - Dr. Hardin Betrays Our Wishes

We wanted no males involved, but Dr. Hardin, without our permission or informing us, brought in a male pediatrician. There was no need for him.

She performed an episiotomy, which was against our wishes for a natural childbirth. She slipped the procedure in when I wasn't alert; I suspect she had someone distract me. It wasn't as though the baby was large or that Marilyn was having problems. Hardin insisted on a few things, some of which we refused and some of which we didn't have the knowledge or experience to resist or refuse.

Particle - Jonathan's First Assault Suffered

One of those was a Vitamin K shot. Knowing it was synthetic, I knew it would be toxic, but the nurse insisted on it. They had their arguments; I caved and am very sorry I did. My son suffered his first assault with pain in this world because his father wasn't informed and prepared to protect him.

I've often wondered what harm the toxin did him, considering he received a dose of it in the first hour of his birth. The body's own natural Vitamin K doesn't crest until the eighth day. There would be good reason for it. Many physicians don't even begin to consider that.

Later I found information on the internet from the *Crusador Health News Alert*, an informative publication put forth by Greg Ciola for the good of many, to confirm my fears. Not only is there no need for Vitamin K shots for newborns, there is every urgent reason to avoid them like the plague they are. (Click [here](#) for more about Vitamin K and other birth procedures.)

Particle - Much Medical Meddling Manipulating the Masses

No baby should receive shots of any kind unless it is evident to be urgently necessary. The problem there, of course, is that the predominantly atheistic medical establishment thinks it knows better and we poor peons know very little. There's no regard for instinct, intuition, natural caring, common sense, or respect for God's wisdom in His creation.

This isn't to say doctors and *proper* medical care don't have their place, or that all medical personnel are atheistic. However, even those who profess faith are deeply influenced by the ruling powers in the medical madness we loosely call "health care."

Particle - To Circumcise or Not

I questioned whether to circumcise our son. Of course, had we had a girl, no debate. I asked for circumcision, not for religious purposes, but because I heard of the benefits thereof. Hardin strongly argued against it as barbaric. I left it. Good thing; she might have castrated him instead, or tossed the wrong piece away. As it turned out, the time would come when Jonathan would get his medically-necessary circumcision after all.

Particle - Giving Thanks to the Lord

The only comfort I had at the time with an incompetent doctor and the trials of bringing a child into the world, with the medical establishment as it is, was to acknowledge God was in full control over both good and evil. I'm reminded to give Him thanks in everything. Many times thanksgiving has preserved sanity and granted peace in the midst of trying circumstances, especially those perceived to be beyond my control.

Particle - An Overwhelming Experience

What an amazing thing to have a son! I remembered how I had [wondered](#) what it would be like to have one, about a year earlier. Doctors had told us before we married that Marilyn couldn't have children because of hormonal imbalance. For seventeen years they were right - and then they were wrong! I felt like Geppetto with Pinocchio.

For weeks after, I would sit by the crib as Jonathan slept, watching and marveling. I was tickled. Then I wrote a little song:

Oh, my son... my precious son!
Our hearts are bound... and we are one.
My life is new... it's new in you;
Your very best I will pursue.

Was I falling into idolatry?

Particle - Marilyn's Fear of Rejection

Marilyn was always afraid of being rejected or abandoned by those closest to her. Perhaps it was because her mother left Marilyn's father, brother, and her when Marilyn was twelve years old. As well, her mother had been adopted as an orphan and greatly lacked self-esteem, which might have been passed on to Marilyn.

Whatever the origin, Marilyn has had this condition. She often spoke of our going to a mall where, parting ways with her for moments, she feared I wouldn't return. She lived with that fear, though I never intended, desired, expressed, felt, or thought such a thing, not for one moment.

When Jonathan was born, he didn't immediately take to breastfeeding. This stirred Marilyn's irrational fear. Within three days, however, he was nursing fine, and they were released from the hospital. She wanted to come home sooner, but the doctor preferred otherwise.

Particle - Blessings Can't Be Kept Secret

We decided to share our joy with a small handful of our Moon River neighbors. They were John and Vera Shaskin, Art and Ann Adams, Dave and Pam Adams, Bev Magee and Jack Kilroe (her boyfriend). I recall Jack holding Jonathan and commenting on how "clear" his face was. Many

people looked on Jonathan and saw something special. He was a comely child. I was reminded of Moses (Exodus 2:2).

Particle - I'm in Wonder

I would carry Jonathan around every day, and he would stare intensely upward. I spent time at his crib when he slept and sat there watching him, marveling at this new life, this little universe before me. If we went anywhere, like shopping, I would show him off to everyone, including strangers. They would look at him and wonder, too.

I can't say I'm sure it was because of him or because of the way I doted on him, but ever since his birth, he has had favor with both God and man, a favor so foreign to me in my first decades of life, and even to this day with man, though not with God.

He is a miracle child, as with Isaac, Samson, Samuel, and John the Baptist.

Particle - Active, yet Slow Developing

Jonathan refused to be restrained in any way. We couldn't put him in anything with straps or anything confining, like a Snuggli. When he was about three months old, we tried strapping him in a lounger. He struggled until he had slipped down under two or three straps and out. The same was true later with his high chair and crib.

He refused to be contained, even in time - he wasn't disposed to go to sleep until it was our bedtime - hours after we thought he should be in bed. He never cried; he just protested with patience, energy, and importunity. His life in the womb and his birth were that way, and I harbor doubts he'll accept a grave.

Houdini, meet Hafichuk, your match.

He developed more slowly than other children, however. Perhaps we were simply impatient or had high expectations of him. His umbilical stub took - get ready for this - 50 days to fall off! His teeth were behind schedule, as well.

Particle - Vision - The Sphinx

Shortly after Jonathan was born, in 1991 or so, I had a vision of a sphinx in a desert. I knew I was seeing Jonathan. Behind him, there were several sphinxes, perhaps a hundred yards apart, evenly spaced, every one facing in the same direction, each one still, as sentinels. Each was solitary, yet one in function and purpose.

What is a sphinx? Does anyone know? Some say it has the face of a pharaoh. All I know is that it has the head of a man, the body of a lion, and once had the wings of an eagle. There's much more significance to it than meets the eye.

I'm reminded of the living creatures spoken of:

Revelation 4:6-11 MKJV

(6) And a sea of glass was in front of the throne, like crystal. And in the midst of the throne, and around the throne, were four living creatures, full of eyes in front and behind.

(7) And the first living creature was like a lion, and the second living creature like a calf, and the third living creature had the face of a man, and the fourth living creature like a flying eagle.

(8) And each one of the four living creatures had six wings about him, and within being full of eyes. And they had no rest day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God, the Almighty, who was and is and is to come."

(9) And whenever the living creatures gave glory and honor and thanks to Him Who sat on the throne, Who lives forever and ever,

(10) the twenty-four elders fell down before the One sitting on the throne. And they worshiped Him Who lives for ever and ever, and threw their crowns before the throne, saying,

(11) "O Lord, You are worthy to receive glory and honor and power, because You created all things, and for Your will they are and were created."

Particle - The Sphinx of Giza

The Sphinx is found with the Great Pyramid of Giza in Egypt, one of the wonders of the world - the only one left standing of the ancient wonders. With all our knowledge, technology, great machinery, and abilities, the Great Pyramid is still a mystery to us. The architecture of the Great Pyramid is comprised of awesome precision, and there is significance in the measurements, tied in with solar and lunar systems, the stars, and recorded history (even after its construction, and therefore prophetic). It mysteriously expresses some of the Scriptures; and all this is in harmony with its location on Earth.

How enormous and costly a project it must have been! It's said Egypt doesn't have the resources to tear it down, much less build one like it.

In *Great Pyramid Passages* by John and Morton Edgar, this is written:

"The Great Pyramid Text of Scripture, Isaiah 19:19, 20:

This Great Pyramid Text of Scripture, in the original Hebrew, contains 30 words. In Hebrew the letters of the alphabet were employed as arithmetical figures, consequently every word is also a row of figures and thus all Hebrew writing has numeric value. The above Hebrew Text as numbers is as shown below - the value of every letter is given and each line represents a word. The total value is 5449. ...

Height of the Great Pyramid in Pyramid inches = 5449."

Are these things true? How does the Sphinx tie in? Who built it? And what or whom does it represent?

I find the WordWeb dictionary defining "sphinx" as "an inscrutable person who keeps his thoughts and intentions secret." I've never known anyone to be as tight-lipped about his thoughts and activities as Jonathan. Jonathan has told me I can't read him, and he's right! He is a sphinx.

I know we'll be learning much more of the vision.

Particle - Mark's Vision: Stone Tower

In 1990 or 1991, Mark had a vision. He relates:

“I had a vision of a stone tower in a meadow with beautiful scenery all around it, including a brook, hills, grass, trees, animals, and bright sunshine. The tower had a shuttered window at the top of it.

I realized that to a person in that room, the outside world did not exist, and they would be unlikely to believe anyone who tried to tell them differently. In order to know different, the person inside would have to believe that they were in a room and that there was such a thing as a window with shutters that can open to another world, before they would take the seemingly senseless and foolhardy step of reaching out in the dark and groping for this window that nobody could actually see.

If they had the ‘blind’ faith to do that, they could push on the shutters and suddenly become part of the bigger world. It had disadvantages, though, in that the person would then become aware of what they looked like or how dirty they or their room were when bathed in light for the first time.”

Particle - The Lord Has Done Great Things for Us

There are so many foolish doctrines about God in nominal Christendom. If one truly believes God reigns supreme over all things, those doctrines would be readily, joyfully discarded. Knowing the reality of the supremacy of God is victory over sin, evil, flesh, Satan, error, darkness, hell, and death. Of, from, by, through, with, for, and to Him are all things. As Nebuchadnezzar declared after his judgment:

“Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and exalt and honor the King of Heaven, all Whose works are truth and His ways judgment. And those who walk in pride He is able to humble” (Daniel 4:37 MKJV).

Particle - God Reigns Supreme

Supremely excellent are the ways of the Lord!

What is the strength and wrath of man?

What is the wisdom of man?

In vain he strives and labors to achieve.

He fails.

But God reigns over all,

His daily wonders to perform.

Blessed are the eyes that see His works,

His hand in all,

His might manifest on behalf of those

Who love Him and who are called,

According to His counsel and will.

Victory belongs to the Lord God Almighty.

In defeat, He reigns;

In destruction, He builds;

In scourging, He refines;

In failure, He prospers;

In weakness, He is perfected;

In His chosen ones, He is manifest.

Nothing below Him can thwart His design;

There is nothing above.

The blessed ones are sure,

Established forevermore,

Their path brighter as they go

Though darkness around them

Grows thicker and more horrible.

Moon River, Oct. 28, 1991

Particle - Depression and a Sense of Rejection

Here I was with a wonderful surprise, a newborn son, yet I was soon plunged into great loneliness and depression. I didn't realize at the time what was happening or why. It wasn't until nine or ten years later when I discovered some poems I had written at this time of darkness that I understood why I had been feeling that way. I was surprised to discover I had felt so down within a month of the joyful event of Jonathan's birth.

Poems such as:

Particle - Alone

“You’ve got to walk/that lonesome valley/you’ve got to walk/it by yourself,” goes the song. As it was with Abraham, our father of faith, so it is with every sojourner in the faith. **“Look to Abraham your father, and to Sarah who bore you; for I called him alone, and blessed him and increased him” (Isaiah 51:2).** There is no other way.

On the day I set out to walk with God

I became lonely.

My family insisted

I remain with it -

I chose my loneliness,

Part of the price to pay

For obedience to God.

I entered a family of those

Who claimed to walk with God,

Only to discover feigned faith.

They insisted I be as they.

Called out from among them,

Again I was lonely.

He gave me a wife,

Knowing it not good

That I should be alone.

Together we searched for friends -

A cup of water here

And a cup there

But no well.

Today, after many years,
He gives us a son
Who helps to bear our loneliness,
But we are lonely.

What is it to be lonely?
It is to be alone
In desires, in thoughts, in understanding,
In conversation, in goals, in interests,
In activity, in purpose.

Added to our loneliness,
Betrayals and disappointments
To sharpen the pain that is there -
They come with smiles
And depart with frowns.

Added to our betrayals and disappointments,
The enmity of adversaries
Opposing what we are
And why we are here,
Hating us without a cause.

Added to the hatred,
Loneliness,
For they hate us,

And us alone.

Moon River, Oct. 29, 1991

Particle - Emptiness Within

Often and for long periods of time, God has hidden Himself from His called ones, as with all the saints and prophets of old. We desire so much to walk by sight, but we need to learn to walk by faith, by the little given knowledge of the unknown, in order that we may know Him.

And though He hides Himself to try us, He's always there; there's nowhere one can go from His presence. Emptiness isn't a bad sign in itself, as one might suppose.

I am ill with sorrow and grief,

Vexation and loneliness;

My soul is filled with groanings and longings;

I look in all directions;

I reach out;

My hand returns empty.

Tears fill my soul;

I cry and cry and cry;

There is no one to comfort, to console, to ease my pain.

Day after day, year after year,

Decade after decade,

I wait, I long, I cry;

I heave and sigh.

There is none to understand.

I wait for morning;

I wait for evening;

I'm desolate.

I eat, I sleep, I cry.

Is it sin I say I don't have
That causes me to be this way -
Desperate, sad, lonely, unfulfilled,
Useless, despised, unwanted?

This is not the abundant life.
Though I have my carnal needs met
And freedom to come and go,
I have nowhere to come and go.
All is quiet, uneventful, drab, and grey.
Do I complain,
Or do I merely state the way things are
For those appointed to such by Divine order,
Not for sin,
But for His purposes?

I don't know.
I do know I am very sad and very lonely;
This I do know.

I note that I'm not fearful
As I once was;
I'm not doubtful of my path
As I once was;
Or am I?

I don't covet my neighbor's shoes;
There is no being with whom I would trade.
Yet I perceive that if
It were not for the Lord's hand on me,
I would surely be tempted
To end my life.
If it were not for hope of better things,
I would despair so that
I would arrange my end.
How ironic!

So much for which to be thankful,
Needs provided abundantly,
A good wife,
A new healthy son,
Health, order, safety, and outer peace,
Yet a desperate longing within
For what, I don't know -
Friends? Companions? Work?
Importance? Usefulness? Fame?
Glory? Honor? Recognition?
Excitement? Adventure?
I don't know.
In still times I'm troubled.
Why?

I don't know.

I DO know I am very sad and very lonely;

This I DO know.

Moon River, Oct. 29, 1991

Particle - "Ask of Me for Others"

In one of these years, I received something slightly controversial (so what's new?), yet perfectly understandable, reasonable, and Scriptural. The Lord made it known I could ask Him for answers on behalf of others, and He would give them.

I began to practice that privilege, and I told some people of this gift granted me. I was surprised there were those who didn't profess faith, yet asked me to ask God, and He answered - every time.

However, His answers were seldom, if ever, what they wished or expected to hear. I found His answers addressed the issues of their hearts. Often they would come complaining about a problem with someone, assuming others needed to change, when it was invariably themselves who needed the correction.

Particle - Priesthood of the Believer

Why do I say that what I heard was controversial? There's the common doctrine in Protestant circles, primarily among evangelicals, of the "priesthood of the believer." This doctrine declares each born-again person to have equal, ready, and direct access to God and none needs a mediator or go-between of any kind at any time. The Scripture most often used to defend this doctrine is:

"For God is one, and there is one Mediator of God and of men, the Man Christ Jesus..." (1 Timothy 2:5 MKJV).

Yet how is it some of these people claim to believe in praying for others, as James directs?:

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith will cure the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. And if he has committed sins, it will be forgiven him" (James 5:14-15 MKJV).

James goes on to say:

"Confess faults to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous one avails much" (James 5:16 MKJV).

God gives various gifts to individual members of His Body. Not all have the same gifts.

"But there are differences of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of ministries, but the same Lord" (1 Corinthians 12:4-5 MKJV).

Between the foot and the head are the ankle, shin, knee, thigh, hip, back, abdomen, and neck. Before the blood passes from one point to another, it must use other parts of the body as passages and vehicles. No part is independent; neither does any part exist for itself, but for the rest of the body.

Particle - The Wealthy Outcast

“Lord, who has believed our report?” cried Isaiah. It is to the sinner a prophet is sent, but sinners don’t see or hear because they’re sinners (carnal men can’t receive the things of the Spirit). And because they’re sinners, they’re the ones who need to hear! So both prophet and perpetrator, both saint and sinner, both herald and hearer learn of the grace of God, with Whom anything is possible.

“Therefore He has mercy on whom He wills, and whom He wills He hardens” (Romans 9:18).

Nobody believes me;

They wince when I speak;

I give them Scriptures;

They give me notions.

They profess to love the Lord,

To honor the Scriptures,

To walk in righteousness and truth.

They have their own bibles

Of bits and pieces,

Tailored to their doctrines,

To suit their purposes.

They hate the Light;

They love their gods

And their sins.

God is anathema to them

As He is,
So they change the glory of God.
They take His Name,
Giving it to gods of their own liking.
They take His words,
Wresting them to their destruction.
With smiling public faces,
They deceive themselves, saying,
“We suffer for His sake;
Our reward is stored up,
For which we have so labored.”

Paupers, laid in the dust,
Naked, diseased, deranged,
Babbling vain repetitions,
Bled bone dry
By the gods they serve,
While I remain healthy, wealthy,
And alone.

Moon River, Oct. 31, 1991

Particle - Pharmaceutical Phlimphlam

The pressure was on from acquaintances and the medical establishment for us to vaccinate Jonathan. The arguments were logical and persuasive, not to mention potent in suggestion that we were irresponsible parents for not allowing vaccinations. However, after research and prayer, we decided against them.

After that decision, many instances were made known to us of the harmful effects of vaccinations, like autism immediately following them, transforming otherwise happy babies into screaming nightmares day and night, nightmares from which there was no awakening. I pity the parents with the children.

Vaccinations are a horrible travesty perpetrated on the populace by murderous, money hungry, atheistic opportunists, and by ignoramuses who follow as cattle to do their bidding. The scientific facts are available for all who care to know them, backed by many living proofs of disaster. Reason and common sense protest as much as, or even more than, anything else.

Have you researched the ingredients in vaccines? How diabolical! Formaldehyde, aspartame, mercury, and human diploid cells from aborted fetal tissue, just to name an outrageous few of a lethal plethora. Check out [Vaccine Ingredients](#). It is madness.

Google “Dr. Tenpenny” for excellent information on vaccinations.

Particle - The Heritage of the Saints

I received the following words from the Lord. Near the end, He addressed a concern I had about what to do with our savings. I wanted to do what was right in His sight.

“I have given you power, rushing fiery power that will destroy your adversaries on the left hand and on the right, before you and behind, above and beneath, without and within. You will rule over the nations with a rod of iron, and as vessels of a potter, you will smash them to pieces and scatter the powder to the winds. My vehemence will be manifest in you, nothing thwarting it. Mouths offending and opposing I will shut, and they shall not be opened.

You are My chosen vessel and I will not tolerate any to touch you any more than the apple of My eye. They have all poked their fingers at My face and have fingered their noses at Me. They have railed and vomited on Me and on you because of Me. No longer will they be tolerated and permitted to do so.

You speak, My son, and fear nothing. They will proceed no further as they have done. Only do not do as they in man’s railing and wrath. Speak the truth by My Spirit, in the spirit of righteousness and temperance, and I will surely see to the results, that they are entirely in your favor and in the favor of all those who stand with you and whose interests you represent.

It’s here, My son, it is here! The time for victory is here. I will turn to shame the heads of those who despise you, and they will turn or I’ll break their necks. They will swallow their poison. They will be forced to revere you or die. Those who resent you can no longer do so without death to themselves. This is the beginning of your partaking of the heritage of the saints as you haven’t known it before, which the Lord your God has granted. Amen.

Do as you please with your investment money. It doesn’t matter. If it was important that you should have more, you would have more, and so will it be in the days ahead.”

Moon River, Oct. 31, 1991

Particle - Another Surprise

“Sussie” is what Marilyn called the female Northern Cardinal that appeared at our feeder on December 15th, 1991. We had been putting out bird feed since shortly after moving to Moon River, watching for new and different birds. Spotting this one, we were excited. Checking our *Peterson Bird Guide*, we found her, but being novices at bird watching, we decided to confirm.

We called the Helen Schuler Coulee Center and they referred us to Doug and Theresa Dolman, somewhat experienced birders. Theresa tested me on the phone: “So the bill is black, isn’t it?” not wanting to go on a wild goose chase, even if she was a birder.

“No, the bill is more of an orange color,” I replied.

They had enough reason by our description to investigate. When they arrived and confirmed, Theresa said, “This is a rare occasion. If you were to let birders know, they would all want to come and see it.” (It was only the third official sighting of a Northern Cardinal in Alberta history.)

Our reaction: “By all means, let them know and let them come. We’d be glad to have them.”

They came all right - from all over Alberta. The fascinating thing was that birders would travel hundreds of miles, wait for Sussie to appear, log their sightings, and be gone (she disappointed only one person, I believe). She was with us until the end of March 1992 - 3 ½ months. (There’s that number again.)

Particle - “There Will Be Many...”

At that time, I received a prophecy, of which I have on record only these words: *“They will come from far and they will be many, and of many different kinds.”*

This spoke of people coming, believing, joining themselves to us, and worshipping God, living right lives in godliness, victory, joy, and thankfulness.

Particle - Guests to See Sussie

We met some interesting people in the birding world. First, there were Doug and Theresa Dolman. There were Liz Savoy (later Saunders) of Monarch; Malcolm and Joan McDonald, Ross Dickson, Richard Thomas, Brooke and Eric Tull, Bill McKitterick, and Rodger Dunn of Calgary; Peter Sherrington of Cochrane; Lois McKillop, Doris Rhodes, Jay Vander Gaast, Betty Haig, Dale and Paul Baumbach, Graham and Pat Greenlee, Doug Walker, and Witek Gierulski of Lethbridge; Suzanne Benoit of Vermillion; Lloyd Bennett of Taber; Ruth and Jason Attwell, Hazel Hudson, and Grace Norgard of Claresholm; Richard Klauke of St. Paul; and Pat Marklevitz and Terry Thormin of Edmonton.

Particle - Man’s Rapid Advancement to Destruction

There was one visit in particular I recall, with Terry Thormin of Edmonton. I believe he was a university professor. He had supper with us. I spoke to him of God, but he was an evolutionist and humanist who placed his faith in man’s ability to make things right through science and technology.

“How and when will man do so?” I asked.

He pointed out the great technological advances, the landing on the moon, the increase in knowledge, medical breakthroughs, improvements in strategies and control in the environment, globalization, and so forth. “Men are becoming more and more advanced and civilized as we evolve,” he concluded.

I was amazed, almost speechless. How in the world could anyone with any amount of education possibly think that way? What was he smoking? Where had he been? I started pointing out a few things:

Concerning the environment: The oceans were being fished out, the forests were being rapidly destroyed, the Exxon Valdez had just broken open, spilling great gobs of oil, and nuclear waste was everywhere, just to name a few of the biggies.

Concerning man being “civilized”: We had finished WW2, which followed WW1 just two decades earlier; we had the slaughter of millions in Cambodia by the Pol Pot regime in our time, the Viet Nam war, the Korean War, the Cold War; South America was alive and rife with revolutions, Africa was no better, and we had now developed enough nuclear power to erase ourselves from the face of the earth in a matter of hours.

Concerning medical advancement: Cancer and heart disease were rampant and on the increase, tuberculosis had returned, as had other plagues. AIDS was killing millions, and all sorts of new ailments were appearing.

I asked, “Just where and how are we advancing, Terry?”

Then I heard words I didn’t expect to hear, because they are rarely spoken. “You’re right,” he replied; he was perhaps somewhat downcast or disillusioned. He honestly confessed he was wrong. He had more sense than many, in spite of his opening remarks and expressed viewpoint.

I believe I told him that unless God were to stop this train, it was headed at breakneck speed for a complete derailment with no hope for anyone. In other words, Jesus Christ, being very God, is our only hope and we must turn to Him.

I gave him a copy of [Evolution - A Poem of Tact, Diplomacy, and Gentle Persuasion](#). He read it and protested that there were inaccurate suppositions in it, but didn’t specify. I’m not aware of any.

I hope Terry doesn’t succumb to despair in the dismal reality of this world, but looks to the Savior of all mankind, Who is able to save and will save if we turn to Him with our whole hearts. Of course, only God can enable us to do that.

Particle - High Places

During these years I began to realize a startling thing: The formal organized, structured churches in the world today are the [high places](#) of old, as described in the Old Testament. In the high places, people worshipped the Lord and/or other gods, but even if only the Lord, it wasn’t His will He should be worshipped in those places and in that manner. He hated the high places; they were forbidden.

There were very few kings in Judah that had the faith and courage to remove the high places - Kings Hezekiah, Josiah, and Jehoshaphat are examples (2 Kings 18:1-6; 23:5-25; 2 Chronicles 31:1). It always excited me to see them do so. No kings removed them in Israel.

It is no different with professing worshippers today. All the denominations and organizations with their formal services are men's ideas of worshipping God. They aren't [worshipping](#) Him in spirit and in truth. They're doing as they please, not as God pleases. Furthermore, there are very few people willing to come out of all church systems, which would be their way of following in the faithful footsteps of Hezekiah, Josiah, and Jehoshaphat.

Particle - Gates of Hell

It also came to me that these pompous, formal places or organizations of worship were the gates of hell Jesus referred to. They don't seem as bad as this sounds, but they are very bad all the same. [Hell](#) is the state and place of darkness, ignorance, bondage, and lack of understanding - where the dead reside. It's a place of false doctrine, delusion, and lostness. In hell, people lawlessly presume to worship the Lord Jesus Christ, while forbidding others to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

I've found it isn't the un-churched people who oppose the Kingdom of God so much as the churched. It's the religious who opposed Jesus Christ in the days of His flesh, and it's the religious who oppose Him today. Has not Jesus called the members of these places "children of hell" (Matthew 23:15)?

"Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For you compass sea and the dry land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, you make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves" (Matthew 23:15 MKJV).

There's no greater stumbling block for spiritual sojourners, or opposition to the way of the Spirit of God, than is found in the feigned faith, wisdom, and love of men. They prefer their creeds, rites, ceremonies, philosophies, and social powers, instead of their Creator God. When confronted with truth, these people ignore the evidence at best and, at worst, viciously revile and kill those who differ with them. These religious groups are the repositories and agents of sin and death.

When they perceive one to be attracted to the faith of the Son, Jesus Christ, especially one of their own, they are Satan's frontline of defense and offense to prevent what they presume to be a travesty against God.

"They shall put you out of the synagogue. But an hour is coming that everyone who kills you will think that he bears God service" (John 16:2 MKJV).

Particle - An Antidote for Depression

In one of these years, I received an understanding of depression (at least of a certain kind) and how to handle it. I realized that if a depressed person were to simply tend to some cleanup duties in their immediate surroundings, the depression would begin to break.

Wash up that sink full of dirty dishes that have been there for a week or more. Change your clothes, make your bed - properly. Put your things away where they belong. Don't try to do it all at once, just do one thing at a time - just one, maybe only one for the moment. A person may need to exercise some willpower to do it, but if he does it, it will be rewarding. Each step thereafter will be a little bit easier. It's marvelous how it works, really.

Sometimes one needs only to get some sunlight, fresh air, and exercise. Sometimes depression's a matter of diet, mineral supplementation, or chiropractic adjustment. All of these have worked to elevate my mood.

I have often found, however, that if one were to simply clean up immediate surroundings and tend to some duties left neglected, things change for the better almost immediately. You get to feel lighter and better about your circumstances and about yourself.

Years after this revelation, I wrote more on depression and how to beat it: [Good Riddance to Depression](#).

Particle - Paul Calls, an Unbeliever Directing Him

On December 21st, 1991, four months from the day we last spoke to Paul by phone, he called. Kerri Palermo was on the line with him. She was a young woman he had met when he headed out and did as [I suggested](#).

When telling her about his life, he had said, "When Victor told me the Lord had sent him to Israel, I told him I knew the Lord had sent him to me. That turned out to be true."

Kerri replied, "Why are you not in touch with him, then? You should be!"

Paul said to me, "I knew she was right, that I should be in touch, and I determined at that moment to contact you. What struck me was that Kerri had no question or doubt that what I told her was true, that God had sent you."

Paul and Kerri said they wished to marry. We didn't have the witness and peace of God they should do so and thought that if they were given enough time, things might change. We advised them to wait a year. They agreed. However, I warned Paul that if he married Kerri, he would be hers and she would lead him around by the nose. Indeed, she was already doing so.

On January 1st, Paul and Kerri arrived for five days. I was surprised when I tried sharing spiritual matters with Paul that he was as dead as Kerri, an unbeliever, incapable of understanding even basic truths.

But why should I have been surprised? I had told him he was better off cold than lukewarm and to do his thing, which he did. Why, then, would the Lord impart anything to him? I heard strange words coming forth from Paul. He said, "These things are too hard for *us* to understand." Not only was he receiving nothing, he was identifying with her in her unbelief, not with us in faith.

I was disgusted with Paul. I thought to myself, "You have known us for eleven years now, and simple things are too much for you?" I was reminded of the apostle Paul's words to the Corinthians:

"Brothers and sisters, I couldn't talk to you as spiritual people, but as people still influenced by your corrupt nature. You were infants in your faith in Christ. I gave you milk to drink. I didn't give you solid food because you weren't ready for it. Even now you aren't ready for it because you're still influenced by your corrupt nature... and living by human standards" (1 Corinthians 3:1-3 GW).

In response to what I just wrote above, Paul writes: "I was delighted to hear the true things you were saying. I had been away for a while and backslidden, not hearing them, but I hadn't forgotten

about God or what happened in the past years. That was with me every day, like Carol Browne says of herself. I recall receiving things, understanding what was said during that visit, and being helped by those things in days to come.”

Particle - The Unclean Always Defiles the Clean

Put one bad apple in a basket of good apples, give it time, and no matter how many good apples there are, they'll all spoil. The bad will overcome the good, every one of them, every time.

Paul went to unbelief by joining himself to Kerri, an unbeliever. The two become one flesh. She didn't come to believe when joined to him; he went to unbelief when joining her. It is a law.

“A little leaven leavens all the lump” (Galatians 5:9 MKJV).

“And the flesh that touches any unclean thing shall not be eaten. It shall be burned with fire. And as for the flesh, all who are clean shall eat of it” (Leviticus 7:19 MKJV).

“Her priests have broken My Law and have defiled My holy things. They have put no difference between the holy and the common, and have not taught between the unclean and the clean, and have hidden their eyes from My Sabbaths, and I am defiled among them” (Ezekiel 22:26 MKJV).

Particle - Lethbridge Naturalist Society

Lloyd Bennett, a sugar beet farmer of Taber, Alberta, was president of the Lethbridge Naturalist Society when he came by as a birdwatcher to see the Northern Cardinal. He told me how he had used his large tank sprayer for an herbicide on his field to kill all the weeds before planting his beets or before they came up. He said he emptied the tank completely of the chemical. Then, when the beets were up, he filled the tank with a fertilizer and sprayed the beets. His crop was completely destroyed from the residue of the herbicide, though greatly diluted with fertilizer and water.

Questions:

Just how strong a mix was he using for the weeds?

What is a member, indeed the president, of a naturalist society doing killing everything green on his farm? Isn't this an organization that presumes to care about conservation of the natural environment, or at least to observe it in its natural state?

Don't these naturalists know they're killing microorganisms, insects, birds, animals, and themselves, as well as polluting our streams and aquifers with these insane agricultural practices?

Doesn't it occur to them that agriculture and wild nature are intricately and intimately united, married as man and wife?

Isn't there the slightest amount of common sense with conventional farmers?

I had a talk with Lloyd about this. I hope and think he understood the gravity of such practices.

Particle - No Change with Past Acquaintances

I don't recall anyone from my earlier life ever getting in touch with me. On the other hand, I've often wondered how others have fared and I've tried to contact them. The remarkable thing I found is how they hadn't changed over decades. They only grew more established in their natures. Aside from changes in occupational status and having families, it seems life passed them by.

People need to be raised from the dead. Only knowing Jesus Christ, Who is Life, can truly change and profit anyone. Perhaps traumatic circumstances make a difference, but even those don't change nature, only disposition, often for the worse, though sometimes for the better.

Particle - Ernie Chadwick

Of those who did have faith in Christ, such as [Ernie Chadwick](#), whom we had met in 1976 in Caroline, Alberta, and who had a vision and prophecy for me, we witnessed a sad and tragic unfolding of their lives.

In 1992, after 16 years, I contacted Ernie. He informed me he had heart surgery and was on medications. Spiritually, he was following the ministries of men such as Paul Cain and [Rick Joyner](#), which ministries I perceived to be self-serving and dead. I was disappointed to see these things with Ernie.

Could it be concluded that whether one has faith or not, old age and disease come inescapably hand-in-hand? I saw Ernie as having taken a wrongful direction somewhere and suffering the fruits of that waywardness. Whereas it seemed he once had life, now he was into the dead works of men.

"You need to go where the Spirit is," he declared to me. But what spirit was he following? Was it the spirit of strong delusion? The scenario with Mickey Patrick insisting Marilyn and I join his "Spirit-filled church" repeated itself again and again... men calling us to them in the Name of the Lord, as the Lord warned:

"Then if they say to you, 'Behold, He is in the wilderness'; do not go out. 'Behold, He is in the inner rooms'; do not believe. For as the lightning comes forth from the east and shines as far as the west, so also will be the coming of the Son of Man" (Matthew 24:26-27 LITV).

We have seen Him come many times, lighting up the sky.

One thing I've witnessed with many professing faith in God: They ignore proper care of the body, as though it didn't matter. It matters, just like it matters to service a car or nurture an animal properly. Being Christians is no reason to neglect our physical needs. There's great ignorance and irresponsibility in this matter. Ernie was found to be serving not the Lord, but himself. When men forsake the Lord, they forsake their welfare and reward.

Particle - Opposite Directions with Opposite Results

Because [Dave Loewen](#) was instrumental in our receiving the Spirit by leaving R.A. Torrey's booklet in our home in 1974, I decided to call him in 1992. They came to visit us in our new log home at Moon River Estates. When we knew them in 1975, 17 years earlier, they had a nice new home in Calgary, a construction contracting business, and children. We had nothing but a 1973 Volkswagen Fastback - no home, no furnishings, and no savings.

Now they informed us that after we parted in 1975, the very opposite happened to them that happened to us. They lost everything in bankruptcy - their business, home, furniture (Irene emphasized they lost “*everything*”). Furthermore, if my memory serves correctly, they also lost a child.

Meanwhile, God had freely given us a wonderful home, furnishings, and a new car; He met all our needs abundantly (without servile labor or asking or depending on anyone for anything). He even gave us a son, 17 years after we were married, when Marilyn wasn’t even supposed to be able to bear children.

If you’ll recall, we and the Loewens had to go our [separate ways](#) because Dave wasn’t prepared to identify fully with the Lord, refusing to speak [His Word](#) when commanded and refusing to make the break with [organized religion](#). We perceived that the fruits they experienced were directly related to their failure to take up the cross and follow the Lord. It doesn’t pay to disobey. As it is written:

“Good understanding gives favor, but the way of traitors is ever flowing” (Proverbs 13:15 MKJV).

Who can help but perceive the remarkably diametrical events of our and the Loewens’ lives?

Who says there is no God?

Days after the visit, I wrote to them, telling them what we understood and saw. Dave only responded with an indignant, faulting letter, with apparently logical and valid argument. We could only shake our heads. There was nothing to do but let him have his way. Apparently, they hadn’t suffered enough. We would have yet more to do with them in years to come, and Dave would be our public enemy.

Particle - Nathan Released From Isolation

In March 1992, Nathan Hafichuk was permitted to rejoin the family in their usual activities. With tears, Archie received him back. I wondered that it had taken so long and hoped Nathan wasn’t going to return to his old ways. As far as we knew from then on, he didn’t do so. I was thankful. Everyone liked Nathan, not that disliking him had been the issue.

Particle - Chiropractic Treatment

Because of the [neck injury](#) I sustained three decades earlier, I became increasingly incapacitated. By 1992, I wasn’t able to stand, sit, lie in certain positions, or turn my head to the right for more than a few seconds without incurring a major headache that would last hours, perhaps days.

Over the years, I hoped and prayed the Lord would heal me. I once recall coming to tears with a headache, likely out of self-pity, and I was depressed, anxious, and irritable. Some of these conditions I attributed to a sinful disposition, not realizing my neck was affecting me.

Trevor Benson was receiving treatment from a chiropractor, Dr. Joe Nemeth, and found satisfaction, so I decided to try him. With Dr. Nemeth’s treatment, I began the slow road to recovery.

Dr. Nemeth had two very friendly receptionists, Leslie, and Vicky Dejong.

Particle - Mark Brings Ariko

Mark met Ariko Ishikawa, a Japanese exchange student, in school and began to cultivate a close relationship with her - he was even considering marriage. He tried to convert her to Christ. They would come visit us at Moon River and help weed.

Then a strange thing happened. I decided to give her an English name, "Agatha," which means "good," the root of my [surname](#), "Hafichuk." Why did I do so with her, of all people? I have no idea. I had never done so with anyone else, and there was no indication she believed. Why should she receive such identification or honor (if one could call it "honor") above others closer to me? At any rate, I gave her the name. Knowing what I know now, I regret doing it. Likely, it was a silly idea, though I'm not convinced; the event was rather beyond me.

Particle - Ariko Deceives

While renting a room from Lois on Lakemount Boulevard, Ariko was being deceptive with us. For example, while she was acting as one interested in the things of the Kingdom of God - to win Mark as a husband, I suppose - Lois found condoms in her possession. Lois and Mark tried reasoning with her and teaching her right from wrong, according to Biblical truth and law. Given her pagan background, it was understandable she was ignorant of these things.

In hindsight, we realize she was discreetly contemptuous of morality. She came to the place where she accused us of being manipulative and domineering. No doubt, Lois, who has been known by all to be dreadfully brutish and demanding, could have handled things much better.

At that time, I received a prophecy for Ariko: *"Because you've practiced deception on others, others will practice deception on you, many times over what you have done, and you'll taste and know the fruit of your ways."* I saw her going back to Japan where she would suffer these things, and she did return to Japan.

While I was weeding the lawn, I received another prophecy for Ariko, and also one for Kerri Palermo: *"Ariko will be back, and Kerri will fade away."*

Sadly, years later we would come to see Ariko as not only manipulative and domineering, but insanely obsessed with unforgiveness and vengeance toward us and anyone who had anything to do with us. Perhaps she felt led on by having been given an honorary name and then rejected as Mark's bride? Speculation, speculation.... At any rate, deception did indeed take her over.

Particle - Jonathan's Eczema

When Jonathan was about six months old, he developed a terrible case of eczema on his face. We prayed and tried what we knew of natural remedies, but nothing worked. The condition grew worse. Then Marilyn had a vision of a facial cream being applied to his face and his face clearing.

Because God wasn't answering our prayers for healing, we went to our medical doctor. Dr. Morgan was upset we had waited so long; Jonathan had developed impetigo. She immediately put him on antibiotics and prescribed a steroid cream to be applied to his face. We were opposed to both things, but didn't know what else to do, not being familiar with alternatives. We administered those, and in three or four days, Jonathan's face cleared.

God is over the medical establishment and isn't afraid of antibiotics or steroids, even for infants. Not saying those are the routes we should take when we know of better alternatives. I see this situation as the Lord dealing with our fears of "the establishment," of fear of man, really. God rules, and doesn't countenance any limitations imposed on Him.

Particle - My Tenth Eviction for the Faith

On May 30th, 1992, I decided to meet with [John Taal](#) and his wife. They were wondering how things were going for me, recalling I had been [struggling](#) when I was in their home years before, though I hadn't divulged particulars to them. They weren't wondering with compassion; it seemed they were rather smug about how they had handled me when I had come [apologizing](#).

They did some preaching and testifying, not of the Lord, but of their church and their works. The Lord gave me strong things to say against the corruption of the church systems and the occupants thereof. I was bold and direct, without apology or hesitation, yet clear of belligerence or arrogance.

By the time I was through, John was showing me the door, which was expected. I was thankful to taste the rare occasion of righting something I had previously messed up because of lack of faith.

Particle - Charles Givens

Charles Givens' organization came to town in 1992 to better everyone financially - or was it to better himself? We had substantial savings and were wondering how best to manage our assets and invest them effectively. I attended the meeting at the Lethbridge Lodge, signed up, and was soon sorry I did.

I had a vision of Charles. I saw him with his back turned to the people and giving a low palm-side stroke against those behind him, brushing off anyone coming for help. He was cold and calloused to the needs of those he was presuming to help. Reflecting his spirit, his staff was trained to coldly reject triflers and doubters, and not to waste any time on probing questions.

Six years later, on July 12th, 1998, Charles Givens died of prostate cancer at age 57.

The world, in my estimation, doesn't revolve around me, yet again and again I've seen how I'm often the last straw when it comes to God's dealing with people. He allows people to do me evil and then deals with them. Was such the case here?

Particle - The Devil Didn't Make Him Do It

On June 19th, 1992, Paul and Kerri picked up [Gerald Thompson](#) in Great Falls and brought him to Canada for the weekend. Because of his split personality, confusion, and provocative expression when writing us, we believed Gerald was demon-possessed. We hoped he might receive deliverance.

As we visited, I tried to persuade him that his life was a mess and in need of redemption. I tried to make him realize his need, of which he seemed quite oblivious. Indeed, he seemed to take pride in his state of affairs as though it was Christi-like of him to be wretched and poor. I quoted various passages of Scripture to reason with him. While I don't recall the specific ones, they would have been such as the following:

“For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly” (Psalms 84:11 KJV).

“The thief does not come except to steal and to kill and to destroy. I have come so that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly” (John 10:10 MKJV).

I said, “Gerald, here you are, living on welfare, your mind messed with pharmaceutical drugs, much overweight, not able to provide for yourself, not able to comprehend things - the list goes on. How can you think you have the abundant life Jesus promised to those who believe? What makes you think you’re walking in faith?”

With no attitude or intention of gloating or boasting, I said, “Look at what the Lord has given us,” referring to our home and other benefits, both physical and spiritual. “We didn’t earn them or deserve them, but God has blessed us, fulfilling His Word to all who believe.”

His immediate defiant answer was, “A man’s life does not consist in the abundance of that which he possesses.”

Those were words the Lord Jesus had spoken, true words. I knew them well and was mindful of them. I also knew one could be physically poor and still be in the perfect will of God - no problem. Paul the apostle was a classic case. We had also been rather poor at times while walking with the Lord.

His reply, however, was an arrogant rebuttal, and I thought it came from demons. Suddenly the realization hit me: It wasn’t a devil speaking, but Gerald. It was a revelation. I turned to Paul and said, “This isn’t a devil speaking. It’s Gerald! It’s *him!*”

I pondered for years why I had such a realization. Usually there was no debate about whether one was speaking from himself or by a devil, and it didn’t matter. In this case, the lesson or demonstration was very clear. We would learn more on this in the future.

I became angry. I expected there were still devils, but there was no way Gerald could be helped. He was in all wickedness. There we were, trying to help him, and there he was, accusing me of placing emphasis on goods, as though I was a self-righteous, prosperity-preaching idolater, when he was wasting away as an irresponsible, lazy, arrogant vagrant, thinking to glorify God with his holiness.

Then and there, I wouldn’t permit him to sit at our table another minute, stuffing his fat face with extra helpings of dessert my wife was willingly, even encouragingly, serving him. I said, “Paul, take him away. I know you have to go, too, seeing you brought him here and must take him back, but I don’t want this man here another moment.”

They soon left, but not before Lois, who was present with us, started to cry, pleading with Gerald to repent and listen. I recognize now that Lois was being deliberately dramatic, emotional, and selfish, her plea not being by the Spirit of God, but by a desire to be important.

Gerald wrote many more letters. He was prolific, always philosophizing, speculating, theologizing, opining, debating, and preaching. Most of his bulky letters went into the fire without being opened - dozens of them.

Particle - A Unique Characteristic of Blacks

Gerald was one of the few black people with whom we discussed spiritual matters (I recall three while we were with [OM](#) in 1975). While his logic and reasoning seemed different, we didn't think of them as characteristic of black people until we met, and had spiritual discussions with, several other blacks many years later and found the same characteristics. (I will discuss that when it comes time to relate these other experiences.)

While learning to deal with these characteristics, we were to also learn that faith in God and spiritual truth correct and harmonize the idiosyncrasies of race, color, and religious backgrounds, while positive peculiarities continue to glorify God.

Particle - Jonathan Feels My Spirit and Comforts Me

When Jonathan was about a year old, I was letting him play with tools on the workbench; I was feeling really down. He turned around, looked at me, put his hand on my shoulder and part way around my neck, as if to say, "It's okay, Dad."

I was immediately uplifted and amazed, and tears came. I knew it was more than a chance event. I didn't believe for a second his gesture was the simple act of an unwitting child. He was picking up on my feelings and comforting me. I was seeing the "Alaythia" prophecy unfolding even at this early stage of his life.

We would be seeing so much more. I may have misapplied the name and gender to him in the prophecy, when they belonged to another, but there was little doubt about the inspiration and suitability of the message for Jonathan.

Particle - Husbands Set Apart for Children

I recall how Howard Benson remarked that when their first child was born, Howard felt neglected, if not abandoned, by Lois. Consequently, he said, he went and found other ways to occupy and fulfill himself, apart from his wife.

I recall Jim Puls confessing in the 70's he was miserably depressed. I believe it was at a time when he and Ilene just had their first child. After many years, I realized the depression I had been feeling since Jonathan was born was due to a major portion of Marilyn's attention transferred from me to the one who needed and deserved it so much more. I didn't realize what was happening at the time.

Had someone explained it to me and I understood, I think I would have found it significantly easier to cope with. But then, perhaps the poems I wrote a month after his birth might not have been written and wouldn't be serving others. (I don't believe they only expressed my feelings about what was happening in that situation, but how our lives were in our spiritual pilgrimage.)

Particle - Consummate Inventor of the Wheel

I often wonder why I've had to learn many things the hard way, re-inventing the wheel again and again. Where were the parents and grandparents, the teachers and counselors who could have helped me so much? There were none. Why didn't God provide them?

Particle - Jonathan Falls

Jonathan was just over a year old when he climbed up the stairs as I sat on the couch watching. I suddenly heard a voice say, *“He is going to fall.”* I looked at him and he seemed perfectly fine. In disbelief, I didn’t respond to the admonition. Jonathan suddenly fell backwards and down to the next step or two, directly on his head. I was shocked. I rushed to pick him up and comfort him, wondering what damage he might have suffered. He cried for a short time and stopped.

We never noticed any signs of damage and didn’t check him out to see if there was anything wrong. This was destined to be my most regretful event concerning Jonathan, because I disregarded the warning, and Jonathan ended up suffering much for it as years went by. Why, oh why did I let him go up those stairs by himself?

Jonathan has had an unnoticeable backward curvature in his neck, suffered many headaches, and has had many chiropractic treatments. I’ve often bewailed that event over the years for being so negligent to his hurt.

Years later, Ingrid Benson and Dena Dahl received what they describe here (written March 30, 2014):

Dena: “I don’t have the details recorded on the conversation we had about this, but what I recall is that Jonathan’s fall was something necessary and you were told it was going to happen so you could rest in what happened instead of fretting and beating yourself up over it.

I don’t know why it was a necessary event, though. I don’t think Ingrid knew either, but she can let you know if she remembers otherwise. I still feel certain it was something that needed to happen.”

Ingrid: “I remember receiving that the Lord did not speak those words in order for you to prevent the fall, but to tell you what was going to happen, showing you He was over it. It was not something you could have prevented.

I believed then (and now) that the Lord ordained those circumstances to give Jonathan an occasion to forgive, as he has blamed you for letting him fall (I am not saying he still does, I don’t know) and the subsequent sufferings he has gone through as a result.”

Particle - Marilyn’s Mother Calls Her

[Laura Klein](#), Marilyn’s mother, touched base with us after many years. We had last been in touch with her in the late 70’s, when I called her a whore and didn’t visit her in the hospital when she had cancer.

She informed us she had received many phone calls from strangers, some pretending to be the RCMP looking for us, saying we were involved in the drug trade. My mother had also reported strange calls. I knew it was Paul’s parents, directly or through accomplices. I was thankful God kept us from contacting our families after we [fled Winnipeg](#). I didn’t believe they would have kept our whereabouts secret. And they couldn’t tell the Cohens anything if knowing nothing.

What an amazing effect fear can have on people! Laura was so fearful of us she confessed she expected I might shoot her if she tried contacting us. I could only incredulously shake my head at such foolishness. I was also angry she should take the word of strangers, believing them without any substance whatsoever. She well knew our spiritual convictions. Why would I be shooting

someone or doing drugs or peddling them? As far as I was concerned, she was a wicked woman to believe such nonsense.

Les and Laura Klein came to visit us, especially when they found out we had a newborn son. While we received them cordially, that visit and subsequent visits would turn out to be purely superficial. They weren't the least interested in discussing substantive matters with us, though Laura attended the Cambrian Heights Baptist Church in Calgary - which demonstrates how much reality these churches and their congregations have.

Marilyn, however, began identifying with her mother in childbirth and rearing matters, and she wanted to be in touch with her, hoping to have help and advice, so I went for it.

Particle - The Cunningham Court Case

From Laura we found out about others of our past in Baptist circles, among them were the [Cunninghams](#) of Calgary, whose church Laura still attended. John died of leukemia on December 10, 1987, his wife died on May 26, 1989, and their son, Martin, died in September 1989 at age forty-three. The whole family was gone in short order.

All things are determined in the Court above. Many people wouldn't interpret this to be God's judgment or ways of dealing with those professing faith in Him and presuming to lead others. I do, because He has shown me He does these things. We've seen it far too often to have any doubts about it. Perhaps more importantly, the Bible clearly testifies of it, repeatedly:

“You shall not fear the terror by night; nor because of the arrow that flies by day; nor for the plague that walks in darkness, of the destruction laying waste at noonday. A thousand shall fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand; it shall not come near you. Only with your eyes you shall look and see the reward of the wicked” (Psalms 91:5-8 MKJV).

When the Lord led us out of Baptist circles, the Cunninghams sided with Marilyn's mother concerning our spiritual stance, and she remained with her Baptist pastors, the Cunninghams. Is there a connection here to their judgment? I'm not sure. This didn't seem to happen to others, at least not to the same degree. But not everyone presumed to be Marilyn's mother's pastor. In their stance against what the Lord was doing with us, didn't John and his wife stand against the Lord?

Particle - The Lid Blows

Our neighbors, Quinn and John Van Liere, weren't above shouting sarcastic insults from the street, though they no longer came on our property. One evening, it went a bit farther. As Marilyn and I sat in our living room, I heard hard objects hit our roof and bounce down. When I looked outside, I saw the Arnoldussen and Van Liere children passing by on the street.

That was it. I would take no more. I immediately dashed across my neighbor's corner property to meet the children around the corner of the block. The first one I encountered was Joella Arnoldussen, who was ever quiet and respectful, as was Nicole. I asked her, “Who was throwing stones at our house?” She immediately replied, “It was Quinn.”

It was dusk and I could see Quinn up ahead on the road to his home. I dashed silently behind him, grabbed him suddenly, and pulled him down into the ditch. From there, I started carefully, yet wildly, cuffing him as though I was going to hurt him, but took care that I didn't. Though angry, I

was in full control. He was totally shocked. Suddenly, it was no longer “that asshole,” but “Mr. Hafichuk! Please, please don’t hurt me! I’ll never do anything again, Mr. Hafichuk! I promise! I promise! Don’t hurt me, Mr. Hafichuk!”

I picked him up by his shirt collar, immediately marched him to his home, and demanded to speak to his parents. I was angry, puffing, panting, and hollering, declaring I was fed up with their conduct toward us. The whole family surely must have thought I was stark raving mad. They all stood there huddled and crowded on their step in awe.

Would Jake objectively try to determine what was going on? It hadn’t happened with the Arnoldussens - they despised us because we didn’t have their Reform virtue. It hadn’t happened with the Kings - Jim declared he would stand by his children, right or wrong, because they were his children. It hadn’t happened with the Neus - Byron insisted he would never teach his son what to think.

And it didn’t happen with the Van Lieres. Jake immediately took on some kind of ostentatious lawyer posture, interrogating me on time, place, and circumstance. I told him what happened and who witnessed and testified to it. I said that if I was to have any more trouble from them, I’d go to the police. I told them I would take no more, and left.

We didn’t have so much as a minor event from them again. They visibly made a wide berth when going past our home.

Time and again, I learned and had confirmed that scorners and bullies must be directly resisted, in no uncertain terms. Chamberlain didn’t know it, but Churchill was a pragmatist. We may not wish to defend our rights and privileges, but we have no choice. Freedom is never free and, once obtained, not perpetually free. Freedom must be earned, fought for, and defended. God bless those who know this and are prepared to pay the price. Someone always must, and often by blood.

Obviously, our situation was a simple and safe one; nevertheless, the principle was there for the learning.

Particle - Cathie Requests to Learn

On November 10th, the 3rd anniversary of the conflagration at the Moon River fire hall, Cathie Hafichuk, Archie’s wife, called requesting she and the children come on the 16th to learn from us. I refused. She had been having problems with Archie and was complaining to us about him. I didn’t feel right about teaching or guiding them independently of him.

More importantly, I had no witness of sincerity from Cathie. I never once felt she was interested in righteousness and truth. It seemed she was always along for the ride with Archie, against her own will. She would later candidly declare such to be true.

Particle - Paul Changes Occupations

On November 13th, 1992, Paul received an offer from Sandy Hall to be branch manager of H&H Business Systems of Missoula. He moved there on January 1st. We visited him in the spring.

In April or May, Paul was transferred to Coeur d’Alene, Idaho. He wasn’t successful. He realized he had left Davis and taken this job not only because he wanted something new, but also because he

had become embittered toward God for not being able to marry [Sierra Wolfe](#), whom he had expected to have for a wife.

I believe I was to blame either for setting his heart on her, saying she could be the one for him, or for turning her off by my attitude in expecting her to be Paul's wife. Paul sacrificed a decent sales income at Davis for half the income at H&H. He soon resigned, knowing he had taken a wrong turn in the road.

Particle - A Eunuch in the Making

I received a Word for Paul, which could have been around this time. I said to him, *"Make yourself a eunuch."*

"For there are some eunuchs who were born so from their mother's womb; and there are eunuchs who were made eunuchs by men; and *there are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. He who is able to receive it, let him receive it*" (Matthew 19:12 MKJV).

Particle - Paul's Dream: Ministering to Him and Many

In November 1992, Paul had a dream, related in his words:

"I was walking in a neighborhood and came upon Victor and Marilyn's house. There were many people there, and more seemingly arriving. The house was large and beautiful. I had some rags in my hands that I wanted to get rid of.

People were being taught there. They seemed to be accomplished artists, and Victor was teaching them about art. I had no doubt, however, that they were there for spiritual food, which they were very intent to receive. I overheard one man talking with others with evident enthusiasm and great esteem for what he had been given.

The people seemed serious, sober, animated, alive, and dedicated to a purpose. I heard Victor prophesying over individuals, and a man next to me told me about his sincere desire to stop being the kind of person he was. I understood, and was similarly moved as we held hands.

An older woman was on the other side of me, and Victor was praying for her blindness to be removed. I felt the liberating force and power that came in the words. At that point, Marilyn came over to me and was very kind. Victor then saw me and said, "It's Paul!" glad and joyful, yet not overtly demonstrative.

He said that when God was finished with me, I would no longer be hoofed out. He had these strange words: 'The phone is ringing,' as though God was calling and I simply needed to answer.

Everyone began to leave and I departed with an older woman - we were caring for and helping one another."

Particle - Day of Jubilee

The world celebrates many things in many ways. It lives for good times and pleasures. Yet it has no good cause to rejoice because it excludes its Maker in its festivities, even when it celebrates in His Name. It also remains in darkness and bondage while trying to act as though all is fine.

The lonely, wandering spiritual pilgrim looks on as others celebrate, waiting for the day when he can trade in his sorrow and suffering, loneliness, uncertainty, and dissatisfaction in this world for great joy and true celebration.

Still, there is a victory, peace, and joy this world cannot comprehend, despite the external appearances. I can now gladly report there is such a celebration in this realm, even if only a taste of what is in store in the hereafter for those who have met and love Jesus Christ.

Jubilee occurs on the Day of Atonement, the **tenth day of the seventh month**, once every fifty years. I wrote this seven years before experiencing the Jubilee. One is brought into it in the fullness of time.

Jubilee, oh Jubilee!

The day declares the captive free,

Delivered from the enemy,

Glory bestowed for all to see.

Oh, blessed Day of Jubilee!

Loss, defeat, and misery,

Death and Hell had been for me,

And tears prevented me to see

That one day there'd be Jubilee.

Oh, blessed Day of Jubilee!

The road beyond what eye can see

Is littered with corpse and tragedy,

But trust the Lord, and you will be

At journey's end with ecstasy.

Oh, Blessed Day of Jubilee!

Moon River Estates, Jan. 1993

Particle - Roger the Shrubber

Our fruit trees needed pruning, so we called some businesses who wanted up to \$70 an hour, which we thought was ridiculous. Roger came out and when it came time to determine the price of his services, we discussed the total amount for the work he had done. He seemed to be negotiating, almost like playing a game, perhaps just establishing his business.

At one point, sarcastically I conclude, he said, "How about \$20?" This was for about two hours of work, not including travel time and costs. I thought it was preposterously low, but foolishly agreed to it (not sure what got into me), and so did he, with wordless contempt.

Thereafter, I had gravel in my mouth for being so chintzy. I tried calling him and left messages several times to make things right, but he wouldn't return my calls. I thought, "Okay, there's no forgiveness or patience with this boy. I'll leave it." And so I did.

Yes, I was very wrong, and Roger was offended. But was he right? I don't think so. Better to have honestly expressed himself and be open to reconciliation than to condemn indefinitely.

Unforgiveness is unpleasant to the one in need of forgiveness, but deadly to the one unwilling to forgive.

Particle - Vision of Archie, an Old Man Withdrawn

In the early nineties, I believe, I had a vision of Archie, cleanly groomed and dressed, in the act of sitting himself down in a sofa chair to read a newspaper or book. He was balding, with gray hair, and wearing glasses. He was quiet, and it seemed he had withdrawn from reality and from life and was pacifying himself in his own little world. It was a sad scene, one I didn't wish to contemplate.

It reminded me of how my mother withdrew into herself and could never be reached again. This state is caused by self-pity, bitterness, and unforgiveness.

I was expecting Archie to leave us and become this way, but now, many years later, it occurs to me I was seeing a current spiritual reality with him.

Particle - The Great Pyramid of Giza

Somehow, by snail-mail correspondence, I came to be in touch with Dave Nichols of Stony Plain, Alberta. He was a member of the Bible Students, an organization that declares its origin with Charles Taze Russell, as does the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society (Jehovah's Witnesses), led by Joseph Rutherford. The Bible Students forsook Rutherford's leadership when he succeeded Russell in 1917.

Dave gave me a book, *Pyramid Passages* by John and Morton Edgar. The book contains some very interesting statistics about the Great Pyramid of Giza, which wonder of the world the writers claim is referred to in Scripture:

"In that day there shall be an altar to the LORD in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at its border to the LORD. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness to the LORD of Hosts in the land of Egypt. For they shall cry to the LORD because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a deliverer, and a great one, and will deliver them" (Isaiah 19:19-20 MKJV).

I don't agree with the spirit and conduct of the Bible Students, who haven't received the Spirit of God, and I can't agree with all the claims and speculations about the Great Pyramid. However, I've no doubt it has great significance, having been built by great and learned men, likely patriarchs of the true faith. Enoch or Shem? Or was it unbelievers with superior knowledge, like Nimrod?

The knowledge and ability to build the Great Pyramid, which is perhaps about 4500 years old, is nonexistent today - so much for progress and evolution.

David, thank you for the book and for introducing me to this subject in such detail. Many have something to offer, though they differ with us in the more important Heavenly matters. All in its place and in good time.

Particle - My Maternal Grandmother Passes

My mother's mother, Jessie Szmon (nee Michaluk), died on March 17th, 1993 while living in a seniors' lodge in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba. This was a woman whom I, as a non-Christian, thought of as wise, and publicly declared so. It wasn't until I became a believer that I discovered how reluctant she was to hear the truth. The Scriptures declare:

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction” (Proverbs 1:7).

Lois traveled to the funeral and visited with some of the family, but wasn't well received by them because of her faith. Indeed, she was treated with hostility by some.

Particle - God's Treasure House Supplies Mark

Mark was commanded to leave his mother, Lois, who trusted Mark's support and her alimony check from Howard (conditional on Mark being with her) more than God. He balked, wondering how expenses would be met for him and his mother. But he finally obeyed.

Within days, he was called to the office at school and offered a scholarship at a university in Hokkaido, Japan. And Lois was provided for.

He gladly accepted. Visiting Japan had been a childhood dream of his. I have no idea why, and he doesn't seem to either. We can only conclude God put it in his heart. Much has developed from it since.

Marilyn and I asked the Lord if we needed to help Mark financially. God told us Mark would have all his needs provided for.

God had given him a truck (he bought Archie's Ford F-250, which we once owned) and a lawn business with regular customers. Deciding to go to Japan, Mark didn't simply close his business; he sold it. He had no difficulty selling it because two men came in wanting it and Mark had them bid for it, which resulted in a decent price.

Many of Mark's customers paid him for his services only what was required, seldom tipping. One customer was particularly fussy and frugal. When Mark notified them he was selling his business and going to Japan, many of his customers, even the frugal one, gave him generous tips. Another, a dentist, “Dr. Chuck,” offered to repair Mark's chipped front tooth for a fraction of the normal fee.

When Mark settled in Japan, he learned Japanese from scratch and earned his Master's degree in organic agriculture within six years. During those years, he was offered translation jobs and taught English, and he earned much more than required for his necessities, sending generous gifts and offerings home. God blessed him from [His treasure house](#), as promised.

You can read more at [Mark Benson's Testimony](#).

Who says there is no God?

Particle - A New Battle to Wage

Nearly 3½ years after the traumatic Moon River fire hall episode with the executive, Pat King (Jim King's wife) stopped her car as I was going for my walk. She anxiously informed me about a new crisis facing the Moon River hamlet. Belly River Farms, a failed Hutterite colony outpost, was owned and operated by the Mandel brothers, Ed and Walter, who were ex-Hutterites. They applied to the Municipal District of Willow Creek for permission to build an industrial-sized cattle feedlot.

It would be located adjacent to the northern border of our community at the only entrance to Moon River. It would be upwind from us, with a sizeable sewage field (euphemistically termed "lagoon"). Several Moon River residents were greatly troubled because, clearly, the proposed development could have disastrous effects on the fresh air, real estate values, and perhaps general health of the community.

When Pat told me of this, the bill was already in its second reading, having been once approved. Chances of defeating it seemed slim to impossible for several reasons:

First, most of the residents of Moon River didn't seem to care or grasp the consequences of a nearby feedlot, and many weren't willing to involve themselves in controversy, which left only a handful to take on the feedlot owners, the community, and the municipal and provincial governments, which were in favor of the feedlot. Alberta Agriculture was supportive of agribusiness development, and Alberta Environment wasn't concerned with an issue that wasn't classified as an environmental concern (which it should have been).

Second, Al Wheeler was a spokesperson for those planning to build it. He had financial interests in the project. Because he was the water man of Moon River, having designed and operated the pump house for many years, few cared to risk their water benefits by displeasing him. Al was also the sort of man people were reluctant to disagree with.

Third, Moon River was a small urbanized development planted "artificially" in the midst of farming territory, as a money-making scheme by the landowner, Alan Orr. As a result, several troublesome issues had arisen over the years between the residents on the one hand, and the farmers and the M.D. on the other. Moon River had developed a "pain in the butt" identity, and its credibility and favor with the M.D. were worn quite thin.

Finally, the M.D. council was known to favor agricultural development. Several members of the board were ranchers and farmers who viewed with little sympathy, if not contempt, Moon River acreage owners, seeing them as city slickers and cry babies.

Particle - Fight and Win

Pat informed me of the next meeting and wondered if I would be willing to support their desperate minority against the feedlot. I took the news home to Marilyn, who prayed and received, *“Fight the feedlot and you will win.”*

Not only was the feedlot development threatening our community, we abhorred feedlots in principle, because of the animal abuse. Cattle are meant to graze, roam, and have good pasture and fresh air. In a feedlot, they're under great stress, crammed into muddy, manure-infested quarters. If not for excessive use of antibiotics and pesticides, disease would be rampant. And synthetic growth hormones and unnatural, toxic feeds are used to promote swift weight gain.

Consumers suffer several and varied consequences from the tainted meat, cancer among them.

Industrial farming also has a noxious effect on the environment. It pollutes the surrounding fields, surface water sources, and air, when inordinate amounts of manure are spread. And it threatens to contaminate aquifers, a prime source of drinking water for people miles around. Industrial farming has no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

Keep in mind that in these past years, Marilyn and I were still feeling the contempt of several people in the community as a result of the November 10, 1989 [event](#). It had been very hard living in Moon River. We had withdrawn from all social and business affairs of the community, which pleased the powerbrokers just fine, those that the Lord left remaining.

It was rather difficult for me to surface and take on another local war; when Marilyn heard those words, I struggled with them for a time and then believed them. If they were true, from God, then I had no choice but to obey and act.

Particle - The Feedlot Battle

The residents opposing the feedlot held a meeting. I attended and found them demoralized and defeated. Their only remaining hope was to voice their concerns, without expecting any results, perhaps with the possibility of some small concessions. I remember Lloyd Sereda, Luc and Maria Demers, Etta Taylor, Tim Jarvie (a lawyer), and his wife, Anita. Pat King was nowhere to be found.

I told them what the Lord had promised us by Marilyn. Of course, most didn't believe. However, Etta Taylor and Maria Demers both declared they believed it and it gave them hope. I was thankful for them.

The day came for the meeting at Claresholm on May 20th, 1993, 3 ½ years and ten days after the conflagration at the Moon River fire hall on November 10th, 1989. (I suspect Pat King had informed me of this issue on May 10th, but I have no record of that. I only go by how the Lord has often done things with remarkable timings.)

Both parties presented their arguments to council. Al Wheeler spoke briefly for the Mandels and the feed company, owned and operated by the Olafsons (Butte Feeds), who were in partnership with the Mandels. It could well have been a strategic move to have a Moon River resident speak up for them, thus minimizing opposition from the hamlet.

Olafson and his son, Randy, were present (which I do not mention without significant cause, as you will see). Olafson Sr. made a short, rather scornful remark to the councilors about us, and Al Wheeler chuckled. It was obvious Olafson and Wheeler were there in full confidence their victory was a foregone conclusion. It certainly appeared they had good reason to believe so.

For us, the plaintiffs, Lloyd Sereda stood up and presented what he thought was an excellent, informed paper he had written on the prevailing wind patterns and the negative effects a feedlot development would have on the community. Having given a copy to each of the board members for review several days prior to the hearing, he discovered to his chagrin, though not with much surprise, that none of the councilors had paid any attention whatsoever to the paper.

Tim Jarvie, a lawyer and husband of Anita, both residents of Moon River, came as a lawyer representing Anita, rather than as her husband - to impress the board, I suppose, with the possibility of legal action.

Maria Demers gave her presentation, having done considerable research and, as a result, effectively and civilly questioned the legal right of the M.D. to approve the feedlot.

After these, I rose to speak in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Immediately, I was full of passion, with tears freely flowing. I said, "This is a black day for Moon River Estates." Having a prepared speech outline, I suddenly took a spontaneous direction.

I spoke of how good the Lord had been to me, of how He had blessed me and I didn't deserve His goodness. I declared the feedlot a travesty, an evil thing, and though the developers might find loopholes in the law to get their way for financial gain, God's Law was higher and He was against the feedlot. "I come against this feedlot in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ," I declared.

I saw one of the councilors at the table smirking, perhaps embarrassed or contemptuous. I saw Randy Olafson with a funny look on his face, looking across the room to his father as I spoke. "What a fool!" they might have thought. But I also saw the chairman's face. Unlike others around the table, he had been facing me and was visibly moved - how, I'm not sure. Regardless, I had done my job - in great weakness.

Maria Demers suddenly picked up on a faulty calculation as to the distance claimed from the community boundary to the putrid "lagoon" the developers would be installing to process the enormous output of manure. Orin Kenzie, the civil engineering technologist representing Alberta Environment, who was biased for the feedlot, was responsible for the measurement. Their proposal was thus found to be illegal; too near Moon River according to the municipality's own specifications. Kenzie had no choice but to acknowledge the error.

The chairman closed the meeting shortly after, declaring they would notify us of their decision. As we stood outside preparing to leave, Mr. Olafson walked by and glared at me, apparently speechless in his fury.

Particle - A Miracle

A week later, on May 27th, we received word from the M.D. - a notice of cancelation from the feedlot developers. Surprisingly, though they were once almost certain of victory, the enterprisers decided to withdraw their proposal and establish their operation elsewhere.

We fought and we won, even as the Lord promised. Some in our party were incredulous, having fully expected to lose. Others rejoiced. We were very thankful.

We would see the aftermath of those against whom the Lord sent us to do battle.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Meeting John the Baptist

In one of these years, I don't recall exactly when, the Lord gave me a revelation of John the Baptist. One could say He introduced me to him. I could understand and relate to John; I came to know him personally. What prompted this revelation? I don't know. Soon I was finding myself inside of him, so to speak, for days and weeks, knowing his thoughts and feelings, generally.

I remember little of that now, not having kept the record I made, but I can say I still relate to him, and I appreciate him very much as a dear brother in Christ.

Here's what I recall of John:

He is very honest, sober, and entirely without pretense or air of any kind. What you see and hear is what you get; he is what he is. John is unapologetic about himself and about what he believes and knows. One doesn't play games with him. He readily spots a phony and won't entertain one in any way. Not that he's critical or looks for trouble; he simply has the ability to see things the way they are and refuses to pretend or allow anyone else to do so.

John loves God, people, and life. If he's found to express hatred, it's for man's wickedness and foolishness, not for man himself. If he were here in the flesh today, the state and religious works of nominal Christendom would make his skin crawl. It would vex him. He'd understand, however, these things are all in God's hands and must be played out to completion.

John isn't partisan; he doesn't play favorites, except for the truth and what is right. He'll defend your position against his mother if you're right and she's wrong. John's allegiance is to God alone and what's true. He'll readily tell you this is so, strictly by God's favor and grace, and won't take credit for virtue; he knows full well there's no credit coming to him or anyone else.

John delights in the simplicity of children and other people and things. He's definitely not for formality or social sophistication of any sort.

Does he have a sense of humor? Though I've never known him to display it, I have no doubt he does, but don't bother getting silly with him - he won't have the patience for it, though he knows how to cut some slack, understanding man's weakness. His humor would be clean and would never be at anyone's expense. If any man need be trusted (and he would tell you none can be, including himself), he's the one safest to trust, by God's grace. John is a faithful man, earnest, intense, and never for sale.

Does he have weaknesses and faults? Sure he does, like any man. Has he wrestled with them? Yes, he has. Has he been at fault on things? Yes. Has he ever compromised? Not like most men, but yes. Has he ever sinned? Yes; no man is without sin. But anytime John has faltered, he has been granted the determination in his weakness to get up and start again, feeling deep sorrow for his falls, but a sorrow overcome by confidence in the One Who's able to keep him from falling or remaining down if fallen.

John has been afraid and anxious like any other man, with doubts and misgivings, but he hasn't allowed his fears or doubts to overcome him. He has also been challenged by many temptations, sometimes having great struggles, but always finding the resolve and power from God to overcome

them. Constantly, he turns to his Maker for comfort and strength. Remember, he was filled with the Holy Spirit from his mother's womb, unlike any other man except our Lord Who came as a man.

Some may think John brash, brutish, or belligerent. He's none of those things. His raw candidness may give such an impression, particularly to those who haven't entered reality and have things to hide or cling to for their personal gain. On the other hand, his spiritual virtues, without external trappings, exude a fineness few social sophisticates have ever known, right up to royalty, anywhere in the world at any time.

John is a fireball of energy and intense interest, a passionate man in the things of God and His concerns. He's also a warm man, though he can get angry very easily. The thing about his anger is that it is most often warranted. He sees things for what they are more than almost anyone else and isn't as hesitant as others to express it.

John hates hypocrisy and disingenuousness. He also hates selfishness and self-preservation. You either come all the way with him or stay home. He has no patience for half-heartedness. Still, he understands men can only receive of God and it's not in them to determine their course; he knows they lack the wherewithal of themselves to do God's will. Therefore, he can be patient and tolerant, understanding man's infirmity.

I love the man, a man after God's heart, a true friend of God and of any friend of God. He's ready to help or serve at a moment's notice when truly needed. He despises nobody and is prepared to usher anyone into the Kingdom who has the heart for it.

I don't believe I've had as much delight in meeting anyone as I have Johanan Ben Zechariah. Despite Herod's apparently successful attempt, John has a good head on him and an even better heart. I hope to meet him face to face and am confident I will, by God's grace. I have sensed his presence with me as we step forth in the Name of the One he had the great privilege and pleasure of introducing to Israel nearly two thousand years ago.

Particle - Midlife Crisis?

Within a few of these years, I suffered two or three bouts of the sense that time had passed me by and I had nothing to show for it. It seemed like I had taken a wrong turn somewhere, traveled thousands of miles off course, and it was pretty much too late to remedy the situation. I suppose it's what is called a midlife crisis.

Even if I started all over again, there was the feeling of loss and waste due to basing my life on faulty reasoning and assumptions. It's a terrible feeling to have. I've little doubt it must be a veritable nightmare for those who have this experience and don't know the Lord, who aren't comforted and assured that He has them in the palm of His hand and that things are going as they should.

For me, it wasn't long before I realized I had nothing to fear. I was able to accept that even though nothing apparently significant or worthwhile might come of my life, God had planned it as it was for His purposes and it would all turn out for the best in the end. Years later, without prompting or suggestion, I would hear someone else express these same thoughts and feelings when he reached this age range.

Particle - Longing For More

In much of my spiritual life, I've looked for something more, in spite of the Lord having done so many unusual and great things for us. It's amazing how poor our memory or short our attention span can be, and how soon we can be unappreciative, dissatisfied, or bored. I've felt at times like my life has been one great anticlimax.

Was it a problem of overly high expectations? Was it a matter of being hard to please? Was it wanderlust, desiring adventure, a matter of self-importance, or what? I didn't know. The time would come when I would.

I knew I couldn't and wouldn't trade my life for anything. With what the Lord gave me, and how He granted me to identify with Him since 1973, the *very thought* of trading my life with another was despicable, an act of great ingratitude, indeed, bestial contempt (Psalm 73).

Yet I longed for something more. I'd go to a Christian meeting or some public affair, social event, or even a movie, or I would visit someone, as I did with Moon River people when we first moved here, hoping for something, perhaps bringing one, two, or many to faith. It never happened; I was never able to satisfy that rather mysterious longing.

I now record one of several of those occasions where I would go looking for something to happen:

Particle - Roots or Fruits: Which Will We Have?

Marilyn and I found out about the upcoming Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump Powwow. Why did Indians gather for powwow? It was a mystery to me. Of course, it had nothing to do with Biblical or Christian substance, but I was curious, and more precisely, I was looking for experiences or fulfillment of some kind.

Marilyn, Jonathan, Lois, Kerri, and I went and watched the dancing and observed the natives as they casually mixed and celebrated with each other. What I saw was a people longing for their roots, for the "good old days." They knew those days were gone, and they were languishing in the days now here. Few, if any, had come to terms with reality. It was quite sad.

We got some snacks from the mobile booths. One of them was operated by a young Ukrainian student from Edmonton, whose name, I believe, was Chapka (Terry?). He was friendly with me, partially because I was Ukrainian, and we had a good talk. He spoke of wanting to be in the Ukraine, helping his own people there.

I wondered how he could be so passionately connected to the "old country," when I never was. It wasn't as though he had immigrated; he was Canadian born, as I. But he was also searching for something purposeful and meaningful. In his case, he was searching backward to his physical roots, as were the natives, while I was a Ukrainian Canadian Christian looking forward to spiritual fruits.

All of us but Kerri - Ukrainians, aboriginals, and spiritual sojourners in Christ - were Canadians, yet none of us was merely Canadian. None of us was altogether home.

Particle - Mammon Mesmerizes... and Mangles

I must now relate some of the most shameful and painful experiences of my Christian life. I went whoring after money. We had savings in the bank and interest rates were very low. The Lord wasn't leading us to do anything with the money at this point. It bothered me that we weren't putting the \$280,000 savings we had to good use.

Having gone to the Charles Givens presentation on managing money and been told how we could receive an excellent rate of return in the bullish stock market, I thought, "How is it we sit here with substantial savings, letting them rot in the bank? Why don't we invest somewhere, like in mutuals, stocks, bonds, or whatever?" Seeing an ad in the paper, we called a representative for Primerica, Aleeyta Starre, who had a partner, Don Morgan.

Particle - A Strange Investment Proposal

At about that time, Jessie Lybbert, one of the sales staff at Stu Sinclair's Toyota, instrumental in selling us the Cressida a few years before, came by with a proposal. He and his brother wanted to start a mail order business with a certain product. He asked if I would lend him \$10,000.

I asked him to tell me more about the business and what the product was, but he refused. I asked him why he wasn't borrowing from the bank. He said his credit was dry. I asked him what he had for collateral. He said he had nothing to offer; all he had was more debt. I asked him what he proposed in return for the loan. He said he would pay only the going bank rate of interest charged for loans.

I asked him how he would pay me back. He said he would pay as he was able, with no schedule or guarantees of any kind. He expected me to take his word and all his risk, though we hardly knew him or anything about him. I politely declined, wondering what he was thinking and what the Lord was doing.

Particle - Division and Fire

One morning as we were lying in bed, I spoke these words to God: *"You are He that divides us as wood and casts us into the fire."* I knew I wasn't speaking from myself. What strange words they were, and I wondered what they meant. Were they a warning? Were we to repent of something? I didn't know. It seemed I was simply expressing a principle of life, of the way things are, or a prediction of things to come.

All of us would come to experience the trauma of what those words meant, such as we never dreamed.

Particle - Bank of Montreal Investments

While doing some banking at our 13th Street branch of the Bank of Montreal, I mentioned our plans of investment to Maureen McCrady, the clerk attending. She zealously advised we speak to Glen Seaman, an investment advisor with Nesbitt Thomson. We called him, thinking it wouldn't hurt to get another opinion.

We were quite wrong. It would hurt very much. It was, however, to be a marvelous, breathtaking development - lethal to the flesh, but vitalizing to the spirit.

Particle - Jonathan's First Fright

Jonathan was only three months short of his second year when Glen Seaman came to the door on June 1st, 1993. As Glen waited in the entrance, Jonathan came by and immediately came away startled and crying, which was unusual for him; he seldom cried. I wondered what happened and never did find out. I suppose he was startled by an unexpected stranger standing there. Or was

there more to it? There was more, much more, which I believe he was picking up in his sensitive spirit.

Glen said a veteran broker, Bill Welton, was coming from Toronto, someone who would advise us wisely on stock investments. He asked us not to make any decisions until then. Marilyn wasn't in agreement with our going with Aleeyta and Don or with Mackenzie funds. She received, as by revelation, that we should listen to, and invest with, Glen and Bill. I believed her, but not entirely.

Greed and fear started to work their magic with me. Aleeyta Starre, a novice in the business and hunting for the big money in Primerica, was urging me to invest in Mackenzie mutual funds. When we saw their extraordinary growth, I decided to invest \$100,000 as soon as possible, paying up-front commissions of 5%. We were greener than money.

Particle - "Quarter Million to a Million"

I was debating whether or not we were doing the right thing by going into the stock market. Was this "Christian"? Was it what God wanted? As Marilyn was breastfeeding Jonathan and looking over the investment literature from various brokers, particularly that of Nesbitt Thomson (later Nesbitt Burns), she heard, "*A quarter million to a million.*" I took those words as an assurance and specific promise from the Lord He would prosper us - in these directions.

I was right, so right - and wrong, so wrong. But not in the ways I thought.

Particle - Glen and Bill, June 8th, 1993

When Bill came from Toronto, he and Glen strongly urged that we do (or not do) three things: not invest in Mackenzie funds, not pay up-front fees, and invest in Altamira. Altamira had enjoyed a record of impressive results. However, I was seeing Mackenzie doing better at the moment.

When I asked some specific questions of the men, they were unable to answer me. They were unfamiliar with Mackenzie. It was apparent they weren't interested in anything but their own chosen product, unable and unwilling to appreciate or compare others. They were there for themselves, not for the client, whose interests they pretended to serve.

I would find out the hard way that most stockbrokers have a super-narrow view. They aren't usually competent, able to take in both the bigger and smaller pictures at once. Unless an investor is prepared to carefully, responsibly investigate and analyze certain companies and the things that can influence their operations and chances for success, it's a crap shoot and the one shooting invariably gets the crap.

Particle - Warning Signs Always There

The next day I went to the Primerica office on Scenic Drive to buy the Mackenzie funds. There was a room divider between their desks and the front entrance. After purchasing the funds, Don escorted me to the door, which had bells to alert them of people entering. While seeing me to the door, he said something about not being after the money - doing good and helping people financially was their main goal. He shook my hand and turned back in, and I opened the door to leave.

Then I thought of asking another question. I turned in the doorway and saw that Don had already retreated to their desks behind the room divider. They didn't know I was still inside, and I

overheard Aleeyta laughing and saying something to Don about the great show he had put on for me about noble intentions, to which he responded with boasting and laughter.

I could have stopped right there and stepped around the divider, perhaps to see jaws drop on red faces. But I didn't; I thought it wrong to be eavesdropping, even if it was accidental (silly me), and so I left.

People say and do a lot of foolish things all the time, and we would be foolish to pay attention to them all. One cannot necessarily judge the whole picture by a few words, I reasoned. They were happy about their sale. They were fresh into Primerica and hoping for windfall earnings. Of course, we would be a partial fulfillment of those hopes, as their clients.

I see now that while I wasn't intentionally eavesdropping, the incident was possibly my cue to cancel, and I was without wisdom to take it. I was hasty to catch the fast-moving gains. In my covetousness, greed and fear of missing out on apparent gains had taken over.

"A sensible one foresees the evil and hides himself, but the simple pass on and are punished" (Proverbs 27:12 MKJV).

Particle - Whoredom Waxing Woefully Wanton

On June 21st, Bill Welton called us and came by to sell us on his funds. We discussed investing in *ethical* funds, having heard of the corruption of many companies, mutual funds often including investments into tobacco, alcohol, and pharmaceutical stocks. Some companies employed sweatshops and child labor, all things with which we didn't agree. Bill talked us out of the ethical stocks, assuring us that those companies usually presented a poor return.

"How will our investment go from a quarter million to a million, presumably in an impressive amount of time, seeing God was doing it, if we invest in poor stocks?" we asked ourselves. I expected our investment would quadruple in perhaps five to ten years according to Marilyn's prophecy.

And what about taxes? Surely, there would be substantial taxes to pay, which means if we were to be left with \$1 million, the returns would have to be extraordinary. "Perhaps there's good reason why we need to go with Bill's advice," I reasoned, as Marilyn believed we were to do. We bought \$180,000 in Altamira mutual funds, those Bill recommended, ethics be damned.

Those mutuals included every unethical form of business one could imagine. Furthermore, corporations were merging with, and gobbling up, others, ethical or otherwise. It was a confounding mixture and almost impossible to keep track of. Presumably, it was the broker's job to be diligently, actively managing portfolios according to the client's wishes.

Bill and Glen told us Bill was making no commissions whatsoever by selling us Altamira funds, trying to make it sound like they were acting entirely unselfish. I thought, "I don't believe it. Why would they bother?" I speculated he was looking at things long-term, using Altamira funds as an introduction, planning to move us into other funds in the future, whereby he would earn his commissions. If that was the case, it was perfect cause to flee, but we stayed. The Lord had delivered us into their hands for evil, and rightly so.

We were soon to realize that the broker, having secured the initial sale, is only interested in getting more sales. Managing the portfolio for the client is the least of his concerns. However, we

didn't know what we were doing and, more importantly, we cast caution and discretion to the wind for mammon's sake. Into Satan's arms we entrusted ourselves, like sheep to the slaughter.

Yet for all that, the Lord was in full control and guiding.

Particle - An Automatic Writer

We discovered Aleeyta Starre to be a strange woman, someone who thought she was being visited by beings from another world. She treated Don Morgan as some sort of disciple. He was suffering a divorce and was in a bad way, not only maritally, but also financially. Aleeyta seemed consumed with mothering him and encouraged resentment against his ex-wife, emphasizing her unreasonableness toward him. Don was obviously Aleeyta's prize, someone who, in his weakness, was spiritually captivated by her.

I had a talk with Don and found out in general what was happening between him and his wife. I received counsel from the Lord for him, advising him to respect his wife's desires, which seemed justified and not unreasonable. I advised Don to love his wife unconditionally, to disregard her faults and offences and the past, and to submit to her wishes, expecting nothing in return.

I told him that if he did so, he would experience wonderful changes and benefits, which would compel him to call me and tell me of it all, being very excited.

He replied, "What you're saying to me makes a lot of sense." He saw a ray of light in his darkness. I believed I was giving him prophetic counsel, not of my own wisdom.

I told Aleeyta not to interfere or dissuade Don in any way from listening to me, but as expected, she ignored my advice and he didn't heed my counsel. She persuaded him in his wrongful attitude and course of failure. "Woe to you and woe to her," I wrote Don. "She countered the Lord and you rejected Him. You received Aleeyta's feigned pity toward you and reveled in her sympathy, instead of taking your eyes off yourself and doing what Jesus Christ would expect of you."

To her, I wrote, "Aleeyta, you were told strictly not to interfere. In our visit here, perhaps you'll recall saying, 'I can't believe that with your knowledge you don't know what's going on with me.' That there are two of you was confirmed to me when you shared your writings and told me how they came to you. The spirit that speaks to you is a seducing demon. You fell victim to its control because of deliberate choices you made, desiring to be something you aren't, and you received a counterfeit....There can only be desolation and destruction waiting for you and all that follow you, namely Don."

I called on them once again to repent, not expecting it would happen, and it didn't.

We then withdrew our investment money with them and transferred it to Bill Welton. In a few years we would see what happened with Don and Aleeyta.

Particle - The Insecurity of Securities and Security of Insecurities

For the first few months, Mackenzie mutuals were still showing good returns, on paper. I was told energy costs would be rising in the future and that those with energy stocks would prosper. I thought, "Wow! I can earn money in energy and not worry about the price of gas. In fact, when I buy gas, I'm buying it from myself! How can I lose? God is so blessing us!" I was quite happy with

myself, but that was soon to change - drastically. How could it not with a child of God rejoicing in mammon?

As for the Altamira mutuals, while one fund might be showing well, most weren't going anywhere, though Bill Welton had promised they would. Another problem I observed was that even within individual funds, some stocks would make a good showing, while others would more than offset those increases; some stocks would be excellent, while others were performing dismally. It was frustrating. It was madness.

I began to realize that unless I personally took the time and trouble to seek out worthy investments myself, I was open game - a goldfish in a shark pool. But I wasn't interested in getting involved, in spending that time and energy; it wasn't my thing. Instead, I hoped that one way or another, things would work out.

It's foolishness to expect God to overlook irresponsibility and bless you, regardless. It's foolishness to expect someone else, particularly strangers, to truly care about your affairs, especially when they have already gained from you what they were after and have something to gain elsewhere or in some other way. It's foolishness to expect money handlers to have the foresight and understanding that helping you succeed will in turn cause them to succeed.

Men, in their greed, selfishness, and fear, especially those in the business of money, often don't and can't think honestly and clearly. Such was certainly true of me.

Yet over it all was the Lord in His grace and mercy, working more than one miracle at a time, as we would discover when it was all done.

Particle - Bursitis Blues

I developed a bad case of bursitis, so bad my arm was in a sling. My chiropractor, Dr. Nemeth, could do nothing for me, nor could a physiotherapist, to whom I was referred by Dr. Morgan, our family doctor. The physiotherapist said he did all he could and suggested my only remaining alternative was cortisone treatment, which I rejected entirely. I also tried Dr. Sillito, a chiropractor specializing in sports injuries, who also could do nothing substantial for me. I began to think I was never going to have use of my arm again.

Particle - Chinese Acupuncture and Herbal Medicine

I then tried Bik Lee, a Chinese acupuncturist in Calgary a neighbor of Lois' referred to me. I had one treatment and experienced some improvement.

Bik was scornful of acupuncture practiced in North America, after one or two years of training. He had learned from his father, who had learned from his, and they took years of training before they felt competent to do an effective job. They also trained in herbal medicine, which could be very effective.

Chinese healthcare seems to make more sense than North American. Bik told me they determine the cause and treat the person, rather than seeking to alleviate or eliminate symptoms, for which the North American medical system is notorious. The American consumer seeks a quick fix, and there's far more money to be made in extending illness and applying synthetic patented drugs than in doing the job right by natural means and medicine. No prevention, no cure, just extended care.

Our medical system is an unmitigated disaster, contrary to those who think we have much improved. Why is the average life span of a doctor only 58? Why is cancer taking out so many people? Why do so many people die at the hands of doctors and in hospitals from disease, misdiagnosis, error, toxic medications, and other complications?

Particle - Marilyn's Pain in the Neck

Marilyn was also having neck pains and wasn't improved by her chiropractic treatments. Our pains were likely from stress due to the erratic movement of the stock market and my constant fretting about our investments. Every morning, we'd listen to the stock reports on the 8 o'clock news, and most times, it was frustrating and frightening. Was I not trusting the Lord? Shouldn't I be? Could I be, if going where I ought not to venture? Can we trust the Lord in disobedience and whoredom?

Marilyn feared having her neck snapped by the chiropractor because it was unusually painful for her, unlike in my case, where I enjoyed the relief. We didn't want X-rays, so Dr. Nemeth was limited in treatment accuracy. And I didn't know what else to do for Marilyn. We really didn't have confidence conventional medicine could help us.

Then Archie and Cathie found Dr. Janice Noji, a new chiropractor who didn't snap the neck. She practiced NUCCA, wherein only the atlas (top) vertebra was adjusted with the slightest pressure. The theory was that if the atlas was adjusted and enabled to take proper lead, the rest of the spine would follow.

Marilyn decided to try Dr. Noji and found great improvement, being thankful. I followed suit and I think my arm began to improve significantly, though not completely. We were Dr. Noji's clients until truth was spoken to her - in return for her trying to witness to us in a "matronizing" manner.

Particle - Call Me "Doctor"

Self-importance loves to be called "Doctor." People take pride in superiority and jealously guard their self-image by generating and maintaining a formal atmosphere. "Call me - not Bill, or George, or Sue, but - 'Dr. So and So'. You keep your lower place as my patient or client, and I will keep the higher place, where my nose is, as one who knows far more than you do - in most if not all departments. After all, I am an authority! Let's know our places, shall we? I didn't pay for my education for nothing."

Have you noticed how some (not all) medical doctors, like "reverends," must maintain their status as an authority on all matters of life? Where does one get such authority in a medical college?

Particle - I Will Call You "Doctor," Okay?

And patients are vulnerable. Many hold physicians in awe. There are many reasons for this.

Throughout history, people have looked up to physicians as priests of God, if not as God Himself. I know my parents and extended families revered them, as do most people I know. They almost have the status of a Catholic priest among Catholics, only in a different department. Instead of being called "Father" or "Rabbi," they insist on being called "Doctor." Doctors, as priests, have psychological and social power, though not by virtue of godliness or character. Truly, they have spiritual power as well, because perceived as superior in serious matters.

Medical doctors have above-average education, uncommon knowledge, and skill. Because of their superior incomes, they have bigger homes, drive fancier cars, are therefore venerated even more, and generally enjoy a social status above many.

Perhaps one of the greater advantages doctors enjoy is that people come to them with pain and conditions that threaten wellbeing, even to the point of death, and look to them for physical and mental salvation. (You'll recall my describing the vulnerability of those in medical need to their caregivers.)

I say give credit where credit is due, but not as to God. Doctors are merely human beings, with faults and weaknesses like anyone else. My parents used to say, "They go to the toilet just like we do, and their shit stinks just like ours." Ironically, that knowledge didn't seem to diminish their reverence - rationalization vs. reality. Those were envious, cynical remarks.

Dr. Noji professed faith in Jesus Christ, attending the Evangelical Free Church in Lethbridge. She posted Scripture on several walls of her office and waiting rooms. One would expect humility from someone professing faith, but it was evident she still preferred to be addressed as "Doctor," not that she explicitly said so.

Although a novice in spiritual matters and even new as a practitioner in the NUCCA branch of chiropractic, she assumed an air of superiority in spiritual matters, whenever those were discussed. I had my hour of temptation cut out for me.

Did I fail? You'll judge when you hear about it in Part 6 of **wHaT tHe LoRd HaS dOnE wItH mE**.

Particle - Playing Doctor

I'm persuaded we need not worship doctors or even be obligated to call them by their title. It's interesting to see their reaction when calling them by their first names, even though I'm older than they. Some seem to sense they should have the humility to accept being called by their first names, but still find it difficult to accept.

Then there's the odd doctor that takes pride in his humility, as though he's highly magnanimous and personable in permitting one to, "Just call me 'Doctor Ben.'" And then it can be hoped there is the rare and precious one who genuinely says, "Let's cut the formality nonsense and pretense; I'm not interested (as he reaches out a hand in a sincere gesture of humility and goodwill); I'm Joe, okay?"

I appreciate those rare ones to whom dignity, character, and worth of their fellow man are of as great a value to them as what they expect from others for themselves.

Particle - New Neighbors

The Arnoldussens sold their home to Casey and Vicky Overbeek, who moved in with their children, Jamie (their firstborn son), Calista, Sarah, and Kristina. Casey and his brother, George, worked with [Peter Van Hierden](#) operating Meadowlark Landscaping and reportedly thought I was a "looney tune" for claiming or thinking I was a prophet of God.

At first, they were understandably cautious with us, but not only because of what I had said to Peter a few years before. They had similar ethnic backgrounds and religious convictions to those of

the Arnoldussens (Dutch/Christian Reform or something similar) and had apparently had social relations with them.

After several months, Vicky declared we weren't as bad as they had heard. Casey eventually told us the Arnoldussens hated us with passion. "I mean they *hated* you!" Casey emphasized. I have already related the circumstances with the Arnoldussens and why they would feel that way, though we weren't aware how great their animosity was towards us.

The Overbeeks were refreshing to have as neighbors, relatively speaking. I appreciated them all, though in years to come, they didn't feel the same way about me because of things I had to say to Casey, not that there was any ill will felt or expressed - I simply withstood Casey's religiosity and tried to correct his false religious and doctrinal notions, which correction he wouldn't accept.

Particle - Jonathan's First Illness

Dave and Cheryl Garratt came visiting with their two-year-old boy, who played with Jonathan. I sensed we were dealing with religious people upon whom God's wrath remained, and suspected that, somehow, by being with them, we might be subject to some of the ill effects. But I didn't heed my feelings.

Days later, Jonathan began coughing, which we assumed to be a cold or perhaps a reaction to the muriatic acid the stonemason used while doing our entrance and fireplace with rock. The cough grew worse. It wasn't like a cold; it was rather dry and more frequent. I talked to Dave and, sure enough, they had found out their son had whooping cough when they visited us.

One of the seasonal vaccinations available for infants was supposed to prevent or alleviate the symptoms of whooping cough. Had we been wrong in refusing vaccinations? Had our attempts to protect Jonathan backfired on us, as medical authorities had warned?

We took Jonathan to the hospital for a checkup. It was confirmed he had whooping cough.

"Could this have been prevented by the vaccine?" we asked.

The nurse said, "No, the vaccine was for a strain other than this one; it wouldn't have worked."

We were surprised and thankful to hear this; it served to confirm and strengthen our convictions that there was no need for the vaccination or likely any other.

Particle - I Curse God

When I saw Jonathan suffer, coughing and coughing, God didn't answer my prayers, and we didn't know what to do, medically or otherwise, I lost it and cursed God. I hate to write of this now, but I think I need to testify of how wicked I've been before Him, in spite of His calling on my life that has mercifully remained. God has been gracious and patient with me, with great blessing.

I said, generally: "Why the hell won't You answer? Why won't You heal Jonathan? Why give me a son if You're only going to make him and us miserable like this? Did I ask You for a son? No! So why put me through this hell? You promise healing. You promise answer to prayer. But You don't keep Your promises! This is all bullshit! If we have sin in our lives, why won't You tell us what it is, instead of hiding away like this? I hate it! You can go to hell!"

May God forgive me for repeating these words! I write them hoping for good. I wouldn't advise anyone to do what I did, not for a moment. Don't even think such things. He is indeed merciful, but let no one presume upon His mercy, not for a nanosecond.

Hadn't I been warned? Had I not sensed there was something wrong with our visit with the Garratts? Blaming them, I could say, "Why didn't they warn us their child was ill and stay away? They didn't have to come over - they were irresponsible, not paying attention." But they didn't know what they were doing, and when it came down to it, the fault was surely ours.

Their agenda had been to win us to their church, while we had been trying to bring the truth to them. Did we not see there was no open door with them? Were we not giving that which was holy to dogs?

We were visiting with unbelievers, and worse than that, with those who professed faith in Him, while living in hypocrisy and self-righteousness. We had consequences coming to us for our waywardness. I'm reminded of this proverb:

"Some people ruin themselves by their own stupid actions and then blame the LORD" (Proverbs 19:3 GNB).

I confessed my sin to God, apologized, and gave thanks for our circumstances. Jonathan soon recovered, without medication.

An important thing I learned from this was how Jonathan had become too precious to me, so much so I wasn't recognizing he wasn't mine, but the Lord's; I had grown inordinately attached to him. The Lord was exposing idolatry.

There I was, expressing preference for him over God in my reaction and attitude. I asked for God's grace not to go there again. I've prayed that prayer several times since. It's one thing to love our children; it's quite another to love them more than the Lord, to Whom belong all things, Who alone is true and faithful, and Who alone is worthy of worship.

Particle - The Feedlot Threat Returns

Maria Demers called us to say those who wanted a feedlot were back to try again. I thought, "Did Marilyn hear correctly? Did she indeed hear from God that if we fought the feedlot, we would win? Did we not win? How is it we need to fight again? When will our victory be sure?" We decided to take the Lord at His Word and remained confident He would take care of things as promised. We didn't need to do battle again.

Reports came in and, indeed, cattle pens on the property were being stocked with perhaps thousands of extra heads, and more pens were being built. It certainly appeared we would have a problem. The owners were re-applying for approval.

Still, we were granted to stand firm, believing the Lord. It wasn't long before the owners canceled their plans and the threat passed. The Lord is faithful, even when it doesn't look like it - as with Jonathan, the feedlot threat, and everything else - always.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - To Sell or Not to Sell

Our mutuals had gained over 20% within a year, up to \$350,000 from \$280,000. We were now hearing of a “correction” coming - a downturn - in which we would lose our gains, more or less.

At the outset, Bill Welton had asked us what degree of risk we were able to live with when we decided what funds to buy. While some funds stood to earn more, they were also more volatile and stood to lose more. I thought I could handle risk, so I greedily went for the riskier.

What I was really thinking was that loss would never happen to me. There would be no risk because there would be no losses, especially if the Lord was leading us. Well, is that so!

Particle - The Sparrow’s Example

As I watched our birdfeeder one day, I could see that house sparrows were survivors. They would eat almost anything any other bird ate at a feeder, even suet at times, and they were very skittish, more so than most birds. At the least sign of danger, they would scatter for cover, all at once. Only when they felt safe did they return, but ever watchful. You’ll find house sparrows thrive in most parts of the world.

Why are sparrows such survivors? One of the reasons I perceived was that they know enough to get out of harm’s way at the least threat. I thought I should learn a lesson from the sparrow and get out of the market. However, I read a Scripture that would change my mind:

“I have taken refuge in the LORD. How can you say to me: ‘Flee to your mountain like a bird?’” (Psalms 11:1 GW)

But do sparrows not adapt to all kinds of climate and weather? Do they migrate? No, they stick it out wherever they are. So what does one do? Flee or endure?

We talked to Bill, who (you guessed it) advised us to stay in and ride it out (the usual advice of heartless or ignorant stockbrokers). I was learning Kenny Rogers’ words, “You gotta know when to hold ‘em, know when to fold ‘em...” I didn’t know enough not to listen to Bill, who was advising according to his agenda.

While I can understand holding stable stocks through temporary downturns, I now see one doesn’t do so with riskier ones. We stayed in. We held our funds, our greed, our breaths, and our wrists for pulse. There would come a day when we would hold our heads in our hands and I would hold my nose at the stench of my ways. The stocks began to lose the gains - and more.

Particle - Stockbrokers with Tunnel Vision

The stockbrokers who introduced us and “broke” us were hard, merciless, mercenary men. One was in his sixties, with supposedly powerful connections in the industry, having been in the business for many years. You might think he was intelligent, knowledgeable, and skilled at making money. I soon learned by revelation and experience he was skilled at making money all right - for himself, not for me or anyone else.

I had a vision or dream of Bill Welton in which he was inside a tunnel, much like a large metal culvert. In this culvert, about six feet in diameter, with flat bottom, little school desks were set up, single-file, at which sat stockbrokers. They were looking through peepholes no larger than two inches in diameter - only one peephole per desk. The stockbrokers would look out their peephole

for a stock market statistic, then holler it out with authority, as though they knew what they were talking about. All they were doing was looking at a posted board outside and mechanically repeating it to their audiences or clients.

That was very typical of the man handling our money, all the while barely even pretending to know or care. God subjected us to all this to deliver us from worshipping mammon, and to do one more thing as well - to gain understanding and compassion for the rich, who are quite tormented in their riches.

But there were other factors with Altamira, unsavory ones I was to find out later from other brokers. Bill knew very well what he was doing.

Particle - "Daddy, Play with Me"

I loved Jonathan. I spent time playing with him. There were many times, however, when he would ask me to play with him, not having other children around, and I didn't take time to do so.

Sometimes when I played with him, I was preoccupied, and he knew it. "Dad, don't listen to the news while we're playing, OK? Don't watch TV, OK, Dad?" I can't say how much I have regretted my failure to give him undivided attention. Often I was there in body only.

Herein is the enigma: I thought I loved him so much, yet I didn't expend the uncompromised energy and attention for him, as Marilyn did. So how did I love him? Wasn't it by the fleshly, earthly, selfish, sensual love - the only kind the world knows? Did I love him for him or for me? Was it love, after all?

It is true Jonathan saw his father far more than most, because I was constantly at home, so I did spend much time with him, relatively speaking (though I had responsibilities, too). But did I give him enough time and attention? Was it acceptable to God? How important was it?

I was tormented by this. I suppose I was comparing the amount of time spent with him personally to the time I had with him generally, and such a comparison may not be valid - a little quality is better than much quantity. Still, it has bothered me, and if it weren't for the conviction God is in full control, ordering all things according to His will, which I've seen so many times and in so many ways, I'd be one sorry man.

Particle - Piercing Myself Through With Sorrows

Worse still, just when I could have enjoyed Jonathan in his formative years, I was preoccupied with mammon, namely the mutuals and downturn in the stock market. I heard the news each morning of the TSE and the Dow dropping like rocks. Checking my funds in the paper, I found they were diving faster and deeper than the exchanges. I thought, "Why am I putting myself through this? Why don't I pull out? This isn't good!"

As if that weren't enough, in my fears and anxiety over our "investments," more accurately "divestments," I brought great trouble on Marilyn, morning after morning, day after day. This in turn would deprive Jonathan of a mother's undivided attention, affection, and peace. How awful! Folks, *it was hell*.

Yet, as if I didn't know the right thing, I'd ask the Lord what I should do. Each time, I felt like I should pull out, but then I'd ask Marilyn and Archie, seeking confirmation of what I was feeling or

receiving. They would advise me to stay in, believing they were hearing from God. Because they weren't in agreement with what I heard, I concluded I was in unbelief, affected by my fears, so in my greed, ignorance, and unbelief, I remained for more bloodletting.

I had an only son, a gift from God (the meaning of his name, "Jonathan"), and for the sake of mammon, I was missing the pleasure of enjoying his person, youth, and growth.

Memory is established by repetition and degree of intensity of attention to a matter. Because of my preoccupations during Jonathan's early years, I fail to remember his face and many of the things we did. Occasionally, I am reminded through certain incidents occurring with other children.

I came to know the reality of the words from the apostle Paul to Timothy:

"But they who will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which plunge men into destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all evils, of which some having lusted after, they were seduced from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows" (1 Timothy 6:9-10 MKJV).

However, the day came when I saw how unimportant to God time with children can be. Think of Job and the ten children he lost, of Jacob and his parents when he had to flee from his brother, and of Joseph who, at seventeen, was torn from his father, subjected to murderous cruelty by his brothers, and traded off to foreigners. Or how about Hannah, who, upon weaning Samuel, delivered her young child to the Tabernacle as she had promised?

Particle - We Part Company with Lois

Paul was not the only one we sent away. Lois was a very miserable person. Archie expressed how difficult it was to be around her. Constantly, we prayed, wanting to know her problem, but there was no answer. One day, I decided Lois must go, so we left her to herself.

Particle - A Fateful Golf Ball

A man's golf slice out of the course netted him \$3500 out of my pocket, years later. Jonathan and I were going around to garage sales, and as I was driving north by the Exhibition Pavilion, I suddenly heard a "thunk" on the car roof and saw the bouncing golf ball. I pulled over and found a dint in the roof. I was dismayed, but I thought, "What can I do about this? How would I ever find the golfer from the Henderson Lake course and, even if I did, would the person own up to it?" So I left it and drove on.

But I thought, "Why not at least try? What is there to lose?" Little did I know!

I returned to the "scene of the crime," saw two golfers on the hole near where we were hit, pulled over, went to the fence, and called to them. When they came over, one fellow denied anything had happened, but his partner, Harold (owner of Harold's Auto Service), confessed to it, gave me his card, and instructed me to call his insurance broker. I was impressed with his honesty and cooperation. I got the car repaired and the insurance paid for it.

If only that had been the end of the story, but sadly, I'll have to tell you the "rest of the story" that would unfold a few years later.

Particle - Alms

I touched base with Karen Alm, wondering how she was doing. This girl could be religious and profess faith in Christ, but she was very troubled and hurting, along with her dominant twin sister, Theresa. I was always hoping Karen could experience a level of spiritual victory, a deliverance into freedom few people have known despite trying circumstances.

Many have known a satisfied life of confidence and ease in various ways, but a spiritual rest in Christ is something else. It became clear during the months of visiting with Karen during this time it was not to be. Perhaps another time?

Particle - Being Somebody

We all want to be somebody of importance to others. We want others to recognize and value us. Religious circles promote individuals to be “workers for Christ” in whatever capacity. Some persons seek to be active in their churches. Many nominal Christians will go to seminary or Bible school to become a pastor, teacher, or evangelist. Some may presume to become a prophet or even an apostle. Some aspire to be counselors or consultants.

I met Ken Fabbi at his office on 5th St. South. A very friendly fellow, he was counseling people in spiritual matters and praying for their healing. Ken presumed to have developed a methodology to healing (as have many others). While he pointed to several examples of miraculous healings, I found some problems with his claims:

One, consider... did Jesus use methodology? Did He tell His disciples they needed to take certain specific steps, much less five of them, to bring healing? Or did He simply speak the Word, lay hands on people, and counsel them to simply believe?

Two, did He counsel them to delve into the backgrounds of those in need? There’s no such record or testimony in Scripture. When God heals, He heals by principles of simple faith, request, and repentance. There is no psychological assessment or analysis.

Three, Mary and the saints weren’t involved, whether those in need believed in them or not (Ken was Catholic).

Four, one can’t remain a devout Catholic, support its doctrines and practices, and be a true minister of God. God doesn’t share His glory with other gods, of which there are many in the Catholic Church. He says:

“I am the LORD; that is My Name. I will not give My glory to anyone else or the praise I deserve to idols” (Isaiah 42:8 GW).

So how did Ken’s alleged healings occur, if they occurred? I have seen and heard of faith working wondrously in many cases, apart from the personal touch of Jesus Christ. Many have been deceived in such circumstances into thinking God’s favor and work were present. Here is the testimony of Scripture:

2 Thessalonians 2:8-12 MKJV

“And then the lawless one will be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the breath of His mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming, whose coming is according to the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and

with all deceit of unrighteousness in those who perish, because they did not receive the love of the truth, so that they might be saved.

And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, so that all those who do not believe the truth, but delight in unrighteousness, might be condemned.”

Thousands presume to be ministering in God’s Name, and He is nowhere to be found among them. They are there for their own glory, not His.

Particle - Necessity or Tragedy?

In 1984, starting with all the prophecies at Bernalillo, New Mexico, I had begun keeping a journal of all spiritual matters, dreams, visions, prophecies, experiences, revelations, words of wisdom, and events with people. I recorded my troubles, worries, foolish thoughts, and mundane matters. I also decided to record everything I could remember of my past spiritual life, going back to 1972, when it began with the [dream](#) of the Lord’s Coming.

In my horrible struggles during the battles in the stock market in 1994, it came to me I should destroy my journal. I recalled how the Lord had said to me in 1980 or 1981 that if I [burned](#) my writings, He would give me something better, which came to pass. I took all my records to the fire pit in the back yard, tore them up, and burned them.

When I had told Marilyn my intention, she agreed with me. If she hadn’t agreed, I wouldn’t have done it. Though I didn’t realize it as yet, she was my god - I was ever dependent on her to determine if I was hearing correctly.

Perhaps it was good to burn those records; perhaps not. I have regretted it because I’ve forgotten many of the prophecies and their times and circumstances. I think at times, “I was too lazy to sort out the spiritual from the mundane, and my words from His, thinking it would take a horrendous amount of work, so I threw it all away.”

The time came when I felt as though I had greatly despised God’s great and good revelations, attention, and affection toward me. In some of those prophecies, He had told me how much He loved me.

However, I was also somewhat concerned others might find the precious things He said to me. Some of these things were quite personal. I have often wished the Lord would be gracious to me and bring to my mind all those things, so I might write them down again, even as He did with Jeremiah when the king burned his prophecies. However, Jeremiah was not the one who destroyed his records; his enemies did. I destroyed mine.

In any case, they’re gone and I need to accept that had it been His will, He could, and I like to think would, have stopped me. But I still wish I hadn’t done it. Every once in a while, Paul quotes certain prophecies he recalls, which I had completely forgotten about, and I am refreshed to hear them again.

Particle - Fed Up with Eating Out

Kerri was very prone to communal living. She seemed to want to belong somewhere. I told her she was a classic candidate for a cult. I asked her to repent of looking to people for her solace and

comfort. I believed only the Lord was worthy of the kind of affection she showed. I advised her to part from us for a while. She went to Big Fork, Montana. At this time, Paul was in Missoula, I believe. Marilyn, Paul, Kerri, Jonathan, and I decided to visit together in Big Fork.

At Big Fork, a tourist town, I dared take everyone [out to dinner](#) at a popular restaurant. I was a beggar for punishment, and I had another unpleasant dining-out incident. The service was great, the food was tasty, but it was rather expensive.

Being the miserly sort of person and eternal calculator in financial matters, I determined the value of the free-range veal I had ordered. I was paying them about \$90 a pound. I thought, "How can they justify these kinds of charges?" Prices in 2014 would be higher.

That was not my only "beef." I was informed restaurants expected the clientele to pay the wages of restaurant staff by gratuities, seeing waiters were either not paid, or paid very low wages. I felt like a sucker of the restaurant industry and I determined I wasn't going to cave.

I gave the waitress a 10% tip, though I was told the custom was more like 20%. For the next few minutes while we were there, she scowled at me. What gives? At one time, 10% was customary and acceptable. Admittedly, the waitress was giving us good service, and it wouldn't have hurt me to be liberal, but I refused.

Perhaps it was a mere matter of stinginess (I have been *so* stingy), but I was annoyed with the industry and what I perceived as its presumption. I did consider that if she remained friendly, I might be persuaded to change my mind, but I also thought that if she was doing well in tips, it would encourage her to continue in her occupation, with which I didn't agree. Teeter-totter, teeter-totter! I do have my painful rationalizations and justifications.

That was the last straw. I just was not blessed at any time in any way for eating out. Except of necessity or special occasion with others involved where I had little choice, we have never eaten out again, and I'm thankful for it.

No more stale food or glass or hair or mice; no more skimpy portions, high starch/low protein deceptions; no more exorbitant prices.

No more drooling, flattering, pretentious waiters, several of which expected tips without being there to attend to our desires and needs, to fill the water jug, bring beverages, tend to shortfalls, or provide extra items. No more waiting staff frowning at me.

No more wishing I had ordered what the other person had.

No more doubts and uncertainty of the cleanliness of the place or the quality, or even the nature, of the food.

No more supporting the conventional food industry that couldn't care less about chemical-free, soon to come GMO-free, environmentally- and consumer-friendly, wholesome foods. I was through with it all. Yay! What a relief!

No more absence of "guaranteed satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded." In restaurants, you often pay the price, like it or not, or be accused of, and charged with, thievery. After all, it's a judgment call, a matter of taste and opinion.

From now on, we wouldn't be wasting our money and setting a bad example for others who need to learn to cook and eat at home as a family, saving their money for better food - like organic.

Particle - Anger Again

Elizabeth, Archie's eldest, came to stay with us for a while. We were hoping to help her change her directional choices in life. She was secretly dating a boy and lying to her parents.

Elizabeth had another problem. As her father had been taken by "[the Force](#)" of Star Wars, so she had been taken by a seductive, deceiving spirit. She was consumed with the idea of being another talkative, imaginative, precocious "Anne of Green Gables." We talked to her and prayed for her deliverance, and there seemed to be a change, but I deeply failed her. On many occasions, she angered me, whether her fault or not (there certainly was fault on my part).

One day, I got so angry, I tried to slap her a few times. She shielded herself and didn't get hurt that I know. I decided that it was no use trying to change her, and that she better leave before we came to any worse conflict. We sent her to Lois'. I'm not sure we had renewed a relationship with Lois by then.

Particle - Lies and More Lies

I was hoping Lois might be able to help Elizabeth. One day, as she and Lois were doing dishes, Elizabeth pulled a hankie from her pocket and spilled supplement pills all over the floor. She had been pretending to take them each day as dispensed to her for her health (she had severe menstrual times, and perhaps other problems). Lois was angry not only because Elizabeth wasn't cooperating, but because she was lying.

Who was Lois of all people to be offended by the lies of others? Lord willing, you'll see about that.

Elizabeth was always lying, as was the rest of the family - it was clear on many occasions deception was ruling Archie's house. Lois gave up and Elizabeth went back home with her parents.

Should we have patiently and tolerantly continued? Perhaps, but I don't think so. Some things we can change, and some we have no choice but to let them take their course. I bear Elizabeth no ill will. I hope only for her good.

Particle - The Spirit Comes Upon Paul

Somewhere between August 16th and the 21st of 1994, in the 14th year from the time we met in Israel, Paul received the Spirit of God at our home. God fulfilled the promise He gave us in September of 1979 in our converted chicken shack at Revivim, where we prayed for Paul and the Lord said: "*Paul will receive the Spirit at a future time.*"

Particle - Vision - Paul - Safe Harbor

That same day, Paul had a vision of a classical sailing ship with three masts. It was anchored in a harbor and there was a storm at sea. The harbor was U-shaped, and he saw it as though he were on land, inside the bay, looking out to sea. The ship was moored closer to where the sea met the bay, not far off from the land. The ship represented us.

Particle - Garage-saling with Jonathan

Every Saturday, Jonathan and I would go garage-saling. We would take some lunch with us. Sometimes he would nap in the car while waiting for me, and sometimes he would join me at the sales. He was always so patient. And he had an understanding and awareness of things that impressed me.

I had a bit of a difficult time refusing him some of the many toys he wanted, but he got a few. One thing was sure - if he really wanted something, he usually got it. He had uncommon determination. I was no match for his persuasive skills and persistence.

His favorite toys were construction toys, guns, and Legos. After Trevor bought him his first Lego set, he was on the watch. He loved putting things together and was very good at it.

Particle - The House that Marilyn Built

I had this dream in the early nineties, I believe: I was at a building site in an urban area. The ground had been dug up and construction was proceeding. Along came two men, sober friends, who took me away. I didn't know why. Later, I saw they were expertly fitting me up in a black suit or tuxedo.

The next thing I knew, I was back at the building site, dressed normally. I had been away for a few hours, only to find a good portion of a spectacular house had been built while I was gone.

It was breathtakingly beautiful. The rooms' walls were white and perhaps 25 feet high. The doorways were of normal width, about twenty feet tall and arched at the top. They were without doors. Suspended from the arches at the top of these doorways were small delightful decorative hangings about two or three feet long.

There was a swimming pool in the house, with tile laid that was perfect (I think the pool was the first thing I saw). The water was wholesome and refreshing. All was perfect and beautiful.

There was no furniture. The rooms were all empty, and it seemed the building extended further than I could see. I wish I could remember more. The architecture reminded me of something the very wealthy Saudis would do in constructing impeccable palaces in the Middle East. It had the Arabic architectural look, in the whiteness, the door hangings, and whatever else was there; there was great attention to detail, though simplicity was predominant.

Marilyn was the one responsible for the building of it. It would not be long before I would know the meaning of the dream.

Particle - Jonathan Goes to the Hospital

When Elizabeth had been staying with us, Jonathan was playing in the sandbox and suddenly started screaming. She ran to see what the matter was. Jonathan had lifted something and suffered an inguinal hernia, for which we soon concluded he needed an operation.

It was so hard for this sentimental Ukrainian to see them wheel him in a gurney down the long hall to the operating room on October 25th, 1994, but Jonathan took it in stride. He seldom cried and I had seen him express fear only once in his life to this point. The not-too-common operation was successfully performed by Dr. Gomes.

Within a year, Jonathan decided to be an exception as with many other things. He developed an inguinal on the other side, so back to the hospital again. When we asked the doctor why it wasn't taken care of in the first round, he said that while they thought of doing it, a second inguinal was very rare, and decided against doing both. I don't blame him.

Particle - Why Not Divine Healing?

We have seen God perform supernatural healings and many other miracles. "Why then," you may ask, "did you not ask God to heal Jonathan in these situations? Why did you seek after physicians?" I must tell you we do petition God for healing, but for whatever reason, whether because of a lack of faith or some kind of sin in our lives or whatever, He didn't answer with a miracle, as we often define the word.

God did provide what was possible to deal with the problem, which is still a "miracle," in that He does it. I've come to the conclusion He makes it necessary for us to assert ourselves to meet a need or rectify a situation so we may learn. However, where it's plainly impossible, He glorifies Himself as He chooses, though we may need to approach Him in faith on the matter.

There are two principles of judging the source and nature of miracles. God does only that which is impossible for us to do in any way, and He only does it in times of necessity.

People have reported receiving gold fillings in place of amalgams through prayer. This was once claimed by Dick Deweert and the people of The Miracle Channel in Lethbridge. God doesn't operate that way. There was no necessity for gold fillings, and He's never about sensationalism. God isn't a showoff. He isn't one to do the superfluous. But Satan is the sensationalist and entertainer, the deceiver, the father of lies and of the children of pride. And he is the one who encourages covetousness.

Why wouldn't God simply restore a tooth instead of filling it? Isn't that better, or has dental science improved on God's creation? But where man is able to take care of his own problems, albeit clumsily, the Lord lets it be that way, even if it isn't nearly as good as He could do.

However, isn't everything a "miracle," in that all that exists in creation is intelligently governed and totally beyond our ability to understand or direct, except where we're given involvement in so limited a measure? If it weren't for Divine Providence governing all affairs, nothing would exist or have any meaning.

These things said, we know and have frequently seen that God performs spectacular miracles from time to time that are so evident, we take sharp notice and marvel, and our faith in Him is strengthened.

Particle - The Spirit and Substance of the Stock Market

While we were in the stock market in 1994, I had a dream of a great, many-storied building, looking like a long-abandoned factory, made of brick or cinder block or stone, dull and grey. No windows or lighting were to be seen inside or out. The building was all open-spaced inside, there were not always walls to stop someone from dropping off the edge, and there was no full floor on any level.

There were many staircases of stone, most cut off and leading nowhere, except to sudden, surprise drops or to dead ends. There were doorways on some of these stairs, though no doors. There were

some large, crude escalators or conveyor belts, going back and forth, up and down. The whole place was very treacherous and desperately dismal.

Throughout this building were miserable, pained people, moaning, crying, and screaming, some going up and down the maze of slippery escalators and stairs, many falling, many injured, torn, and de-limbed by large mechanisms of gears and moving parts. They were all desperately looking for a way out, or perhaps for a place of rest or fulfillment within, but never finding escape or solace.

There was always the carrot dangling before them, always just out of reach. If they did manage to get a bite, they were soon bitten instead, losing instead of gaining.

At the bottom of the building was a great swamp of filthy waters full of blood, vomit, urine, feces, guts, body parts, and living people in shock, desperation, and fear, dying while trying to escape the very terrible soup. The whole scene was one of terror, hopelessness, and death.

This dream was what was given me to depict the true nature of the stock market. We had entered it to gain. We lost. The whole stock world operated on greed and fear. Yes, there are so-called winners, but oh, so many losers. We were among the losers, experiencing the very things described in the dream.

It was hell - and we were there.

Particle - Brokers or Breakers?

Why are stock people called “brokers”? Why not “breakers”? They are indeed “breakers”; they certainly broke me of the market and dealing in fear and greed - which is good. But why the past tense? That’s because it’s a done deal. The stock market, in its present form, is meant to rob, maim, and kill, to punish the naïve, selfish, fearful, and greedy. (I must acknowledge some brokers are not as bad as others, as with most categories of people.)

I know the true definition of “broker.” I’m speaking tongue-in-cheek.

Particle - A Peculiar Possibility from the Past

In 1990, we heard [Wally and Adeline Hlewka’s](#) children were involved in drugs and in trouble with the law. In 1994 or so, I took Jonathan to the Henderson Lake playground. As he played, I noticed a young man whose facial features could well have been those of Wally and Adeline’s son. He was about the right age and was supervising a child, likely his own. He had the hardened, rather sad aura of one having spent time in jail, which made sense. Was this their son, out of prison? I wish I had asked. We could have had a very good talk, had he been willing. But I wasn’t given to have it.

Particle - “Come Fly with Me, Mom”

Around this time, when Jonathan was about three, he had a dream. He dreamt he came to our bedroom and asked his mother to take his hand and go flying. They went to the window, stood on the sill, and flew off together.

This dream told me of a wonderful relationship Marilyn had with Jonathan I could only envy, one I always wanted to have with Jonathan. The fact is, Marilyn earned it and I did not. She devoted her time, energy, and attention to him in all things. She deserved his affection and appreciation. What

she feared at one time was not what was (when he was born, she feared he would reject her). He loved her with a special love.

I wondered why I couldn't have that same kind of relationship with Jonathan, though why should I wonder, with the way I'd been? Was it also, however, a mother's connection, coupled with the natural duty of mothers to their children, and therefore something not meant for a father? Perhaps. After all, Jonathan suckled at his mother's breast till he was three and then gently weaned. Now *there's* a bonding no father's capable of!

I've also heard daughters can be closer to their fathers, while sons can be closer to their mothers. I make no excuses for my shortfalls; I only wonder about these things.

Particle - Jonathan Weaned

On October 4th, 1994, three years and 12 days from birth, Jonathan was weaned.

Particle - A Suckling, Deprived, Not Weaned

In 1994, while in mutual stock funds that were going very badly, I saw in a vision an infant crying, almost desperate, reaching with its mouth for the breast, which was being pulled away. I knew I was the infant, and even heard my weak, pitiful, helpless cry. It was in vain.

Sometime later, I had the opportunity to ask my mother if I was breastfed and when I was weaned. She replied I was breastfed four months - which is not long, not nearly long enough, and she didn't say how she weaned me. I'm not sure she was even truthful with me.

Weaning means a gradual, considerate reduction to zero. The vision revealed I wasn't weaned at all, but abruptly cut off. By personal experience, I've learned this abruptness can have a traumatic psychological and even physiological effect for life.

Until I first recorded this event here in 2007, it hadn't occurred to me I wasn't weaned. When changing the infant's life source, it needs to be wisely done; it needs to be gradual. I expect my mother simply didn't know any better or just didn't care.

I marvel at how Jonathan was breastfed until he was three years old and properly weaned, without shock, without deprivation. God gave Marilyn the understanding and care to do some things right. Not to take credit from God and His favor, but age helps in some cases. While my mother was about 21 when she had me, Marilyn was 41 when she had Jonathan - twice my mother's age. A 21-year-old has a lot to learn.

At least I had something of a home, parents, and a touch of breastfeeding. How traumatic it is for children born out of wedlock to mothers who were only out for selfish convenience and pleasure!

And then there are those who, by cold steel forceps, are torn from the mother's womb, piece by piece. Read [Abortion](#). My, how relative things are!

Years later it also occurred to me, given the time of this vision, that the stock market trial was the work of God, weaning me from the lust for money and the attractions of this world.

After the painful foray into the stock market, I wasn't the same again, thankfully. But this time, I wasn't accompanied by psychological scars, as when abruptly cut off from the breast.

As I review this in 2014, I realize another connection between the stock market foray and the vision of the infant abruptly denied the breast, and this, I believe, was the primary purpose of the stock market experience.

I lusted after money as a result of that experience as an infant. The Lord was weaning me from that lust through my painful subjection to the stock market. While, for a time, He left the explanation of the vision a mystery, He was showing me the cause and origin of why I went recklessly whoring as I did. Only today does He make known these things to us.

It's revealed to me that lust for food/money/security stems back to being abruptly denied sustenance and comfort as a suckling infant.

As I review this Auto Part in 2014, I am fasting from food. Food has been a problem for me; I've spent my life looking for snacks, focused on food. I recently confessed to Marilyn that I'm reluctant to be corrected in this food issue. I can hardly wait to get back to enjoying it.

Following the confession, Marilyn prayed I'd be delivered from the problem. She has seen this in me for years, and now comes the time for her to pray that prayer, in wonderful coordination with other events. The timing and coincidence of these things - my fast, my confession of the food problem, Marilyn's prayer, and reviewing this Auto Part precisely at this point with the stock market and vision - lead me to conclude the Lord has granted me a tremendous deliverance.

As I've so often said, when we see the origin of the problem, it's because the Lord has healed us of it.

Particle - Infant Memories Resurface

There were several instances when I suddenly identified with Jonathan and recalled certain events in my infancy. Once, when several months old, while he was sitting on the floor near the open cupboard below the sink, I suddenly remembered the taste of some caustic household cleanser like Comet or Ajax. I remembered the confusion in my infant mind, unable to identify it as bad or good. I vaguely remember my mother rushing to me, and with her index finger, cleansed my mouth of the substance.

Particle - Vision - Tutor Giving Boy Milk and Honey

I don't recall for sure during what major trial in life I had this vision:

I saw an encampment of a circle of tents in a desert. An older man with beard and turban and a dark Middle Eastern garment was pouring something from a large urn into a cup, which a boy held in his hands. It was evident these were wealthy people, and it seemed the older man was a tutor or guardian. The boy, also in Middle Eastern robe, with turban, seemed about 12 years of age, very comely, robust, without companions, and the man was handsome, kind, and wise.

At first I couldn't tell what the beverage was, but I knew it was cool and sweet. I then realized it was milk and honey. How refreshing it was! It gave life.

I knew I was that boy. Being the vision was at a time of great trial, I certainly didn't feel like him; he was apparently happy, comfortable, and well looked-after, wanting no good thing.

Particle - Stillborn Stock Status

Though we realized Bill Welton wasn't what he pretended to be, we still hadn't fully learned the folly of laying up treasures on earth, especially by the stock market. We began seeking out other brokers, looking to switch our portfolio to someone conscientious and caring about our financial welfare.

After talking to a few brokers, we chose Rick Dempsey, whom we appreciated as a person, not that other potentials weren't appreciated.

Bill Welton didn't make it easy for us to take our money out of his hands. While we directed him to promptly sell the Altamira funds, he stalled while the stocks continued to drop. There was nothing we could do because he had placed the stocks in his name. It was a very vexing experience.

Had he shorted, and was now making big dollars with our funds as they fell, while we were bleeding? I'm almost certain this was so - I'm sure those in the profession would know. In which case, is it any wonder he didn't charge us commissions? He robbed us.

And what part did Glen Seaman play in all of this? He stood with Bill Welton 100%. How did he profit from us, or shall we believe he came to our house out of the goodness of his heart?

Finally, Bill released our money. We dumped Altamira, the general market was gaining again, and we finally had a gentler time of it. Rick was so much better to work with. But the day was approaching when we had a better place in which to invest what the Lord had given us.

Till then, I continued in covetousness and great folly. Thinking it would be profitable to have an "insider," I asked Paul to consider becoming a stockbroker, seeing he was in sales. He applied to A.G. Edwards and was hired by Bob Whaley in Missoula. Here I was, still taking steps in life with mammon as a prime consideration and using Paul to that end. How dark and horrid!

Particle - The Fox Reported to His Warren

Bill Welton had stalled the transfer of our mutuals while they were losing money. There was no question in my mind he was deliberately uncooperative. I reported him to the Securities Commission, speaking to Lee Smyth.

Did it do any good? The stocks industry makes a show of integrity and concern, does an "investigation," and protects itself. It's the same as when one complains of a medical doctor's abuse to the self-governing medical association and gets nowhere. It is all a sham.

I expected as much, but thought it wouldn't hurt to get his name on the books nonetheless. Who knows if there isn't a conscience out there somewhere? Besides, the wicked need to hear they're offending. Nevertheless, the Lord had them do all this evil successfully for my sake. Temporarily, they prosper, but the day of reckoning comes for all with perfect timing. It's never been otherwise.

Perhaps Bill was facing problems in other ways. He had been with Nesbitt Thomson but a short time, then went to Midland, which was reported to be losing a lot of money, and I don't know where he went from there. Obviously, he wasn't a stable company man. A man on the run? Perhaps they didn't like his ways?

Particle - A New Start

It was a great relief when we were finally free of Bill Welton. Our funds had come down within a year from \$350,000 to \$250,000. I had been angry with Marilyn for persisting to remain in the market when I wanted out, but I was angrier with myself for listening to her and Archie. While holding in the market, we had hoped the Lord would turn things around, but when we finally sold, we realized how much we had lost. Marilyn broke down and cried.

But remember her prophecy? "*A quarter million to a million*"? If those were words from God, I thought at first He was rounding off the figures and speaking generally. But \$280,000 (the amount we started with) was not His starting point; it was too much. It had to be what He said it was - \$250,000, a quarter million, which is what we now had.

Particle - Dempsey Dialogue

I had some talks with Rick Dempsey about the Lord. He and his wife, Cindy, were attending the Evangelical Free Church in Lethbridge. He told me that while he was excited about the things I was sharing with him, they were frightening to his wife.

I've had things to say to several men, and oftentimes their wives felt threatened. I recall this being so with [Glen and Bea Bradford](#); a couple we met with Operation Mobilization in New Jersey; [Mike and Theresa Trepanier](#) in Winnipeg; [Brian and Tiara Bickerton](#) in Lethbridge; [Bob and Lynn Gregson](#) of Lethbridge; [Trevor and Sheila Anderson](#) of Lethbridge, and so many others in our past.

There would be more in future. Why is this? Why aren't the men so afraid? Are men more dishonest about their feelings? Not that there haven't been men fearful of me. There have been many.

Particle - The Joys and Freedoms of Church Attendance

So many people go to the Evangelical Free Church in Lethbridge. An acquaintance, Val Matteotti, once jokingly remarked on all the traffic he saw there, "They must have an easy way to Heaven!" He was right. The cheap, counterfeit gospel is indeed an easy way. "Just ask Jesus into your heart as your Savior, join us, and that's it - you're in, forever, guaranteed to stay."

Church systems also operate on greed and fear, not so differently from the stock market. Most preach that unless you get right with God (meaning you come to their church with your lip service and money), you'll perish in everlasting torment; but if you're saved, everything is yours, Heaven included. All or nothing. If that isn't dealing in fear and greed, what is?

Many churches also preach a guarantee of financial prosperity for the "true believer" who gives them money. Oral Roberts, Kenneth Hagin, Kenneth and Gloria Copeland, Creflo Dollar, Benny Hinn, Robert Schuller, Dick Deweert, and thousands of others have preached the tantalizing earthly prosperity message. If a man is lured by gain, and he believes the message of those who preach that gain is godliness, isn't it greed that attracts him? But they call it "faith."

Faith in, and fidelity to, God has nothing to do with gaining this world's riches, though God blesses and provides (or withholds) as He sees necessary for one's spiritual welfare.

The stock market has not come close to tormenting and destroying the number of souls religion has, and the brokers of the churches are no less ruthless. They are more effective, however, in that they more convincingly pretend virtue, and promise not only financial but eternal rewards.

God called me out of religion in 1976 to teach me and to open my eyes so I might speak these things to others, so their eyes might also be opened. God wills that they might be spared, as I and those with me have been spared.

Particle - Wives Rule Husbands

Back to the subject of husbands and wives: Do wives rule husbands? They have, ever since Adam took his wife's lead instead of obeying God. At that time, husbands became their wives' followers and possessions.

How did it happen? Yielding to the serpent's temptation, Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, which God had forbidden Adam to do. She yielded to the serpent's invitation, ate the fruit, and persuaded her husband to eat it, as well.

Women of this world desire their husbands to follow them. Believing a lie, wives are threatened when Truth is spoken. Truth requires a response, and wives don't want their husbands to hear and believe something that will make uncomfortable, uncontrollable waves with the boat of their lives. Wives fear losing what they consider to be theirs.

And what do husbands do? If they're more interested in pleasing their wives than believing the Truth and obeying God, they'll avoid the Truth at all costs. Sometimes, they'll begin to oppose me, persuaded emotionally by their wives, even presuming or pretending to protect the "weaker sex," acting as faithful guard dogs or saviors. They are most often their wives' lapdogs, obedient to but a little look or word - a slight familiar tug on the leash from their mistresses.

Why are husbands so? They choose to reject the Truth; they ought not to blame their wives. To do so is hypocrisy, which is worse than unapologetic opposition to Truth.

I've discovered the reality of what the Catholic Church calls "the original sin," but from another perspective. They call it "the Fall." That it is, but Adam didn't just fall. Knowing better, he willingly capitulated to his wife as she fell captive to the serpent. However, as Jesus promised, believing the truth will make one free and serve to bring freedom to those involved. You may wish to read [The Man-Woman Dynamic](#).

Particle - Truth Heard Is Truth Answered

No person is ever the same again upon hearing the Truth. It doesn't matter if they believe, don't believe, or presume to remain neutral - "presume" I say, because there's no such thing as neutrality when it comes to Truth. All that hear are called into account. Better not to hear if one isn't prepared to obey. Jesus said:

"Take heed what you hear. With that measure which you measure, it shall be measured to you. And to you who hear, more shall be given. For he who has, more shall be given to him; and he who has not, from him shall be taken even that which he has" (Mark 4:24-25 MKJV).

"And that servant who knew his lord's will and did not prepare, nor did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he not knowing, and doing things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For to whomever much is given, of him much shall be required. And to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more" (Luke 12:47-48 MKJV).

“The one who is not with Me is against Me, and the one who does not gather with Me scatters” (Matthew 12:30 MKJV).

Particle - Professing Christ with Loose Words

Up to this time, the Lord had given me about 25 songs. I wanted to record them. Someone told me about Chuck Lawson of Lethbridge, who, I was told, was a Christian musician, was very good on steel guitar, and might want to help me do something. I called him. He asked for a tape and told me he would do one or two songs to give me an idea of how it would sound.

I dropped off the tape and waited. In a few weeks I called. He hadn't gotten to it. A month later, I called again, then three or four more times over the period of a year or so. Finally, I picked the tape up, resigned that I wasn't going to see my music recorded this way or at this time. Obviously, he wasn't impressed, but why wouldn't he be upfront about it?

Isn't it a shame how those who profess Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior are loose with their words and promises? This man professed faith and presumed to be a musician for His glory, yet promised repeatedly and didn't keep his word. He always had an excuse of some kind when I called.

Many are they who profess Christ, yet conduct themselves irresponsibly. The fruit only tells me they have nothing to do with Him. They play games. As far as I'm concerned, a broken promise is no different from a lie. And who is the father of lies? And who are his children, if not those who lie? The churches are filled with such.

Still, I recognized it wasn't the Lord's will at this time for my songs to be recorded. It may never happen, and I'm fine with that.

Particle - Rabbit Rehabilitation and Reversal

In 1976, while with Mickey and Lynne Patrick, the Lord gave me a [dream](#), in which He portrayed me as a crazed rabbit rushing to do God's will. In December 1994, I received a spiritual healing to deal with that rabbit, the carnal nature that seeks to do the will of God in its own understanding. There's a Scripture that comes to mind and pointedly applies to the way I entered the stock market:

“Also, that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good; and he that hastes with his feet sins” (Proverbs 19:2 KJV).

I went in rushing with greed and ignorance, though we had persuaded ourselves we were doing God's will. And we were severely chastened for it. Bill Welton and Glen Seaman had been used of God to deal with me. I needed and deserved everything I got. Praise God for those men. While they meant it for evil, God meant it for good.

Particle - Pee Problems

At a garage sale, I witnessed an event with a little boy and his mother. While she was browsing, he was dancing and wincing, needing to pee. I recalled the [experience](#) I had as a child at the Dauphin Exhibition and decided to intervene. I asked the owner of the home if she would allow the little boy to use her washroom. The mother was either careless or reluctant to ask. The lady consented, I told the mother, and the child went to the bathroom.

I was thankful I had done this good deed, until... within days, I began to experience what that little boy was experiencing. I couldn't go for long before I found myself looking for the next available washroom. I suddenly remembered what I had done for the boy, realizing I wasn't having that problem up to the time I presumed to help him. I was amazed.

Had I stuck my nose where it didn't belong? Apparently so. Elijah was sent to one widow outside Israel during a famine when there were many widows in Israel that could have used help. He didn't interfere with God's judgment, though it must have been an unpleasant thing for Elijah to witness the suffering all around him.

My problem would continue for years. There were days when I would nearly pee myself, frantically trying to find a nearby washroom. I was now finding restaurants to be a benefit instead of a bane. A day came, years later, when the problem was removed in a peculiar way.

Particles - Every Last Crumbly One of Them

I have the habit of eating crumbs. I enjoy cleaning up empty cake or casserole pans. In the cookie jar, cracker box, and potato chip bag, I go for the broken pieces. I even retrieve breadcrumbs and cheese drippings in the toaster oven tray. When my wife makes a bag of popcorn, I shake the bag and go to the bottom for the crumbs and kernels. I clean meat bones and eat up scanty leftovers.

My brother Archie told me I was that way as a kid. Perhaps I was hungry after returning home from Auntie's and Uncle's where I was [accustomed](#) to eating twice to three times as much. I'd now be cleaning every crumb. As bothersome as it sounds, I actually enjoy it, but I can go without it, no problem.

Particle - Counting All Things - Just Counting

Ever since I can remember, I've been obsessed with counting everything around me, especially if I'm just sitting or lying there. I count the tiles of the floor, the boards in the ceiling, the parts of a curtain, the parts of a light fixture, including the printing on the bulb, even the leaves on a plant. OCD?

Watching TV, I would count the facial features of the newsman, the brows, folds in the eyelids, each side of the nose, parts of the eyeglasses, cheekbones, lips, teeth, tongue, and chin. I would count the parts of his suit, including the two sections of each lapel, the buttonhole, and the pocket, two or four visible parts of his tie, and the parts of his shirt showing on each side of the tie. If words are printed, I will count the number of letter parts, not just letters. "F" has one part but "P" has two with the enclosure. "Not Very Funny" would count 14. I do this every day, automatically.

Almost always, I do it subconsciously, but when realizing what I'm doing, I try to stop. I've asked the Lord to take it away and He hasn't answered. Nothing has worked. Perhaps someone has an answer to this problem? I don't know where it began or why. The Lord will provide in due time.

Particle - Another Woman for Paul

We traveled to Missoula in April 1995 to see Paul and met his employer, Bob Whaley, an interesting, intelligent Vietnam war veteran. While in training as a stockbroker, Paul met Monica

Taylor, the daughter of a brokerage firm owner in Arkansas. As always, Paul was on the lookout for a woman, and she happened to be watching for a man.

As Paul testified to Monica, she made a profession of faith in Christ and it wasn't long before they made plans to marry. Paul would never give up on marriage.

Particle - Miraculous Healing of Endometriosis

Monica had been medically diagnosed with endometriosis and was considering surgery. While we don't advise against doctors, we do advise that the Lord may choose to heal us miraculously. Paul prayed for Monica. She went back to the doctor and was pronounced completely free of the ailment.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Monica Shows Signs of Faith

Monica said she had a million-dollar portfolio and wanted to give 10% of it to the Lord. With some hesitancy, I consented, not sure her faith was real, but there was at least one reason to believe it was real: God had healed her of endometriosis. She had to have faith to receive.

As well, she was willing to part with her money, something many find difficult to do, if not impossible.

She was also in constant contact with us, calling and talking about spiritual matters. Most people, if they have no interest in the Lord, keep their distance. They don't usually find it so easy to fake it for very long.

The one thing that made me doubt her faith was possible motive - she stood to gain a husband in Paul. As it turned out, when she realized Paul wasn't going to marry her after all, she was quick to seriously consider another fellow, who wasn't the most desirable prospect of a spouse by any means, from what we heard from her.

Particle - A Family Invitation and Reply

Marilyn and I received an invitation to my mother's family reunion. When I received it, I became angry. Anytime we visited them in the past, we would walk away wounded in soul. They would ignore us and whisper and sulk at us, not to mention my sister's proclivity for throwing out nasty public remarks. I thought, "They have nerve inviting us into their midst again only to mistreat us. This is enough; I'm replying, and this time, I'll express everything that's been on my mind and heart all these years - no holding back."

I wrote my mother a scathing letter. After all those years of trying to hold it in and take it on the chin without reacting, I had had enough. I always meant only good to any and all, but they despised me in my deliverance from sin. I had tried to forgive and forget, to overlook, to treat with patience and meekness, but no more. I decided it was time for them to hear the other side, about how we felt and how they were treating us.

We wouldn't be hearing from my mother for several years.

Particle - Paul's Vision: Alan and the Dragon

Paul writes: “In 1995, in a vision, I saw Alan Greenspan, head of the Federal Reserve Bank, on top of what appeared to be a somewhat translucent surface, intently working what appeared to be something like financial incantations, while below the surface lurked a monstrous dragon. The incantations were keeping the dragon submerged, but I clearly saw how close at hand danger and devastation were.”

Particle - Paul - An Eagle, Joined by Multitudes

Paul writes: “In 1995, I had a vision. I was a large eagle, mounting high up over the earth, filled with zeal for the battle I was going into against the whole world that is at enmity with the Lord. I was consumed and liberated by my desire to fight and have no fear, come what may. As I proceeded, on my right hand, a huge flock of eagles came to join me, allies in the battle ahead.”

Particle - A Surprise Visitor

On the fateful day of May 5th, 1995, a young male bachelor university student came to Moon River representing College Pro Painters, offering house painting services. Sean Fife and I got talking about spiritual matters. After an hour or so, he left with our phone number, saying he would call and talk more. I thought, “Many have promised to call and never do.” But he came, and his initial follow-up visit was not the surprise, not remotely.

Particle - The Oordt Saga, Part Two

House hunting was upon us again. According to the [promise](#) the Lord had given me - that we would be buying Archie and his family a home - we began shopping for an acreage where they could comfortably raise their family, learn some basics of life, learn about farming, and grow some organic food.

Martin and Mary Oordt were advertising their home on forty acres, northeast of Lethbridge. (Professor [Martin Oordt](#) was the man who treated me with disdain some time ago when I had brought my poetry to him at the University for his assessment and advice.) We went to view it. They had a barn, a cooler, a sizable house, and a swimming pool. Archie had a vision wherein he saw money raining down from the sky (Heaven?) to us at a farm. Perhaps this was the place.

We talked with the Oordts, and Martin was insulting and belligerent. I didn't know why, and it wouldn't occur to me until many years later. At the time, I thought, “Why is he being deliberately insulting? What did we ever do to him? How does he expect to sell his home?” We made an offer, it was refused, and it wasn't long before they sold their property. We would come to be thankful it was withheld from us.

Particle - The Sunburst Scene of Prophetic Foreign Soil

In 1976, at the men's retreat in Canmore, Alberta, Leonard Barrows had heard Don Morrison [prophesy](#) over me about my “foot stepping on foreign soil.” He urged me to move just over the border to Sunburst, Montana (his interpretation of “foreign soil” was the USA). The great move of God was in Sunburst, he said, and there we would receive the “fivefold ministering” we needed in our spiritual lives. He warned us that unless we received their ministry, we would perish.

Where had we heard those words [before](#)? We knew what Barrows was saying wasn't of God.

Nearly twenty years later, as we passed through Sunburst after visiting Paul, we decided to look up people of this group. Enquiring, we met Carolyn Dangerfield, a once-active member. She was living in an old home with a huge living room where the group once held meetings. The congregation had disbanded; the house, town, and area were desolate.

Carolyn informed us now, in 1995, that the group had already been falling apart in 1976 when Leonard was urging us to come. She also told us that Leonard died prematurely of illness several years ago, and that his wife married an unbeliever. Again it was made clear how the Lord had kept us.

As for Carolyn, she lost her son, not knowing why he died. Now she was involved with the Toronto Blessing at Airport Vineyard, a famous and popular place where manifestations of all kinds were attributed to the Holy Spirit of God. People would have convulsions, roll, crawl and slither on the floor, laugh uncontrollably, twitch, twitter, howl, bark, scream, and peep. Tens of thousands of professing believers and others came from around the globe for healing, sensationalism, and spiritual edification.

No doubt one can find nonsense and falsehood within true Christian fellowships, as with the Corinthian congregation. One also finds professing believers “without wedding garments” creeping in unawares. However, falsehood and error will be discerned by men of God as illegitimate and, by God’s grace, won’t be tolerated for long. But these diabolical manifestations and activities were not only tolerated at Airport Vineyard, the leaders promoted them as of God. They viewed them as evidence of godly “freedom in the Spirit.”

It must be known that while the Spirit of God brings joy, He is not about confusion, imitation of animals, entertainment, sensationalism, or any kind of foolishness; never was, and never will be.

We tried to reason with Carolyn about these things. We told her that her son didn’t die without cause, for nowhere in Scripture is the premature death of a believer regarded as acceptable before God, aside from martyrdom. We advised her that, as believers, they could find out why their son died. She refused to listen and dismissed us.

When we got home, I wrote her a letter, quoting many of the things she said that were plain foolishness, rebuking her, and calling on her to repent. Carolyn wrote back informing me I was one causing division in the Body of Christ, saying she was marking me according to this Scripture:

“Now I beseech you, brethren, *mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them*” (Romans 16:17 KJV).

She declared she would be notifying other churches of me, assuming it to be her Christian duty according to that Scripture. Here were the rotting fruits, the remnants of a “great move of God,” a “fivefold ministry” speaking with “piety and authority.”

God had kept us again and again. ***Who says there is no God?***

Particle - Officer Obligation

In one of these years I visited the Lethbridge police station - I don’t recall why. As I sat there, an officer came in and referred to City Hall as “Shitty Hall.” I felt bad - call it naiveté, idealism, or unreality. I was brought up to respect the law and its officers. I therefore expected policemen to conduct themselves as worthy of respect.

I also believe I'd been influenced by my [dream](#) of righteous policemen, those I saw in Heaven who were helping us.

Yes, I know - police officers are only human. They've been well known to be much worse. Still, my idea of a police officer is one who conducts himself with integrity and social grace. I have no doubt that if they exercised dignity, conducted themselves respectfully towards others, and recognized the importance of proper public conduct and appearance, they would be more respected by those they're to help and protect. Their influence for good would be significant.

Particle - Sean Keeps His Promise

Surprisingly, fifty days after his initial visit to us, Sean Fife did call. What I didn't know then was how his influence in our lives was going to be so totally unexpected, dramatic, traumatic, and significant.

He began to call and visit frequently, even staying with us several weekends. Sean was about 22, I believe, while I was 49 and Marilyn 45.

Particle - Brenda Pierson

As we shopped for a home for Archie, Cathie, and their children, we checked out a log house in the country south of Lethbridge, owned by Brenda Pierson, an insurance broker. We got to meet and visit with Brenda. She was friendly, but troubled, perhaps searching, and willing to open up, and we were thankful to be able to help her. The time would come, however, when she could receive no further help from us.

Particle - Healing Available, Waiting to Be Received by Faith

Archie brought a man he met, Russ Brayne, to my attention because Russ was dying of cancer. Few have been the people for whom I have prayed to be healed. With Russ, I had the faith and conviction that if he were to have faith, God would heal him. He didn't believe what I had to say to him about sin and repentance, however, and it wasn't long before he passed away.

Why do I bring him up? It's because I felt I had that faith for him I've had only on rare occasions for anyone. I don't know why I had it or what it meant. I guess it meant there was healing waiting for him if only he had availed himself of it.

Particle - The Farm I Once Wanted

Lois and Cathie went to a U-pick farm just outside of Lethbridge for farm-fresh strawberries. They mentioned to the owner we were in the market for an acreage and asked if they knew of any for sale. The owner said, "Just last night, we decided we were selling our farm" (an 80-acre market farm). They had owned it for about 12 years, having purchased it from the Fortunes.

Marilyn and I went to see it. It happened to be one we had visited years earlier, in 1988 or so, when shopping for lamb. At that time, the thought had entered my mind, "I wouldn't mind owning this property." It was a simple, fleeting thought; I don't recall having such a thought for any other property at any time. The place was not for sale then, and if it had been, we had no financial means whatsoever of buying it, nor did we have any interest in operating it.

Where are we to go from here? You'll find out in Part Six!

END OF PART V

COMING NEXT: [PART VI – HARVEST HAVEN TO SURPRISE VISITORS](#)