

whaT the LoRd HaS dOnE wltH mE

by Victor Nicholas Hafichuk

A Theo-autobiography

PART FOUR - Bernalillo to Moon River

At the end of [Part Three](#) of *whaT the LoRd HaS dOnE wltH mE*, the Lord gave us many prophecies relating to this Great and Terrible Day - great for the righteous and terrible for the wicked.

Particle - Back to Lethbridge

On April 16, 1984, we left the Bernalillo KOA and arrived at the KOA in Lethbridge in three days, traveling about a thousand miles. We were excited about what the Lord had [promised to do](#), wondering how it would happen.

Why had we been told to flee to the U.S.? From what did we flee? We both knew. We had been getting comfortable with the things of this world - the income, social connections, and the apparent security this world offered. We had never had it so good. If we had remained there, our spiritual lives in Christ would have been choked out, even as described in the parable of the sower:

[“The seeds that fell among thorn bushes stand for those who hear; but the worries and riches and pleasures of this life crowd in and choke them, and their fruit never ripens” \(Luke 8:14 GNB\).](#)

At the time I weighed 155 pounds, thankful to have control of my weight, despite my sin before God. He is stern and firm, but just, forgiving, and merciful.

Particle - In the Line of Duty, and Fire

We met Al and Irene Johnston while trailering. I believe they were originally from Winnipeg, but they had a son who had been in the Lethbridge police service. As their son and another officer were escorting a prisoner in Lethbridge, the prisoner grabbed one of the officers' revolvers and shot Constable Johnston. From that time on, he was a paraplegic.

I have wondered why such a peculiar circumstance should come our way. We tried to share spiritual matters with Al and Irene as best we knew how, but they seemed quite removed from any ability to hear spiritually and to be comforted in a meaningful way. Perhaps things we said to them helped somehow, however.

Particle - The Handyman Business Beckons Back

Brian Bickerton was hoping to get me back into the business of servicing homes. Though I did the odd job for some customers who were earnestly looking for me, I knew I couldn't go back, even as I

couldn't go back to anything else from which the Lord had removed me at other times in the past. After ceramics in Dauphin, I tried to do it in Israel; it wasn't to be. After trucking in Winnipeg, I tried to do it in Lethbridge; it wasn't to be. After leaving the motel business in Westlock, it wasn't for us to return to it. After the handyman business, I dabbled with it when we returned, but I couldn't go back.

Particle - A Life of Labor without the Fruits

It seemed that just when we were getting established in anything, ready to start prospering, having paid the price of ground-breaking and learning, it was over and on to something new. I likened it to spending the enormous amount of fuel to get a rocket into the sky out of earth's atmosphere, but never getting to launch the satellite for the reward of that expenditure.

We recognized, however, that we weren't here to cruise, to be at ease, or to prosper in this world, but to be tried, to learn, and to prepare for His appointed work for us.

Particle - Simple Solutions in a Complex World

But again the question that faced us so many times when money was running out: What do we do? Already, in Bernalillo, I was beginning to contemplate starting a consulting service, but what kind? I thought of counseling on life matters of any and all kinds, although not in information or skills, so much as in truths, principles, and laws. But I had three serious questions confronting me.

Particle - Three Questions to Be Answered

Whom do I counsel? Do I charge? How do I charge, and how much?

To me, these were crucial questions. If I was to be a minister of God, I knew I should look in Scripture and find easy answers to these questions. I would counsel only those to whom God would send me or to whom He would bring me, and I wouldn't charge; case closed.

But was I now a minister of God? Not that I was aware. Did I have needs? Yes. Did I feel that I had to pay my way? Yes, I did, though the Lord had promised He would take care of my concerns while I took care of His. Did I not believe Him? Likely not, and yet I believed somewhat that He was leading, teaching, and speaking to me about many things. I conclude that it was His wisdom to let me find my way to His will, even while, all the time, I was in it.

I had studied Business Administration, worked at the Bay retail as a department manager, with Homes Canada as a sales manager, in Arc Industries, developing a ceramics business and working with mentally and physically handicapped people. We ran a trucking business, a motel business (in limited measure), and a handyman business, all supposedly successfully, so I decided to emphasize business consulting (though I would do whatever counseling came along). I felt I needed to be specific enough to win trust and credibility.

Particle - Most High Consulting

MH Consulting was born. MH stood for "Most High." My previous business was Able Handyman Services, called so because He was the Able One, not I. With MH Consulting, I knew that unless God gave me true answers, my consulting was worthless. I wasn't the least interested in giving my opinions or dealing with matters that other consultants could handle without the Lord's counsel. I

wasn't interested in handing out band-aids, but advising real solutions, nothing less. However, I would discover, with great chagrin, just how pitifully few were interested in true solutions.

Unless God does a work of grace in man's heart, he's not the least interested in a true solution to his problems.

Particle - The Rich Get Richer and the Poor Get Poorer

I rented an office at Penny Properties from Wally Samek for \$150 per month, obtained a business license, and set out to offer and promote my services.

I found that there were various reactions to consultants. Some were cynical. There's a saying that there are those who become consultants because they were failures in the real world themselves; easier to tell others how to do it than to do it. All of which is true.

There were those who would dig for free information and advice, finding artful ways to frame questions and gain what they desire. It was humorous at times.

But then there are the many people who think they don't need consultation. I was amazed at the fact that those who needed counsel most recognized their need the least. I saw that people were in trouble because they were heedless, ignorant, stubborn, foolish, and cheap. And they were proud; they invariably knew better.

I have appreciated those who were open to counsel. They had a heart for it. Those who seemed to need it least made the most of what was available. That's why they appeared to need it least. I marveled at this. I was learning so much. I had a new understanding of Jesus' words:

“So pay attention to how you listen! Those who understand these mysteries will be given more knowledge. However, some people don't understand these mysteries. Even what they think they understand will be taken away from them” (Luke 8:18 GW).

Particle - My First Non-Paying Customer

I received a call in response to flyers I handed out. It was Frank Tinordi, who owned Paper Chase, a printing shop. He was having business and personal problems he wished to keep confidential. I don't know if it matters anymore, but I won't get into it for that reason. He wanted an answer, I took it to the Lord in prayer, received an answer, and told him I had one for him.

Then came the Catch 22. Unless a client has confidence in his consultant, he's reluctant to pay anything unless he can be guaranteed results. However, I learned that, invariably, those who came to me with a problem *were* the problem or at least the cause of it, and they were rarely prepared to accept that fact and take the necessary, often painful measures to address the real problem.

We discussed my “philosophical stance” for a while. Discovering that I was coming from a spiritual perspective, Frank had another proposition. “Give and it shall be given to you. Give me your answer freely,” he said.

“Give to him who asks of you,” Jesus said (Matthew 5:42). I was also haunted by, **“Freely you have received, freely give” (Matthew 10:8).** My conflict was that while my clients stood to gain financially, and I needed income, there was no point in prospering them financially for

nothing. They needed to pay their way. I understood that the Lord was speaking not of free financial, but spiritual, counseling.

But the next problem was: Where does one draw the line? Where does the physical end and the spiritual begin? For example, when the Lord told the rich young ruler to give away all his possessions to the poor, was that physical or spiritual? When He told the fishermen to cast the net on the other side of the boat to receive their catch, was that physical or spiritual?

What if I advised someone to love his wife, and if he listened, and his wife responded by cooperating with him, helping him pull his business out of a mess, thus prospering financially, would I have given physical or spiritual advice? I needed answers to the three basic questions I mentioned.

I gave Frank the answer without charge, and he scornfully rejected it. Who knows what might have happened if he and his wife received it? I know - things would have been much better for them in every way.

I've wondered since then if I should have charged him for it.

Particle - My Next Non-Paying Customer

I wanted business cards for MH Consulting, so I ordered them from Bob Gregson at Paramount Printers. Bob and his brother, Ron, were working for their father. As we talked, Bob wanted to know if I had advice for him on how to obtain the business from his father. For whatever reason, however, he wasn't prepared to pay for my service.

I could understand and accept that he would naturally be skeptical of my charging. After all, who was I, but a newcomer to Lethbridge? And what guarantee did I have that I could help him? On the other hand, I was persuaded that even if he knew I could help, he didn't wish to part with his money even if awash in it.

Bob's facial features reminded me of Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones. Unlike Mick, however, Bob was meticulous in grooming himself. Every last hair and fold of clothing had to be in perfect place. He seemed to think and speak as if living in a straitjacket, always studying his words and often speaking slowly, with hesitation, like a deer entering open spaces in hunting season.

While I respect and appreciate a person who speaks carefully, Bob seemed to be painful about it, as though it was caution born of trauma. He was always calculating and measuring his words for maximum tact and diplomacy to gain whatever he was after, appearing to be avoiding conflict, yet much in disagreement at the same time. He was often very cynical of others and of social and political developments, not that I often disagreed with his viewpoints in terms of subject matter.

His father called him "his nibs." I wasn't familiar with the phrase but would come to recognize it well enough. Bob was always right, doggedly so. Once his mind was made up about something, right or wrong, there was no telling him otherwise. "His nibs" was a perfectly suitable term for him, indeed; he was right - reason, truth, and fact be damned. Capitulation, apology, admission of wrong, allowance, and mercy were as foreign to him, at least in my experience, as palm trees are to the Arctic.

Bob was very frustrated and bitter for various reasons. He and Ron wanted to take over the business from their aging father, but their father wasn't cooperating. They were in continuous

bitter conflict with him. The harder Bob argued, the more reluctant the father; the more reluctant the father, the more cynical and bitter Bob became. Two supremely stubborn men were at each others' throats. It was an impossible situation.

I told Bob that I would have an answer and that my answers came from God.

I was in a dilemma, for two reasons. First, was this "secular" or "spiritual" counsel? It concerned a financial business matter, but I was receiving counsel from God. The one I counseled stood to prosper financially, but should I be charging? The other dilemma was that I could give the goods to Bob, but would he pay for them? Should I charge before "releasing the goods" to ensure payment, as is the case in most business transactions? And could I even deliver the goods, especially if I candidly claimed to get them from God?

My intent and desire in his case was to lead him, if possible, to the Lord. The question was, "Would he have faith?" I saw the fixation he had on acquiring the business. I knew it wasn't good. I knew that even if he succeeded in obtaining it, he couldn't be nearly as happy and fulfilled as he would be if he were to let it go.

God gave me an answer and I delivered it: *"Let it all go. Give it up. If you give it up for the right reasons, you'll receive it back manifold."*

While it was evident he wasn't prepared to receive the true solution, he made a feeble show of being so. When it became fully obvious he wasn't prepared to pay the price, that is, forsake the business, I asked the Lord, "What now?" I received an answer.

Bob was to make an honest effort to honor his father, treating him with genuine respect. I told Bob that in spite of what he thought of his father, his duty under God was to love and obey him. I believed that if Bob stopped opposing his father, he would effectively untie his father's hands, permitting him to hand over the business. I believed that his father wanted to do it all along, but was prevented by Bob's acrid contempt of him.

It worked. Bob and Ron soon had the business. Bob then asked me how much time I had spent on his case and how much an hour I would charge him. He decided to pay me - \$300. Therein was the classical example of total contradiction. He gets a multi-million-dollar business from my consultation, and I walk away with \$300 after many hours of labor, which was nothing in comparison to the inestimable value of the effective counsel. I hadn't asked a specific amount, partially because I wasn't sure I could charge for answers from the Lord. As well, I knew what I was facing, and there was no room for negotiation with him.

Was it right to give this kind of benefit (answers from the Lord) to those who didn't believe? It was most certainly frustrating. Was I taking the children's bread and casting it to the dogs, as Jesus said to the Gentile woman (Matthew 15:26)? Yet the woman had faith and received, while Bob had none, though he made a pretense of it. Perhaps he knew my answer might work for him, or he simply knew it was the right thing to do, anyway. In any case, he did it. Truly, what did he have to lose by doing what he knew was morally right?

While the business was slowly but surely transitioning over to Bob and Ron, it didn't always appear so. Bob would call every day, and we spent dozens and dozens of hours talking about spiritual matters and principles and laws of the Kingdom. All the time he was weaving business into our conversations, complaining about the situation with his father. It seemed to me he was digging for

free consultation. While he was prepared to take all he could, he was prepared to give very little. I warned him that what he had grabbed and held tightly in his fist would one day turn to dust; that in keeping his life, he would lose it (Matthew 10:39).

Perhaps it was all about money to me, a concern that I should be treated fairly - likely a selfish attitude. However, I believe God was giving me answers to the questions troubling me. Finally, in resignation and resentment, I withdrew. One might say I began to sulk. When he called, I became quiet, and soon, he was no longer calling.

It was my fault. I was hoping I could do my job, have Bob trust me to charge a fair price (whatever that was, I had no idea!), and be able to trust him to be willing to pay a fair price when the job was done. But things just didn't work that way. I left it wide open, and as is usually the case, human nature wants the maximum value for the minimum cost. The result was a wide open field for misunderstanding, mistrust, and conflict - all this from a consultant, who should know better.

I would have been much better off willingly giving the advice as a friend to Bob for free. When he offered the \$300, I believe I decided to let it go. I didn't want it and never did collect. I had something more specific in mind as to why I decided not to collect, but I don't remember what it was, unless, perhaps, I felt insulted.

Particle - People Lined Up to Bring Money

I had a vision while we were at the Lethbridge KOA. I saw people lined up to the door of our trailer with handfuls of money. They said to us, "Please take these gifts; we want to give them to you. The honor is all ours. We're thankful for what you've done and are doing for us."

It was strange to me that I saw a certain lady there, a good former handyman customer, an unbeliever, Val Hodge. I take it she simply represented people who had paid me for services rendered. However, I understood that those giving wouldn't be doing so to pay for earthly work, but in gratitude for the benefits they received of the work God was doing by me. Or God was simply putting it in their hearts to give, for whatever reason He had.

Particle - No Mercy to Playful Boys Meaning No Harm

This was a somewhat strange event. Two young boys were playing next to our trailer, tossing stones at each other. I think I warned them once, but soon after, a stone lightly hit our trailer. I stepped out and headed over to one boy's parents. The boy quickly pleaded, "Please, sir, don't tell my dad!" But I was too upset to pay attention to him or recognize his alarm. I complained about what happened to the young father.

Later the man told me that his son had gotten a hard spanking as a result of my complaint, but he also commented to me about how I was one to demand and exact judgment. I hadn't suggested a spanking, and certainly not a severe one, and I felt very bad for the boy, wishing I had recognized his fear and shown him compassion and mercy when he asked for it. I only hope that he'll have learned to pay more attention than I have to the implications of things happening around him.

Particle - A Lesson in Outlook and Attitude

I thought I'd try to meet some of the other business consultants in the city. I called Clint Dunford and met him at a restaurant. He encouraged me and, in a few days, sent me a customer who

wanted a cash flow statement to apply for a loan to finance a Gold's Gym franchise outlet in Lethbridge.

I wondered if Clint was sending him to test my integrity and capabilities. But perhaps he was simply helping someone new. He seemed to express interest in other directions. I appreciated his intelligence, awareness, openness, and objectivity. I also considered that while he was willing to pass up business in the hand for other interests, I was still trying to find my way and get any business into my hand, not sure how I would zero in on *my* particular interests.

In my work with the fellow Clint sent, and in discussing various business matters, I advised him against his plans. We were in a recession, and I was negative about future prospects, expecting hard economic times. Furthermore, he didn't inspire confidence; I wasn't sure he could make it even if times weren't tough. I was trying to do him a favor and steer him away from financial failure and disappointment. He was firm in his resolve, however, so I gave him what he wanted, which was a cash flow proposal to submit to a lender for financing.

I think the negative outlook I had is a mentality that religious people often have. They know things can and should be better and that things can't go on indefinitely as they are. That may be good or bad. If they have a genuine spiritual revelation that things will be economically rough, fine, it's good to heed what they're receiving, but if that dissatisfaction is an attitudinal one, it won't pay.

If believers are going to do business in this world, they need to develop the wisdom and understanding to deal with their knowledge of the world to come. Is all going to fall apart soon, or will it continue, and if so, for how long? Can anyone know? Jesus said that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

As things turned out, we were on the finishing edge of the recession, and we began to have a strong, growing economy, the bodybuilding business was growing, and therefore, all things considered, it was a good business decision on his part. I didn't know that, and I'd been trying to steer him in "safer" directions.

Lesson: Unless you know something that would prove it unwise to take action, prepare, get good counsel, go for it, and do it with boldness, with all your might. Naysayers seldom win.

As a business consultant, I was out of my element. Should I therefore not have advised him? No. I was finding my way. I had questions to be answered, and they were being answered. We can count changes of direction, even losses and failures, as steps in the right direction. It's all about outlook, attitude, and learning. Learning necessitates making mistakes. As one man said, "Good judgment comes from experience; experience comes from bad judgment."

Particle - Money Matters Will Not Matter

As I took a walk one day at the KOA trailer campground, near the hill on the northwest side of it, words to this effect came to me:

"Inflation, interest, stock market prices, and mortgage rates are nothing at all, mere imposters set to intimidate and disturb. They are as insignificant as little ants in the great scheme of things. These things shall not trouble you, My son. They are nothing

to be concerned about. I will supply you with everything you need and more besides. All things are yours. There is no need to fear and nothing to worry about.

My lungs are filled with air; I laugh at these things with loud, triumphant laughter, the sound resounding everywhere.”

Particle - Wally Samek Asks My Opinion

Penny Properties owner Wally Samek plied me for my take on future economic prospects. Should one invest in real estate or not? My advice came from the same negative notion I had of the economy in general. I was wrong. Things generally went up from there with some minor bumps along the road.

Why wasn't I asking the Lord for answers to these questions? If I asked, I got answers; if I failed to ask, I gave wrong answers.

God wasn't blessing me as a prophet or counselor concerning financial and economic affairs, though He was giving me remarkable answers to specific and personal situations when I thought to ask Him for them. I needed to learn my place and calling.

Particle - In What Matters Do I Counsel?

This was another question, related to the other three. I wasn't interested in the kind of work I had just done for the Gold's Gym client. I knew that the technical, mechanical, and mundane wasn't for me. So then, what was? Why was I doing "business" consulting? My flyer emphasized personal problems, which affected business, as they do, but where was I going with it all?

Was I to counsel? Was I to do it for my livelihood?

Particle - Dismembered Jehovah's Witnesses

In my door-to-door solicitation, I met Wayne and Rita Anderson. They, particularly Rita, were hurting, having been just recently disfellowshipped from Watchtower, the organization of Jehovah's Witnesses. Another member, Jim Penton, had been asking questions of the Watchtower Society, which were reasonable, and the officials didn't like his questions, perceiving them as a threat to their authority. If I recall correctly, Wayne and Rita were supportive of Jim's questions and of his right to ask them. The Society didn't like their supporting him, and the Andersons were excommunicated, as the Catholic Church would term it.

Rita described the treatment to which they were suddenly subjected by those who had been their spiritual elders, friends, brothers, sisters, and companions in the "Kingdom of Jehovah" - indeed, their family. They were totally ostracized and shunned. For example, if the Andersons were walking down the street and the JW's who recognized them were coming towards them, the JW's would promptly cross the street to avoid them.

These were people who only days or hours before had presumably been their friends in the Kingdom. No small societal or psychological shift here. Phone calls ceased, and all fellowship, activities, and communications ceased. Their children were suddenly subjected to this scenario wherein their best friends were suddenly their worst enemies. How does one explain to them what

has happened when things were so different until then, perhaps all their past lives? For what crime were they now so severely treated? Is asking honest questions so wrong?

Knowing that the Jehovah's Witnesses and the Watchtower Society had nothing to do with Jehovah, I tried to encourage the Andersons, telling them their expulsion could well be the very best thing that happened to them. But they were still JW's at heart, both in doctrine and spirit. I wasn't in a position to help them, try as I might. I ended up in conflict with Rita and had to walk away.

Particle - Flying

Who hasn't wanted to fly? Why do we have airplanes and stories like Peter Pan? Most of us have dreamt of flying - by faith, that is, powered by believing we could. Within, we *can*. God gives us that power in our relationship with Him whereby our spirits soar. In May of 1984, I was given a song to express these things. (Here are the lyrics, no music available online for this one.)

Flying...

For the first time I am flying!

It's what I've always dreamed of....

Freedom...

What I've always longed for!

Now I really have it....

Airborne...

A worm I am in blossom!

Mounting like a pretty

Butterfly, away up high

Up in the sky....

I am now an eagle

In the heights of Heaven

I can soar forever and ever and a day

Away, away....

Flying...

Finally I'm flying!

Yes, I am flying!

Particle - Poole Presumes Power

Through the Andersons, we met John Poole and his wife. John, an ex-JW, was holding Bible studies for disaffected and disfellowshipped JWs. He was also instructing in Tai Chi. As we visited with them on July 10th, we were wondering if there was any opening to share the things of God. There was none. John took the reins, determined he was capable of shepherding, and was quite assertive about it.

Particle - God Delivers a Man to Goodness

Dropping in on Currie's Groceries while soliciting business, I had a talk with the manager, Craig Currie, the owner's son. He let me know they were having employee morale problems. I asked the Lord how I should proceed and received wisdom. I told Craig I would examine him, his employees, the operation, and provide recommendations. He agreed to a small fee of \$400.

Craig turned out to be the problem. He was drinking, late for work, absent, suffering hangovers, unpredictable, temperamental, and miserable with his staff. They complained in confidentiality. When I presented the results to Craig, he didn't deny any of it.

But what would be the solution? Again, I asked the Lord. Again, He gave me wisdom. Craig had followed in his father's footsteps. His heart wasn't in the business. He was there not because he wanted to be, but because his father wanted it. He acknowledged what I said was true. I told him he needed to leave, that remaining there wasn't good or fair for anyone, especially for him.

Craig paid me the fee and was thankful for the advice. When his father found out about it, he was upset and said, "We didn't need to spend that money! I could have told him he was the problem!" I replied that oftentimes one needs to hear it from an unbiased outside party.

I heard years later that Craig had taken up nursing, which had been his interest, and he was much happier there. I was thankful to hear it. I don't know if he left the business, or the business left him, because Currie's was soon no more.

Particle - God Delivers a Man to Evil

Ray Spencer and his wife, Jan, owned and operated Sunwest Cabinets, a cabinet refacing business on Stafford Street in Lethbridge. He called me in response to my flyer, asking for help. He showed me the books, and I found a veritable mess. No doubt, most consultants would have advised him to declare bankruptcy.

I saw that his business had potential if handled properly. However, Ray was neglecting his creditors altogether while spending money foolishly. Furthermore, he was taking deposits from customers

and not fulfilling his obligations. There were clients he left with jobs not duly completed. I could almost assume he was scamming, though the possibility existed that he was highly incompetent.

He had debts, current and old, everywhere. Again, I wasn't interested in the mechanics, but in the principles of doing things legally, morally, and spiritually right, convinced that if one honored God and His ways, He would bless and make a way where there was none.

I advised Ray that it would only be right to pay all he owed, even though it would take time. He wasn't too enthused, but knowing it was the right thing to do, he didn't argue. I perceived he wasn't interested in integrity, but because he didn't directly resist, I proceeded.

I asked God for wisdom. Again, God was faithful to give. We drew up an agreement, and I told him I would give him the first 20 investigative hours at no charge, knowing he had little money and believing he needed encouragement to do the right thing.

He had several creditors, great and small, some of which had resigned to writing off his debts as losses. I went to those who were demanding payment and threatening suit, and asked them for patience, telling them we were in the process of trying to remedy the situation. Appreciating the consideration afforded them, and seeing there wasn't much more they could do anyway, most were willing to cooperate.

Particle - The Books Tell

I met Harvey Harsch, an accountant, who had just come to town and was staying in his trailer at the KOA until he and his family found a home. I decided to show him Ray's books and get his opinion. He agreed the situation was bad, that most would advise closing such a business down, but he also conceded that it was possible to turn it around *if* the client cooperated. He didn't hold out much hope for that, however, examining the nature of the business activity and concluding that the owner wasn't much interested in honest, viable, equitable solutions.

I also asked the advice of a financial advisor with a government institution helping businesses, who advised me to forget this fellow, that there was no hope of ability for, or sign of, integrity.

Isn't it interesting how a man's character can be judged by his accounting records? However, I proceeded, having the quiet conviction that I needed to do so in spite of the logic and appearances. It certainly wasn't for the money!

Particle - The Colors Come Out

After doing some work with Ray, I knew that a gentlemen's agreement wasn't likely to work. Knowing it very possible that I was dealing with a shyster, I needed to get a contract signed, in case I was ever forced to go to court. I suspected Ray wouldn't sign it, but perhaps his wife might. I went to their office with the contract when he wasn't there, hoping that somehow I could persuade her that it was in their best interests to sign. I suggested that the free hours I was giving them, as stipulated in the contract, needed someone's acknowledgment. Jan, a principal of the company, signed.

I spent many hours addressing Ray's problems and ways. I addressed his spending, advising him to tighten his belt. As I suspected, it wasn't long before Ray and his wife decided to dismiss me. Didn't he like what I was doing and advising him to do? Apparently not. Was he now dumping me

without pay as he had been doing with everyone else? He declared that I hadn't shown results, and therefore he wasn't going to pay me. He said, "I've spent time; I know a con when I see one."

Because he wasn't giving me the opportunity to finish the job I had begun, and given that it therefore wasn't fair that he should expect any results until I was done, I decided I wanted to get paid for my work, which he had previously agreed to pay for. When I called them to collect, Jan answered and suggested that Ray was violent, had a rifle, and that he had headed out in his pickup in a rage, upset with me. I asked her to pay me what they owed, suspecting an intimidating tactic.

Particle - To Sue or Not to Sue

It became perfectly obvious even to someone as slow on the uptake as me that he wasn't going to pay. I would be forced to go to court if I wished to collect. Without a signed agreement, I knew the chances were slim for me to succeed. I was glad Jan had signed; I had the paper.

One of the reasons I had asked his creditors for time was to prevent a forced bankruptcy, thus ruining it for all creditors and clients involved. If I were to take him to court and prevail, I might do the very thing I was trying to prevent for others.

There was yet the most important consideration to me. As a believer in Jesus Christ, was I right in suing? Didn't Jesus say, **"But I say to you, Do not make use of force against an evil man; but to him who gives you a blow on the right side of your face let the left be turned. And if any man goes to law with you and takes away your coat, do not keep back your robe from him"** (Matthew 5:39-40 BBE)?

If I were to take those words at face value, not only was I *not to sue*, I was to let my enemy wrongfully sue *me* and let him have whatever he wanted, and then some. Marilyn was tearfully distraught over this situation - frustrated, confused, fearful, and angry. She and I struggled with it, prayed, and concluded we had to take Ray Spencer to court.

I then heard the Lord say, as through the judge who would preside in this suit:

"I find no fault with this man. I find for the plaintiff."

How strange! Were not those the kind of words heard as pertaining to a defendant? Was I not the plaintiff, the one suing? Yet, it seemed like I was going to be the defendant, though victorious.

Particle - The Hearing

Planning to do things without a lawyer, I went to present my suit in small claims court. There, waiting for me, was Donald Moffat, representing Ray Spencer. He was outspoken and boisterous. After the hearing, Donald deliberately met me at the door and sarcastically threatened, "Oh, and by the way, there'll be a countersuit."

Countersuit? What for? What had I possibly done that was wrong? I thought it was a bluff and intimidation tactic.

Particle - Claudio Chiste

Thinking I might not do so well against a lawyer, I discussed the matter with Brian Bickerton, who said, “Victor, don’t do this on your own; get a lawyer. You don’t want to have to defend yourself.”

He immediately got on the phone with Claudio Chiste, a lawyer he knew.

“Hi Claudio, Brian Bickerton here. How are you? Good. Say, I have a friend who needs your services. His name is Victor Hafichuk. He’s suing someone for not paying him for some consulting he did.”

Claudio replied, “Victor Hafichuk? I saw his name cross my desk on a rental agreement as a tenant of Richard and Cindy Willis in the fall of 1982.”

“That’s the guy. Will you help him? Here’s the situation...” Brian explained, later telling me Claudio had a phenomenal memory and was a member of Mensa.

“Send him over,” Claudio responded.

Particle - Chiste’s Valuable Advice

Claudio and I talked, he took the case, and I went home wondering what Spencer and Moffat were up to. Would they accuse me falsely? Would they sue me and cause me to pay something?

I called Claudio a couple of times about my suspicions and his bold advice was, “Victor, stop speculating! Put it away; deal with the facts!”

I was notorious for speculating. It was a lesson I needed to learn and which would serve me well and those with me in future years - if I practiced it.

Particle - MH Consulting versus Sunwest Cabinets

Our day in court arrived, and Spencer and Moffat didn’t try as much as I expected. They could only attempt to cast doubt on my qualifications as a business consultant. Claudio was right - speculation would have profited nothing.

When Judge Byrne asked me to speak, Claudio asked me what my work history was, and I gave my past business history. He asked me to relate our agreement (the judge had the signed contract), what I had to say about it, and what Spencer had to say. I repeated Spencer’s words, saying he would not pay me, that he had spent time and knew a con when he saw one. (I expected this information might do something, and I thought I saw Moffat react, and Spencer and Chiste wince.) When we were done, the judge asked me what I would like from the defendant. I told him I wanted pay for hours I had put in beyond the free twenty.

Judge Byrne didn’t take time to deliberate. He said, “I find no fault with this man. I find for the plaintiff.” Those were the words I was told I would hear. God is sovereign over all things. I was thankful to win and thankful to have heard the encouragement from the Lord and to see His Word fulfilled.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - The Exercise of the Judgment

Because Spencer wouldn't pay, the sheriff was sent to confiscate his shop equipment. He came up with the money, and the case was closed, and so was his business; he was finished in Lethbridge. Yes, his creditors lost out. It wouldn't occur to me until many years later (the usual speed of my uptake) why I had to sue Ray Spencer. Do you have any idea why?

I was sorry I didn't ask for legal costs. Somehow I thought Claudio was going to speak up for me on that matter, but he didn't. He seemed unsure whether it was possible to receive those; more likely, he was afraid. It wouldn't have hurt to try. It was certainly owed me.

I have to say I was disappointed with Claudio. He was so timid. I felt like I had to be the one doing the speaking. But I liked the guy and don't hold anything against him.

From my experience with Claudio, I received revelation and shared it with him. Read [I See A Boy](#).

Particle - My Questions Answered and MH Concluded

My original questions going into consulting: Who do I counsel? In what matters do I counsel? Do I charge? If so, how do I charge, how much, and for what? The Lord, by MH Consulting, answered those questions for me within three months.

I knew I could no longer continue what I was doing. There were too many contradictions and complications. I was cut out for something different, something more, better, cleaner, and much higher. Business consulting *per se* would not do.

I realized that while there were those who appreciated my counsel and paid for it, my business was to bring what He gave me, as He directed, not to the world, but to His chosen people. It was up to Him, not me, to choose whom I was to help and how.

I was to give as I had received, without charge. That takes care of the "how," the "for what," and the "how much." As for paying my way, or earning a living, I had temporarily forgotten or disbelieved the Lord's promise in Bernalillo, that as I addressed His concerns, He would take care of mine. I didn't have to charge a penny or worry about provision. What burdens lifted!

Particle - A Marvelous Revelation

As I was sitting outside at the KOA, I remembered the first time the Lord made Himself known to me, twelve years earlier, possibly to the very day. It was in the [dream of His coming](#), which I had in 1972. Suddenly, I knew who the man was walking with the Lord. I knew! I was astounded!

I told Marilyn what I had received and she immediately agreed (it witnessed with her). However, I'm not free to tell you who it was. But it wouldn't be long before others, with surprised faces, as if something was suddenly dawning on them, correctly told me who it was.

Particle - The Butterfly Song Out of Its Cocoon

Though I'm not sure when this took place, it was during this general period that I received the final verses to [The Shadow of the Gallows Tree](#). It was now "The Butterfly."

The heavy stone is rolled away; I've risen from the earth.

I have new life and power now; I've had my second birth.

The day for Him to judge is here; I sit upon His throne;

He draws His sword a second time, and I am not alone.

Yes, now I am that butterfly, no more to crawl or squirm,

But it's His work, I can't deny,

For I was but a worm....

Yes, it's His work, I can't deny,

For I was but a worm.

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

Particle - A Troubled Young Woman

I met Karen Alm while visiting at Paramount Printers, I believe. She was an employee there. We spent some time visiting later, because she professed to believe and attended the Park Meadows Baptist Church. She was a troubled lady and I was hoping I could help her, but it seemed she wasn't in earnest search of righteousness and truth.

I also met her sister, Theresa, who appeared to be her dominant twin. Both were lost and fearful souls, searching for their place. Ladies, the Lord can do for you what nobody else and nothing else can, but you must be prepared to put your trust in Him. Religion and church attendance are not what He's after.

Particle - Poems Received

The Lord gave me a number of poems during this time. I will give a few in completion in this Part, and others you can read on our website, via the provided links:

[War Games](#)

(The incomprehensible frivolity of those who deem it enjoyable and sporting to make a game of killing and suffering!

Such acts and attitudes are symptoms of a horridly sick society indeed. To make a sport of the tragedies of mankind is to demonstrate a madness of the vilest kind on earth, worse than that which we find in asylums because those out and about, free to do as they please, are pleased to mimic the worst there is, though they are judged by the rest of society to be sane and responsible. The judges are as ill as the judged, if they find no fault or harm in such behavior.)

[City Dwellers](#)

(One day I was filled with the excitement of knowing that God is our sufficiency in all things. My thoughts then turned to a city and what makes a city. I knew firstly that God's rule applies in all things of life, and secondly the city was greatly lacking, in all ways, of His rule and healing power. Furthermore, it was those who were in authority who were supposed to be teaching, directing, leading, and delivering, but instead, they were the ones responsible for the corruption and degeneration of the people. Only outside the city, but not far away, was **The Remedy**.)

Evolution - A Poem of Tact, Diplomacy, and Gentle Persuasion

(It has occurred to me that if there ever was a lie, if there ever was anything so unscientifically accurate, so preposterous, so utterly stupid and incredibly farcical, if there was anything that made supposedly educated and intelligent men look like babbling idiots and pea-brained morons, it is the theory of evolution.

Taught as fact, contradicting truth, and while in some cases and ways trying to accommodate God somewhere in their schemes, evolutionists have denied Him. Rather than coming from monkeys, they've gone to them. Yet they won't believe me when I tell them creation is regressing.)

Abortion

(Social and moral issues abound. There is no want of them - ever. And rarely are they settled to the true benefit of all. Debate goes on and on. The minds involved grow deeper in darkness until, with all their statistics and evidence, arguments and logic, all sides are as raving madmen, utterly failing to put their finger on the problem, much less finding a solution for it.

Darkened minds must be given the right and the opportunity to suffer the fruits of their thinking. Their consequences will speak far louder than the voices of those who try to spare them their folly.)

Particle - Grabbing

On July 20, 1984, I wrote the poem "Grabbing":

Who is going to do it - I or God? Who will initiate - the one led or the One leading? Do we help Him? Does He need our help? Were we around to help Him start it all? Do we think we must at least be around to help Him finish it? Do we have any understanding as to how the end should look?

Either we reign or God reigns. Either we call the shots or He does. And every soul is in confusion until it learns to put its trust entirely in Him. As one person put it, "Let go and let God."

Grab a hold! Grab with all you've got!

Grab? Grab what?

I've grabbed and grabbed and grabbed.

I now find nothing to grab, and if I did,

I would be too exhausted to grab.

I once sat and waited.

I waited. I waited to see. I waited to hear and to understand.

Nothing came for me to grab.

But then nothing grabbed me and I could wait no more.

I went out to grab, finding something to grab.

Now I grab instead of wait.

And I hurt for grabbing.

I grab again and the pain grows intense, intolerable.

Then I remember..... no more grabbing!

So I wait until I'm grabbed again by the One

Who already holds me and Who teaches me not to grab,

But to rest and to be grabbed.

Particle - "You are a Bullshitter!"

Dorothy Frame, a lady in her late seventies, had been a regular customer of mine in the handyman business. We got to know each other and talked of many things, mostly of her interests and family. I had never spoken to her of the Lord. She continued to contact us when we returned from New Mexico, wanting me to do various jobs for her. Though the handyman occupation was finished for me, I did her jobs for her sake.

One day, I decided to speak to her of the Lord and was surprised (though not entirely) at her response. She suddenly blurted out, "You know what you are? You're a bullshitter! That's what you are - a bullshitter!"

I wasn't alarmed and she didn't dismiss me from her presence. I knew she was reacting to something unknown to her. She was a member of the United Church, and complained about her church opening itself to homosexuals, but nevertheless remained a member. It was her social club. Obviously, this was another example of how the United Church displayed enmity for the Scriptures. The things of Scripture and of God were somehow a threat, or at least foreign, to her.

The day would come when the fruits of her stance and attitude towards God would come to maturity. She died in frustration and misery, unable to be pleased in her last days by any of her caregivers.

Particle - Paul Dreams of a Godly Girl

Paul records: “I had a dream sometime in 1984. In the first part, Victor and Marilyn were leading a little girl by the hand. I think she walked between them, as you would see parents with their child. She was a fair, beautiful little girl. She seemed to be about 4 years old.

In the next part, I was with Marilyn and the child. The little girl was talking about spiritual things and asking questions, but not childish ones. She had spiritual understanding, interest, desire, and appreciation. It was truly wonderful to behold - holy and pure.”

What Paul doesn't remember, but which I quite remember his telling me, is that we seemed to be at a banquet, and a sumptuous one at that. (This forgetfulness is why I tell people to write down every detail of their dreams, visions, prophecies, or experiences as soon as possible, including the date and circumstances.)

Many years later, we would come to know the meaning of the dream, at least the first part of it.

Particle - The Specter of Fear

In August of 1984, the Lord gave me the next three poems (given here in completion).

I've known fear, perhaps not as some have known it. Many know fear at one time or another to such an extent that it cripples, even paralyzes, the soul. We think we have security in this world, until one day we're rudely awakened from our pipe dream. Security in this world is but an illusion. When our disillusionment comes, its comrade-in-arms is often fear. But that disillusionment needn't be our enemy - truly, it's a friend, if we respond by facing the reality.

Nor do we need to fear as though there is no such thing as true and sure security, for then we would be prey to a lie, to our own destruction. There *is* a sure security for those who will avail themselves of it.

My fear rides me like a stern rider

Rides his horse.

Unless I run his pace,

His spurs dig deep in my sides.

I think blood flows at times... I'm sure of it.

I scarcely dare to think, to pause

For fear I have a rider

Who will not show me mercy,

Who will not grant me pardon,
Who will not make a move
To relent, to ease my pain.
“Run!” he says. I run.
“Faster!” says he. I go faster.
“Faster isn’t good enough! You’ve had it!”
I think that if I drop,
I have sweet release.
He whips me as I fall.
Fear isn’t afraid to beat a dead horse.
He seems to relish it, delight in it.
The compassion of fear is tyranny,
His patience only scorn.
He takes the meat and feeds it to minks,
And then I think, “Perhaps
There’s rest in the mouths of minks,
Fear has no torment there!”
Until I find that my rider
Is possessor of minks as well.
He rides the minks
And feeds them me.
Fear holds all in Hell.
And when he skins the little ones
And sells their hides for gain,
Scarcely do the buyers know

They're clothed in fear and pain.

Particle - Atheists Cry

Why do we worry, fret, and stew? Why do we doubt or fear, if not because we don't believe? Until the believer is perfected, there remains some atheist in him. He may claim to believe, but in the final analysis, his fruits tell otherwise.

In the light of Truth, we discover ourselves. And that Light is of the fire that burns to purge us of the atheist within, that fire being an enemy at first, but a proven friend in the end.

How will I know I can stand the fire

Unless I am subjected?

How do I develop muscle to do heavy work

Unless I do heavy work to develop muscle?

How do I form calluses on my hands to prevent blisters

Unless I do those things

That make blisters?

I say I have faith to do anything,

To suffer all things and smile, even laugh,

But how do I get that faith

Unless I suffer the very things

To produce the faith

To laugh at the things concerning which

I say I have faith?

How can I cry and say, "I believe"?

But when I believe, I shall not cry

When the fires come

Because the fires have done their work.

Particle - Judging

Jesus said, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Therefore there is valid judgment. The problem is that many don't differentiate between right and wrong judgment. Wishing to conceal their sin, men refuse to acknowledge there's the valid kind, to which they might be subjected by judges sent of God.

What is the sure and fair standard? It's none other than the revelation of God, a discernment to know the secrets of the heart. The price of that spiritual power is the removal of the beam by way of the cross.

Measure me! How long am I?

How tall? How big? How strong?

Is there anything to measure

When all is said and done?

Do I compare to what I was

Or what I will yet be?

And what will I be?

Do I compare to others?

What standard will you use?

What I have, will I always have it?

Is it worth having to lose it in the end?

Is the glory worth the shame?

Vanity! Utter vanity!

Our possessions aren't two cents!

One day they're here and then they're gone.

Failure never relents.

Judge me if you think you can;

What measure will you use?

Inner, outer, upper, lower,

Do you have any clues?

Appearance is not all there is

In fact, appearance isn't. It is *not*.

But how will you know what *is*?

Does reality not exist?

Is it not available?

Or is it here and unperceived

Only because you are blind?

There is an answer.

Particle - Poetry to Pictures

The summer of 1984, after MH Consulting, proved to be an exceptionally fruitful time for poetry; it came pouring forth. There was never such a time for me, before or since, for poetic writings. Where did this drive to express myself poetically come from? It seemed the stressful times spawned creativity.

One of the things I found highly enjoyable was putting poems to pictures, any pictures. Though some wouldn't be as easy as others, I found the Lord giving me words for any and all.

The Gregsons held an art show on October 7, and I persuaded Bob to let me write poems for his paintings. I also borrowed pictorial books from the library, writing poetry for those.

Particle - Delores Calls

We had no sooner closed down MH Consulting than we received a phone call at our trailer on August 21, 1984. It was Delores Molnar. This was surprising, since we had heard she didn't agree with our spiritual stance and direction.

What was even more surprising was that she had been trying to get in touch with us for a few months. She said that when I finally answered, she nearly fell off her chair with surprise. We'd had a listed phone number for months; we concluded that until the Lord was done teaching us in the consulting business, He held Delores back.

What was most surprising was that she had been trying to help her sister, Lois, who was going through a crisis in her marriage. When Howard, Lois' husband, seemed threatening to Delores, resenting her participation in their marital relationship, Delores decided to seek my help. She said they had tried churches, pastors, relatives, and friends, but found no viable direction, comfort, or solution to Lois' dilemma.

Particle - Lois Brings Her Problems

Soon after, we began receiving regular phone calls from Lois. She was greatly distressed. She told us that the storm I had prophesied nearly two years earlier had come, though she didn't believe me when I had first told her. Just before it came, they were all seated in their home, healthy, debt-free, and quite content and comfortable. Only months ago, as they gathered in their family room by a cozy fireplace, Howard had declared how good they had it.

Then suddenly the storm was there. Lois realized she had good reason to suspect Howard was seeing other women. She didn't know what to do or where to turn for help. We began to counsel her... without charge. Now it was Most High Consulting reborn, this time counseling those the Lord brought.

Particle - Our Nineteenth Home Together

Since being married, 45 Meadowlark Boulevard was our fifteenth stationary home in ten years (my thirty-second), along with two extended stays without travel in our Casa Rolla trailer. The longest we had been in a home was 18 months, at 52 Rue La Verendrye in Winnipeg. We found that we grew attached to it and to the furniture we had there, unlike other places. Evidently the Lord prevented us from becoming too attached to this world.

Leaving Meadowlark, we lived in a trailer for another year. Now it was time to sell the trailer and put the money towards renting a house. We found a new home for rent at 104 Bluefox Boulevard in the Uplands. Nick and Armin Gerstenbuhler built it for sale, but it wasn't selling, so he decided to rent it out. We took it and advertised our twenty-four-foot Holiday trailer for sale.

Particle - A Mix of Business and Religion

Ric and Sharon Swihart came to the KOA to view our trailer, deciding they would buy it. When we went to their home to close the deal, they learned we were believers and invited us to their church, Bill Calderwood's First Congregational Church, a splinter from the United Church. (I understand these former United Church folk split from the mainline because they disagreed with the ordination of homosexuals.) Sharon enthusiastically told us how wonderful the fellowship was there and how wonderful the pastor was.

We discerned the Swiharts weren't believers, and it didn't take them very long to prove it. I wasn't willing to ask much more than I was prepared to take for the trailer, but as is often the case, they weren't satisfied with anything but a dickered-down price. I tried to tell them the price was as low as we wanted to go.

Sharon continued the bargaining and, in the middle of it, asked her husband, "How am I doing, dear?" He replied, "You're doing just fine, dear, just fine." Finally, I relented and gave them the trailer for their price. We needed the money. Perhaps they needed it as well.

After settling up, I had gravel in my mouth. It wasn't because they were dickering (there's a place for keeping sellers honest, knowing that sellers jack up their prices to leave room for bargaining. I have dickered many times and am ashamed of it in several cases). I was upset because they professed to be believers, were told we were believers, disregarded us on the price or our need of the money, and went about the dickering in a flippant, calloused fashion. Adding insult to injury, they also tried to persuade us to join their church, as though we would want to, they treating us as they did, especially if they were representative of their church.

I wrote a harsh letter to them, and I was sorry after I mailed it. I called them to ask them not to open it or read it when receiving it, but rather to burn it. They agreed, though they might have read it anyway. (In retrospect, I think it would have been good to let them read it. However, I wasn't ready then to do spiritual battle.)

I received a vision of Sharon at that time. I saw her dancing on a church floor, twirling around gleefully, with one hand on the hip and the other in the air. I wrote "Ode to a Harlot" to describe what I saw of her in spirit. As an introduction, I wrote, "She was like her kind and her kind like her - light, treacherous, full of lust and hypocrisy. So are all those who 'go to church' and think they do God a service."

I now realize You, Lord, were giving me a representation and unpleasant taste of common churchgoers, showing me their hypocrisy and evil while worshipping You in vain with their lips.

Particle - Ode to a Harlot: False Religion

Sharon Swihart, a vain professor of righteousness, hurt me. I then perceived a symbolical parallel to the harlot church, one that professes to worship the Lord, but lives in "friendly" contrariness.

Twirl on the dance floor, harlot,

One hand on the hip, the other in the air.

You enjoy yourself and life is full;

You are well fed and rich and confident.

You have no thirst because you drink

From a cup filled with blood,

The blood of friend and foe alike;

The blood of saints is in your mouth.

You'll have what you will;

Your kiss extends to all,

But behind the lips of feigned love

Are hid the teeth that tear the flesh

Of unwary, innocent souls.

Spare the good you have for them,

Let them live instead.

Harlot, how is it you throw away riches for gain?
How is it you charge such a dear price for yourself?

Why does it cost you so?

“For a price I will care for you;

For a price, a small price at that,

I will console you in your circumstance

But if you’ll not pay, then I will not love;

My love is not without price

Though small the price may be.

“And once I have what I want from you,

I will invite you to come to church,

I’ll take you to my pimp

Who teaches me well and salves my mind

To do with you as I please.

I do not determine my blessing by what I give

But by what I get.

I may be funny this way

But I simply won’t live

At my cost if I can live at yours.

So take my love, the price is small;

You’ll find your troubles disperse,

Though torment and grief will tear at you,

For I've eaten and drunk to my full

And gained the upper hand."

Woman,

Your lips profess the Christ,

Your soul claims righteousness,

But let me warn you solemnly

That your teeth speak otherwise.

Consider the cost, the circumstance,

The devious ways you walk,

And know there is a price to pay,

A fearful one you've not discerned.

Can you escape the Almighty Judge

Who perfectly reads the heart

And rewards according to its fruits?

You'll fall, make no mistake

And there'll be none to catch you.

For when you observed the vulnerability of others

You took full advantage.

Twirl on the dance floor, harlot,

Eat, drink, and be merry,

For if you continue, tomorrow you die

And then whose will your goods be?

Mystery Babylon will fall,
Her sins made manifest
And those who leave her for the truth
In prosperity and peace shall rest.

Particle - Words Come to Pass

In talking to Ric and Sharon later, they told me that after they bought the trailer, they discovered an unexpected cost of necessary insulation in their attic, and Sharon fell on her open dishwasher door, having nothing to grab to break the fall. I thought of the words in the poem, *“You will fall, make no mistake, and there’ll be none to catch you.”*

These words, while fulfilled in a minor way with Sharon, will be fulfilled in a major way with the harlot church that deceives and abuses the entire earth.

Particle - Unbelief Alone Hurts

A bit of back-tracking: We fled Winnipeg in a trailer in 1981 and were on the road for perhaps 3½ months, not knowing where we were going, ending up in Westlock. We left Westlock in 1982 and were on the road in our Casa Rolla for about 4 months, again not knowing where we were going, until we found a home in Lethbridge.

Then moving into our Holiday trailer near the end of August 1983, we fled Lethbridge, heading to the U.S., not knowing where we were going, until we reached Bernalillo, New Mexico in October. We didn’t know what to do or where to go from there. Finally, nearly six months later, the Lord spoke, returning us to Lethbridge in April. We continued to live in the trailer until September 20, a total of another 13 months, when we moved into 104 Bluefox.

In all that time of trailering, we were often anxious, asking God and ourselves where we were headed and what we should be doing. Having no idea, we lived in some turmoil, but we would one day come to realize we had nothing to fear but fear itself, as Theodore Roosevelt put it.

With hindsight, I realize we could have taken all these things in stride and enjoyed ourselves. We had campfires, freedom from responsibilities of the occupational sort, people to meet and visit with, new and good experiences, and sights to see; it was generally a leisurely lifestyle.

Nothing hurt us, nothing, that is, but our fears and doubts - our unbelief. Our unbelief robbed us of peace of mind, yet we were fully kept, protected, and provided for. There was a perfect timetable and agenda arranged for us beyond our knowledge. All we had to do was trust the Most Caring, Trustworthy, and Capable One. It was that simple.

It is that simple now and at any time for those who believe. Fear of anything other than God for the true believer is totally unnecessary; indeed, it is a travesty and an insult to God. I have been the most insulting of persons to God. I have spent my life in worry, fretting and stewing - all for nothing.

Particle - The Wild

The terrible battle to be fought by the seeker of God is against unbelief. One moment, we can be so full of faith, of joy and excitement, assurance and boldness. Then, as little as it takes to slam a door, so quickly and surely have saints of God known the onslaught of unbelief in all its terrible power.

Our fight is the fight of faith. Our faith is the victory. And this is not a faith concocted, a matter of will power. It is, rather, surrender to God, an acknowledgment and acceptance of things as they are, and entrusting them entirely out of our control to His. Thus we come out of our valleys, our clouds of darkness, and into the light.

Wave after wave,

Billow after billow,

No rest, no peace, except for a time,

A short time, a breather, so to speak,

From the unrelenting pressures which increase.

Darkness all around us,

Blind alleys at every turn,

Clouds obscure the light of day

And leave us damp and cold.

When will we be free?

When will the storm cease?

Has it no end? Has it no bounds?

Can we go on with our hopes

Dashed to pieces at every turn,

Like cardboard huts in a hurricane?

Is it sin in our lives that causes this state?

Is the wrath of God kindled against us?

Have we no hope, no reason to expect

An end to intermittent turmoil?

“There is no peace to the wicked,” the Scriptures say,

Yet we have searched and searched ourselves again.

And though we know that in our flesh dwells no good thing,

We still find ourselves without an answer.

The sky is as brass, His voice we don't hear,

Our steps we seek counsel for, to no avail.

When will He come and show Himself?

When will we be clean to receive our King?

When can we have our hopes fulfilled?

Why does He hide His face from us?

How is it that curses seem to haunt us still?

Is our faith so small

That we do not enter in

To that which He has in store for us?

Or is this nothing more and nothing less

Than a process of refinement,

A must, like the seasonal pruning of trees

To bear more fruit?

But where is the fruit?

I have my seasons of sorrow and humiliation,

But where are my seasons of harvest?

I despair of knowing the answer.

I thought I had it;

I don't.

I hoped I would receive it;

I haven't.

Will I ever?

Have I confessed my unbelief

In asking if I'll have an answer

When I ought to ask for it

Believing I have received it?

Lord, help my unbelief!

I am like one up to his nose in quicksand;

My perishing seems so sure.

I surely can't help myself,

Nor can any man

or number of men

In anything they do.

My only hope is that my God

Will come and lift me from the quagmire

In which I have fallen and sunk so deep.

I thought I was out, never to return.

Many times I thought I was out,

Only to find myself enveloped again.

How can these things be?

Do the Scriptures not tell us

Of a life of victory and power?

Are only a chosen few
Given to be as Stephen and Samuel?
Or have they, too, had lives
Of trial and loss and failure
Before the dawning of their day
To shine as lights much brighter than the sun?

Am I to believe
That this is a preparation,
That all goes according to plan?
Or must I fear
That all is almost lost,
That I have failed,
That there is no basis for hope anymore,
That God will not deliver
A sinner such as I?

Yet a faint glimmer of hope lives on,
Even as I inquire.
I know my God is able;
I know I want His will
At any cost there is.
And so I wait
And wait
And wait

And faint
And hope
That He will save
And manifest Himself
Once more forevermore,
Never to leave again,
His presence ever there
For me to enjoy.

Hear me, Lord, and hear my cry,
I have no one but You.
If all this cloud and quiet
Is for our very best
Then I can accept it, assured
That You will come and be to us
What You have promised
In Your appointed time.

Must I also be in the dark
About this as well?
How much harder it is to live
With uncertainty upon uncertainty!
But if You are faithful
And if You choose,
You are able
To cleanse me and deliver me

To be with You

And You with me.

Come, Lord, please come.

Particle - Friends in the World vs. Friends in God

On September 11, 1984, I considered the situation with [Bob Gregson](#) and gave some thought to the meaning of friendship. The world's concept of friendship is so very different from the Lord's. There's only contrast, and no comparison.

Friendship in the world means to receive, to have those with you who are an advantage. It's a self-centered thing: "I have a lot of friends." And those friends are there to receive, too.

True friendship lays down the life in wisdom and understanding. It is founded on truth, justice, and righteousness (right doing and being). It is more interested in giving than receiving. More, I say, because there needs to be both.

The only good friend is a dead one, dead unto self and unto the world, but alive unto God, our One True Friend.

Friend, where will you be when I fall?

Can you tell what you have?

Do you know who I am?

Take your hand and reach down deep within yourself,

As deep as you can go.

See what you come up with.

Do you know why I'm here?

Have you known the price?

Have you known there is a price?

Have you known that the price quite consumes the goods?

There's no time to muse and play;

Death and life are as night and day.

Choose to live and you cannot die
But choose to die and you will live;
There is no life but in death.
There is no friend but one who knows
The price of life.

Can I introduce you to the Friend?
Are you able to come to where He is?
Which do you choose, to stay or come?
We are ready to receive;
Are you ready to be received?
When the fire falls next week,
Where will you be?
The lines are drawn in everything,
In simple things, leading to the greater.
Where does the line fall with you?
It cannot fall on you;
It must be on the one side or the other.
There is no time to muse and play;
Death and life are as night and day.
Choose to live and you must die
To be a friend indeed.

Particle - Pebbles Greater Than Mountains

One day I was rather downcast about all the people that would come, hear, disagree with, and reject what I had to say, and then leave. The Lord said to me, *“Don’t be concerned about those who don’t believe. They are as pebbles compared to mountains. Would you*

complain of not having a few pebbles if you owned the Rocky Mountains? Those who don't believe are as pebbles. I have given you the mountains."

Particle - More Poems Received

In September 1984, the Lord gave me a number of poems, some linked here, and some given in completion.

We Are Branches, We Are One

(All of creation points to and teaches us of God, His requirements of us, and of our relationships to Him.

Life in Christ must be as spontaneous and natural as the branches to their tree trunk. And am I presumptuous in pointing out that as branches cannot live without the trunk, so the trunk has no life without branches? Can it be that Almighty God is so committed to us, His creation?)

Bellyache, Bellyache

(So very much of our conversation belies our true nature and convictions. We say we love God; we speak of thanking and praising Him when we are "in church" or in a religious setting trying to impress others, but let the guard down and listen to the words of our mouths and our hearts.

Now these hearts are supposed to be the new ones we received in our "new birth." With one set of words we proclaim we are new creatures, thankful to God in all things. With another set, we let others know where we really stand. Often, the arm raised in praise has a clenched fist, and the lips of thanksgiving conceal gnashing teeth.

Because conditions are never perfect, the spirit of complaint can never be stilled or appeased. Our ceasing to complain cannot hinge therefore on a change in conditions, but must come solely by change in spirit and attitude. The source or cause of complaint is never the circumstances, but always the subject in same.

At any given time our lives can view either of two perspectives, like the two sides of a coin. Each side truly exists and we are right either way, but we become what we behold. Therefore we must decide what to behold.)

Delay

(We walk by faith. Faith overcomes the world. We live by faith. Faith is the work of God. By faith are we saved. This we know.

There is much ado made about love, joy, peace, and works. But it is striking that with faith, in the trial of the saints, none of those is mentioned, only patience. "Here is the patience and faith of the saints" - Revelation 13:10. Less is said about patience, but this patience is a virtue of virtues, coupled with faith. The Lord teaches us to wait.)

Uncertainty

(If we believe God is over all, it must follow that He's the engineer of our needs. We will often think of Him as the Provider, but seldom as the One Who created the need to show Himself as Provider.

We must grasp the truth that our needs are not dangers or risks, but rather introductions to Him and to His faithfulness. This turns us from fear and uncertainty to excitement and joyful anticipation.

And why all this? To teach us about Him and His ways, to reveal Himself in us, to set our feet on solid rock, to demonstrate His faithfulness, power, and love to all by us.)

Money

(Though men have many idols, which they worship consciously or otherwise, they don't serve these gods so much as themselves. Idolatry's purpose is to serve one's self, to preserve one's self in the flesh, to protect from the cross.

If an idol fails to serve the worshipper in the way he desires, he'll remove that idol from its pedestal soon enough and find another, unless he's determined to wait patiently for that idol to produce its desired effects, one way or another.

Idolatry is inconsistent, contradictory, and unprofitable in every way. Money is only a medium of getting. Getting is the medium for serving self. Serving self is all there is until God is worshipped in spirit and truth.)

Particle - Pioneers

The unknown brings fear to some. To others there comes a sense of excitement and adventure, especially if they believe that all will be well in the end.

Added to the blessings of excitement and adventure are surprise and elation when it is discovered that the journey has been internal, and the unknown none other than the pioneer himself.

Pioneers we are and nothing else.

Strange country we're compelled to tread;

Hostile inhabitants deplore our presence;

We take their ground from under them.

Of our own kind there are but few;

The farther we advance, the fewer there are.

We go on and on until there are none;

Front lines are the goal for us all.

Where we stand no one has come
To comfort and to hold our hand
Except for the Great One, *The* Pioneer
Who has blazed the trail alone.

Irony of ironies, where does that trail lead?
To bush and barren place, a land of dire need?
But no, it leads us home at last
Where rest prevails and torment is past.

Particle - **The Rest of God**

I thought I entered rest when I was first converted... and I had! Compared to the former horrible state of darkness and misery, the realm of repentance was glorious and restful indeed. But I had not arrived.

Then came trials, urgings, and purgings leading to the receiving of God's Spirit. Again, the realm of the Spirit was glorious compared to the one of repentance, and I rested as revelations came and great burdens were lifted and removed forever. But I hadn't arrived.

Chapters opened and closed and rest came at the end of each, yet beginnings introduced new fires, new terms of correction and purgings so that I could rest some more. But I had yet to arrive.

Then came a breaking at the hands of dark men. Healings poured in. Sight was increased and lifestyle corrected. We were blessed and we rested. Still, we hadn't arrived.

Years later, I had the severest trial I had ever had, likened by the Lord to that which Job had, yet aware of the great contrast with Job's in that his was supremely severe, losing all his ten children, possessions, and health within an hour, besides being subjected to nightmares, sleeplessness, and faultfinding friends for company. Job's suffering was classical, for our sakes. Nevertheless, I was taken right back to my very foundation and was now different than before.

Years passed again and I found I knew neither rest nor fires like they could be. In fire, I again writhed in pain. Rest comes in small doses and brief intervals, only to prepare one for more fire. (He that walks with God walks in fire, until there is no more need of fire.)

Today, God is all in all. Those who enter rest not only have it; they *are* the rest. This is the Sabbath of rest; this is the Feast of Tabernacles; this is that glorious union with the Lord Jesus

Christ, Yahushua Adonai HaMashiach. It is His coming. This is the Day of the Lord, the Day of Vengeance, the Day of Yahweh, the Day of Yeshuah HaMashiach. Blessed be His Name!

(This poem was written years before the reality. Many of the utterings of the spiritual sojourner are not merely poetic, but prophetic, even as with David in his psalms.)

How good is this rest, my Lord, my God!

How good is this rest!

To sit and wait with nothing in hand,

To be patient and willing to see what's in store,

To know in the heart that all is Yours;

How good it is to rest!

We've been climbing and struggling,

Working and crying,

With nothing in sight,

With all things far off,

With hopes deferred, promises delayed,

Dreams and hopes dashed to the ground,

Shattered in many pieces.

We have lost and failed

Many times,

Toiling for unreachable gains.

But now we have our gain;

Now we have received our rewards.

Little did we know that we labored

For the goal of

Not having to labor.

Now we recline, now we rest;

In repose we have a new heart.

We can be patient, resting in

The bosom of Abraham;

Children of faith we have now become.

Yes, though the earth is removed,

We know that Abraham needs no earth

To hold him up.

In his bosom, we have no need

To plant our feet on passing ground.

We have our feet on solid rock;

We sit in His throne with Him;

We repose in heavenly places;

At peace we are within,

Because nothing can remove us

From the safety we now have.

We see how little we have to fear;

We see how He provides.

“God is faithful!” are the words

Embedded in our hearts.

Our heart can no longer live without them.

God is all and over all;

We've sought to know that for years,
Verbalizing, rationalizing,
With head knowledge and lips;
We believed, but didn't know.

Give me the couch.

I have had the ladder;
I've climbed to the mountains of rest.
Let me repose; it is heavenly bliss,
The reward we have for our labors.

We have ceased from our works;
We have ceased from sin;
We have ceased from worry and fright.
God grant us this life forevermore;
May we be staid in His sight.

Thank You, Lord, for giving us rest,
For so long we have sought
The rest You give those who seek after You
To reign and be at peace.

No longer do enemies rule over us;
No longer do our needs hold sway;
The protection and provision

Which we now have of God

Are as a two-edged sword.

First He gives us the privilege,

And then He gives us the goods;

First He gives it within,

And then He grants it without.

Death has no sting;

The grave has lost;

The resurrection is robber and healer at once;

We are the goods He has wrested from Hell,

Repaired for Himself for all time.

Sing with the angels!

Dance with the saints!

Let Heaven explode with joy!

Celebration and feasting have fearful cause;

Nothing can stand in their way!

Sing, O creation and clap your hands!

Your smile has purpose unsurpassed!

This is your day and your hour

For deliverance from groaning and grief,

From vanity and awesome oppression,

From death and Hell itself.

A manifest son of God has risen
To set the captive free,
To heal the broken-hearted,
To take away burdens of the oppressed.
Sing and dance and jump for joy!
Eat, drink, and be merry!
No greater cause is there for such
When a saint has entered his glory.

There is a rest for the people of God!
No more thorn and thistle and briar;
No more toil and sweat and tear;
No more disappointment.

There is the restoration of Eden,
The blessed garden of God.
There is wealth and the glory and power
Reserved unto those who believe.
Rest, O sweet, wonderful rest,
In peace and holy comfort!
Earned, not earned, taken yet given
But appreciated nonetheless.

Fearful are the ways and judgments of God!

How high and mighty His ways!
Lift up your knees and your arms;
Lift up your head, sojourner,
Travel-weary and bruised you may be,
Robbed of your goods and your dreams,
Abandoned, alone with nobody
To care or understand.

But He is there though He is hid,
Until the day of unveiling.

And when the veil is rent in two
From Heaven to Earth,
Then no more flesh stands in the way;
Of the Christ there is no more dearth.

There is rest in the room of the Ark;
There is perfect sweetest rest.
Here in the bosom of Abraham,
Jesus is manifest.

Keep His commandments and never say die;
There is a time to come
Where cost transforms to benefit untold
And all is then worthwhile.

And, carnal man, you must be told
That though I write from Heaven,

Yet I am in my flesh 'til now

And speak by such a mouth as yours.

The change has come this side of the grave

And needn't be hoped for only beyond.

Inherit the earth, my beloved friends,

And savor the sweet rest of God!

Particle - Have You Any Idea?

Things are seldom, if ever, as they appear. This is because two factors obscure the reality: One, the object of the observation seldom conducts itself outwardly as it really is within or behind the scenes. Two, the ability on the part of the observer is limited at most times, so that he isn't able to see as he ought to.

Woe to the one who tries to acquire that which he desires by giving the appearance of either getting it or already having it.

Truth in the inward parts is not only the desired end, but the means to that end.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life...."

Child of fullness and plenty, have you any idea

How empty you may be?

Your stomach is filled

With emptiness.

You laugh;

Your laugh is hollow.

Child of laughter and merriment, have you any idea

How sad you are?

Your heart has a notion

Of sorrow on the way.

You scoff;

You scoff at you know not what.

Child of scorn and scoffing, have you any idea

How the arrows you shoot reverse?

Your own conscience tells you

Of condemnation imminent.

You despise

That which you don't understand.

Child of pride and knowledge, have you any idea

Of your ignorance and foolishness?

You know it all

But not as well as you are known.

You pray

For mercy - you have none.

Child of prayer and fasting, have you any idea

How full you will yet be?

You are now empty

On the way to fullness.

You cry;

Your tears are not in vain.

Child of weeping and sorrow, have you any idea

How happy you will yet be?

Your heart is filled

With sadness.

You cry;

Your crying is soon to end... in laughter.

Particle - Desolation

I was mildly surprised when I read these words months after writing them. Mildly, I say, because it wasn't a surprise, and yet it was, to see how I have been so down in my hopes, feelings, and outlook on things. I marvel somewhat because I know this has happened on many occasions while between those times I have felt as though the Lord were very much with me and that, by Him, nothing was impossible.

I have particularly felt the latter way, with full conviction immediately after the Lord manifested Himself to me in some unmistakable way. But how soon and how able we are to forget and be in despair!

The whole world rots before my eyes.

Blind I am not to its corruption;

Men bide their time in vain travail,

Awaiting their time to go.

Suffering and death are everywhere,

Sickness, disease, and Hell;

Selfishness and greed reign over all;

Each man denies another's rights.

Hell is on the left, Death is on the right;

Fake religions promise emancipation;

Vain hopes carrot asses everywhere;

The wisest are led by them,
bled by them,
and slain by them.

God is here, God is there, God is everywhere,
And nowhere.

There is no truth, no mercy, no compassion,
No righteousness or justice in this earth.

Men are quick to boast their virtue,
To make a show of goodness,
Til they have you where they want you
And slit your throat for what you have,
If even so very little.

I see the wickedness and the cruelty,
The deception of every man,
But though I have power to see all this,
There is nothing I can do.

I am as helpless and selfish as other men,
Striving for the truth, yet against it all,
Hungering for the right nowhere in sight,
Contributing to its non-existence.

I have sought to be the Lord's,
To be His and His alone,

To serve Him well and do His will
But I have sought in vain.

There is nothing for me to do;
My searching is at an end.
I cannot go on; my hope is gone;
I see no other way.

What, then, can there be for me?
Where will I go, and what shall I do?
I despair and cry and writhe inside;
My God has forsaken me.

He has forsaken me, I don't know why.
I know that in me there is no good,
But I thought and hoped that He would come
And save me if He could.

I am worse than I was a while ago,
And worse I get each day.
What can I do and where will I end?
What more am I able to say?

My depressions come more often;
They envelop me as a shroud.

My strength is fainter day by day
To withstand the onslaught of evil.

I have boasted and spoken of my God;
I've acted as though I've known Him.
Some, though few, have sought my words
To guide them on their way.

But now I find I am no guide;
I have no one to guide me.
Silent and subdued within,
After many years, I am at an end.

Promises have come and also gone;
I stand with empty hands;
Nothing to show for all my work
And sacrifice and search.

If I could find someone to end
This miserable life I have led,
I'd let him have the privilege,
If I knew the other side.

It may well be from pain to fire;
It may be for the worse;
I don't know, so I can't go;

I must bear this curse.

Particle - Resilience

Though many who presume to preach the Gospel of salvation would deny this, they give people the impression that, upon believing the Gospel, all trials and troubles will flee. While it is true that if we walk in truth and righteousness, we save ourselves untold evils, nevertheless it is evil which the Lord uses to break us and mold us after His likeness. And these trials can be far more difficult than those we had previously.

Take the apostle Paul for example. Though surely as a human being, he had his problems when yet an unbelieving Jew, was he whipped, stoned, and beaten with rods while sitting amongst friends at the feet of Gamaliel?

The evils applied to us for good develop invulnerability and immortality.

Resilience, where would I be

If not for your helping hand?

At one time I was deathly ill,

So vulnerable to the slightest afflictions.

Scratches would hold sway

Like a pestilence

And linger in my soul

For years.

But now like a ball of Indian rubber,

I bounce away from a wall of brick

Whereas once I was an egg.

The past is a fearful jailor,

A formidable tormentor as well.

With an iron grip,

With shackles and chains,

It held me
In bitterness and regret,
In shame and dismay,
In helpless thoughts
Of revenge and amends.
Not so now.
Resilience has come,
Riding upon healing,
Healing harnessed in pardon,
And now I am free.

Afflictions still come
And pain is there
From enemies far greater
In power and number
With liberties of warfare
Given to them
And denied to me.
But whereas a scratch was once
A mortal wound,
Now what seems to be
A mortal wound,
Is but a scratch.

There is life in me
The enemy can't touch,

Much less overcome.

I am sheltered in a

Mighty Fortress,

Impregnable.

He has carried me to safety

And there I trust in my Savior

Rather than fear my destroyer.

Resilience, you are mine.

Particle - New Writings and Poems

I hadn't written any papers since 1980 or 1981. At that time, the Lord promised me that if I forsook those, He would give me something much better, which He did. In 1984, I wrote three - [The Church](#), [Obedience](#), and [So You Want to Walk with Jesus](#).

[Fred Molnar](#) questioned me about them. "Why are you writing those?" he asked, in a tone and spirit that suggested it was a silly thing to do. I replied that I didn't know why - I just did what came. Since that time hundreds of papers and letters have been written, yet these three have remained prominent in importance for many (they've been revised and improved a few times).

More poems were also given in October 1984, many of them on October 1st....

[All You Religious](#)

(I marvel at how so-called worshippers of God are so much more important to themselves than the One they profess to worship.

I marvel at how they worship themselves for worshipping God and how they worship worshipping itself.

I marvel at how they insist and demand of God how He should be worshipped.

In essence, they are demanding that men worship them for their dedication, piety, and wisdom in the way they worship God; truly, they demand of the One they profess to worship that He worship them, even as Cain demanded appreciation!

I marvel at the reversals of men, their utter contradictions, and their blindness to it all.)

[Eggs](#)

“Beware of false prophets. You shall know them by their fruits,” warned Jesus.

Eggs are fruits, and many seem to assume all eggs are good fruit because they are eggs, but eggs are neither good nor bad in themselves. **What kind** are they?

Smiles and friendship are neither good nor bad. **Why** are they? Religious talk, praising, and extolling God are nothing in themselves; so one must have discernment to tell good eggs from bad. That discernment is the gift of God given only to those who love the truth, selling all they have to possess it, even their very lives.

The pilgrim on the path of truth is thoroughly tried, and only the true seeker will enter into that which is behind the veil and have power to see under the shell.)

The Higher Plane

(The ways and thoughts of the Spirit of the Lord are far higher than man can imagine.

This work had the crucible of a man with above average intellect who was rather impressive and impressed with his powers. What a blessing it would be to see a man set aside his strengths, both real and perceived, and take on the “weakness” of Christ. I have yet to see a man of high intellect do so, besides Paul the apostle. Isn’t it written that God chooses the foolish things to confound the wise?)

The Chameleon

(Our Lord’s final stage of suffering began, and His social freedom ended, with a kiss of betrayal from the lips of one who followed Him for years calling Him “Master.”

Our journey of learning has its bitter moments, none more bitter than the times of subjection to duplicity, hypocrisy, and betrayal.)

The Frenzy of Life

(“**And he who hurries with his feet sins**” - Proverbs 19:2 MKJV.)

Help

(We are all in need of help.)

Particle - Precious Guest

There’s the precious guest whom the Lord sends to minister to us. Truly, as hosts, we could be entertaining angels unawares. Yet, not all who come are precious guests and can’t be treated alike. There are both bad fish and good caught in the Kingdom’s net, and the bad must be returned to the waters. There are those without wedding garments, who enter in to feast with the saints and must be denied.

And then there’s the precious guest whom the Lord has brought so we might minister to him.

Though a guest must be received with cordiality, he may not be treated as a guest in worldly terms of hospitality and politeness. He may even be reprov'd, rebuked, and told the unpleasant truth

about himself. By the grace of God, however, he will believe and discover he is indeed a precious guest, beloved among the brethren.

You have come not only because

You have chosen to do so,

But you have been brought here

To rest and to be comforted,

To hear a word in due season,

A good word.

Whether it soothes or hurts,

Whether it heals or cuts,

Whether it angers or pleases,

The truth will make you free,

If received.

You have here a shelter from the storm,

A haven of sweet rest,

If you receive it as such.

Bring your peace with you

If you wish to be rewarded,

And forsake everything unclean.

Take off your shoes

And rest a while.

May you be blessed and nourished,

Strengthened and healed,

Prepared to continue your journey

In an alien world,

In an hostile environment

Because you are His.

We hope you'll be washed of this world's dust,

Bathed in the Water of God;

We hope you'll take on

A fresh change of clothes

And armor for trials ahead.

Sit awhile,

Fellowship with us,

And know our home is yours,

If you are His,

Because this home is His,

And what is His is yours.

Particle - The Sword

“Do not think that I have come to bring peace on earth. I did not come to send peace, but a sword” (Matthew 10:34 MKJV).

I've heard it said many times, “Whatever divides is not of God.” Of course, that simply depends on what is being divided and why. Isn't it of God to divide truth and error, clean and unclean, sheep and goats, wise and foolish, wheat and tares, faithful and heretics?

And doesn't God wound and break? Doesn't He call one to forsake wife, children, parents, and friends? Is forsaking easy and pleasant? If so, it would not be forsaking.

The problem is that those who lodge complaint against division presume to be in the right. They object to being divided when any among them is called to disagree for righteousness' sake. And they're under the false notion that pain, suffering, and sorrow arising naturally from division are

ever products of Satan, and never of God. But these same people will indulge in dividing others in the Name of God, when advantageous to them, and think nothing of it.

I am not sent for division's sake;

I do not come to attack;

Strife and debate I do not sow,

Yet all these are found where I go.

I haven't come for evil's sake,

Bearing trouble, sorrow, and pain,

Yet the sword I bear

Will cut in two

And each half in two again.

There are those who wish to take the truth

And claim it for their own,

But others, joined to them, declare

"If you go, you go alone."

I cannot help but cause this woe

If I am to speak what is true;

I can only hope as time goes on

That your loved ones will come, too.

But you cannot wait for them to come,

The time to heed is now.

Just as you cannot wait for yours,

The call cannot wait for you.

As friends increase, my enemies mount

In numbers greater still.

There are very few who know they're sick

And eager to swallow the pill.

But many there are who take offence

That the truth should upset their life

And hence the division, the sorrow, the pain,

The debate, the anger, the strife.

But come if you will, take the medicine,

Be healed in your soul, made free,

And in place of what you leave behind,

Far greater things will be.

Particle - **More Eating Out Eating Me**

On another [eating out](#) occasion, Bob Gregson bought dinner for us at Erickson's Restaurant in Lethbridge because I had helped him and Lynn manage an art show at her parents' home. The helpings were pretentious in artful presentation, and scanty. The food value was all of 10% what was paid.

We weren't the ones paying for it, but I still thought, "This is vanity, and people are falling for this stuff?" All things are relative, of course. My wife has been a very good cook, and our helpings are generous.

Perhaps, however, I haven't spent enough time letting my poem, [Bellyache, Bellyache](#), sink down into my inner being?

Particle - **Mary Kozak Revisited**

For some reason I decided to get in touch with [Mary Kozak](#), the first person I knew of in the Hafichuk family that left the Catholic Church, having professed faith in Jesus Christ. I wrote her, she replied, and it was immediately obvious I had to go on without her. She was a member of Armstrong's Worldwide Church of God, likely having been persuaded by the radio program, *The World Tomorrow*. I had already gone beyond where she was prepared and called to go. There was nothing more to say or do there.

Particle - Further Feeble and Frustrating Fumblings at Free Consulting

I decided to try operating a consulting business out of our Bluefox home and let people pay what they would, if they would, forgetting that it doesn't work to offer services and leave the value of them to the discretion of the recipients. I ran an ad in the paper.

I received a call from a welder who needed financial counseling. In an hour, I saved him hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars. He decided to pay me an hour of his income, that being \$35. I wasn't impressed, but at least he seemed sincere and simple in his thinking, and appeared to be not trying to cheat me.

Another fellow called, complaining about being forever tired. After some questions about his personal life, it turned out that he was sleeping with two girlfriends, not letting each know that he had the other and trying to satisfy them both. It was apparent that he knew his own problem and wanted to find a way to solve it without giving it up.

I told him fornication was wrong, that it would only lead to his downfall, and that his dishonesty was also wrong. He acknowledged these things to be true and asked me how much he owed me. Shamefully, I must say that I told him it was up to him. Apparently fumbling for his wallet, he said he left it in his car and took off without paying. His dishonesty continuing, there was no reason to believe I bettered him in any other way. He would destroy himself.

I look back and think, "I should have refused any pay. The situation was disgusting." Speak of being slow on the uptake! How soon forgotten that God had already shown me, only months before, whom I should advise. It was those He would bring, those who were coming to be changed for the better, essentially and spiritually, and not the idolaters and fornicators of this world.

A fornicator asking help to do more of his own thing, not willing to repent or pay for good counsel? These incidents were the Lord's appropriate rebukes of doing things my own way.

Particle - English, Oh English!

Wee knead ownlee two studdie a langwidge uther than Inglish and soon beegin too diskover thuh mullteatood uv inncunsistenseas inn grambarr and spellyng uv Inglish.

And isn't it interesting that when [Esperanto](#) is introduced with its reason, logic, and organized structure, we prefer the disorder and confusion of our own language, be it English or another? Needless to say, this is not the day of peace, harmony, and wun tung four awl, as unreasonably expected by proponents of Esperanto. Rite? Write? Reight? Right?

Ring rang rung, Bring brang brung,

Sing sang sung, Ding dang dung!

Particle - Rools Four English Spelling

Wun. Teak lawjick, kut it down as aye bough and throw it inn aye slough ore aye trough. Butt that is knot enuf.

Too. Bee prepared two bee confowndead, purpleckst, and frustraited.

Threa. Eckspecked two suspecked loozing yore mined.

Fore. Dew knot feal thair iz ekneething rong with yoo.

Phive. Fourghet trying two halve aye shoor phyre sisthame.

Sicks. Thee unfourchunit groop yule joyne iph ignouring mie cownsull, and...

Seaven. Rimes with heven four witch yu mussed hoap aund witch iz whare yu mey prezoom yu gow iff yu kwit inglish aund teak up sum uther langwidge.

Particle - Water Does Not Always Find the Lowest Level

In October of '84, I was given another poem to express what we were learning.

Inconsistency and contradiction are facts of life which increase in both stature and clarity as we grow in spiritual maturity. Stature, because we're subjected according to our own increasing capacity to withstand these foes; and clarity, because as we increase, we see more of what has always been there.

Is it not ironic that the fool

Rejects the very thing that would deliver him

From the pain and failure he calls bliss?

Water does not always find the lowest level.

Is it not ironic that those

Who stand in need the most

Stand strongest against provision?

Water does not always find the lowest level.

And those who have less need
Have it because they have learned
The value of the provision
To minimize the need.

“To him who has
More shall be given,
And to him who has not,
Even the little he has
Shall be taken from him.” - Jesus

Particle - The Seal of God

On October 19, 1984, I wrote Lois a letter in which I described, by revelation, the meaning, significance, and manifestations of the seal of God (Revelation 7:3 and 13:16). It was coming to me as I wrote. See [The Mark of the Beast and the Seal of God](#).

Particle - Delores Needs Help

My aunt, Delores Molnar, was having struggles. She, as Lois, called and wanted to talk. She had been holding the Lord at arm's length. She knew she was supposed to be living differently than she was, but was asking Him for some time. “Let me go on this trip to Europe with Fred, doing what pleases him, and then I'll change my ways and obey,” was something she had said to God. Of course, that will never do with God.

I had a vision of Delores. She was held captive in a transparent glass cube, suspended in outer space. The cube was about the size of a regular-sized bedroom or living room. She was frantic, trying to get out, knocking on the wall with her fists, looking outside, but trapped, unable to escape. I was sitting in outer space, watching her. I was much bigger than the cube she was in, possibly ten times bigger. I was seated in a chair of some kind, just observing.

When I told her about the vision, Delores was disturbed and told me that she had just had something very similar. She saw herself on one side of a great gulf, by herself. On the other side were saints rejoicing together, whom she was unable to join.

We went up to Camrose to visit Fred and Delores, and it was rather pleasant. Their log home, fireplace, and good food offered us comfort and relief from our circumstances and loneliness. We remained for nearly a week, visiting with them. As a result of that visit, Fred wanted us to return, perceiving we were very helpful to Delores. Lois had also come up to see us at Camrose, bringing

her boys, Trevor, Mark, and Jason. All were spiritually edified. I recall having brought my guitar, and I sang the songs the Lord had given me. Fred expressed an appreciation for [Job](#).

Particle - A Hesitant Gift of Money

On one cold wintry day, Marilyn and I were leaving the Molnars to drive back home, about 250 miles. Delores hesitantly gave me something as we were leaving. It was a check for \$1,000, signed by Fred. She was trying to determine if she should give it to us. Though I could be wrong, she seemed to be debating whether we were of God or not. She gave it to us, studying me. Though we were in some need, I almost refused it, thinking, "If she isn't fully persuaded, I don't want it."

I asked her, "Delores, are you sure you want to do this?" I was assured that the Lord didn't need them to provide for us. She decided it was the thing for her to do, and we accepted it. There were more struggles to come for her, big time.

Around this time, I wrote another poem, [Help in Disguise](#).

(The scalpel, cod liver oil, and discipline are examples of many things undesirable and hard to take, but which are there, presumably for our good.

It won't suffice to judge good and bad by our own understanding. We can tell nothing by appearance. So our selfishness and lack of understanding are addressed by trials and tribulations, by fires that purge us of pride, self-sufficiency, and the arrogant state, in which we think we know what is best for us.)

Particle - Mother and Daughter in Turmoil

Delores told us of acquaintances of hers, a Romanian woman named Ivah, and Leah, Ivah's daughter, who lived together near Camrose. Whether she told me of them before or after, I had this vision at 104 Bluefox Boulevard in Lethbridge, 1984:

I saw a thin older woman walking with her head in a dust cloud, blindly leading her daughter down a paved road. She was adamant she was right, and she continued forging ahead. Her daughter, who was dark-skinned and had thick, long black hair, sat down by the curbside, coughing from the dust to which her mother had subjected her. The daughter was annoyed and refused to go further.

The meaning of this vision was soon to be revealed to me.

Particle - Fretting Frederick

We returned around the Christmas season to spend more time with the Molnars and Lois and her boys. We played hockey on the Molnars' dugout and enjoyed talking about the Lord and spiritual matters.

It wasn't long before Fred's true colors began to surface. I've been a careless dunce when it comes to many things. I had tried to make an adjustment on Fred's VCR and on his computer. In both cases, I messed up, causing Fred some consternation.

When doing my 5BX exercises in our guest bedroom, he was concerned that I was wearing out his carpet while running on the spot, so I ran on a carpet remnant. (The house was in obvious need of new carpet throughout, however, and he had the money to replace it.)

When sitting on his sectional sofa, he would tell us how to sit, watchful to regulate the pressure on the back cushions, which were sown on one edge to the main body of the sofa, lest they should tear away at the stitching.

He'd hear me clearing my throat and spitting in the sink in the bathroom while brushing my teeth and asked me not to do so, lest I accidentally spit somewhere inappropriate (maybe I did without knowing it!). It seemed there wasn't much I could do in his home that didn't rub him the wrong way.

Fred had a small plane and pilot's license. One day he took his son Gary and me for a ride. Not watching where I was stepping to board, I stepped right where a label on the wing says not to step, or I didn't step where directed to step. Fred mildly rebuked me for it, and rightly so, I suppose.

However, on the way home, he and Gary scoffed at me incessantly for several minutes, and they continued in Delores' presence when arriving home. Yes, I goofed, but did there need to be such a big deal made of it? There had been no harm done. Fred was bound by money and was contemptuous of those who weren't as efficient and capable as he.

Often he referred to lawyers, real estate agents, and stockbrokers, among others, as low-lives. I was none of those, but I didn't feel any better.

Particle - Trevor Promised Proper Speech with Commitment to Effort

Trevor was born with cerebral palsy and has a speech impediment. One day at the Molnars', he was promised that if he committed himself with full effort to speak properly, he would be given the ability to speak clearly. Many times we reminded him to believe and obey, but he disregarded the promise. To this day, 27 years later, his speech is the same, perhaps worse.

Particle - Drinking at Fred's

Fred was quite eager to bring out the wine and liqueur at suppers. He was also sensitive to my enjoyment of them as well, for he would tease me, pouring some for himself and others, but ignoring me. By Fred, the enemy was dealing with my enjoyment of these things.

As I look back, I expect that when the Lord spoke to me about it being better not to drink, He was more specifically speaking of the complications that would arise with Fred, and the power Fred would exercise over me in cynicism. The fact that we once drank together in my pre-Christian days would move him to test me and see if I was as much of a Christian as I presumed to be.

It wasn't that I believed Christians oughtn't to drink at all, so much as that many evangelicals don't drink, thinking it sin or unwise. On that perspective, Fred would judge me. At his table, though I did partake, I was better off not doing so, as counseled by the Scriptures:

“When you sit down to eat with a ruler, pay close attention to what is in front of you, and put a knife to your throat if you have a big appetite. Do not crave his delicacies, because this is food that deceives you” (Proverbs 23:1-3 GW).

Particle - Tried By Truth

Besides telling Delores about [the vision](#) I had of her, we also confronted her on sin, telling her she needed to stop being double-minded. For example, there was a time when she spoke favorably about speaking in tongues, saying how edifying it was to her. Yet, when we received the Spirit and the gift of tongues, and she heard about it, she was alarmed that we might be deceived and then renounced this gift.

“Which will it be, Delores?” I asked. “Yes, there’s the false, as with everything else. We’re aware of that, but why are you going back and forth? Are you now telling us that tongues are illegitimate altogether before God?”

She had no answer. She was addressed on many things until she was as distressed as before we came.

Particle - Hands Off!

One day, Fred was frustrated about something else and blurted out in anger, “Victor, I want you to take your hands off my computer, my VCR, and my wife!”

Remarkably, as Lois perceived later, we were to see the dramatic, and sadly tragic, fruits of his decision and declaration, not only for the computer and VCR, but also for his wife.

Particle - Steve Hawkins of Manchester

Somehow we found out that [Steven Hawkins](#) (a fellow we had met on OM in Manchester, England in 1975) was in Edmonton, Alberta. I believe it was through [Karen Alm](#), who had heard of him. We called and he called back. Steven was with a Jewish Messianic group. We hadn’t known he was Jewish.

We had spoken to him in England about receiving the Spirit. As we spoke now by phone, he claimed to have been baptized in the Holy Spirit, but it didn’t witness with us. I also tried to tell him that affiliations with formal, religious organizations weren’t the Lord’s will for him. However, he had his pleasure and comfort there, and we couldn’t fight it.

Particle - Talks Apparently Fruitless

In these months of September through December of 1984, Bob Gregson called many times wanting to talk about a variety of things, usually business, but also philosophical - seldom, if ever, spiritual. The day would come when he had strong and angry words for me that would make me wonder why he had continued calling me during this period. He declared he had no respect or use for anything I had to say to him.

Particle - Bob Gregson with Reverence for Truth

I struggled much with Bob Gregson while talking with him about spiritual and business matters on several occasions in 1984. During that time, I saw this vision and related it to him on January 15, 1985. In the vision, he was standing behind a counter or lectern. He was speaking, and he had the most earnest respect for truth, very sober. I heard a voice say, *“A strong angel will go with him wherever he goes.”*

Bob had several dreams that seemed significant, though not necessarily promising good for himself or anyone else. They had to do with his wife, Lynn, his father, and their printing business. They seemed to indicate he wouldn't prevail in faith. Twenty-seven years later, nothing has changed.

Particle - Molnars' Money Castle

In my mind, there seemed to be a contradiction with Fred concerning money. On the one hand, he was willing to give to us when we were in need, though I would never ask for anything or let our needs be known. This occurred on several occasions. On the other hand, he seemed consumed with money matters.

During the time we visited with the Molnars, I had a vision of Fred. He was inside a round enclosure of bill packets of money, stacked about five feet high, the enclosure about eight feet in diameter. There were people outside the enclosure.

Fred had a long rod, something like what gambling table attendants use at casinos to pass out or take in chips. With this instrument, he was dispensing packets of bills to those outside his enclosure. His nose was up in the air, as he did so, and I think he wore a crown on his head, though not sure. I was reminded of the proverb:

"The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as a high wall in his own mind" (Proverbs 18:11 MKJV).

Particle - The Victory of the Lord

In February 1985, I was given a song to express the reality of warfare and victory in the heavens. With war comes bloodshed, hard times, threatenings, loss, and destruction, but victory and restitution are sure, earned, and established by the Lord.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "The Victory of the Lord," or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Split Tree Falls on Fred's House

While visiting Fred and Delores, I had a vision wherein I saw a great tree, cut off at the top and bottom, trimmed, and split in two down the center. I saw half of it come slamming down on top of Fred's log house, crushing it. The second half of that log fell, landing on top of the first, matching the splits (the first with split up, the second with split down). I interpreted it to mean that Fred's house was finished.

Particle - Ivah and Leah Revealed

Delores wanted us to visit her friend, [Ivah](#). Ivah's husband was in prison, and her daughter, Leah, was living with her. Ivah was in her fifties, very thin, and professed to believe, though she seemed quite confused. Scars on her neck evidenced her having undergone surgery for cancer.

Leah was in her early twenties. While Leah had gone along with her mother's religious activities, she was now dating a Catholic fellow, drinking, and generally living contrary to her mother's wishes. When I asked her about it, she said she wasn't interested in following after God, that she had tried it and gotten nowhere. (Of course, it was a case of the blind leading the blind and having fallen into the ditch.)

I had thought that the vision I had was of them. The strange thing, however, was that Leah's hair wasn't thick, long, and black at all, but medium brown and short, and her skin wasn't dark, but very pale, almost a light cream.

Then I saw a picture on their piano of a young woman with dark complexion and long, thick black hair. "Who is this? I asked.

"That's me," she replied.

"How different!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that was before I was on drugs. Drugs (LSD?) changed my complexion and hair," she replied.

I said, "That's the girl I saw in my vision."

I told them what I had seen. As the vision showed, Leah had abandoned her mother's religious activities and beliefs, disgusted with them. She went unapologetically into the world. Her mother had never had anything to offer her by way of spiritual truth. Leah's truth was dust.

Who says there's no God?

Particle - We Have a Little Girl?

Bob Gregson called me up some time in 1984 or 1985, saying he had a peculiar dream one night and then again the following night. In the dream, he saw Marilyn and me leading a young, wholesome little girl. He said we seemed to be at a restaurant.

He didn't know what to make of it, but seeing it was repeated, he thought he should tell us. I told him that Paul had recently had a similar dream, the only difference (a minor one, yet with similarity) was that Paul saw us at a banquet, while Bob saw us at a restaurant. I also told him that seeing it was repeated, it signified that it was of God.

I thought this to be quite significant, seeing that both Paul and Bob had it. Were we going to have a little girl?

Particle - No Longer Deceived, Carefree, and Secure

A young woman student came to our door selling books. I was given to speak things to her of the Lord. With credulity and dismay, she tearfully cried, "Then I'm not His?" She concluded by what I was saying that she wasn't in a right relationship with God, as she had thought she was.

She was going to church in Calgary and assumed she was saved. She had been deceived by the [counterfeit gospel](#) being preached everywhere, which says, "Accept Jesus into your heart as your Savior, believe He came, and that's it! You're saved!" This watered-down salvation message has duped many. I believe I gave her the Scripture from Jeremiah for hope: ***"You shall seek Me and find Me, when you shall search for Me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29:13).***

Particle - The Plump, Pompous, Professorial Poet

In 1985, I wondered about publishing my poetry, so I decided to call the English department at the University of Lethbridge to get some advice. It was a mistake. The professor I spoke to was Martin

Oordt. As you may tell, most, if not all, of my “poems” may not be strictly classified as poetry, not having the conventional form or elements. However, I saw my work as poetry in general, simply expressed in ways not normally spoken or written, yet in some artistic style, perhaps like mild abstract in art.

Calling it poetry, I was surprised to draw Martin’s immediate scorn. “This isn’t poetry!” he exclaimed. There was but a thin mask over his attitude, thin enough to see his contempt.

My response was, “Call it what you will. If I have the wrong terminology, fine. I don’t care. I don’t need to call it poetry. I just want to know if you think it has any publishing value and how I would go about publishing it.”

Because they were my first works, they were anything but an expression of conventional literary skill. However, God inspired the truths and some of the expressions. For that, there ought to be no apology.

Even so, is there no allowance for the “cheep” of a chick? Is there no beauty or validity in its sound, because it doesn’t crow like a rooster at sunrise, or squawk like a hen after laying an egg? I love the sound of cheeping chicks; don’t you?

Or is there no pleasure in the yelp of a pup just because it can’t bark like a full-grown mastiff? There! How’s that for waxing poetical? Martin was downright contemptuous. He could hardly contain himself. I suppose that, in order to keep up his appearance of scholarly status, he had to try to present some semblance of social grace, though it was hardly visible - certainly not poetic.

I hit a stone wall. He had no appreciation for the material, no tolerance for my “ignorance,” no respect of my humanity. I had struck on someone crass, someone who contemned the spiritual, someone proud and full of himself.

In years to follow, I would find his poetry in his magazine, *Lethbridge Living*. Call it smarting from his contempt and consequent resentment (I hope otherwise), insight into his person or whatever you will, but I can’t help but share the following with you. This poem was in the summer 1997 issue, on page 38.

His poem:

I squint curious

to see how

the camera eyes both of you

in this intimate moment

focuses for all pupils to widen

wonder in your angles

of love as you Bombas

suck delicately
and you Minarda
spread petals rigid
while you both claim
the shutter
in this age old transfer
of pollen and juice.

refocus

Then I put on my glasses.
Now this image is not
About either of you.
Blushing I lower my eyes.

m. oordt

I thought, "Okay, he calls this poetry; I'll take a crack at it too."

My crack (or wisecrack) at it:

I squirm delirious
how in the world
does the public stand
to view your focus
on you
and your wonder
on anglo angles
while your pupils widen
wider than a wide lens
in love of you Pompous

sucking in delicately
as you perceive all
spreading petals loosely
while you claim
the shutter and spotlight
in this old practice
of poppycock and claptrap?

refocus

Then I come to my senses
This image really is
All about you.
How could I ask
Such a stupid question?
I blush, too.

v. hafichuk

Years down the road, we would again be exposed to this man's grotesque, unapologetic contempt and arrogance; an amazing spectacle, considering that one with presumed intelligence, education, and social status should know enough to realize the consequences of such an attitude.

I had no particular desire to publish my works. However, for all those aspiring artists, writers, or whatever kind of beginner you may be, don't let arrogance or contempt from "above" belittle your humble beginnings. The greatest in this world in many fields had to overcome the criticisms of those who thought so highly of themselves, filling so much of the head table, they couldn't possibly imagine there to be any room for another. Take courage; persevere; never lose hope.

Particle - A Mistaken Impression

Brian Bickerton informed us that he was offered a real estate management position in Calgary. It might have been with Royal LePage. Somehow, I just didn't feel like he qualified for it. I said to him, "I could be wrong, Brian, but I don't think you'll get the job." He did get the job, and I believe he remained with it for a time.

When mentioning to him what I had expected, he was gracious about it. "You did qualify by saying you could be wrong," he said. (He *did* know his business, didn't he?)

Particle - A Prophecy Destined For the Future

“Christian” books, for the most part, are quite troublesome. Trying to go through them, looking for truth, is most often a case of rummaging through dumpsters to try to find a decent morsel of food or clothing. The greater amount of the content is useless, putrid, and even toxic. Back in 1976, the Lord instructed us to put away all books and concentrate on the Bible, which we did.

Occasionally, Delores would recommend a book to us, and we would read it. But Delores had a closet full of books, many of which only contributed to her darkness and confusion. I asked her to surrender them, which she did.

Among those books was one with a handwritten message in it. When I inquired about it, Delores told me it was a prophecy Lois had written out some time back. They had no idea why it was written or for whom. When I read it, I knew it was for me. While I don't recall the words perfectly, here's the gist:

“Behold, the time is coming when you will hear blasphemous things spoken about God. You will be tempted with fleshly allurements, but stay on the path that is hardest to endure, for you will know Me only on this path. Be prepared to speak the truth to the beasts, and to declare your position and power in the Lord Jesus Christ as the day draws near.”

These words would come to pass.

Particle - Wall of Fire Coming

In the winter of '84 - '85, while we lived at Bluefox Blvd in Lethbridge, I believe I was watching *101 Huntley Street* or some other religious program. David Mainse and another religious TV personality, Ralph Rutledge (David's brother-in-law), were competing with each other for public recognition and honor. It was obvious, and disgusting.

Later, I had a vision of a great and fearful roaring wall of fire (coming from the north, it seemed). It was a very high wall, a hundred, or hundreds, of meters high and very wide, so that nothing could pass over it or go around it. The roaring noise could be heard many miles away as it approached. It looked somewhat like a huge ocean breaker or tsunami coming to shore. It devoured everything in its path. I heard that all these works of men would be utterly destroyed. I also heard the words:

“Just as the false shall be exposed, so shall the true be made manifest.”

Not long after, Rutledge was exposed and discredited because of immoral or illegal offenses of a sexual nature. He never returned to his so-called ministry. I knew those words would be fulfilled in many other and much greater and widespread ways - indeed the fire would cover the earth.

Particle - Bob Tempted to Hit Me

As Bob Gregson was visiting at Bluefox, I commented on how the Lord was protecting me and had done so in various situations. Curiously, he seemed offended and said, “You know what? I felt like driving you as hard as I could to see if He would protect you.” (I believe what Bob was really saying was, “I felt like hitting you as hard as I could just to teach you something. I don’t believe that crap!”)

While the thought occurred to me that he was possessed with a demon, and I was tempted to tell him to go for it, that God would protect me, I thought I might be tempting the Lord by so doing, so I said nothing. There was a spiritual enmity, a contempt for me in Bob. Little did I know how complete it was, but years later, I would find out.

Particle - First Visit at the Benson Home

It wasn’t until February of 1985 that we were led to visit Lois and the boys in their home in Stettler, about 60 miles away from the Molnars in Camrose. When we first visited there, I tried to talk to Howard. I saw that Lois was domineering and demanding, and I could sympathize with him.

I saw a casual family snapshot of them, and in it Lois had her arms around Howard’s neck from behind as he sat in a chair. I could see her spirit of control stifling him. She lacked patience, understanding, consideration, empathy, or any other good thing, it seemed. I could understand why Howard wouldn’t only have a hard time of it, but would rebel in desperation.

We advised Lois that she needed to look to herself as a cause of the trouble between them. On February 24th, in her abrupt manner, she demanded Howard’s attention and apologized to him for the way she had been! The apology went nowhere. In essence, it really wasn’t worth anything.

The writing seemed to be on the wall. There was no changing Lois, and in my talk with Howard, it was apparent he wasn’t interested in anything other than an unconditional compromise on Lois’ part to meet his demands and desires.

While I couldn’t blame Howard, the Lord was already showing me something else happening, above and beyond what appeared on the surface. As rough and crude and blameful as Lois was, she was being called to faith, in spite of herself, and Howard was not. Such a division could find no compromise or mending, any more than water and oil could mix.

Having tried to reconcile them and failing, I began to tend to the duty of ministering spiritually to Lois and her boys as the Lord gave me. The concentration was on the Kingdom of Heaven and the will of God, in law, principle, and truth.

Lois was warned that it wouldn’t be easy, and that she needed to face herself. God’s will for her was to repent, to change her ways and to learn of His way. She was emphatically informed that it wasn’t a matter of religion, but of reality, that God wasn’t interested in service and sacrifice, but in truth and obedience, every day, in all things. In this, there could be no compromise.

Particle - The Twice Dead

In June of 1985, the Lord gave me another poem: [The Twice Dead](#).

(It’s bad enough to watch a dog vomit, but bad is bad when one sees the dog return to its vomit and lick it up again. I don’t know of a much more disgusting spectacle to witness.)

Particle - A Pull at My Heart

My mother contacted us, telling us Dad was in the hospital with his heart problem, quite ill, and that we should come to see him. At first, it didn't sound that serious. It almost seemed that either she didn't want to alarm us, which was likely the case, or she wasn't that intent on, or hopeful of, our coming, which would be sort of strange, but that's the feeling I had about it.

Regardless of our impressions and feelings, we went to prayer. I ended up writing three letters to Dad. In those letters, I specified my grievances to him; I expressed everything candidly. I also called on him to repent in those things, and not only those, but in all things necessary. It took three letters, each of which had a different stage or theme, and when done the third, I was settled that I had expressed all that was needed to be expressed, the way it was expressed.

(Those letters were written by hand with the only copy sent to Mom. I have no record of them.)

I believed that my mother was handling the mail, and I waited painfully for replies, so that I could make a decision to stay or go, but the replies were slow in coming. I thought, "If things are so serious with Dad, why is Mom apparently without a sense of urgency here?" I even wondered if she was withholding the mail from him.

As I write over two decades later, it occurs to me that she didn't wish to disturb him, lest he should be overcome and die. Nevertheless, I earnestly believed that the truth expressed in my letters was Dad's ticket to peace and reconciliation with God. I also believe that regardless of whether she shared the letters or not, the truth was spiritual, invisible to our senses, but influential nonetheless, even as prayers change things, and Dad would have what God ordained.

Mom wrote back once, I believe, saying that Dad accepted what I was saying, asking forgiveness, and just wanted to see me. I was torn. I wanted to go, yet I knew there was much more at stake than met the eye.

Particle - Armored Vehicles in Bog and Above

At that time, I had a vision wherein Dad and Mom were in an armored vehicle with tracks, like on a tank, and stuck in a bog. The bog was elevated above ground level, as a mound and not as a hole or pit. Marilyn and I were in another similar vehicle, hovering above them, and letting down a cable and hook to pull them up and out. We knew that if we were to go into the bog to tow them out, we would get stuck and perish with them.

In the three letters, I told Dad his sins against God and against me, hoping that he would repent. That was the letting down of the cable and hook from above. I knew that if we had gone to Dauphin to see him, I would have been overcome with sympathy, grief, and sorrow, and would have lost my soul. We would all have perished. I had denied the Lord back in 1977 in Dauphin in a similar way, and He had told me, *"You have denied My Name."* I wasn't about to repeat the error and perish with them.

Particle - The Lord Says, "Enough!"

One evening, Marilyn and I were in the bedroom, on our knees, praying concerning Dad and how we should respond. I saw the Lord stand up behind me, holding up His right hand, looking off into the

distance, as if to say, **“Enough!”** It seemed He was protecting us from the enemy that was fighting us.

Particle - A Time of Weeping and Wailing

The next morning, Mom called, saying Dad had passed away. I don't recall what I said to her on the phone, but shortly after hanging up, I burst out wailing aloud, such as I had never done before. It seemed like a great pent-up sadness was giving vent.

I also had questions of conscience. Had I done the right thing, not visiting him all these years, and not going to his bedside at this time? Was I a selfish, calloused, self-righteous, religious idiot? How could I refuse a father who was practically begging me to come to him, saying he was sorry for all he had done to me, asking my forgiveness? But somehow, I knew I couldn't have done differently.

Particle - A Glimpse of Dad on the Other Side

I then saw Dad's face as he was entering the next world marveling. He discovered that I was the Lord's, as I said I was, and that the things I had been saying to him were true after all. He wasn't shocked or chagrined, but elated. Apparently, Dad was saved! Didn't Mom say he had repented?

Particle - Dad's Burial Day My Birthday

If we weren't to go to him while he was alive, what would be the point of going to him when he was no longer there? As though there were some sort of message in it, they buried Dad on April 1st, my birthday. He was 68 and I was 39. I recalled the Scripture:

“Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin” (Romans 6:6 KJV).

While I knew what happened was not the essential meaning or intent of the Scripture, I saw a parallel between my earthly father and the old man, my own carnal person. Both had had a mighty tug on my spirit. Both were an obstacle to walking with the Lord by faith. Parting with both meant a death to me in real terms, though not physically, yet manifest physically in various ways. Even in the world, wasn't a father referred to as the “old man”? My “old man” was dead.

Not because of any of these thoughts, but well beyond my thinking, I experienced a release. Perhaps I could describe it as though another stage of a rocket was fired in flight, discarding a former shell, boosting the satellite more powerfully into space. I marveled that at such a time of sorrow, I would experience the breaking of some kind of power over me, which had been there all my life, though I hadn't been aware of it.

Particle - Parallel Events with Abram

Genesis 11:29-32 LITV

(29) And Abram and Nahor took wives for themselves. The name of Abram's wife was Sarai. And the name of Nahor's wife was Milcah, the daughter of Haran, the father of Milcah, and the father of Iscah.

(30) And Sarai was barren; there was no child to her.

(31) And Terah took his son Abram, and Lot, Haran's son, his grandson and his daughter-in-law Sarai, his son Abram's wife. And he went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldeans to go into the land of Canaan. And they came to Haran and lived there.

(32) And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years; and Terah died in Haran.

Genesis 12:1-5 LITV

(1) And the LORD had said to Abram, Go out from your land and from your kindred, and from your father's house, to the land which I will show you.

(2) And I will make of you a great nation. And I will bless you and make your name great; and you will be a blessing.

(3) And I will bless those who bless you, and curse the one despising you. And in you all families of the earth shall be blessed.

(4) And Abram went out, even as the LORD had spoken to him. And Lot went with him. And Abram was a son of seventy five years when he went out from Haran.

(5) And Abram took his wife Sarai, and his brother's son, Lot, and all their substance that they had gained, and the persons they had gotten in Haran. And they went out to go into the land of Canaan. And they came into the land of Canaan.

There have been numerous parallels in my walk to what took place here with Abram.

The Lord spoke to Abram, directing him to go to the land He would show him. Terah set out with Abram, but they stopped in Haran, and Terah died there. Abram was required to go alone, leaving behind his father's house, but Lot, his nephew, went with him.

God [spoke to me](#) in Bernalillo, New Mexico in the spring of 1984, saying we'd be returning to Lethbridge and there He would begin the work He had called me to (I didn't realize at the time it was to be my life's work). A year after the Lord had spoken, my father died and was buried on my birthdate. I experienced a surprising spiritual release I had no idea I needed.

(I wonder whether Abram experienced this kind of release when his father, Terah, died.)

It's interesting to note that while Terah purposed in the flesh to go to Canaan, he never made it. After his father's death, Abraham was led by God and by faith arrived at that same destination (Hebrews 11:8). This is similar to what took place to the children of Abraham in the wilderness. The first generation was not allowed in the land, and the second entered.

Abram still had some of "his father's house" in Lot, his nephew, his father's brother's son, which caused much grief in the days, years, and generations following (from Lot came some of Israel's enemies, the Moabites and the Ammonites - Genesis 19:30-38). Six months after my father died, my brother, Archie, arrived on our doorstep seeking to join with us. As much as I cared for my brother as did Abraham for his nephew, the 11 years Archie and his family remained with us were full of trouble.

One more interesting item of note: Abram and I both had infertile wives. Marilyn was unable to bear until the Lord gave us a promised child in the seventh year after my father died. How wonderful is that?

Particle - By Their Fruits You Shall Know Them

My mother had often put the onus on Dad for not believing us, for not coming out of the Catholic Church, for not being in touch with us. She said she agreed with us, but didn't wish to upset him. We didn't believe her; now that Dad was gone, what would she do? As expected, she did nothing, and she was without her prime excuse - it made no difference. Paul was moved to write her a letter, confronting her on her disingenuousness, which he did.

She called four days after the funeral. I told her the vision I had of Dad, passing over to the next world with elated face. As expected, though she said nothing, I knew she didn't believe me.

Particle - A Hitlerian Hebrew Hater

I was somewhat surprised when I heard things our landlord, Nick Gerstenbuhler, had to say concerning Jews: "Hitler was right! They should all have been exterminated. Then the world's troubles would be over!" He was rabid. I didn't say anything, not thinking there was any point, so ignorant and dogmatic he was. His son, Armin, brushed it off as, "I don't agree with Dad. He's from the old school."

Armin saw it as "old school"? Was there not more at stake here than simply having a difference in education and point of view? Didn't they learn anything from the war, and from the fact that Hitler was destroyed in his folly? I was rather amazed by Nick's ignorance, bitterness, and outspoken antisemitic sentiments, and by Armin's *laissez faire* attitude to what was a serious matter of great spiritual, social, and political import.

Particle - Tenuous Tenant Tenure Troubles

One day in the spring, when we returned from Camrose or Stettler, to our surprise, there was a "For Sale" sign in our front yard. Nick Gerstenbuhler and Armin had promised they wouldn't sell our home. The house quickly sold. Now, not only had they broken their promise, they didn't give us the notice required by law, which was three months' notice. They wanted us out by the end of that month.

Furthermore, they had no intention of paying us the three months' rent legally due to tenants should they be forced to move prematurely, not that tenants could legally be forced to do so.

Particle - 68 Laval Court, Our Twentieth Home Together

The house sold quickly, and we had to move. The eviction was a blessing, a provision of God, because we had no money to pay the next month's rent, which was due in two weeks. (The Gerstenbuhlers didn't know that.) I insisted, however, that they honor the law, and as a result, they paid us the penalty fee, which gave us money to place a deposit on another rental home.

I called Keith Bickerton, Brian's older brother, who took us to 68 Laval Court. Alfred Fuegl, the owner, a chef from Calgary, wasn't having immediate success selling it, so he decided to temporarily rent (here we go again for the third time, renting a house for sale that wasn't selling). He and Keith were more honest with us. They suggested they would want to sell soon if possible, but I could work on painting and renovating, thus paying the rent.

Meanwhile, we had a home provided in a pinch - a win-win situation. The property also had a feature we hadn't had before, an indoor swimming pool in a separate building, which I grew to enjoy.

Particle - Freedom from the Pit

Lois records a dream she had around this time:

“I was in a dark, dusty, dirty pit. There was a flat deck filled with dung, and I was moving it about with a putty knife and getting nowhere. Others there were doing the same. I tried many times to climb out of the pit, but the walls would just crumble and give way. The soil was as peat moss.

I looked up and saw an open arched door. It was bright, clean, and fresh outside that door, and I wanted to go there. But try as I may, I couldn't get to the door.

Then, without knowing how, I was out the door and running. It was just as I had seen it to be: clean, fresh, green, and bright. As I was running, I passed Mark [her twelve-year-old son] and I wondered how it was that I could run faster than Mark.”

Particle - Ministering to Lois and Her Boys

Lois began calling often. There were times when I would answer the phone and all I would hear was an outburst of sobbing. While I tried to steer her away from speculations about Howard and what was happening, it soon became known to her that Howard was indeed running around on her. My task wasn't to change Howard, but to deal with Lois and her sins and faults. Also, I needed to caution the boys against any bitterness toward Howard. I didn't want them influenced negatively by Lois, who was as much to blame as Howard.

Particle - Baptism for Five

We decided to water baptize those who professed faith in Christ and who wanted to be baptized. On May 5, 1985, we went to the Stettler High School Olympic-sized pool. Immersed in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ were Lois, Trevor, Mark, Delores Molnar, and Marj Harris, an elderly acquaintance of Lois'.

Particle - Is Water Baptism Necessary?

John the Immerser immersed people unto repentance. After him, Jesus, by His disciples, immersed people. At Pentecost and thereafter, Peter and others immersed people. Yet Paul minimized the importance of, or emphasis on, water immersion:

“I thank God that I baptized none of you except Crispus and Gaius, lest any should say that I had baptized in my own name. And I also baptized the household of Stephanas. Besides these, I do not know if I baptized any other. For Christ did not send me to baptize, but to preach the Gospel; not in wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of no effect. For the preaching of the cross is foolishness to those being lost, but to us being saved, it is the power of God” (1 Corinthians 1:14-18 MKJV).

Of all those we had baptized in Prince Albert in 1975 and Dauphin in 1977, none remained. I was coming to the conclusion that as circumcision (and “the Lord's supper”) came and went, so had water baptism. External ceremonies or acts simply didn't do anything, as we experienced.

While there are those who read in Scripture about the importance or value of baptism, they fail to realize that those verses speak of Spirit baptism, not water baptism, as in:

“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” (1 Corinthians 12:13 MKJV).

“Do you not know that as many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we were buried with Him by baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father; even so we also should walk in newness of life” (Romans 6:3-4 MKJV).

Though Peter and the disciples decided to water baptize Cornelius and his household, God gave them the Spirit *before* they were baptized:

“While Peter was still speaking these words, the Holy Spirit fell on all those hearing the Word. And those of the circumcision, who believed (as many as came with Peter), were astonished because the gift of the Holy Spirit was poured out on the nations [Gentiles] also. For they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God. Then Peter answered, ‘Can anyone forbid water that these, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we, should not be baptized?’” (Acts 10:44-47 MKJV).

This act of God was not entirely in harmony with the letter of Peter’s preaching to the multitude on the day of Pentecost, wherein he commanded that they first be water baptized, after which they would receive the spiritual baptism:

“Then Peter said to them, ‘Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the Name of Jesus Christ to remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit’” (Acts 2:38 MKJV).

Make no mistake; at both times, God was in full control. Peter wasn’t doing his own thing in preaching at Pentecost, being full of the Spirit. All I’m saying is that while God conducted a transition time, water baptism would go the way of all things external. We would experience even more in the not-too-distant future to confirm what the Lord was teaching us about water baptism, indeed, externals in general.

Particle - Fred Molnar Severely Rebuked

There came a time when I became very angry with Fred Molnar. While we had tried to help them, while his entire household was in spiritual hell because of their ways (they had a daughter, Stacey, and a son, Garry, both troubled and lost), still he mocked me and found fault with everything I did.

We didn’t return to their place, but I finally wrote him a harsh letter, expressing my grievances. I don’t recall the words, but I wrote in graphical terms that I was defeating him as an enemy, dashing his brains against the wall with an iron rod, with blood splashing everywhere. I was very angry.

Delores was upset about the letter, thinking it wasn’t written in Christian love. When I asked the Lord about it (for I also had questions about such harshness), He said to me, *“Your letter is but a slap on the hand compared to what he deserves.”*

Particle - A Difference in Possessions

In June of 1985, we made our first summer visit to the Bensons' forty acres near Stettler. I saw their John Deere lawn tractor in the yard. When they told me what it was worth, I realized that just in that tractor, an implement used for cutting the lawn and cultivating gardens, they had more than double the value of our earthly possessions. While I didn't covet or even care, somehow it struck me as quite peculiar or interesting. I suppose it gave me a frame of reference as to the degree of our humble financial status.

Particle - Mark's Mental Abilities

As we sat visiting in the Benson home, Mark and I engaged in a discussion about the nature and definition of time. I don't recall the conversation, but I do recall that at his age, which was about twelve, Mark was able to comprehend concepts well beyond the norm. He was able to understand and to verbalize rather effectively, and he much enjoyed these kinds of conversations. I would see these abilities at work many times.

I also saw that God's hand was on him. Even in our play and other activities, he possessed a favor, beyond him. Mark talked a lot and was argumentative, emotional, willful, and persistent, but these traits could prove to be beneficial if channeled in the right directions. Lord willing, we'd see what God would do.

Particle - Life Lessons in Golf

Trevor, Mark, and I spent many days on the Stettler, Bashaw, and Alix golf courses. In this pastime, there were important lessons in honesty and fair play. When I rebuked them for cheating, Mark began to do an honest scorecard. However, Trevor wasn't so willing. This would frustrate Mark exceedingly. Mark needed to learn that while others cheated, he needed to be honest.

Trevor has "cheated on his scorecard" to this day, decades later. He takes the easy, selfish way out every time, without fail. The only times I have ever seen him do anything right or good of his own volition was when there was something in it for him, which is never the right or good thing. I thoroughly hate to say this, and I hope that something changes, but that's the way it's been.

Particle - "Now You've Done It!"

While at the Bensons' on the night of June 5, 1985, I had a dream in which Mark had done something to offend Howard, who was consequently very angry with him. Howard shouted, "Now you've done it!" Mark was bleeding profusely, I don't recall why, possibly he had injured himself or Howard had injured him.

In the morning, we discovered Mark had a nosebleed in the night. His pillow was covered in blood.

I interpret the dream to mean that Howard was blaming Mark for the trouble and division in their family.

Particle - A Serpent Swiftly Slithers Away

Delores talked about my letter to Fred more than once, not convinced I had done right. She would also occasionally gossip and murmur with Lois, speculating on how Marilyn and I were false

ministers of God, applying mind control techniques. She once likened Marilyn to the “softie” who would win the confidence of our intended recruits, while I was the “axe man.”

On June 7th, as we visited in the Bensons’ screened porch, I confronted Delores on the things we were hearing from Lois. Finally, I got upset and said, “Delores, where do you come up with this garbage?”

I could have been somewhat hopeful if Delores had asked for help or expressed some remorse, or at least doubted what she was doing and saying, but no, she immediately retorted, “Well, where do you come up with all your garbage?”

“What garbage?” I asked.

She started to mumble and fumble for words and failed to come up with anything. I said, “Ok, Delores, that’s it. All I hear is this unsubstantiated crap coming from you. I’ve had it with you.”

Delores knew that what I said was final, perhaps more than I did. She arose in anger and headed for the door. We accompanied her to her pickup. By then she was crying; she swiftly got into the truck and drove off. I then saw, in a vision, a serpent swiftly slithering away into the bushes and grass, in fear and fury.

I recalled how, years before, as we were driving to the Molnar residence, we ran over a snake in the road. The event in itself was nothing, but it seemed to portend spiritual realities. We even spoke of the event having spiritual significance when we drove over the snake.

Particle - Lois Asks a Personal Question

That evening, we all agreed to take a drive to Drumheller for supper. I hadn’t yet learned my lesson about eating out.

I had to ask Mark and Trevor to remove their caps at the table. I find it uncouth for a man to eat a regular meal at the table, indoors, with a hat on, unless there’s some necessity for it. At least this is the way we were raised, but why, I don’t know.

Driving home, Lois posed a peculiar question to Marilyn and me. “How’s your sex life?” she asked.

I thought her question was impertinent and unnecessary, and I wondered why she was asking it. To me it seemed like evil curiosity. It was a precursor of what needed to be dealt with in Lois in the days to come. She had sexual problems, mentally and spiritually (perhaps physically as well, I don’t know; we never asked).

Particle - Marilyn’s Father

On July 10th, we received a call in Lethbridge from Marilyn’s mother in Calgary that Marilyn’s father was ill at the Medicine Hat hospital. Mark was with us, and we three drove to see him that day. We hadn’t seen John Coles for years, primarily because it seemed he heeded his son Les’s influence and despised us for our faith, even as Les and his wife, Noreen, despised us. John seemed happy to see Marilyn, but it was also evident he was interested in other things more than in us or in anything we had to offer.

Particle - “This Isn’t for Me”

Lloyd Harris came over unannounced with his wife, Marj, to the Benson acreage one day, and casually asked what we believed and what I taught. He seemed to consider what I said somewhat thoughtfully, yet quite briefly, and said, "Well, this isn't for me."

Being painfully slow on the uptake as usual, it wasn't until much later that I realized this visit had far more weighing in the balance than it appeared; what seemed so casual was crucial. However, I know that unless the Lord gives, we have nothing. I can only trust Him to give me what is needed at any time, be it awareness, fitting words to speak, attitude, or anything else.

I've learned that at no time are Christians ever saviors in their own right or power.

Particle - The Line between Important and Unimportant

Not that it necessarily matters, but there have been many instances when I didn't realize something momentous was happening. Such situations often appeared casual and insignificant. Here was Lloyd, examining what was before him, and I didn't realize what was happening. Again, every encounter we have is significant. When or how do we wake up to realize the ever-present importance of all things around us?

Particle - Many Wounded by Lois

In the mid to late 80's, I had a vision of many people in a hospital, wounded, in casts, bound in bandages, several of them missing limbs or badly maimed. Lois had been responsible for the damage of many.

Particle - Unbelief Backhanding Truth

I had another vision of a brutish muscular, hairy forearm, backhanding truth. It represented Lois' unbelief, her contempt for truth. This was in the mid to late 80's.

Particle - A Spectacle of Wantonness

I had this terrible vision in the mid to late 80's, with horrible words and all. Doubtless, it's the worst I've ever had. I saw Lois at an exhibition of the kind that goes from town to town, otherwise known as a fair or circus. She was an attraction at the fair, a very vile one. She was sitting on a table or open stage of some sort, naked, weighing about 600 pounds, dirty, and looking mischievously around to see what ugly prank she could pull on the audience. Men were gathered all around, curious.

There was a carnival barker, shouting, "Step right up, folks! Come on and see this spectacle, everybody! The meanest, grossest, dirtiest, cruelest creature you ever laid your eyes on! She f----s, she sucks, she'll do anything! Watch out for her - she's mean! Anybody who approaches takes his life in his hands! Beware! She f----s, she sucks. Step right up, folks, and take your chances!"

Coarse, vulgar language? Yes. From above? Yes. God doesn't mince words. He tells it like it is. However, I've never heard anything else like it from Him, before or since.

Particle - Meeting Halfway with the Bensons

I don't recall when this began, but perhaps in 1985 Marilyn and I would drive to Strathmore, a little over 100 miles away, to meet the Bensons at the halfway point between Lethbridge and Stettler. We met in a park once or twice, in a Lutheran church once, and at Poor Norman's Restaurant a few times. We would visit for several hours and go back home.

Particle - Lois' Dreams: Jason Perishing

Around this time, Lois had this dream and related it to us: "Jason, Mark, Trevor, and I were at the top of a steep hill. The hill was basically gravel and we began to slide down the hill. Jason was swept away, but the rest of us seemed to be okay. I said to the boys: 'Trust in the Lord.'"

She also had a dream in which they were driving a car, they turned a sharp corner, a door flew open, and Jason tumbled out while all others remained safe.

With both of these dreams, I recall Lois later changing them and remembering that Jason was rescued. It's amazing and unsettling how our minds will lead us to believe and remember what we want, contrary to the facts.

Particle - Are Autobiographies Essentially Lies?

I've heard famous writers say one can never write a true autobiography, because we can't accurately remember things from so long ago. I have to agree with that. They go so far as to condemn such past records as lies, however. And with that, I disagree, for three reasons: One, I'm not trying to deceive; two, memories surely have some value and should be able to be recorded to the best of one's abilities; and three, while I don't recall all the details accurately, the general information by principle and how those events affected me, according to my feelings and reactions, right or wrong, are what I record. Those are accurate to a significant, and hopefully useful, extent.

Besides, when it comes to prophecies, dreams, and visions from God, as well as what I consider to be significant spiritual encounters and experiences, I've kept journals and tried to record as much detail as possible when these things came. This accomplished two things: I have the record, and though I no longer have many of those records, I'm persuaded that my concentrated attention on them while recording served to etch them into my memory to ensure a reasonable degree of accuracy.

What are memories for, if not to recount and to teach others by our experiences?

Particle - "Anything for You"

In one of these many years, perhaps around this time, I was praying and said to the Lord, "Whatever is Your will, I'm willing to do or to be, as it pleases You." I had learned that God is over both good and evil, creating both; by Him all things were made, by Him do they consist, and He does all things according to the counsel of His will.

A strange thought then occurred to me, and I had to ask myself: Did I really mean that prayer? If God is in charge of everything, both good and evil, then am I prepared to be the villain in His economy of things? Am I prepared to be anti-Christ? I thought of Satan who presented himself with the sons of God in Heaven in Job 1 and 2. If God so willed, was I willing to be on Satan's side? The thought was moving, perhaps scary. Then I said, "Lord, I wouldn't want or choose this, but if it is Your will, so be it."

I wondered, “Am I condemning myself for even thinking, much less saying, such a thing?” Yet how could I be speaking the truth to Him, saying I would do or be anything for Him, if I wasn’t willing to be an evil servant in His grand scheme of things?

The time would come when I truly wondered if I hadn’t fulfilled that offer in serving evil.

Particle - Paul Marries Again

On October 11, 1985, two things happened, which rather overwhelmed me. It seemed that little was happening most of the time, then suddenly we had two major events at once. Paul called from Albuquerque, saying he and Kandis Cooke, a girl professing faith in Christ, whom he had met at the local laundromat, and whom we had spoken to, with him, a few times, were going to get married. He said, “We’re getting married *today*. Is that okay?”

My reaction was one of, “I’m tired of fighting off marriage bids with Paul.” I believe Marilyn and I also asked the Lord for His will in this matter and received to tell him to do it. I said, “Go for it.” Paul and Kandi married; Paul later told us he very shortly tasted the bitterness of his foolishness.

Particle - Wild Boar Attacks Paul

Paul records a dream he had around this time: “I was with Victor and Marilyn in a park-like setting. As we walked along, I saw a wild boar coming straight at me, not at them. It seemed to have jumped a fence, and it came to attack me. That was the end of the dream.

After I married Kandi, I found myself in a terrible situation with a person impossible to reason with. Victor informed me that Kandi was that boar, and like a heat-seeking missile, she found and ‘attacked’ me. My sin had found me out.”

However, as Marilyn and I were praying concerning Paul and Kandi, the Lord told me that the fault was with Paul, not Kandi. I look back as I write and say the boar was within Paul, the condition of his heart. It seemed a spirit had control of him in matters of marriage, driving him to any woman handy.

Particle - A Very Unexpected Call

That same day, as I was sitting in the kitchen at Laval Court, I heard the words, “*I turn a heart whichever way I will.*” Half an hour later, the phone rang. I answered and a voice on the line said, “Hello, Victor, this is Archie.”

“Archie who?” I asked.

“Archie, your brother.”

I nearly fell off my stool! “Archie? Where are you?” I asked. (The last time we talked was in January or February of 1980 in Winnipeg when they left us to go to Toronto.)

He told me they had just arrived in Lethbridge and were downtown at a payphone. He said the Lord had commanded him to come to Lethbridge and learn from me.

After the many evil experiences we had with them over the past several years - the betrayals, lies, unpredictability, false accusations, irresponsibility, moodiness, and all, I wasn't about to let them into my home, or have any more to do with them, without praying first. I asked him to give me a number to call him back.

Marilyn and I prayed, "Lord, what do we do? I don't want to have another round with them, not at all. Unless You make it clear to us that we should receive them, I'm not interested."

The Lord replied, *"This time they'll make it."*

Marilyn and I each heard that twice, independently, from what I recall. I called Archie back and said, "Come."

Within half an hour, they were in front of our home.

Particle - An Impoverished Family

They pulled up in an older rust-eaten station wagon, pulling a cheap homemade trailer. Coming up the walk to the house, I saw a defeated, weary, sickly, impoverished family - Archie, Cathie, and their six children - Elizabeth, Christopher, Nathan, Erin, Benjamin, and in Cathie's arms, Daniel, about six months old. The children all had colds. What I beheld was spiritual, though, every bit as much as physical.

Archie told me they had lived in a dump of a house in Toronto. They had been six or more months behind in their rent at times. Archie was working as a handyman for as little as seven dollars an hour and, even then, his clients weren't paying him.

They had nothing to show for their nearly six years in Toronto, ever since they left Winnipeg, rejecting all the good the Lord was offering them, except three more children, which they had a difficult time supporting. Cathie, being pressured by hospital staff at Danny's birth, had her tubes tied against her desire, something she deeply regretted.

Archie said he had been fasting and received that he needed to come to Lethbridge and submit to me as his spiritual elder. I warned him that we wouldn't tolerate the kinds of things we experienced with them in the past, and this time, they would pay their own way in everything. I told him it would be hard. I reiterated that point more than once. He accepted the conditions. We permitted them to stay with us until they found a home and got work.

Archie had the bizarre idea he was going to minister in the U.S. with me. His ambition was always one of having some kind of ministry. I recalled how we had learned that it was a devil driving him in that thinking and desire. I quashed his speculations and told him he was going to have to get entirely cleaned up and turned around himself, before he could ever presume to do the same with others.

Thereafter, I found myself hard and harsh with them, particularly Archie, reminding him of his past evil deeds and attitudes. I found myself pointing out their lawlessness and that of their children, of their lack of hygiene (the house was soon stinking of dirty diapers, for example, not because there were dirty diapers, but because of the carelessness in sanitation). It was already hard.

Particle - Deliverance for Archie

The next day, we called Lois and invited her to come, which she did. That evening, after supper, we were all sitting in the living room talking, and I was sharing something from the Scriptures (Psalms, I believe). Suddenly, Archie spoke up for no apparent reason, in a strange voice, saying, “You’re not going to tell me what to do!” I looked up at him and saw his face contorting, as though it were soft rubber and some unseen hands were twisting it.

Immediately it was evident to me it wasn’t Archie speaking, but other entities through him. He shouted in terror, “They’re coming for me! Don’t let them take me! Don’t let them take me!”

Without delay or debate, I headed over to him. “Who’s coming for you?” I asked. He couldn’t answer. I said, “They won’t take you. I won’t let them. They’re finished.”

Then began several hours of rebuking unclean spirits and commanding them to come out of him.

It was a frightful, trying, exciting, and victorious night for us all. The most horrible of spirits came out of Archie, one by one. As they were commanded in the Name of Jesus Christ to name themselves, they were commanded to leave, and they left, some without a great deal of battle, some with stubbornness, some trying to deceive us into thinking they had left when they hadn’t. How did we know? We could only tell when the Lord gave us the witness, the peace, and the evidence in our spirits that the devils in question were gone.

Particle - Religious Spirits

A couple of notable religious spirits cast out of Archie:

There was the spirit “Babylon.” This one even praised the Lord!

There was a spirit of divination that could predict things or reveal spiritual secrets. In past years, Archie had gloried in this spirit, which made him able to walk as a prophet. It was a false prophetic spirit, perhaps like the spirit of divination the young woman had in Acts 16, who followed Paul and Silas for a time until Paul commanded it to come out of her.

Particle - The Spirit of Death

While we were casting out devils from Archie by the Lord’s direction and power, Cathie went into a state of trance. She was hysterical, crying out in great pity for a baby she saw that was screaming and desperate, being plunged upside down into a river of water. “Poor baby! Poor baby!” she repeatedly wailed.

I suddenly remembered how many years ago Mom told us they had left Archie with Dad’s brother, Alex, and his wife, Kay, when Mom went to the hospital to have a baby - Barbara. Archie was about a year old at the time. She said Archie had been strangely different after being left with them. Alex and Kay had a river running right by their farmhouse.

While Cathie was crying out, the spirit to come out of Archie identified itself as “Death.” It was bone-chilling just to hear it declare its name.

Did I believe Cathie or what was coming forth from her? At the time, she was so emotional and beside herself, I didn’t know what to believe. Was it a devil in her? I wondered, but I also knew that what she was seeing by vision, or revelation, matched something I had known for decades, of

which Cathie was never aware. Did Aunt Kay grow angry with Archie and try to stifle his cries by immersing him in the river? Did she have a problem of some kind and, thereby, mistreat Archie?

Or was she seeking revenge against Mom, deliberately traumatizing Archie, as Mom had once harmed her husband, Alex? Uncle Bill Atamanchuk once told me Mom had taken up a garter snake and gleefully chased Uncle Alex around the barn. I was told Alex was screaming in fear. He was traumatized and never quite the same again. Uncle laughed heartily about that event as he related it to me. I marveled that my mother would do such a thing.

While it could have been Alex who did this to Archie, I never ever saw this streak of evil in him, but I had seen it in Kay from time to time.

The interesting thing is that one day we shall surely know the facts. Jesus said: **“There is nothing hidden that will not be found. There is no secret that will not be well known” (Luke 8:17 CEV).**

I’m soberly aware and credulous of those words as I write these things.

Particle - The Spirit of Fear

There was also the spirit “Fear.” When that spirit named itself, Archie’s whole being manifest fear. It was as though the worst was before him, ready to destroy, while he stood helpless and hopeless. When it named itself, I was sure the hair stood up on my head.

It was that same spirit we experienced years before, when John Martello was walking into the bedroom, where Archie suffered his head and neck pain, and Archie cried out, “Don’t let him in here! He’s going to take my ministry away!” I felt his fear. It was dreadful.

Particle - The Force

There was “The Force,” the power mentioned in *Star Wars*. It mocked us. “Hah! Sure had you going, didn’t I? And you were all for me!”

I knew that though I had seen those movies and hadn’t received any spirit, Archie must have given himself over to the spirit and to feelings and power desired in watching them. That’s often how demonic possession works.

Alcohol, for example, has no demon, but one can be possessed by a demon that rules him by alcohol because that person gave his heart over to drink. It might be called an addiction. However, one may be addicted without being possessed, or possessed without being addicted, or both.

As you’ve red, our youngest brother, Bob, gave himself over to a spirit of gluttony when ordering extra large burgers at A&W. Was he addicted? I don’t believe so. I have never heard of anyone addicted to beef. Even so, our mother would cook roasts and have them in the fridge just for him. Bob gorged himself on them continuously. Furthermore, when the demon of gluttony was cast out of him, he was no longer compelled to eat great quantities of meat.

As for the movie, I knew that while I watched *Star Wars*, I learned good things and perceived allegories of truths, principles, and laws found in Scripture. (Someone wrote a book on this very thing; I wish I had bought it.)

Immediately, I rebuked “The Force” in Archie, saying, “Maybe you did have some fun with us, but your time is up. We renounce you and your power, and you’re finished with Archie. Out, in the Name of Jesus Christ!” And with a defeated struggle, it left.

There were the spirits of lust, pride, and a lying spirit. Lois also recalls that there was a spirit called “Legion,” as with the man of the Gadarenes in the Gospels (Mark 5:1-20). I don’t recall such a spirit.

Particle - Another Archie

Finally, Archie said something, and it occurred to me to ask who it was that was speaking. The voice said it was Archie, and indeed it was Archie’s voice, but I couldn’t trust it. Testing it, we found out that it was another spirit, an “Archie” that was the front for the real Archie, who had been hiding from childhood. Is this what some might diagnose as schizophrenia or split personality?

Commanding this spirit to come out, Archie slumped to the floor from his chair, temporarily unconscious, and then he revived. Coming to, Archie was Archie for the first time since I had known him from childhood. He was there; he was real, different, and free, almost childlike. He was in awe of what had happened, yet he didn’t seem conscious of it. He was thankful, as though he had entered another world, which in a way, he had. He was out of prison.

Archie once spoke of me years before as a prophet of God and expressed on an audiotape the great and wondrous relationship he perceived I had with the Lord. Now, he recognized little if anything of God’s calling on me. The things he had known, he had known by spirits, not by the Spirit of God, as many assumed. The Gospels say the spirits knew Who Jesus was, while the people didn’t.

We were learning things about the dark side, as well as the light side, of the spiritual realm.

Particle - The Last and Most Powerful One

Some days later, while Archie was downtown, I was in prayer at home and was led to address a final spirit in Archie. Its name was “Beelzebub.” When Archie came home, he was free, and told us that while he was downtown, he experienced another change for the better. The change was about the time of prayer.

Particle - Sixteen Days, Sixteen Devils

After Archie was delivered and free to speak, he said that he had seen nine men in black business suits, seated, and they were the ones claiming possession of him. I don’t know why nine. I do know that sixteen spirits came out. When Archie realized that sixteen had come out, he related that just before they left Toronto, he had fasted for sixteen days, taking only water.

That night, Lois was fearful, having seen these things. She couldn’t sleep in the living room where all this happened. We prayed, the air cleared, and she was settled and went to sleep.

On October 14, Archie was baptized (fully immersed under water) in our swimming pool in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Five days later, we baptized Cathie, though I recall there was something not right there. On that day, they moved to their home at 249 Columbia Boulevard, not far from where we lived.

Particle - Archie’s Old House Disintegrated

Within hours or days of Archie's deliverance, in a vision, I saw Archie, Cathie, and the children in a ramshackle house that should have been condemned years ago. Then I saw the house swept away in fire and wind, as one sees in pictures of buildings destroyed from a distant nuclear explosion. I then saw Archie and his family standing together, still in the same spot, smiling, looking up, and marveling at what had happened. All was cleansed.

Particle - Marilyn's Vision: Eight Clay Pots

At this time in October of 1985, Marilyn had a vision of eight clay pots on a shelf. One was cracked. There were eight people in Archie's family. While we speculated, we had no idea what the vision meant.

Particle - Nick and Cory of Collingwood

Archie wrote to friends they left in Collingwood, Ontario, Nick and Cory, professing Christians, telling them what had happened to him. As far as they were concerned, we were a "cult" and would have no more to do with us. I marvel at the predominant, widespread counterfeit Christianity everywhere.

What? Are we a cult because God has given us power over all the enemy? Isn't that what He promised to those who believe?

"And He called His twelve disciples together and gave them power and authority over all demons and to cure diseases" (Luke 9:1 MKJV).

"He who believes and is baptized will be saved, but he who does not believe will be condemned. And miraculous signs will follow to those believing these things: In My Name they will cast out demons; they will speak new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it will not hurt them. They will lay hands on the sick, and they will be well" (Mark 16:16-18 MKJV).

Particle - Christopher Has Two Problems

Christopher, Archie's second born, was about nine years old. I spied him secretly kicking Danny, who was only six months old, as he was crawling on the floor. At the time, the parents didn't seem to be aware of the problem or thought little of it, or didn't know what to do about it.

Another problem Chris had was that he was soiling his pants. Archie and Cathie tried many things, to no avail. It wouldn't be long before these two problems would be solved.

Particle - Cathie a Witch

I visited Cathie one day at Columbia, while we were living at Laval Court. That day, she told me she saw a witch with a long black cloak over their house. She said she believed or knew she was that witch. I didn't know what to say and wasn't free to do anything. She didn't seem very interested in solving the problem, either.

Particle - Howard Bans Us

In November of 1985, Lois' husband, Howard, moved out of the house proper into the garage bedroom and gave Lois and the boys an ultimatum. They were permitted, he said, to believe in God, read the Bible, and go to church if they so wished, but they were to have nothing more to do with Victor and Paul.

Lois and the boys were now faced with a decision. They had to decide, firstly, if we were of God and, secondly, if it was by us that God was ministering to them. If the answer was affirmative on both counts, then Howard's idea of God was invalid and by cutting themselves off from us, they would be cutting themselves off from God.

They decided that God was ministering to them by us, and that they, in effect, were faced with choosing between Howard and God. In spite of the threatening circumstances and their fears, they chose to continue with us.

Particle - Paul and Kandi Divided

Within weeks of their marriage, Paul and Kandi called us, having problems. I recall the Lord saying to me, "*Paul is the problem.*" He was found to be intolerant and unreasonable. I told them what I had received from the Lord.

Not that Kandi was innocent. While I talked to her on the phone, I ended up praying and rebuking spirits in her. Paul said she seemed to go into a trance, and I recall that she became as though drugged and asked, "What's happening to me, Victor?" There's no doubt she had devils, but there was no release for her at that time that I was aware. Nor did it seem there was any hope of making things right in their marriage.

By December, Paul moved out. In the end, he said Kandi was openly hostile towards me, and entirely unreasonable. They soon proceeded to divorce. Kandi was very bitter afterwards and called Paul's parents to pay for the phone calls he had made to us during the breakup. Paul had paid off Kandi's credit cards when they married, well over a thousand dollars, so we collectively agreed she could pay for a hundred-dollar-plus phone bill.

Their divorce was final on February 12th, 1986, and Paul received a copy on Valentine's Day.

We discussed with Paul that he could come live in Montana, thus being much closer to us, so we could see one another face-to-face more often.

Particle - More Poems

The Lord gave me a couple more poems in December of '85:

Child of Evil

(While servants of the prince of darkness present themselves as angels of love and goodness, they grant to their victims, without the cross, some of those things the flesh desires to have. Souls are thus ensnared in their own selfishness.

"I gave my child all it wanted. I spared nothing. What more could I have done?" laments the parent whose child is now in rebellion, on drugs, in prison, or dead.

How ironic that the sure path to destruction is receiving at request all that one could ask for! How ironic that our way to peace and fulfillment is in denial, hardship, and deprivation until the final day!)

Terrible Good

(It's supposed by the lovers and inhabitants of this world that Christ came to make our existence in this world a pleasurable one by following His teachings and "principles of success." They fail to realize that His purpose was to deliver us from the tantalizings of earth and prepare us for another world by overcoming and forsaking this one.

The cross of Christ represents death, not life, to the flesh; and life, not death, to the spirit, by the subsequent resurrection. Only a heart after God will perceive the reality of things and pursue at all costs.)

Partice - Archie Writes Carroll Vance

Free of devils and experiencing a peace he had never had, Archie wrote a letter to Carroll and Yvonne Vance, who were living in Calgary, letting them know what had happened to him. We received word that Carroll was saying I was legalistic. He had said so before, back in 1980, when I had written a paper on false prophets under the pen name "Victor Nicholas." I hadn't divulged the authorship to him, hoping I'd receive an unbiased assessment.

At that time, I didn't understand I was legalistic, but I believe I was, though the Lord wasn't rebuking or addressing me on it. On the contrary, I seemed to have His favor, something I would liken to the favor Phinehas had of God when zealous for Him to the point of driving a javelin through an Israelite prince and the Midianite woman with whom the prince had been fornicating (Numbers 25).

While I don't recall being upset with Carroll back then, this time, I was angry, the reason being that while Archie had spent considerable time with him in Calgary, Carroll entertained the demonism, the prophecies, and the false religion in Archie, praising him for it all as though it were of God. Now by my "legalism," the Lord delivers Archie from sixteen devils. Where was Carroll all that time with his "grace"?

Partice - A Letter to Carroll Vance

I wrote Carroll on January 29, 1986, saying, in so many words, "Archie spent time with you while possessed with devils, and you did nothing about it. Indeed, you encouraged his spiritual state. If I cast out devils by the Law, by what do you cast them out?"

I then went on to call him a bastard, something I have regretted over the years. After all, he had ministered to me by the Lord and was given things of God to speak to me. Yet, as I write these things now, I wonder. Who was he to criticize and speak lightly of the Lord's work in me?

I had come to the place where I believed that he, and so many others, had trashed the Law of God, calling their so-called freedom in Christ "grace," when it was a lightness, a spiritual flippancy, which God didn't appreciate one whit.

I recall hearing a tape of Carroll preaching at a [FGBMFI](#) meeting in Calgary, I believe. In it, he was grandstanding, as is often the case with Pentecostals. The Kingdom of God isn't about

showmanship or heroism (demonstration of the mark of the beast), but of righteousness, sobriety, humility, and truth.

I also recall Carroll bringing up sensational topics at the Saturday morning men's prayer breakfast meetings. I believe he might have been the one who introduced us to the topic of the "Jupiter Effect," which caught the attention of many doomsday enthusiasts. But the Kingdom of God isn't about sensationalism.

He also brought up topics such as someone preaching that there was no such thing as free will. He spoke as though he agreed, yet when I began writing accordingly, believing it, he denied the truth of it. He denied the truth of many things. Why? I knew that things weren't right with him, or at least, he lacked understanding, yet spoke authoritatively as though he had it all. I could no longer countenance that posture.

He also spoke at those meetings of men whom God powerfully used, working miracles by them, yet who were living in adultery. I couldn't altogether accept that. Perhaps Carroll's point was that God's gifts were without repentance, in that once God gave, say, the gift of healing to a man, He wouldn't withdraw that gift, though the man had strayed into sin. I can't say.

However, were these facts or conjectures he was expressing? Couldn't he be promoting, at least unwittingly, the inclusion of sin in a saint's life? Was he in the error of Universalists who have no regard for repentance, saying, "We're all saved, home free; it's a done deal; no need for us to do anything more"? As I look back years later and consider the evidences, I think so.

Particle - Out of Laval Court and In with Archie and Cathie

Keith Bickerton sold 68 Laval Court for Alfred Fuegl, and we had to move by the end of December. It was arranged and agreed that we would stay with Archie and Cathie until we knew what to do. Their home had 1200 square feet of space, 400 in an unfinished basement with utilities like a furnace and hot water tank and their stored belongings, 400 square feet on the main floor, and 400 upstairs, with three bedrooms where Archie's family slept.

Marilyn and I slept on the floor in the living room. This continued on and off for several months; on and off, I say, because we would be on the road at times, visiting the Bensons in Stettler or Paul in Montana.

Living in Archie's house was difficult for all of us. While I wasn't concerned about the living conditions, the spiritual warfare was trying. There was constant resistance from Archie and Cathie.

I recall when they were out of money, there was nothing left but perogies (dough and potato dumplings) to eat, and Archie wasn't making an effort to work. At one point, there wasn't even milk for the children. We had money, but we couldn't give it to them, and what they had, they had given to us in offerings.

Was this right? Was it fair? Were we not hugely selfish, living with them, eating their food and living in their home, for which they were paying rent and utilities? Appearances and logic would scream so.

Archie was planning on other occupations, like working for a warehouse as a stockman (not that we knew of such opportunities), but we encouraged him to start a handyman business, knowing he had

the skills and the interest, would make a much better income, have more flexibility, and would be his own boss.

There came a day when he handed out flyers for his services and received a call, but wasn't willing to take the job. Perhaps he wasn't confident, especially after his experience in Toronto. We had a discussion about it, and I advised him he wasn't right in turning down work of any kind.

He finally relented, accepted the job, finished it, and was paid. The financial need was there, I believe, in part, because of his attitude toward work. From there, work began to come in and he began to prosper in ways he hadn't known in Toronto, getting work, being paid, and being paid fairly. Financially, they never looked back while they believed and obeyed.

Particle - Archie to Open Up or Else

I found myself incessantly having to get Archie to express himself. He was always withholding his thoughts. One day, Archie said the Lord spoke to him saying, *"If you don't tell Victor what is going on, I'm going to send the devils in again."* I solemnly warned Archie to heed those words with all his heart, that it would be a great tragedy to go back to where he had been. For a time, it seemed he made the effort, confessing doubts, disagreement, and resentment toward me.

Particle - Not Sparing the Rod

Believing the counsel of Scripture to corporally discipline children where necessary, though not limited to physical chastisement, we moved Archie and Cathie to enforce spankings. There would be many spankings for all of the children. They were so often disobedient. I look back at those times in great regret.

While we didn't witness the spankings, and didn't know their extent, we'd get reports from the children on occasion that they were sometimes severe. Did they do any good? God alone knows. It doesn't at all seem so. I do believe that unless punishment or discipline is administered with wisdom and love, it can do more damage than good.

Particle - Golf

There were times of stress with all of us in a small home and with Archie and Cathie resisting. Marilyn and I needed to get out. That winter was often mild enough to go golfing at Bridge Valley and Henderson Lake. We spent several hours at it, sometimes taking Chris and Elizabeth with us.

Particle - Chris Receives Deliverance

One day when Chris was having his problems secretly picking on Danny and continuously soiling his pants, I was led to pray for him. Archie and I sat down with him on the couch, I laid hands on his head and rebuked the enemy, asking God to heal and deliver him. Archie then spoke up and said, "I saw a vision just now. I saw two devils coming out of a house, one was a vicious one, cursing, while the other was shitting itself as it was leaving. Both were going out into desolate places."

By this confirmation Archie had received of God, we knew Chris had received deliverance from two devils. Chris was never again found to hurt Danny or soil his pants.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Meeting Paul in Great Falls

Paul called us, saying the Lord had told him to come to Montana, and he had arrived in Great Falls. Marilyn and I headed out that day from Lethbridge and met him at a seedy motel. His condition matched that of the motel; he was a deplorable mess, grubby and dozy, physically and spiritually.

Almost immediately, he began speaking of the sorry mess America was in. I said, "Never mind America! What about you? Just what kind of condition do you think you're in?"

Particle - Liberal or Conservative?

We immediately sought out a better place for Paul to stay, nothing fancy, but decent and reasonably priced. We looked at a few places, one of those being Fox Hollow Inn. I expected it would be at least twice the price of where Paul was staying. Then the Lord spoke to me saying:

"You can live expensively at the bottom or inexpensively at the top."

Returning to Fox Hollow, we were met again by the young, pleasant manageress, asked the price of a light housekeeping unit, and discovered that we would have to pay little, if any, more than the old motel Paul was in, because we were renting longer term than a night at a time. It was nice and clean, and there was even a room off the suite to separate us for privacy, which Paul could use. It was a wonderful arrangement, complete with cooking facilities, dishes, and cutlery.

The Lord was teaching us to raise our sights, to think bigger, and not to have the mentality that one must scrounge for a living in back alleys. Can He afford to provide for us? Yes? To what degree? While it may appear wise to live within our means, are not our means vastly, unimaginably lesser than His? How about living within **His** means?

Is that not what faith is all about? What faith does it take to live within our own means? Little or none. Shall He not provide for His sons and daughters? Surely! By faith are these things apprehended, yet as it pleases Him, lest we should tempt Him with selfishness and unreasonable extravagance.

Particle - The Time of Our Ministry Together

For the next one to two weeks, if not more, we talked much and prayed for Paul's deliverance and cleansing. I recall addressing some spirit at one point and Paul jerked. I don't know if anything happened.

While we had been mildly aware that the Lord had destined Paul to be in ministry with me one day, we didn't know when, how it would come about, or how it would look. Then the Lord said:

"You will not come together until the enemy is removed."

Now, of course, came the question, "Who or what is the enemy?" We had many ideas. Was it a demon in Paul? Was it his father, who was in great enmity toward us, to the point of murder? Was Satan holding us apart? We had no answers, only questions. And when would we come together? Again, no answer.

While Marilyn and I were in Great Falls, Lois received papers from Howard's lawyer for divorce proceedings and custody of Jason, her youngest and most prized son. The things she had feared came upon her, and all I could ever do was encourage her to face them head on, but mostly to face herself.

Particle - "Rabbith"

One day the word in tongues "*rabbith*" came to me, along with a prophecy that there would be many people coming, as many as the hairs on one's head, the hair being of pure gold. Solomon was mentioned as well. Because the word sounded Hebrew, I looked it up in *Strong's Concordance* and found it to mean "a multitude" from a root word that meant "to be multiplied by the myriad." I knew it was a promise from God that our work was not in vain, that there would eventually be much godly fruit.

As I edit this material years later for publishing, I realize that multitude would be pure gold in God's sight, people "doing and speaking right because they want to" ([The Work of God](#)).

Particle - Vision: Paul in Foolishness

At some point I had a vision. I saw Paul wearing a large pair of hobnail boots. He was walking on his own head, his legs extending behind, up, and on his head. He had a foolish look on his face, as though I was supposed to admire him or be amused at what he was doing, though it was quite disgusting. He was in great spiritual confusion and trial, doing his utmost to impress me.

Particle - A Fearful Brother

After about two weeks at Fox Hollow, we three returned to Lethbridge to Archie's, where we met with Tibador Klein, who came visiting; he was Marilyn's half-brother by their mother, Laura. We all testified to him of the reality of the Lord and of the fallacy of so much religion in the Lord's Name (his mother was still attending John Cunningham's Cambrian Heights Baptist Church in Calgary). We later heard from Laura that Tibby had been highly intimidated by what we said, though it didn't seem that way while visiting.

Particle - Paul Protecting Me

Paul had a dream, related here, with circumstances: "In this dream I was together with Victor and Marilyn, and it seemed there were other people around. Suddenly a man appeared, disturbed, coming at us, particularly after Victor. I stepped in between, intercepting the man, though I didn't need to do anything physically, other than come between them.

The day after the dream we met with Tibby, Marilyn's half brother, who was noticeably agitated; he attacked Victor verbally, accusing him of doing evil. I answered Tibby by testifying of the truth that countered his accusations and lies against Victor."

Particle - Truth Personified

I wrote a poem on Truth in March of 1986, at which time I had a vision of Truth personified. Truth was represented as a young male judge - slim, handsome, and well groomed, with short, dark hair. He was dressed in black robes, sitting at his bench with a gavel in hand. Along with this vision, I had words describing Truth's role.

Here is the poem: [Truth Personified](#).

I also wrote [The Vices' Voices](#).

Particle - Promise of Our Own Home

Around this time, the Lord said to us:

“You will be on the road ministering for a while, and then you’ll have your own home.”

Because of this prophecy of ministry, we expected to be seeing many people, perhaps groups or crowds, but no such thing happened. Our ministry was to Archie and his family in Lethbridge, to Paul in Montana, and to Lois and the boys in Stettler, although our testimony was also to various others as we went along. We would be staying with these named, not having our own home.

Particle - Lois, Fighting Demons

I had a vision in the mid to late ‘80s of Lois, naked, small, thin, and panicky, standing on a spindly wooden chair, which had no back on it. In her hand was a toy sword. She was trying to fend off a sea of demons entirely surrounding her.

Particle - Watchman on the Walls

In 1985 or ‘86, Lois had a vision of me as a watchman, with medieval weapons and armor, on the walls of a city.

Particle - Paul Must Go

While Paul, Marilyn, and I were staying with Archie and his family, Paul continued in a state of doziness. In prayer, I received that Paul was worshipping me, looking to me for life. Cathie then said that, as we prayed, she saw Paul at my feet, worshipping me. I said, “Paul, I can’t accept people worshipping me. No more; you have to go.” I was upset.

It was a shock to Paul, so much so that he fell to one knee. He left on May 11th, 1986. Somehow, I knew it wasn’t the end between us, but what was happening had to be.

Particle - Earthly Courts Not About Spiritual Morality

Lois faced further trials. Howard insisted that Jason in particular was his son. He pointed to the fact that he and Jason both had similar birthmarks, thus “proving” Jason was his. While he intended full custody of all three boys, he didn’t press for Trevor’s and Mark’s involvement with him as he did with Jason’s, Lois’ favorite; he often took Jason out for weekends and travel.

On the May 24th long weekend, Trevor and Mark went to visit Howard at his one-room cabin at Red Deer Lake. They found him sleeping with a woman, Joy Baker, while Jason was there. Jason was about seven years old.

We all decided to get a court order to have Jason withdrawn and saved from further exposure to seeing a strange woman in bed with his father. The judge's reply was, "I will not play God" (words to that effect). While Lois was angered, there was nothing she could do. How was this not child abuse? It makes one wonder what the judge was rationalizing in his own private life.

Particle - Court Appoints *Amicus Curiae*

Once the case became a formal legal matter, the court appointed a "friend of the court" to investigate the divorce case to see who should gain custody of the children. Penny Lazarowich was that appointee. In effect, her judgment was to determine the judgment of the case in court. At her request, Lois, Mark, Trevor, Marilyn, and I met with her at the Benson home on June 25, 1986. We also met with her once in Lethbridge at Archie's home on July 30th.

Particle - Lazarowich, the Loose Lady

It seemed that by Penny's nature and perspective, the judgment was already established. When Lois tried to present evidence of infidelity as a cause of the breakdown in their marital relationship, such as lipstick and perfume on Howard's shirts and condoms found in his pockets, which items Lois produced, Penny involuntarily burst out laughing.

She played along, however, as though we were in her favor, and truly, given the facts, we couldn't imagine how she could possibly find but for Lois. It didn't take long to perceive her as duplicitous. Not only did she not care about what was right, she appeared to despise it and take pleasure in immorality.

We went out picking Saskatoon berries, and when it came up in conversation, she expressed how much her husband liked them, that he "would be beside himself" hearing about them. She later repeated her husband's desire for the berries. We thought we should give her some, and she gladly accepted, without offer of payment. Was she suggesting that if we gave her what she wanted, she may render a favorable report? Was she seeking to be bribed?

It wasn't many days hence that we found out her decision to give Howard all that he asked for, and then some. While the berries won no favor, we found the idea of buying favor repugnant, and her manipulative ways even more so in such capacity of authority.

Particle - Lazarowich, the Liar

We have her full report. It amazed me that she could blatantly lie, which she did on many counts, be willing to have it on record, though easily proven to be lies, and expect to get away with it. When reading the report, I was angry that it didn't matter to her that families could be torn apart by lies (truth is another matter) and injustice dealt to the innocent, while the guilty were defended and allowed to continue their evil ways.

There were two things we could do at the time of her 51-page report. One was to respond to it, which I did with a 67-page rebuttal full of facts to refute the lies. I wrote it while staying with Archie and his family at 1720 Ashgrove in Lethbridge.

In the introduction of the rebuttal to Lois' lawyer, Kevin Sproule, I wrote:

"Perhaps I am naïve or Utopian-minded in a world of obvious imperfection, but I must confess utter incredulity at many statements made or quoted by Penny Lazarowich in her report. It does surprise

me very much that the office of Amicus Curiae can manifest such blatant incompetence and bias. Within the report itself are glaring contradictions that need no further evidence to be proven so.

Second, there are falsehoods that can easily be proven to be such with little or no difficulty by even an unskilled party.

Third, there are other allegations made by Howard Benson which are:

- a) lies and suspicions without foundation,
- b) allegations which Lois Benson and I refuted when questioned by Penny, yet our refutations and denials are not recorded while his accusations are stated at least as plausible, if not as fact, and
- c) allegations which neither Lois nor I were ever called upon to confirm or deny, but which were automatically recorded as again plausible, if not factual, yet are untrue.

Fourth, there are numerous innuendoes that take little intelligence and objectivity to recognize as such.

Fifth, there are gross omissions of pertinent information I believe to be crucial to the final judgment of this affair.

Sixth, there are inclusions of, and inordinate emphasis placed upon, ever so many matters which are irrelevant, petty, definitely non-issue, while major issues go criminally ignored.

Finally, her choice of interviewees is suspect.”

I have both Lazarowich’s and my documents to this day.

The second thing we could do, which was far more effective for our sakes, was to give thanks to the Lord, acknowledging that He ruled over all things, both good and evil. Giving Him thanks, and looking to Him and Him alone for justice, was our salvation and has been so in many circumstances.

We never heard a word about the rebuttal from Kevin Sproule, but when Lois received his final bill, there could be little doubt he charged her for reading it. She could have charged him for disregarding it.

Particle - Earthly Courts Are Not for Moral Justice

I recall a movie, *The Verdict*, with Paul Newman, who played Frank Galvin, an alcoholic, down-on-his-luck lawyer. His words to another stayed with me. He said, “The court doesn’t exist to give them justice. The court exists to give them *a chance* at justice.” We learned the meaning of those words.

I had learned by the [Sunwest Cabinets trial](#) that above the courts of the land was the Higher Court in Heaven that determined all things, not according to men’s whims or laws, or according to what seemed right on the surface, but according to higher moral and spiritual laws and destinies appointed for each soul on earth, taking in, and indeed, forming, the greater picture. On that Court’s judgment we can depend, and with that Court’s decision, we can rest, knowing God is sovereign over both good and evil.

Particle - The Deck Stacked Against Lois

Apparently, partly because of Lois' brusque personality and partly because of her unapologetic profession of faith in Christ, even her extended family supported Howard (though all things are engineered by the Lord for His purposes, without any explanation).

For example, on a vacation trip, her younger sister, Pat, and husband, Hilliard Yakimishen, came visiting her at her home and Howard at his, wherever he was. They stood with Howard, not on moral grounds (there were moral grounds against Howard, but not Lois) but on personal, social, religious, and spiritual grounds. Howard was a likeable fellow, easy-going, and above all, wasn't a believer, and they weren't believers.

Particle - A Hard and Brutish Woman

Was Lois a hard person to deal with? Her sister, Delores, had once pointed out what Lois was like, demanding Christian conduct of others, yet being entirely hypocritical and contradictory herself, in the extreme. Allow me to relate a few incidents, and then you can judge for yourself.

One day she found out that we had colds at Archie's place in Lethbridge. She called us and immediately began upbraiding us for sin. "Let's call a spade a spade!" she said. "You have sin in your life or you wouldn't be having these colds."

Now the Lord had taught me that there are many causes for colds, not only sin, one of them being simply the body's natural cleansing process from the pollutants of everyday living in our environments. Another was not drinking enough water. Lois didn't know there was sin; she judgmentally assumed there was, and spoke in a brutishly belligerent manner, which I had to address. Little did I know how much of this beast would manifest itself in the future.

On another day while playing with Jason and the boys outdoors at their Stettler acreage, Jason wanted the ball and began screaming for it. Not to tease, but not to support his selfishness, I decided I wasn't going to give in to his tantrum. Hearing his screaming, Lois rushed out in a mad rage, as a she-bear ready to kill for her endangered cubs. She called me into the house with her boys as though I was one of them, declaring she had expected much more from me.

I had an answer for her: She had been spoiling Jason and using him as her "soother" in her trials with Howard. I said, "You've spoiled your child, now he reacts in super selfishness to someone here, abusing me with his attitude, for which you, as a parent, are responsible, and now you're going to blame the one abused?! You ought to be thoroughly ashamed for his behavior."

"Furthermore," I said, "we're here at your urgent request to help you because of the bed you've made for yourself, the consequences of your ways, and you're going to blame me for them?! How wicked and contradictory can you get, Lois?"

Reluctantly, she backed off and apologized.

On another occasion, we were all sitting at the supper table and the electric kettle was entering its quieter, simmering phase just before coming to a boil. This reminded me of Lois, who often grew quiet, stewing and fretting just before blowing up. I expressed the likeness. What happened next, nobody expected. She took a pitcher of water, sneaked up behind me, and dumped it on my head.

She called me a man of God, a prophet, cried to me for help, which I freely gave, and treated me as though I were what? A misbehaving dog? People don't even do that to dogs! Yet, I had to remain and deal with her. Or did I? Here is a vision I had of her:

Particle - A Black Heart

I had a vision in which I saw Lois seated on a low rock, stewing, stubborn, and dark. I saw her heart, which was black and very hard. The Lord was standing a few paces away, looking back, but starting to go on His way. I was still lingering some for Lois, trying to persuade her, to get through to her.

Particle - Battle in the Heavens

Our families weren't believers; Lois' legal defender wasn't a believer; the *amicus curiae* wasn't a believer; the teachers in school and all those that Penny Lazarowich interviewed weren't believers. We stood alone with all the forces arrayed against us.

Howard even had RCMP friends who harassed Lois on the road at night as she drove to and from work for her night shifts. In the future, we would find out astounding news in most remarkable ways about the corruption of RCMP officers in Stettler and how Lois' very life was in danger.

Particle - What about Penny's "Christian" Husband?

Penny mentioned that she had a Pentecostal husband professing faith in Christ, though she claimed no faith for herself. I suppose she mentioned his religious status as part of an approach to win our confidence.

The Bible teaches that wives are to obey their husbands, if what husbands require is right before God. Here was Penny, falsely accusing believers and getting paid for it, while her husband calls himself a Christian, although he possibly had little, if any, knowledge of her doings. One can argue that she had her life and he his, and that he wasn't responsible for her. I disagree - she was his wife; they were supposed to be one - and it seems they were, but like Ahab and Jezebel, not in what's good.

The Pentecostals, too, are liars, just like Lazarowich. For the most part, they're hypocrites of the first order, often flamboyant in their religiosity. Why do I say this? It is to let all know that what today is passed off as true Christian worship of God has nothing to do with Jesus Christ and the fruits of the Lazarowiches are so common to the religious.

Particle - So, What Is a Christian?

You may well ask, "If Penny's husband wasn't a Christian, what about Lois? How could she possibly be a Christian the way she was? What about those terrible visions of her, unlike of so many?"

It isn't man's righteousness, but God's, that determines a believer. It isn't reactions, so much as actions and lifestyle choices, that make the difference. We are all human, with our fleshly passions and infirmities, Christian or not, like it or not. The chosen lifestyle comprises the main difference between sheep and goats, between the real Christian and the merely nominal one, between the true and the false.

Many are the examples of the recorded weaknesses and infirmities of real believers, even those of great faith, like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Peter, Paul, and others. Though they fell, they still chose to go on in faith. They didn't choose to live in the incontinency of the world. Lois and her boys, despite the passions and weaknesses of their humanity, chose:

“Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a time, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for [they were] looking to the reward. By faith [they] left Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the [world], for [they] endured as seeing Him Who is invisible” (Hebrews 11:25-27 MKJV).

While Mr. Lazarowich made a show of religion and faith (according to his wife), taking the wide gate and broad way to destruction, remaining in the gates of formal, organized, prostituting Christianity, and while his wife rejoiced in iniquity and child abuse, Lois and her two sons obeyed God's commandment:

“Therefore come out from among them and be separated, says the Lord, and do not touch the unclean thing. And I will receive you and I will be a Father to you, and you shall be My sons and daughters, says the Lord Almighty” (2 Corinthians 6:17-18 MKJV).

People with church memberships, comfortable pews, and social lives in churches are in for a shock. None will escape:

“For her sins joined together, even up to Heaven, and God has remembered her unjust deeds. Reward her as she has rewarded you, and double to her double, according to her works. In the cup which she mixed, mix double to her. As much as she has glorified herself and has lived in luxury, so much torment and sorrow give her. For she says in her heart, I sit as a queen, and I am not a widow; and I do not see mourning at all. Therefore her plagues will come in one day, death and mourning and famine. And she will be consumed with fire, for the Lord God Who judges her is strong” (Revelation 18:5-8 MKJV).

Mr. Lazarowich, if you are still alive, if you professed faith at the time of your wife's doings, let it be known that you are blood-guilty with your wife, though she wasn't successful in her endeavor.

Particle - Howard, the Author of Lies

Patricia Kvill, Howard's lawyer from Edmonton, did what she had to do to win the case for her client. Lois' lawyer, Kevin Sproule, on the other hand, took Lois' money, but was apparently an inept opportunist and was losing the case, while charging her fees for every minute of service. He angered me. We would witness worse yet, from his own lips.

Lazarowich's report was packed with prejudicial judgments and bald-faced lies. But the biggest liar of all was Howard. While Penny was the guest violinist and others were playing their wind instruments, who was conducting the orchestra, if not Howard? And everyone believed him. It seemed that in earthly terms, we were helpless victims. My report was filled with examples of Howard's lies.

We had to give thanks to the Lord in all of this, even if we didn't feel thankful. Little did we know what the final outcome would be! Men tell their lies and think to escape, but the Truth prevails in the end - always. Who can escape God's judgment and final verdict?

Particle - A Promise from God

I wanted something to happen with Kevin Sproule and Penny Lazarowich. It angered me that lawyers were sucking up exorbitant amounts of money while providing pitifully little for their fees. I was angry that Howard would lie and go to court, giving strangers his family's money instead of settling amicably, privately and sensibly. He was fully set to have his way completely and, if possible, have Lois committed to a mental institution for the rest of her life - or worse (if anything could be worse), as we found out later.

"Lord, grant us justice!" I cried. "Expose the lies! What can we do?" However, by now I was learning that true justice comes sooner or later, one way or another, yet seldom, if ever, when and how expected. During this trying time, I received a Word from God:

"I will destroy your enemy from off the face of the earth - you will look and see him no more - and I will give you his goods."

At the time, I thought the Word referred to Kevin Sproule, though I was far from sure. That wasn't the case.

Particle - Vision: Mare Birthing Colt

On **July 10, 1986**, late in the evening, at Benson's, I saw a black mare giving birth to a colt. She was standing, and her right rear leg was raised and kicking with discomfort. When relating the vision to Marilyn, she had been receiving thoughts of new things and received that the vision represented new beginnings. How marvelously accurate would those words be! This was the first time we were alerted to the significance in our lives of the **tenth day of the seventh month**.

This date would turn out to be a very important one for us, perfectly beyond our doing, many times over, as you'll see. On the Hebrew calendar, the tenth day of the seventh month is the Day of Atonement, the most solemn and important day of the sacred year of ancient Israel. It was the day of the scapegoat, the one day the High Priest entered behind the great curtain into the Holy of Holies to sprinkle blood on the mercy seat on the Ark of the Covenant. It was a day of new beginnings for Israel, their sins forgiven for the past year.

Particle - Dark Clouds on the Horizon

We were despised, defamed, and defeated. I knew that Lois was about to lose her son, and who but God knew what more? Lazarowich had recommended a psychiatric assessment for her and the boys. Howard had threatened to have Lois committed to Ponoka (a mental institution in Alberta).

One can pose a thoughtful question here: "If she was truly sick, why would he *threaten* her with treatment?" One should think that if someone is ill, treatment comes by compassion, or at least consideration, not by hatred and vengeance.

Particle - A Perplexed Psychiatrist

Howard was convinced, or at least declared, that we were a cult, and insisted that a psychiatrist assess the boys.

I said, "Go for it, boys. You have nothing to fear; there's nothing wrong with you, and they'll tell you so."

Howard took the three boys to a psychiatrist, Mike Dimirsky, for assessment, hoping to score a victory against Lois, demonstrating that she was somehow using unjustified psychological influence on them. They went and were interviewed privately and individually.

It wasn't long before the session was ended. Mark had to go to the bathroom, and during those moments, he was greatly agitated while thinking about the questions being asked. He could see where the questions were leading. Returning from the bathroom, he declared that there was really no purpose in proceeding further. He even told the doctor where his questions were leading or what they were trying to establish, and preempted the procedure.

Mr. Dimirsky couldn't argue with what Mark had to say, and promptly declared there was nothing amiss with the boys; Howard was wasting his time trying to establish there was anything mentally deficient with them. (This was basically Mark's report to me of how things went.)

Particle - **A Psyched-Out Psychiatrist**

While they were gone, I had a vision of a man in a suit - short, a bit plump, bald, wearing glasses, standing there flustered and confounded (I had no idea what he looked like in real life). I think I also saw him with his pants down, according to the expression, meaning that he was caught by surprise or perplexed, perhaps even impressed. He had expected troubled boys and found instead that the young boys were not only normal, but even had the psychiatrist's agenda analyzed.

As for Lois, she refused to go through what she saw as the ridiculous motions of psychiatric assessment.

Particle - **Paul Is Forgiven**

On August 8th, **88 days** after Paul was kicked out, he called us at Archie's. (To be precise, there are **88 days between** May 11, 1986 and August 8, 1986.)

Paul records: "During the time I was sent away from Canada, but hadn't been in contact with Victor, I heard his voice speaking to me in my sleep, saying, 'You are forgiven.' I had been greatly agitated, in fear there was no more hope for me after being kicked out for worshiping Victor, but the Lord was causing me to look to Him, to repent of my idolatry, and to know that He hadn't abandoned me."

It was true - I **had** forgiven him, though we weren't in touch with one another. Yet, it was the Lord Who had forgiven him.

Particle - **Lois to Sacrifice Jason**

Lois had always believed that Jason wanted to be with her. When he returned from weekends with Howard, he was weepy, but he wouldn't say anything. She thought he was torn in the conflict and perhaps being abused somehow by Howard.

One day, I realized that Jason's heart wasn't with us. He didn't want to be with his mother. He wanted out. I had a talk with him and drew it out of him. He was quite clear that he wished to be with his father. He enjoyed Howard's flatteries and bribes and freedom from discipline.

As we stood watching Jason play in the sandbox, I had to speak to Lois, telling her to let Howard have Jason. I said, "Jason isn't one of us."

This was perhaps the last thing she wanted to hear. However, when she regained composure, she revealed to me she had received from the Lord days before in prayer, "*Give Howard what he wants.*"

On August 20, 1986, sorrowing, yet knowing what she had to do in obedience to God, Lois surrendered Jason to Howard. Jason was obviously happy. There were **40 days** between **July 10th**, when I had the vision of the promise of new beginnings, and this day when she submitted her will to the Lord.

One would think that Howard would be happy, but he wasn't. He saw the surrender as the strategic sacrifice of a pawn in a chess game. Perhaps he saw it that way because suddenly, unexpectedly it seemed that the entire custody battle had imploded; it was over. Howard had no more power over Lois.

Lois also consented to give Trevor and Mark a choice as to whom they chose to go with, and they chose to remain with her. Mark was thirteen, and Trevor was sixteen. Howard knew he wouldn't prevail with them. When Lois obeyed the Lord, it was over.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Archie and Family Move

We had been staying with Archie and his family, on and off, while ministering on the road. I was told that the landlady, Roseanne, didn't approve. The duplex, 249 Columbia Boulevard, was sold by the realtor, Andy Kent, and Archie found a much more spacious home to rent at 1720 Ashgrove, in the Lakeview area of Lethbridge.

John and Trudy Leyenaar, friends of Archie and Cathie from Calgary, some of those who had prophesied that they should go to Toronto in 1980, came to visit and help them move. I found it somewhat difficult with them. While I liked them, John seemed quite flippant about God and faith. He was seldom sober in spirit, ever joking. While humor is fine in itself, I felt like John wasn't nearly as sincere as should be the state of a true believer. As for Trudy, she didn't seem the least interested in spiritual matters.

Particle - Garage-Saling

I've spent years going to garage sales, mostly on Saturdays. I loved to hunt for bargains. Much in our home has been from these forays. I've collected many books of interest. I also enjoyed meeting people, not only those who held the sales, but those who frequented them.

Probably the most interesting person I would run into fairly often was Evan Gushul, a Ukrainian fellow, a violinist who helped found the Lethbridge Symphony Orchestra. He was also an accomplished photographer; he was a man of many skills and interests. We often spent time conversing when we met. His thing at garage sales was mainly collecting old watches and perhaps other old tidbits. Evan was a talker; I mostly listened.

Particle - A Haunting Picture

In my garage-saling, I found a picture titled "Forbidden Territory," or something similar. In the foreground was a slim, handsome, fair-skinned man with shoulder-length blond hair seated on a white winged horse. The man was only scantily covered with a loose loincloth. He and his horse had lighted on a small planet, which had a hostile environment and was classified as out of bounds.

Out of the surface of this barren planet came forth steel cable tentacles that grasped the horse and the man, one tentacle a wing, another a leg, and so forth. There seemed no doubt that the man and horse were doomed for having ignored the ban. In the far background, standing on a cloud was a similar horse, mounted by a similar man. They were watching the entrapment, and it was evident that there was nothing they could do to save the victims. They could only keep a safe distance away.

I brought this picture to Archie's, and we kept it for a short while, but I couldn't shake its effect on me. I had always looked for unique pictures, and this one was unique all right, as meaningful as any I'd found, but it seemed to display or portend a reality in our midst. It was the kind of picture I wanted to keep because of the figurative expression, which was significant to me, yet I didn't want to keep it because it was so disturbing.

Somehow, I felt that it depicted Archie. I wondered, foolishly, that if we kept it, the picture might exercise some evil power over his household. I told Archie to destroy and burn it, which he did.

Particle - Good Visits with Archie's Children

At meals at Archie's, the children and I would get into some refreshing and lively discussions about various issues, be they social, spiritual, philosophical, or otherwise. I enjoyed those, and so did the children. At some point, those disappeared, perhaps because we went away and the talks didn't resume when we got back.

Marilyn and I wondered if the parents weren't envious of our rapport with the kids and so discouraged such occasions. There was no question Archie nursed a resentful, rebellious attitude toward us, and Cathie didn't want us around.

Particle - Dream: Gorbachev Falls in Grave and Rises

Somewhere around 1986 or 1987, I dreamt that Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev fell backwards straight-bodied into a grave, and it seemed that he was finished. However, he immediately rose right back out of the grave, as though a film were going in reverse. Now he had a knife in his hand and was going to stab the U.S. in the back. Would we be seeing him on the world stage again? Or did he represent the newly-risen Soviet power? I had no idea; I only saw what I saw.

Particle - Out of the Lion's Mouth

Paul came to Lethbridge on December 23, 1986. We decided to pay Lois and the boys a surprise visit in Stettler. They were very happy to see Paul, and we had a good visit, despite the pressures and unpleasantness of Lois' divorce and the fact that Howard might chance to walk in and find us there. Jason, sympathetic with Howard, could tell him we were there against Howard's wishes. We had a close call when Howard once came over, but he didn't see us or know we were there.

When returning to Lethbridge, I had a vision of Paul, Marilyn, and me jumping out of a lion's mouth about twenty feet down to the ground. The Lord was telling us that we had been in the midst of sure danger, yet were kept perfectly safe. Obviously, He was our safety.

Particle - Vision: Cathie Hafichuk as a Preying Cat

I had another vision around this time: I saw a large cat, the size of a mountain lion, hiding in deep grass. It had the head and face of Cathie Hafichuk, Archie's wife. Its tail was playfully twisting, as if ready to pounce on something. She was hiding and devious. That would describe her constant spirit and attitude.

Particle - Archie Must Give to the Lord

Ever since Archie came to Lethbridge, he was required of the Lord to bring offerings of his earnings. As he gave, his business prospered, provided there was no besetting sin in his life. While we were away, Archie stopped giving. When we returned, they had only about \$100 and had had no business for about two weeks or more, which was unusual. Meanwhile, rent, utilities, and other expenses were due to be paid.

We sought the Lord for an answer. Archie went into another room and returned, saying he had a vision. In the vision, he saw two large cucumber bins. One was his, full, and one was the Lord's, empty. He interpreted it to mean that he was denying the Lord His due by withholding offerings. He took the entire \$100 they had and gave it to me. Within minutes, the phone rang and Archie was back in business.

It was interesting to see how the Lord disciplined Archie in this matter in two different ways. One way was that all was cut off until Archie honored Him with offerings, at which time the income would be promptly restored. The other was that Archie could have all kinds of money coming in, yet wouldn't have enough if he wasn't bringing offerings. The books would tell a true story, yet reality left him short, no matter how much he made. We can either have empty pockets to begin with, or pockets filling, but emptying as quickly as they are filled because having holes in them.

Particle - Ending 1986

Despite the fact that we were staying with Archie only for short stints off and on as we traveled, Jill, the landlady wasn't in favor; she wanted us out. (Why would she care if her tenants had guests coming and going? Wasn't that part of the privileges of having a home? It wasn't as though we were permanently living there. And how did she even know we were there? Were Archie and Cathie talking about us?)

At the end of December, we left for Great Falls to minister to Paul. When we left, Cathie wouldn't so much as come to the door or to the car to say farewell, so contemptuous she was of us.

It was difficult being with them. Archie made an appearance of friendliness, but it wasn't until years later that I realized this was only appearance. He was two-faced, ever entertaining resentment and doubt, and changing back and forth in his appearance of attitude toward us.

Particle - Vision: Star Hits the Earth

On February 6 or 7, 1987, about 3:40 pm, in Paul's basement suite at Leora Mahan's in Great Falls, I was resting on Paul's bed when I had a vision. Paul later told me that as I was having it, he walked by the open door to the living room, saw me, and thought, "He's seeing something."

In the vision, I saw Earth at a distance, and there was darkness all about. Far beyond Earth, I saw a star rushing toward it. The star slammed into Earth, and a third of it crumbled and disintegrated. While the other two thirds of Earth remained intact, it was badly cracked.

I knew I was that star.

Particle - Hiding from God Futile

It was around this time that I received a prophecy, which I thought applied to Cathie because of the vision I had of her as a cat and because of thoughts I was having of her at the time, but though it did, I've seen it as applicable to others, as well:

"Though you hide yourself, yea, though you bury yourself in the holes and crevices of rock, in the deepest parts of the earth, they will bring you up again, what is left of you, as when one digs a walnut out of a shell with a nut pick, because it will not come out whole, and you will neither hide nor escape.

There is no safety without the Lord. There is no security from those He sends to pursue and to ferret out and to destroy. Captives remain free, while those who seek refuge continue to be captives. There is no hiding from God Who alone is a Refuge from all harm, and a Strength against all opposers.

A web, a web is formed, to apprehend those who spin it. The snare is laid for the fowler. No man can take lightly that which God does and which He subsequently requires at the hand of man. He takes the heart and all that is in it and turns it over, spilling it out of its contents to see what is in it and to make it known for all those whom evildoers have thought to deceive. The heart, the heart is deceitful above all things, but the Lord unfolds it to make an open show of it. Woe to the one who thinks to fool the Lord. Woe to the one who devises to deceive the one whom God sends in His stead.

There will be a ripping, a tearing to pieces, a vengeance not known nor expected, but one that is perfect in mission and complete in purpose and execution.

Nothing will ever hide from the face of wrath, which is stored up for the fornicator, the whoremonger, the idolater, the liar, the deceiver, and the murderer. Nothing can

prevent the judgment, the pending doom of wicked doers who have treasured up wrath unto the day of wrath as fruit ripens for the season when it is to be picked. There is a day for the fruit to be gathered, whether it is plucked from the branch by hand or whether it is blown to the ground by a wind or whether it falls of old age or disease. It is gathered nevertheless. The time comes for retribution, and nothing can forestall it.

Wait and see the way of God and the Name of the Lord and His ways. You will see it and be glad. You will see Him face to face, and you will know that He is God, that He is a rewarder of them that seek Him diligently, a succourer of the faithful, and a formidable foe to His tormentors and fools.

And though the Lord is compassionate and longsuffering, He will not forever withhold Himself from His pent-up wrath to destroy the wicked who torment Him and who fly in the face of Him Who waits until the final hour, enduring the grief of those who taunt and defy and scorn Him. He will not wait forever, but He will reward every man according to the fruit of the doings in his heart, as surely as the Lord lives. So it will be.”

Particle - Changes in Paul's Life

Paul waited on tables in restaurants for many of the years since we met. Now he decided a change was due, and took a position managing the Magic Mill, a bulk food store owned by Kim and Becky Clark in Great Falls. The pay was poor and the store was doing poorly. They wanted to sell the business, and I advised Paul to ask for more money, which led him to quit, having no other real choice.

Together, we decided Paul still needed something more challenging and suitable for him. He hit the streets with that in mind and was told at Davis Business Machines that the Helena branch (main office) was looking for an outside salesperson. Paul said he was interested, and we all drove to Helena for his interview. He got the job with Loren Davis and moved to Helena.

Particle - An Almost Hair-Raising Experience

While Marilyn and I were visiting Paul in Great Falls, we took a walk to the Magic Mill, which was in a mall. As we passed through the double-door entrance, a middle-aged couple was leaving. I was a bit uplifted in spirit at the time and, as I momentarily set eyes on the man passing us, I noticed that he was very likely (and perhaps gingerly) sporting a toupee. Though he was a stranger, I felt like saying, lightheartedly and sincerely, “Hey, nice hairpiece you have there!”

Inside, we immediately met Al, a hairdresser standing at the entrance to his salon. He was smiling like Carroll's proverbial Cheshire cat that had just swallowed the canary, yet he somewhat

nervously looked beyond us as he watched the couple we just passed leaving the mall. Paul knew Al, so we decided to say hi.

Al could barely contain himself. It turned out he was so relieved and proud of a fresh-out-of-the-oven accomplishment. He just had to express himself to someone, and we happened to be the nearest, soonest available people. He came sauntering over and said, "I finally, *finally* finished a super hard-earned deal on an expensive hairpiece. Lots of sweat equity in that one! I feel like celebrating!"

I asked him if it was the couple that just left. "Yes, it was," he replied, surprised. He anxiously asked, "How did you know? Do you know him? Did you notice something?"

Barely able to hold back from bursting out laughing, I told him what I had almost said to his client as he was leaving. Al instantly choked up with a curious mixture of amazement and uneasy relief, and he blanched at the thought of what could have happened had I said what I had felt like saying, or may still happen if it was that obvious to the casual onlooker.

"You're kidding!" he said. "You've got to be kidding! Oh, no! That noticeable?! I put a lot of work into that job - the guy was so self-conscious and skeptical, you wouldn't believe it if I told you! I have *never* had anyone like that before. I had to do a lot of talking and adjusting that hairpiece to make the sale. I don't know what I would have done to you if you'd said it!"

He then proceeded to tell us, in some detail, how he spent months massaging this fellow's fears, and preparing the perfect hairpiece that would be virtually undetectable. We had the impression Al had multiple visits with the client wherein he adjusted the wig, hair by hair. At times the client was ready to "throw in the toupee," afraid he wouldn't be able to pull off his re-entry into society with the new look. He was especially worried people would know he was "rugging" it.

With Al's craftsmanship and bedside manner, he had put together a combination of artistry and psychological counseling to equip this fragile fellow with all he thought he needed to go forth into the world with a new persona, which would increase his confidence day by day until he was truly a new man. His life seemed to hinge on it!

And there, as his client left the hair salon, Al's hard-earned satisfaction came so close to being shattered by a stranger's sincere, lighthearted compliment!

We all burst out laughing and have laughed many times about it since.

But... questions have remained with me years later: How did I see through that toupee in the dusk? Why did that man catch my attention? It wasn't as though I had never seen anyone in a toupee before - Uncle Bill Atamanchuk, my second earthly and totally bald father, wore one. Why did I feel like saying to a complete stranger what I felt like saying? And why, oh why, didn't I say it? (I confess there is the mischief in me that makes me wish I had said it!)

And what would have happened if I *had* said it? I can imagine, and I am so tempted to draw a scenario for you right here and now, but this is really supposed to be my true life story and not a book of humor or fiction, although, if someone asks, I just might do it as a complimentary side order. Nah... I'll do it now:

As I sat in Al's barber chair, strapped in and unable to move or breathe, stiff as a board, paralyzed with fear, except for trembling, I felt the cold steel of his freshly-sharpened razor

against my choking throat. I knew he wasn't bluffing - this was for real. Who knew my life would be on the line for a silly remark in good humor to a total stranger? And it wasn't even that - it was sincere, warmhearted, seemingly harmless, and for this I get what is more than just a 'close shave'?

"You think I sell one of those every day, or every week, or even every month, huh?" he quietly, calmly murmured. 'Soohh, show me that thing you so loosely use when you open that big mouth, my friend. Why don't we start there? And don't bother glancing at the entrance for someone to intervene. It's now after closing and the door's locked for the night.'

I saw he was going to take his time and thoroughly enjoy himself. It was perfectly obvious he no longer cared about his career or clients or sales.... I had his complete attention...and he had mine.

Seriously, decades later, Paul had an explanation for the event and its purpose as an allegory from the Lord for us:

As men try to cover their bald heads with toupees, so they try to cover their spiritual nakedness with pious fig leaves, aided by professional religious hirelings. These posturing phonies are, at heart, every bit as insecure as the bald man, though they often try to hide it through false bravura when exposed. Their painstakingly-constructed coverings are destroyed, and they are devastated within, when the Light of God shines on them, though externally they may continue to posture and fool men.

What man takes great pains to create, God can destroy in a moment. And this honor is given to His saints, those who walk with Him in the Light and thereby judge all things. It is an effortless work, flowing from the Fountain of Life Who resides in His Body.

"Let the holy ones rejoice in honor. Let them sing for joy on their beds. May the high praises of God be in their mouths, and a two-edged sword in their hand; to execute vengeance on the nations, and punishments on the peoples; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron; to execute on them the written judgment. All His holy ones have this honor. Praise the LORD!" (Psalms 149:5-9 HNV)

Particle - A Hair-Pulling Experience

At some point rather early in our marriage, I got to heavily indulging in unbelief. It was then that Marilyn seemed to take over our spiritual responsibilities and tried hard to keep me believing, often getting very frustrated and angry with me. I had a heavy-duty problem with covetousness most of my life, and it didn't go away when I became a Christian. If anything, it seemed to be magnified, though we had been giving up to 50% of our income away in tithes and offerings one year. The love of money has deceptions and contradictions.

I was greatly distressed when Paul had to leave Magic Mill before he got another job. To me, it was loss of income, out of *my* pocket, not just his. Greedy, covetous, and selfish of me? Indeed! Why could I not be pleased with the fact that we had time to spend together? Why could I not recognize that God was the Provider in all things at all times?

I went on and on about it for days until, one night, when we should have been sleeping already, I was continuing on about it, and Marilyn got so angry she started pulling my hair! How horrible I could get.

As Solomon's proverb says:

"He who is greedy for gain troubles his own house..." (Proverbs 15:27 MKJV).

What I had yet to learn, and would learn, was the meaning of these words from Solomon:

"He who troubles his own house shall inherit the wind; and the fool shall be servant to the wise in heart" (Proverbs 11:29 MKJV).

Particle - You Don't Have To

The world rushes headlong, not only toward destruction, but is in destruction while it rushes. Priorities are confounded, based on gain and selfishness. Big is small and small is big. What's important and what isn't? Aren't they the "little things" that count? And hasn't the preacher said, "All is vanity," after firsthand experience of the things that occupy men?

While visiting with Paul, a song came in my sleep (I heard a chorus of women singing it):

Hello, my friend, and where are you off to?

Won't you stay and make a friend you can talk to?

Stop and tell me how you'll find a way to catch the wind....

Believe, you don't have to hurry.

Relax, you don't have to worry.

You're not the one that has to do it all right now....

Look around and people are dying.

They hate to walk; they've got to be flying,

But six feet under, their relatives and friends are cry-y-ing....

Take a lesson from the big dinosaur;

He didn't get too very far.

Give an ear and hear the sparrows tell their story to you....

To win a race there are a thousand in a throng,
But only one of them is destined to be strong.
Will you tell me nine hundred and ninety-nine are wrong?...

Take a lesson from some of the grasses;
Look and see that they are eaten by asses,
But after asses go, the grasses stay behind to grow....

You needn't live to others' expectations;
You'll give your heart too many palpitations.
Do what you can for now and gently put the rest away....

Take it easy, the night has a reason;
For everything there is a time and a season.
You'll never find a tree that bears its fruit all the time....

Easy does it friend, don't be in perplexion.
You never lose because you fail to make connection.
You only lose because connection is so important to you....

Where were you when the world was without you?
Where will you be when it goes on beyond you?
Do let go and everything will be okay...
Do let go and everything will be okay...
Do let go and everything will be okay....

Particle - A Sunset Seen

In spring of '87, we saw an extraordinary sunset with the mixture and blending of several beautiful colors. There seemed to be some sadness of departure in the scene.

Death and parting are never easy between loved ones, whether they be righteous or otherwise, but with the righteous, there's the sure hope of coming together again, the hope of resurrection, of a sunrise.

While there's sadness in the departure of the precious, there's also a solemn beauty to temper the sorrow with promise of better things to come. It's only by faith that we perceive the spiritual sun will rise again soon.

Coral and lavender,

Quiet magnificence,

Tender departure,

Peaceful farewell.

Beauty and Sadness

Clasping hands,

Warmly embracing,

Shedding tears, saying,

"It's alright, it's okay!"

Gently passing away.

Particle - Delores Molnar Diagnosed with Cancer

In spring of '87, we were informed Delores had ovarian cancer. There was nothing we could say or do. It seemed that God had sealed His judgment on her with an insurmountable finality. How long do we think we can tempt God and delay obedience before we have crossed the line of no return? Because He is patient and longsuffering, it seems we can wait forever, and then finally comes His judgment - much too soon.

Particle - God Took His Hands Off

Fred had gotten upset with me, saying, "Victor, take your hands off my VCR, my computer, and my wife!" Lois pointed out that his VCR broke down without recourse, his \$4,000 IBM computer

malfunctioned and he couldn't get it serviced, and now it was his wife. Fred had all three of his angry wishes granted.

However, it could be said I messed up all three. After all, I didn't help the VCR and computer any.

Particle - Marj Harris, Full of Corrupt Religion

All this while, [Marj Harris](#) of Stettler visited us whenever we were there, and wrote letters when we weren't, to which we replied. She was sending offerings, and we accepted them. One day I had a vision of her. I saw her sitting, very fat, stuffed and dull, full of rot, which seemed as excrement, ready to burst through the skin.

She was full of religion, but without spiritual health or reality. I had to tell her so, and of course, when I did, she wasn't pleased. What was worse, she attributed the vision to me, not to the Lord. She resented the one who was merely the messenger. So what's new? It seems to me her reaction only confirmed what I had seen.

Particle - The Truth about Ourselves

Why have I had such ugly visions of people? Some would say they aren't of God, that God is love and would never picture His people or anyone in these ways. I know differently. God is not as people like to think. He is not this emotional softie that wouldn't hurt a fly or speak a [harsh word](#).

"God sees us as perfect in Him," it's often said. That is simply not true. He shows what we really are, and what we are is not at all pretty, to understate it. It takes the pure grace of God to see and acknowledge ourselves as we are.

Furthermore, He doesn't show what we are to condemn us, but so that He might notify us of our need, so we might be moved to seek Him for our salvation. Those who refuse His true perspective continue to perish, while those who see and confess themselves as vile sinners are delivered and begin the painful, yet sure and immensely rewarding, transformation into His image and likeness. They come out of their pits of darkness into the light of day.

Particle - The End of a Zealous Victory Church Convert

I mentioned [Bruce Payne](#) of Victory Christian Church, whom I had met in 1983, who was proud and heedless, but thinking himself quite spiritual. In one of these years, word came that he had taken training at a Victory Christian Bible school and gone to Pincher Creek, a city less than an hour's drive from Lethbridge, to start a church. There he fell into an adulterous relationship and thus ended his ministerial ambitions.

["Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall" \(Proverbs 16:18 MKJV\).](#)

And do these people repent? I have yet to see it happen. Why? I would be joyful if any person made an about-face and came to the Light, be it Bruce or anyone else. Rarely does it happen.

Particle - Hassles with Archie and Cathie

We were hard on Archie and Cathie, and they were hard on us. There was continual conflict throughout, while we tried hard to teach and to discipline them in the ways of the Lord. They resisted us, and we tried all the harder to break through to them, to impress them with their need

to walk in faith and righteousness. Cathie was always arguing, even belligerently, while Archie was often moping. We had a very difficult time with them, and they would most certainly say the same of us.

Particle - Another Anger Attack

One evening while we were babysitting for them, we told the children to brush their teeth. They all obeyed but Erin, who was about eight or nine years old. She was often one to loll around.

I lost it. I grabbed her, picked her up, and held her in the air. I yelled at her, saying, “Are you going to brush your teeth, or not?” She was shocked at my reaction and behavior; crying, she went and immediately brushed her teeth.

I was often angry, and I do mean often, with everyone. It would be years before I realized what was eating me, and how thankful I was to see the light at the end of the tunnel when it happened. Thereafter, I would still get angry, but not uncontrollably.

Particle - Dealing With Lois and Her Sons

We spent much time not only teaching, but rebuking and disciplining, Lois, Trevor, and Mark in everyday matters - housekeeping, cooking, hygiene, sanitation, manners, perspectives, attitudes, schoolwork, how they spent their time, reading the Scriptures, and all things that presented themselves.

I recall making the boys do and redo essays, correcting them in their grammar, spelling, punctuation, and expression. I was appalled at the slack standards and requirements at school. Considering that I was far from proficient in writing, I wondered how it was I could legitimately criticize the high school educational system for how poor it was.

Particle - Dealing With Paul

Paul was also dealt with on many matters. Many of his needs were the same. He needed to learn proper housekeeping, punctuality at work, presentability, industry, persistence, wisdom in spending, and diligence in seeking counsel. Most of all, Paul needed to be disciplined in his inordinate affection for women. He was constantly on the alert for a potential wife.

We traveled back and forth to Helena, Stettler, and Lethbridge. While we were ever welcome at Paul’s and, for the most part, at Benson’s (though at times Lois wanted to be left alone), we were seldom, if ever, welcome at Archie’s. Between those three homes, we traveled and ministered from 1985 to 1987.

Particle - Paul’s Sales Pile Up

Paul describes a dream he had while working at Davis Business Machines, and his situation: “[Within the first year that I began working at Davis Business Machines in Helena, MT \[1987\], I had a dream wherein I saw, in the backroom where inventory was kept, a pile of machines and goods designating my sales, and a pile designating Lyle Barker’s, the older, more experienced person who was their principal salesperson when I was hired on. The piles were relatively the same size.](#)

[I came back a short time later and saw that my pile was much higher, going up towards the roof of the warehouse, and wider as well. I marveled at the difference. Within a short time, this happened](#)

in reality, as my sales took off, and Lyle never progressed. Eventually, after another year, he left the business and soon moved to Australia.

I had been giving generous offerings to the Lord, and fasted for seven days in 1987, which seemed to be a breakthrough event, being given to acknowledge and look to the Lord in all things. That August the Lord said through Victor that I had been brought to a place of repentance, and that He would begin to bless me. All of these things happened.”

Particle - A Breakthrough in Paul

In August of 1987, there came a breakthrough in Paul that I cannot now define. Something happened so that he changed for the better, though there would still be a long road ahead. He seemed partially delivered from internal restrictions and began to have the freedom to think more for himself and to trust God. Paul found the words I spoke at that time.

August 26, 1987: “There has been a breakthrough. The Lord will now begin to bless. Financially you will now prosper as you have never prospered before. In your comings and in your goings He will now begin to bless you. He will give you what to say and what to do.

You have come to a place of repentance where the Lord has granted you mercy. There will continue to be trials and hardships. There will be stumblings on your part. Temptations will come and you will have to surely resist them, ruthlessly so. God is with you to help you and keep you. But honor Him in all things at all times. Withdraw and/or withhold nothing from Him, for when you do, He will cut off His abundance till you repent and resume your obedience.”

Particle - Prophecy for Paul and Lois

These prophecies came somewhere in the late eighties. There was more to them, but these words are the only portions I recall:

Of Paul: *“I will hook you by the nose and take you back where you came from.”* (Paul recalls these words being spoken shortly after he arrived in Great Falls, after being kicked out of Archie’s home at 249 Columbia Boulevard.)

Of Lois: *“I will churn you as butter.”*

Particle - The Work of God

In August of ’87, during a time of discouragement, I received words from the Lord in song. I had nowhere but onward to go and was persuaded that these words held true and someday would be fulfilled.

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

Particle - I’d Give Anything

Jesus said, “The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.” At the time I wrote this, I sincerely thought and desired that I would give anything and everything. I haven’t changed on that except that the Lord has given me more since then, and the more I have, the less possible it seems that I can give

all. Only by the grace of God can we give Him everything, and it's not without pain if we have that which is valuable to us to give.

But being a jealous God, we must surrender all to Him. And He is faithful, as He patiently and mercifully enables us to do His will.

(Click [HERE](#) to listen to "I'd Give Anything," or to read the lyrics.)

Particle - Our Twenty-Third Marital Home

Archie and Cathie moved out of Ashgrove, renting an acreage from Cam Peat on McNally Road. Marilyn and I found a home to rent at 5 Queens in West Lethbridge, owned by Eugene McNeely. This was Marilyn's and my **twenty-third** home together, and my **fortieth** home personally (the number forty represents a full term or generation).

Here was another situation where people were trying to sell their home. Failing that, people often decide to rent to make the mortgage payments and have the property tended. It is also more saleable when occupied. Some owners try to make it look like they have no intention of selling, even promising renters they won't sell, but then list the home and sell it, leaving the renter to look for yet another place. This would be our final rental home. We had had enough of renting.

Particle - Two Disturbing Financial Incidents

At this time, two incidents disturbed me. One was that the rental papers hadn't been filled out properly by McNeely. We discovered that we were perfectly liable for an extra month's rent, with no way out of it. I was alarmed that I hadn't read the agreement more carefully, paying particular attention to the blanks filled in. It seemed like a fraudulent, manipulative move. However, Eugene had no intention of defrauding us, and he corrected the error.

The other event occurring at the same time was also disturbing, given my weakness or fault with money matters. We bought a barbecue from a private party at an apartment block on University Drive. When we returned to the car, we found a parking ticket. I have always been bothered by such incidents, always careful where I was parking, yet always on the watch for free parking, if available.

However, the signage wasn't proper. I had parked, got ticketed, and discovered that it was no ordinary fee. Whereas most parking tickets might be perhaps \$5 to \$10, this one was \$30. I was alarmed. Examining the signs, I went to the police station on 6th Avenue South and laid out my case. They investigated and canceled the fine.

"But why did these two things happen?" I wondered to myself. Here I was, trying hard to avoid trouble and punishment of sorts, yet I was careless about contracts and careful about money. Why?

Particle - Vision: Man of Faith Surrounded by Hatred

Around this time, I received a vision from God. It came October 6 or 7, 1987.

I saw a group of about seven bearded men dressed in black ancient clothing (something one would imagine the Sanhedrin of old wearing). They were murderously angry, with teeth gnashing, seated in a semi-circle in judgment and railing upon a man who was before them. This man was sitting casually on a chair, with legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles. He was the picture of faith

and peace. They were condemning him to death, so much did they hate him, yet he sat there as though it was their doom and not his, not that he was angry with them, or seeking their hurt. He was merely unafraid. I knew I was that man.

As with other visions, I wondered if this vision would come to pass quite literally, though none others ever had. I also related the vision to the two unpleasant financial scares I had just suffered. While they were highly insignificant financially, I believed that the Lord was showing me that a time would come when nothing would faze me, that even in the midst of being condemned to death, I would be at peace.

I expected this vision to be fulfilled many years hence, not feeling anywhere nearly as confident in even small matters as was that man under threat of death itself. I would come to marvel when the vision was dramatically, almost literally fulfilled, much sooner than expected.

Particle - Danny Receives a Spiritual Healing

Danny was goofy as a child. It seemed to be a form of retardation. One day as Archie and his family were visiting us at Queens, I decided to pray with Archie for Danny, asking God to heal him. Danny changed that day, though it wasn't dramatic or all that apparent. In the following days, Archie and Cathie reported a distinct and lasting improvement in him, one which became readily obvious to all of us. I was very thankful.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - Dave Neufeld

I believe Marilyn and I met Dave Neufeld on the course at the Land-O-Lakes Golf and Country Club in Coaldale. We had been spending a fair bit of time golfing, particularly at Indian Hill where we had a membership for one year. We also golfed at the Henderson Lake and Bridge Valley courses in Lethbridge, and at Magrath, Raymond, Stettler, Bashaw, Alix, Great Falls, and Helena.

Playing eighteen holes at Coaldale, Dave defeated me by a few strokes, because I wasn't familiar with playing on hillsides and skillfully choking down on my grip.

Dave professed to believe in the Lord. He had been mayor of Coaldale, not long before. He told us about how he was beaten by his opponent because of something that was perceived by the public and portrayed by the media as indiscretion, if not outright pork-barreling on his part. Dave's pastor had come to him seeking land for a church building project. The opponent got wind of it and made it sound like Dave was granting prejudicial favors to his evangelical associates (and perhaps he was; I don't know); he declared it lost him his bid for a second term.

Particle - Two Jimmies Jimmying and Jimmied

While we golfed, and once when Dave visited us at Queens, we talked about Jim and Tammy Bakker, who were the subjects of scandalous publicity in the media at the time. Dave was shaken by what he called their fall from grace. I was rather taken aback by his darkness and gullibility, though I had seen this sort of thing many times with evangelicals professing faith in Christ.

I said to Dave, "Jim and Tammy Bakker didn't fall from grace, because they were never standing in grace in the first place. They were phonies from the get-go. Don't you know that? How could you

possibly be deceived by such patent charlatans?” He was rather offended, particularly, it seemed, that I should dare talk that way about a brother and sister in Christ.

I told him Jim and Tammy were false teachers, as phony as three-dollar bills, and therefore I wasn't guilty of speaking evil of those who were the Lord's. Rather, I was to be credited for denouncing evil and falsehood, for exposing false representatives of Christ.

I confess I was indirectly speaking of him, since he was of the same mind and spirit. I could have been direct. More and more, I have learned to be so. He was offended because he was as guilty as the Bakkers.

“What, then, do you have to say about other ministers of the Lord? What about Jimmy Swaggart, for example?” he demanded of me.

I responded that Swaggart was another phony, and that all televangelists had nothing to do with God, nothing whatsoever, except to bring disrepute to the Lord's Name by using it for their own gain.

I said there were no exceptions, that no man having his name and himself in lights, affiliated with a formal religious organization, and seeking financial donations, truly represented God. I said, “God doesn't work that way, not in the least.”

I then expanded on Swaggart, saying that he was a self-righteous Pharisee, a legalist, and that he too would soon fall and Dave would see it.

Dave scorned me and what I said. He was quite cynical. We would see the profit of his scorn in time to come. A few years later, Swaggart was exposed as a voyeur. We would also see what would happen to Dave.

Partice - Trevor Stays with Us

Trevor enrolled at the University of Lethbridge and lived with us four months. He found it very hard because we were very hard on him. I found the whole family selfish, irresponsible, and undisciplined in lifestyle, especially Trevor. I look back and regret being hard, yet somehow I'm persuaded that hardness was needed to meet hardness.

Partice - Another “Freak Out”

As we sat in our living room at 5 Queens, a snowball hit the picture window. Immediately, I jumped up and ran out the front door, saw two kids, and grabbed one. “What are you doing?” I abruptly asked him. It turned out that they were throwing snowballs at each other and accidentally hit our home.

I felt bad about my scared and scary reaction and invited the boy in for milk and cookies. He came and had some, but I could tell he really didn't know, and was afraid of, what he was getting himself into. It was just another one of those inexplicable, wild, and angry reactions I have had so often when confronted by something that seemed to threaten me.

Partice - Hide in Plain View

One day Ben Hafichuk and I played hide 'n seek in the house at Queens. Ben was no more than five years old. It was my turn to hide after we had taken our turns a few times, which made it increasingly difficult to find a fresh hiding place. Then an idea came to me: I would go to Trevor's bedroom where he was studying at his desk near the window, with his back to the door, trade sweaters with him, and sit at his desk while he disappeared for a few minutes.

As I sat at his desk, Ben came in searching for me. He was aware that Trevor had been studying there. The chair I sat in was backed towards the bed, but I turned around and watched Ben come in. Still, though he looked at me, he didn't see me. Ben then got down on his knees right behind me to search for me under the bed.

As he was looking, I tapped him on his back. He looked up at me and gave me an expression hard to forget. Instantly, I saw incredulity as I had never seen it before. The expression, "He couldn't believe his eyes," was in full blossom. It seemed impossible for him to believe it was me sitting in that chair. I marveled at his struggle of unbelief, his conflict of deciding between perception and reality.

I had to laugh. Ben didn't know whether to laugh or cry! It took him a few moments to come to terms with what was happening. He didn't know who had found whom.

I learned that one of the best places to hide is right in the open.

Particle - The Goodness and Severity of God

Lucy, one of Lois' sisters, called her on November 11, 1987 to say that Ian Ford, her brother-in-law and my uncle, had died. Lois had been listening to the radio and heard how there was a mudslide on a highway at the west coast the day before. Two men were working; one fled one direction to safety, and the other fled in another direction, only to be swept away. His body was found a month later. The perishing one was Ian. Lois knew it was Ian before Lucy said anything, though no names were mentioned on the radio.

As a kid, I recalled Ian, the slim, tall, dark, handsome Royal Canadian Air Force man. He had been my favorite uncle. I wondered why God took him the way He did. Some day, not long from now, I will know. This much I do know: My entire family on the Szmon side has shunned me as a leper.

The day would come when Ian's wife, Gloria, would perish in an unexpected way.

Particle - Fulfillment in Progress of Offerings Vision

I had seen in a [vision](#) where people would be bringing us handfuls of money, not because we asked for it, not because we earned it, not because we should be paid for what we were doing, but simply because they wanted to give. Paul began to bring great offerings, as did Archie and Lois and her sons. It was as though God compelled or inspired them to do so (depending on whether they were doing it grudgingly or willingly).

As our savings began to accumulate, we were given to buy a car, an '86 Ford from Dunlop. Archie had bought our '73 green Ford F250 and put it to good use for Archie's Handyman Services. Trevor had dubbed the truck, "Shake 'n Bake" because it had no air conditioning and vibrated slightly on the road (he was clever at word plays).

It was nice for us to move up a little notch.

Particle - American Soldiers Roman

One day while watching the news on TV, I saw four or more American soldiers marching in formation, two behind two. I suddenly saw them in spirit as Roman soldiers. This could have been a triggered identification to a movie I may have seen with a few Roman soldiers marching in like formation; however, I believe it was being revealed to me that Rome had not fallen, as it may appear, or as people believe today.

After all, we are in the days of the feet of iron and clay. Iron represented the Roman Empire. The existence of the kingdoms depicted in the image seen by Nebuchadnezzar, as he related it to Daniel (Daniel chapter 2), has remained until the Kingdom of God is established in the days of the feet, which would be destroyed by a stone cut out of a mountain, without hands, and cast at those feet.

Particle - Demons in Cathie

One day I was led to go to Archie's, not knowing what was waiting for me. I don't recall how it began, but soon demons were snarling at me in and through Cathie. I began to command them to name themselves and to come out. There were many names, none of which I recall. Cathie's face was contorting, her voice changing at times. We must have spent two hours or so in prayer.

I came away from the event knowing that something still wasn't settled, but I was at a loss to know what to do about it. There seemed to be an impregnable compartment in her that was inaccessible, and I seemed to have no choice but to leave it that way. Cathie had confessed some things, but rebellion didn't seem to be one of them.

It seemed that she had more of a victim mentality than that of a perpetrator (sinner/offender). Her focus was on her childhood and how she had suffered. She wasn't taking responsibility for herself, and she wasn't repentant at heart. Though she seemed to be slightly different for a time, nothing really changed.

While deliverance and transformation was impossible without repentance, the Lord was using the occasion to rebuke me. I had been proud of the way I wasn't afraid of demons and how I'd been able to handle them. In this case, I was a bit haughty and proud with them and got nowhere, though it might have appeared otherwise at times.

I sensed my pride and walked away defeated and sorry. I wouldn't have the confidence or faith to expel demons for a long while thereafter. God had arranged the occasion, and a significant, if not the primary, purpose of it, I believe, was to humble me.

Particle - God's Golf Game

In all of His holiness and power, is God playful? Does He have a sense of humor? We think both. Here is Paul's recounting of a strange, entertaining event from the Lord. He writes:

“Either the summer/fall of '87 or '88, while I lived on Missoula Ave. in Helena, Victor and I went golfing one day, likely the weekend. I think I caddied, as I didn't have clubs. Victor found a new golf ball during his round.

When we got home, I walked over to Albertson's to pick something up (pre-organic days!), and when beginning my walk back through the parking lot, I heard a rhythmic noise. The parking lot was fairly empty, and I was past the point where most cars were parked, so between where I was walking and to the south where I heard the noise, there was open parking lot and, beyond that, 11th Avenue, a one-way heading east.

The noise was a fairly distinct click, followed in the next second or so by another click, getting louder, coming closer. As I looked south I saw, coming right at me, a small white ball traveling fast and low. I stooped down like a shortstop fielding a ground ball, and the ball flew right into my hand with perfect timing, my stride bringing me right into position to field it, not having to move back or stretch forward. It was amazing.

What was more amazing was that it was a golf ball, the same make and number as the one Victor found at the course, that very same day. I looked around and saw nothing whatsoever to give me any clue how the ball ended up coming at me with that trajectory. I saw no car that gave any indication of having been the origin of the ball, and I doubt that someone could have thrown the ball that hard from a moving vehicle. As for teeing up, the nearest backyards were pretty far away, behind houses, across a major street, and driving a ball there with that kind of power would have been just plain nuts, though people do nutty things.

Anyway, there it was, the same as Victor's ball, landing in my hand, which was the most interesting part."

Let some statistician calculate the chances of each of us receiving a golf ball with same name and number, the same day, in the way that we did. My interpretation of what happened is that God was giving us a token of our being called together. He was being playful about it with His sons. And as I was in a more likely position to find a ball while golfing, God was showing us that Paul would receive the same, no matter where he was. *"He will make his calling good,"* God had said.

Who says there is no God?

Particle - A Promise of Perfection

One day I expressed to Paul how I would love to be able to drive a ball 300 yards or more off the tee, straight onto the green, and never have more than one or two putts to finish. I wanted that perfection. The Lord spoke to me and said, *"You will be able to play that perfect game of golf; I will give it to you."*

I thought, "How can this be? It would take years of practice and, even then, who can attain to such skill? Will it be by miracle? Why should I be able to play a perfect game of golf, anyway?" Despite my unbelief, and though it would take many years, it would happen, not only for me, but also for Paul.

Particle - Another Temper Tantrum

We had hardly moved into 5 Queens Road, with Eugene McNeely having promised us he wouldn't sell, when he listed the house with realtor agent, Mary Dudley (nee Cohen), and blamed it on her, saying she was pressing him to list. I should have known better than to believe him.

When Mary came by to discuss an open house, I was upset with her and made it known. When the open house came, she brought her husband, Wayne, with her, likely afraid that I was going to bite her, though I don't believe I was so hard on her that she should have been afraid.

Her husband was a professing believer, attending Victory Christian Church in Lethbridge. He did his best to do his Christian duty and witness to us, as though we were bereft of anything good. Mary was aloof throughout the entire visit. Not long after, we heard they had divorced and something tragic happened to him, though I don't recall what it was. I do recall that his business, Dudley's Stucco, which had been around for years, went down.

Particle - Looking at a Home to Buy

With all the moving we did, we thought it was time to have our own home. We had been bounced around from home to home and treated as second-class citizens by landlords, other homeowners, realtors, and prospective buyers. We were tired of strangers coming into our home and looking it and us over.

What a surprise we had in store! With generous gifts coming in, we were now in the position to place a modest down payment on a home with an assumable mortgage.

Particle - Lending and Borrowing in This World

I say "assumable" because no financial institution would grant us a new mortgage, seeing we had no credit rating. The law was that anyone could assume a mortgage already in place by the seller. Our conviction and lifestyle was one of cash and no credit. We had been debt and credit free since 1975, therefore having established no credit rating. Our only option was an assumable mortgage, if we had a sufficient down payment.

Isn't it ironic that financial institutions won't lend to those who demonstrate sound financial responsibility? Isn't it ironic that they're least likely to lend to those who apparently need a loan most, out of distress? Banks aren't there for the client. Their policy is to secure clients who'll profit them.

The world doesn't at all operate according to the principles of the Kingdom of God. The two (the world and the Kingdom of Heaven) are in exact opposition to one another. One is about giving, the other about getting, no matter if one is the lender or borrower. One is about right, and the other about might. That's the way it is.

We began to look at homes at open houses, but nothing we saw attracted us. We didn't want a ho-hum house, with off-white drywall (Gyprock) and stipple ceilings, and ten feet away from a house on each side. We didn't want a house similar to so many others, though we didn't know just what we did want. We began to list the features to look for, one of those being a setting with breathing room. Perhaps an acreage was in order?

Particle - At Odds with Our Realtor

At an open house, we met Jim Saunders, a RE/MAX real estate agent, who began showing us homes. He tried hard to assess our situation, though we weren't forthcoming with all the information and weren't certain of what we wanted.

I was also a bargain hunter, which I admit with shame. Why should one be looking for something for nothing? Why should I get something for cheap, when it's rightly another's? Why should I expect men, rather than God, to provide for me, even when I wasn't in need? "Covetousness," is the plain answer. Can't God afford whatever He is pleased to give me? Jim Saunders viewed my attitude with some contempt, I believe, and he wasn't entirely successful in his attempt to conceal it. Who could blame him?

Particle - Does the Realtor Serve the Buyer or the Seller?

I soon discovered that when a buyer deals with a real estate agent, the agent really has no loyalties to buyer or seller. Who's paying his commissions? In the end, I think it's the buyer, the ultimate consumer, though it could be argued otherwise. So what it boiled down to was my relationship with the agent, which, because of my miserliness, wasn't good. If it had been good, he might have tried to serve me more favorably. Having a poor relationship with the realtor, he wasn't motivated to see that I receive a fair deal or good service.

Particle - Moon River Not for Us

At the outset, Jim knew that we'd need an assumable mortgage. We also made it very plain to him, upon his questioning us on things like location, that we were firmly against living at Moon River Estates, a "white elephant" acreage development about 20 miles west of Lethbridge. This was a development he mentioned because there were often several acreages for sale at any time below the average prices one would find in urban locations.

Why didn't we want to live there? Many reasons:

- 1) Moon River had been floundering for several years, the pipe dream of former landowner, Alan Orr, who, I suppose, was looking to make his little fortune.
- 2) Lots weren't selling, resulting in poor values.
- 3) Some people who lived there had gone bankrupt, leaving houses vacant for extended periods.
- 4) The distance was twenty miles from Lethbridge (far for the area's tastes).
- 5) Phone service to Lethbridge was long distance (this was at a time when long distance rates were much more expensive).
- 6) Phone service was party lines with three families to a line, disallowing convenience and privacy.
- 7) Living out of town would be costly for us, for service personnel, and for visitors, driving to and from Lethbridge. It would be especially costly for families with children involved in various urban activities.
- 8) The Moon River water system was private and crudely devised, not set up to meet the needs effectively, but just to be able to say there was water provided.

Moon River Estates? We didn't think so.

**END OF PART IV
COMING NEXT: PART V – MOON RIVER TO HARVEST HAVEN**