

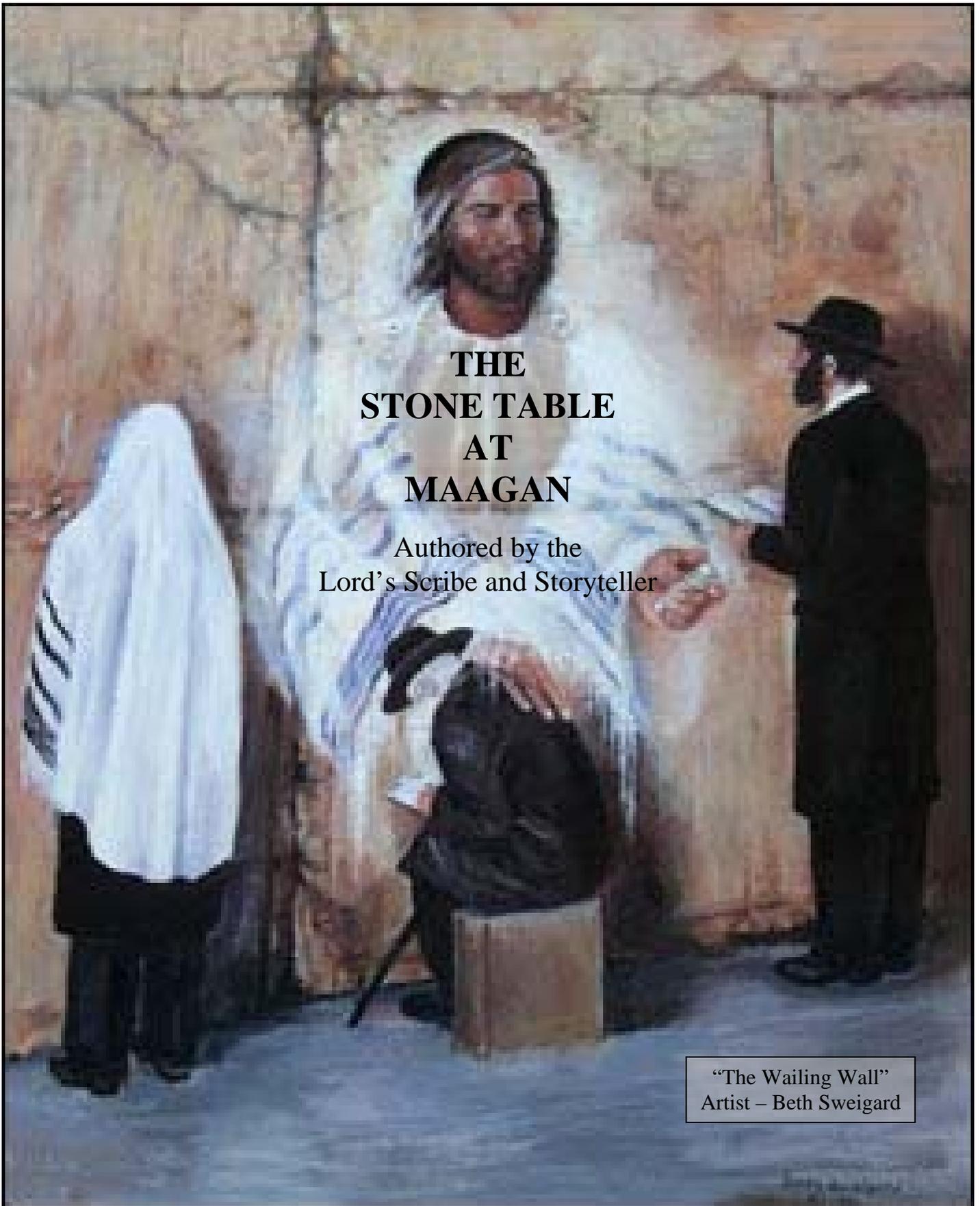
THE STONE TABLE AT MARGAN



AUTHORED BY THE LORD'S SCRIBE
AND STORY TELLER

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Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord



**THE
STONE TABLE
AT
MAAGAN**

Authored by the
Lord's Scribe and Storyteller

"The Wailing Wall"
Artist – Beth Sweigard

ברוך ה'בא בשם יהוה

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First Published December 9, 2005
Updated September 2008

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Hello, Dear Friends!

Thank you for sharing your journal entries, Peter. Through sharing your experiences in Israel we are able to be a part in a small way. For a long time I wanted to go to Israel. Now, I know it would have to be a God thing for me to consider going. But the trip is not the point. The point is that we be in His will, going where He wants us to go and being about His work. The waters of the Pool of Bethesda were stirred for you and there was a man to help you into the healing waters at the right time.

We have known you for about 10 years now and have watched the Lord's hand at work in your life, bringing new levels of understanding to share with others.

When we first met you, you represented the gentle teacher showing us how to put His words on the walls, and how to love others unconditionally. And that has never changed. But through time, He became the Lion in you, bold, charging through the forests of our minds to teach us to overcome. Then, you became the bold warrior, holding up the sword of Righteousness for all to see. And we bravely stood on your coffee table and declared that we are warriors also. We excitedly await to see what He has shown you next. Lamb to Lion to Warrior!!!

I can see in my mind's eye the House of God by the Lake in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. What must be happening in that living room?! The next time we visit, there will be a new anointing, a new revelation. We anxiously await!

His Warrior Bride,
Barbara Boyd



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

This manuscript is the gift of many saints who offered themselves freely to bring these words and pictures to you. Some are named, but most are invisible to the naked eye. They are engraved on the tablet of God's heart and a part of a beautiful and eternal tapestry. However, the Holy Spirit prompted the author to include a letter from Stacy, the editor, as a part of the acknowledgement. Stacy is an English teacher and has skills this scribe does not have. She offered to prune and polish the text and promised not to touch its "heart." The raw text was turned over to her with great joy, gratitude, and confidence. The finished product glows with the Father's Heart.

There was a lot of correspondence between the scribe and his editor. Each of Stacy's letters is a treasure. The scribe wants the reader to meet this lovely lady by reading one of them. It will set the stage for the book and inspire hope in those who have lost hope.

Those who are holding a hanging rope, a loaded gun, or suicide pills in their hands or thoughts will be able to place them in God's Hands. Yes, there is more hope in Stacy's letter than there is in all the pills and all the booze in the world.

November 12th, 2005

My Dearest Peter,

I've so much I want to express to you. I've begun this message several times, only to begin again. I'm happy that we'll soon have an opportunity to sit together. Perhaps we'll talk a great deal; perhaps we'll spend a good deal of time in silence together. I don't think it really matters, because we know one another's hearts.

One thing I do want to say now is that I don't have a clear idea about my place in God's plan. Since He began to bring the two of us together two years ago with Mom's visit to Pagosa Springs, I've become a different person. While Mom and Kelly were first sitting in your living room, I was in the hospital -- a mental ward similar to what you describe in the manuscript -- under 24-hour suicide watch. I had taken so many pills that I was unable to speak clearly. Everyone I trusted was gone. I had effectively pushed them all away. From that point to this is like the span of a lifetime.

When I went into treatment in May of this year, I kept your words close to my heart. You assured me that I was not going into that place -- yet another mental ward -- alone; Jesus was going AHEAD of me. Not just with me, but AHEAD of me. That reassurance came straight from the Throne of God. I couldn't have gone without it. I couldn't have stayed without it. I hated every second I was there, with the exception of a number of very early morning meetings with Jesus.

The treatment center is actually a sprawling ranch house just north of Lubbock. There are tennis and basketball courts, a swimming pool with a waterfall on the grounds. All of that was lost on me. I hated it. I especially hated being a "patient," being treated as a "case," and a typical one, at that. From the second I entered, everyone there saw me as a "typical addict" in every respect, except that I was perhaps sicker than most. Everything I said was met with quiet condescension, with a patronizing response meant to "calm me down" and bring me to an awareness that I was in a hopeless, helpless state. Every word I spoke was assumed to be an attempt to manipulate and deceive.

I shared a room with a precious lady named Jeanie, a soft-spoken, Christian grandma, who spent hours sitting with me while I wept and who daily invested her own limited energy in convincing me to remain in that facility while I ranted and fought and cursed. My emotions were raw and completely unpredictable. Physically, I was sick and exhausted; spiritually, I despaired.

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The first time I left a message on your recorder, I had just had my first early morning meeting with Jesus, one that marked the beginning of a fork in the road. I found a copy of The Message Bible (coincidence?) there, and clung to it as to a life preserver.

I awoke that morning around 3:00AM, and began reading and writing and praying and crying. Just as the sun began to rise, I walked out past the fence line into the pasture, weeping and calling to God. I fell to my knees, and in a heap on the ground, said, "FINE!! I'M HERE! I'M BROKEN AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! I CANNOT DO THIS! WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?!"

For a moment -- just a moment -- I felt Jesus. For just a moment, I felt His presence. No words, just His presence and the knowledge that He would move me, He would speak for me, He would show me the Truth. I could TRUST Him.

Since that morning, every day has been a process of leaving more, and more of the old Stacy behind and coming to know the new Stacy – Resurrection Life Stacy. I've been moving out of fear, like shedding an old, dry, dead layer of skin.

I haven't understood it. I've just turned my eyes to Him and confessed that I TRUST HIM. I TRUST HIM to provide the money we need to live. I TRUST HIM to protect us from those who would attack us. I TRUST HIM to recreate my marriage in the image of Christ with His bride. I TRUST HIM to protect and heal my children. I TRUST HIM to protect me from the obsession and compulsion to use drugs. I just TRUST HIM.

As I was reading the manuscript, all of this came together for me. My spirit bears witness to the truth of God's revelation to you. Those little, "white stones" began to form a pattern when I read,

"This is for My son Peter, who must know My Love for him. Never to be separated again! Never to be disappointed in Him again! No longer dust, no longer clay, but now spirit, one with Him in joyous COMMUNION forever.

My trust is not misplaced. He allowed me to read your revelation first, an undeserved honor and measure of Grace that has not escaped me.

These words really are for His daughter, Stacy, who must KNOW His Love for her, and as you point out, it is a KNOWING. It is CHRIST IN US that is renewed through communion, and it is only through CHRIST IN US that we live.

How sweet, how sweet.

When I wrote that the manuscript is for a "select few," I was thinking in terms of the moment. Others will hear. Others will KNOW. Others will be drawn out of that wasteland and into Light and Warmth and Strength.

Yes, we will battle, but we will KNOW that the battle is won, that no further sacrifice is needed; no further sacrifice will EVER be pleasing to the Father.

It is done, and I don't have to have a clear idea about my place in God's plan, because He carries me with Him. I need only bask in His Love.

I love you, Peter Rabbit.

Stacy

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INTRODUCTION

A few years ago, Rebekah, my handmaiden, spent several days in Rome, Italy. Rebekah is an artist. She feasted her eyes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, St. Peter's Square, art in the Vatican museum, buildings and arches dating back to the time of ancient Rome. She took pictures and told me about those things that made an indelible impression.

When she told me about the huge tapestries, 8 ft. x 15 ft. or larger, I took note. The tour guide explained that one family made each tapestry, and that it took three or four generations or longer to complete just one of them. Although I never saw the tapestries, these few words etched themselves into my spirit. Before sitting down to chronicle my Israel experience, I prayed,

“Lord, I ask that the Holy Spirit bring everything to my remembrance that is to be included in this manuscript.” He reminded me of the beautiful tapestries at the Vatican museum and said,

“I have etched into your memory those events and the names of people, movies, letters, prophecies, dreams, fairy tales, authors, and songs that have helped you find your way back to the Father's house. Each event and the name of every person – living or dead – that you include, shall be a part of the tapestry you weave with your pen. This is My way of honoring them and letting them know that I am well pleased with the part they played. The dark threads in the tapestry are also a part of My design. Do not find fault with them. Do not attempt to exclude them. No one will have to travel to Rome to see the tapestry. No one will have to get a passport or pay a tour guide. The Holy Spirit will be the personal tour guide for every person who reads these pages.”

And then I asked, “Is there anything that I left out that you wish to have included?” At that point He reminded me of a personal conversation I had with Him on one of my daily walks.

Jesus: “Peter, why have you assumed the posture of a peacemaker all your life?”

Peter: “I adopted St. Francis of Assisi as my role model when I was a child. He was such a wonderful saint and an instrument of peace. I have always loved him and so have many others all over the world. When I was young, I heard a lot of wonderful stories about him and not too much about You.”

Jesus: “Were there some hidden motives why you chose St. Francis as your role model?”

Peter: “Yes, Lord, there were, but I did not recognize them until much later in life. I wanted to be a peacemaker because I was afraid to confront. I also wanted to be loved and admired like St. Francis.”

Jesus: “I don't want you to be like St. Francis or any other saint. I am to be your only role model. You are to be conformed to My image. Whenever a sinner has been canonized and proclaimed a saint, the Church has given man the glory that belongs to Me. Nothing is lost when someone forgets St. Francis, St. Peter, or Peter, but everything is lost when someone forgets Me.”

Peter: “But Lord, I am so afraid to confront as You confronted the Pharisees and turned over the money changers' tables. It's just not my personality, my nature. Many will hate me if I confront as You do.”

Jesus: “I know, Peter, but I want you to have My personality, My nature. That way, My children will see Me in you. That's all that matters. You can trust Me. I only want the very best for you.”

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

That was the end of my dialogue with Jesus. That day Peter repented. Peter the wimp became Peter the warrior. He stopped looking at St. Francis as his role model and invited Jesus, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, into his heart just as he had invited Jesus, the Lamb of God, into his heart years earlier.

Peter was on His Way and on his way to becoming a whole person and a healed person. The fear of man no longer ruled his life. He exchanged the fear of man for the fear of the Lord. “The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the LORD shall be safe” (Proverbs 29:25). And what Jesus did for Peter, He wants to do for every person.

Peter



20" bronze medallion sculpted by Roberto Garcia, Pagosa Springs, Colorado "Behold, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah has Prevailed" Revelation 5:5

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THE STONE TABLE

I only have to think, “The Stone Table at Maagan” and the Holy Spirit touches my spirit. That might sound a bit spooky to some, but for me, this experience has become increasingly real, almost a daily reality. Maagan Holiday Village is a real place at the southern tip of the Sea of Galilee in Israel. The stone table is a large flat rock bordering the sea near bungalow number 144. That’s where the pieces of the puzzle came together. That’s where a lot of seemingly unrelated pieces of my trip to Israel and my life began to make sense. That’s where I was able to connect the dots and recognize the hand of God in some of my darkest hours.

I am writing these first words at 37,000 feet in a 767 Boeing jet on September 28, 2005. We have just left the Ben Gurion Airport in Israel. It is a little past 12:45 PM, Israeli time. This is Air Canada flight #87. We will be in the air for twelve hours and arrive at the Toronto, Canada, airport at approximately 5:30 PM. We will be passing through seven time zones. We will have a three-hour layover in Toronto and pass through both Canadian and U. S. customs before boarding Air Canada flight #759 for San Francisco. I am grateful for seat number 27D, which is an aisle seat. Aisle seats make it easier to get up and stretch and do other urgent things.

There is bound to be someone who will ask, “What or who is the Holy Spirit that touches your spirit and directs your life?” I don’t blame you. Until I was thirty-seven, the words “Holy Spirit” were only words. I could neither intelligently explain them, nor had I ever experienced the reality of the Holy Spirit. He is the third person of the Holy Trinity, and He is very, very real. He is the Comforter that Jesus promised to send after returning to His Father. He has become progressively real to me over the past thirty-five years. It all started in 1970 in a concrete block house on Wheatland Avenue in Sunland, California. I was swimming in our backyard pool early one morning in January when heaven opened and began to flood both my body and soul. You will have to get used to my flashing back to earlier events so that you will get the whole picture of what happened at the Stone Table early Tuesday morning, September 27, 2005.

I will give you a clue why the title for this book is so appropriate. C. S. Lewis, a well-known English author, wrote a series of allegories called, *The Chronicles of Narnia*. The first of these seven allegories is entitled, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. A stone table figures prominently in this allegory. Aslan, the name of the lion, sacrifices his life on the stone table to redeem the life of the traitor, Edmund. Aslan plays a prominent role in each of the allegories. He is a type of Christ. Each of the allegories addresses spiritual realities in story form that has been enjoyed by children of all ages for many years. Not everyone reading the allegories may have apprehended their spiritual significance, but that does not seem to interfere with enjoying the stories. Rebekah and I read the allegories to our children and just read them again, savoring each of them. I am now seventy-two. I will always enjoy Truth (Jesus), whether it is as plain as day or veiled in allegories, fairy tales or parables.

My story is not an allegory. It is real, and I am real. Nothing I am writing is manufactured or edited to make it more palatable. “The Stone Table” is real, the picture on the cover is real; if you go to the Maagan Holiday Village, you will be able to verify my words. “The Stone Table” is between two signs that read in English, Hebrew and Arabic that swimming is prohibited in that area. The water was probably hovering close to ninety degrees Fahrenheit. There is also a beach for swimmers, which I enjoyed. I love the idea of having swum in the same lake on which Jesus walked some 2000 years earlier. Wherever He walked is holy ground.

I will warn you, my reading audience, that I will be taking numerous excursions into realms that might sound weird to you. My wife, Rebekah, has repeatedly asked me to be no weirder than absolutely necessary. I have tried to take her advice, but on occasion I have failed and have probably lost or confused a part of my audience and a few “friends” in the process.

Sitting here writing in seat 27D, let me retrace our steps to the Ben Gurion air terminal near Tel Aviv. We had spent the previous night at the Sheraton-Tel Aviv on one of the executive floors. We needed some extra pampering after our exhausting nine days in Israel. It was Jesus' way of treating us like royalty.

We arrived at the airport by taxi a little after 9:00 AM, allowing Israeli Security plenty of time to verify that we were legitimate tourists on our way back to America. We were urged to allow at least three hours to be checked through the tight security system.

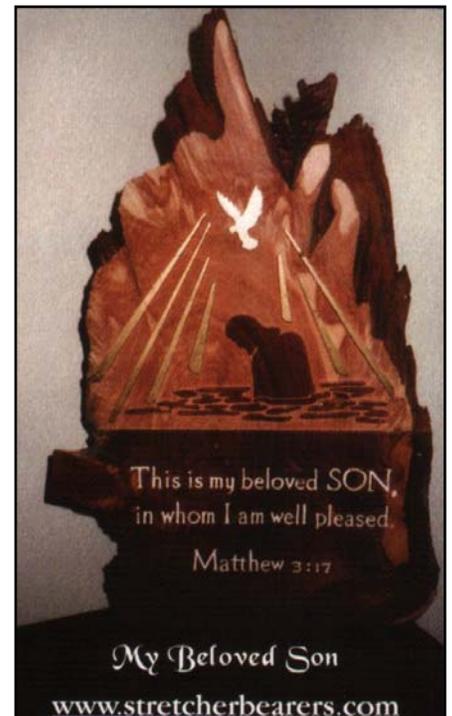
Our taxi driver was an Ethiopian Jew who had immigrated to Israel some eighteen years earlier. I believe the fare was 100 shekels from the hotel in Tel Aviv. Both John and I were prompted to tip the driver generously. I added my special card to the tip that was uniquely created for the trip to Israel. On one side was a picture of Jesus being baptized in the Jordan River. On the other side was our name and address. I left my card in conjunction with tips at various places, hoping to eventually make a contact with someone in Israel who wanted to connect with Jesus in me. At the time of this writing, that has not yet happened.

We were finally through security. We were free of those items we did not want to put in the overhead compartment of the plane. John and I had only light backpacks to lug around. John changed his remaining shekels back into dollars. I did not have any shekels left. There was a very comfortable and elegant waiting area for those who had passed through security and were waiting to board their planes. Also surrounding the area were many gift shops that tried to lure the last dollar out of the tourists' pockets.

John scouted for a bookstore. He was hoping to find a novel that he could get lost in during the next twelve hours. I found myself a comfortable chair and waited for him. My waiting time was not wasted. A bubbling fountain lulled me into reminiscing about events that happened forty years earlier.

John returned after a while with a smile on his face and a bag of books. He found a new novel by an author with whom he was already familiar. He also found a beautiful book showing significant, historical sites in Israel. It is one of the selections available from a series called The Golden Book. It was duty-free and cost \$9.70. Including duty, it would have cost \$12.50. The price tag on the back read, "49.90 shekels." One dollar is roughly worth four shekels at the moment. If you bought three books, you were given the fourth book free. John got four books and gave me one of them. There is a reason I have gone into this much detail about the books.

Many of you may already know that the Mount of Olives is the exclusive domain of the Arabs who live in Jerusalem. All the storefront signs are in Arabic, and many of the women dress according to their tradition – veiled. A Jew does not dare to enter that part of Jerusalem, especially at night, or he might be a "has been."



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THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Just a few days before we left Israel, we were standing on the Mount of Olives. The Mount of Olives appears more like a hill to me as I am a resident of Colorado where anything under 1000 feet is a hill.

On the Mount, John and I were approached by two Arab vendors. One of them tried to sell us a picture of the panoramic view as seen from the top of the Mount of Olives; the other vendor tried to sell us the same book that John had just purchased at the airport. The first Arab was too pushy, and we both backed off. When his first “pushy” attempt to sell us the picture for \$5.00 failed, he tried to shame us into buying the picture by saying, “I have not had a job in five years.” The second Arab, who appeared to be his boss, rebuked him for being too aggressive in the way he tried to sell his goods.

The second Arab, Israel, was smooth; in fact, he was so smooth that I nearly reached for my wallet. That’s when the vendors make their kill. They sometimes reach for the whole wallet and not just for the “negotiated” amount. We had been warned of this and had secured our wallets in hard to get to places. Rebekah had sown special inside pockets that were hard to reach for a pickpocket. We could have easily become paupers in seconds. We tremble in retrospect.

Israel, claimed he was a born-again Christian, that he and Benny Hinn were on speaking terms, and that Benny Hinn had been on the Mount of Olives the previous week with a tour group. On his business card was the title “Manager.” He is thirty-three and has five children. John had a way of getting him to talk.

Israel asked us where we were staying and how much it cost per night. When we told him that we were paying \$100 per night, he said, “I have a deal for you. See that hotel just in back of us? Saddam Hussein built that hotel. You can stay there for \$45 per night and enjoy a king’s breakfast in the morning.” During the conversation, Israel offered us the same book John had just purchased in the airport bookstore. The price was \$30. John said, “That’s too much.” Israel replied, “I am not making a lot on this. The book costs me \$25 to purchase.” When John didn’t fall prey to the offer, neither did I.

John remarked to me privately, “I bet we will get robbed blind if we stay here. Let’s get out of here. This place gives me the creeps.”

I tell you all of this not because I want you to distrust or dislike Arabs, but to be on guard wherever you go. Smooth operators can be found anywhere. Thieving and conning can be a part of a culture, a family tradition, a hobby, pastime or a matter of survival. God knows the heart and will discipline us accordingly. I have fallen prey to smooth operators a number of times. John is a lot more astute. That’s just one of the reasons God put us together as traveling companions. As a businessman, he must be able to discern freeloaders and con artists.

I thoroughly dislike being lied to, betrayed or exploited. It happens all over, including America. America is not squeaky clean by any means. We have many prisons to prove it.

I am slow in learning to smell a rat because I have an extra amount of compassion for the down and outers. I seem to have to learn the hard way. Satan has gotten to me lots of times by pulling on my heartstrings. Retroactively, I get very angry when I am outfoxed. I have a hard time forgiving others and myself whenever I am betrayed. Please don’t betray me. I still have a hard time forgiving in that area.

I will never forget the time I was alone at home. We had recently emigrated from Germany. I was sixteen. Two young women came to the door to sell a two-year subscription to “Look Magazine”. Their story was that they were working their way through college, and had a quota of sales to meet to qualify for a bonus,

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etc., etc. I fell into the trap and bought the subscription. Our family was next to penniless at the time. My parents were furious when I told them what I had done. I have never forgotten that incident. The incident was like a “white stone” the Holy Spirit planted along the trail of my life. The “white stones” are like dots that I was able to connect at “The Stone Table.” That’s when life, the purpose of my life, and the reason for my trip to Israel made more sense.

During our brief time on the Mount, Israel gave us an interesting overview of the area. Between where we stood and the walls encircling Old Jerusalem were two cemeteries. The one closest to where we were standing was where the Jews were buried; the one closest to the Old Wall was where the Arabs were buried. The graves were all above ground – mostly cement coffins. There were a few tombs tunneled into the hillside where the elite were buried. Absalom’s grave was said to be one of these. Israel, who had volunteered much information, said, “It costs \$120,000 today to be buried in the Jewish section, and few can afford it.” I am repeating his words but do not know if they are true.

Maybe 300 yards below that spot was the Garden of Gethsemane and the Kidron Valley. To the right of where we were standing and only slightly below us, were several historic chapels and churches. One of these was built on the spot where Jesus is said to have wept over Jerusalem. The words, “Jesus wept,” have always pierced my heart with great anguish. I have felt His pain over the lost sheep of Israel.

We drove to an overlook where we could get a better view of those sacred grounds. John remarked, “It looks more like a junkyard to me.” He told me later that he was hoping to find respite for his anguished soul in the Garden of Gethsemane. Rebekah had been to the Garden just three years earlier and found it to be well cared for. We did not linger in this area. John told me later that he had been very threatened by what he felt and observed.

Great fear arose in my heart the next night as I reviewed an incident where we were nearly robbed. At one of the old chapels we visited, we were cornered by two men demanding \$5 for admission. When we refused, they ran off and jumped in their vehicle that was blocking ours. We had no idea that they were stalking us. John said, “They probably were ready to take our rental car plus all our valuables.” The car rental agencies are aware of this and secure each vehicle by giving you a secret code. Before you can start the car, this secret number has to be entered into a console. The presence of guardian angels and the prayers for protection from folks back home became quite tangible. It was a close call. We never went back to the Arab section of Jerusalem.

Tour buses upon tour buses crowded available parking spaces in the Mount of Olive area and other well-known landmarks. If anyone found a parking place for his private vehicle, it was a genuine miracle. Most people who have visited Israel have done so via guided tours. The impressions gathered must be quite different compared to the impressions we received.

A tour bus is a cloistered and safe environment. Those who travel with you speak the same language, use the same alphabet, have hotel and restaurant reservations made for them, and see the historical and religious sites through picture-perfect windows. At the same time there is a great amount of genuine fellowship between like-minded Believers. Some people have even found their mates on these guided tours. We have a friend who did. People like ourselves who travel alone are like animals separated from the herd and become easy targets for predators.

John and I went cold turkey. We had no reservations except for our first night in Tel Aviv. During the balance of the nine days, we relied on the Holy Spirit to guide each step we took and each of the 722 miles we drove in our rented Mazda. Was that approach scary? YES! Was that approach necessary? YES! I would have no story to tell if we had been a part of a guided tour. My eyes would have been blinded to the reality of the animosity between the Jews, the Arabs and the Christians. I would not have learned to identify with the anguished heart of Jesus. I am not chasing down rabbit trails. We will eventually come to “The Stone Table at Maagan,” where these seemingly irrelevant pieces of the puzzle fall into place.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

As I said earlier, waiting for John around a bubbling fountain caused me to remember a time when I was in my thirties. When John came back with a novel and other successful purchases, he sat in the chair next to mine and let me talk.

I said, “John, all these security checks we have experienced at the airport and every hotel at which we have stayed reminds me of my secular job at Librascope.” I had been hired to build an information system that would put the pulse of the factory at the fingertips of managers and project coordinators. Librascope was an electronics firm that built sophisticated guidance control systems for Polaris submarines. There were thousands of parts, both purchased and manufactured that had to be assembled to make one system. I am going to take an educated guess that it took at least a year to build one system.

It was my job to help follow-up men and project coordinators quickly locate any part whether it was in the stockroom, on order, in the machine shop, or on the assembly floor. It was my job to keep an accurate record of the hours it took to manufacture or assemble each component and create the necessary payroll information at the same time. It was my job to be able to do this with a minimum of record keeping, pencil pushing, or keypunching. Providing accurate and timely information that did not require a Philadelphia lawyer to interpret was mandatory.

The only way this could be done was to utilize some of the newest and most innovative equipment that could electronically read and transfer information from the factory floor to a central location in data processing via telephone wires or other cables. Little by little, this was accomplished until eventually we had all the pieces of the complex jigsaw puzzle that allowed anyone to find anything within minutes. A lot of wasted steps were saved. Delivery dates for finished systems could be forecast more accurately. Cost figures for individual components and assemblies were more accurate. A number of people were reassigned or let go because of the timesaving daily information.

I lapped up the glory associated with the successful installation of the information system. When it came to glory, I was always famished. My ego needed large doses of it to be able to survive. God was not a part of the equation of my life during those years. I always worked hard, often at the expense of family, and always took the credit when trophies were handed out. My God-given ingenuity, creative gifts and zeal were used only to advance the kingdom of “self” and the kingdoms of this world.

I said to John, “You know, the way Israeli Security has monitored almost every move that we have made while in Israel, they have almost all the information necessary to make a profile of us and every visitor. If you add the purchases made with credit cards, there is little missing to be able to make this happen, to connect all the dots.”

It was a spooky thought. Big Brother is watching! I remember my nine years at Librascope and the day I found the last missing piece of information that would allow management to play the role of “Big Brother.” It was an intoxicating, heady moment. Every employee and every part in the company was suddenly under surveillance. Every move was accurately monitored. When an employee was just one minute late, his name was posted on an attendance report the next day. Harsh supervisors could use the report like a whip. And a few probably did!

What happened at “The Stone Table” was similar to what finally happened at Librascope. I was shown the missing piece that made sense of the many seemingly irrelevant parts of my life. I suddenly came to a point where I saw the big picture. I came to the point where I could put the many seemingly senseless pieces of the puzzle together correctly. I came to a point where I could see the Hand of God from the moment I was conceived to that precious moment at “The Stone Table.” And in the process of painting this picture with words, there will be others who will be able to assemble the fragmented pieces of their own lives and make

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sense of it. The darkest hours of their lives, when suicide, murder, and despair crowds every waking moment, will suddenly be viewed through different lenses.

GLORIOUSLY POSITIONED SAVIOR (GPS)

The plane kept droning on and on. Finally, I had to lay down my pen. I could not write one more word. On the last leg of our flight from Toronto, Canada, to San Francisco, I tried once more to pick up where I had left off. It was useless.

In San Francisco, John got a major jolt. He had parked his car in the parking lot of the hotel where we stayed prior to our departure. The car was no longer there. The hotel had resurfaced the parking lot during our time in Israel and towed the car to another location. It was poor communication on the part of a new employee.

John also got disoriented in San Francisco and was grateful to have his GPS-guided map program that quickly directed us to the right freeway. By the time we were finally able to put our heads on a safe pillow next to our wives, we had gone thirty hours without sleep.

From start to finish, the Holy Spirit led us safely past dangerous booby traps. At times, He closed doors we tried to pass through, at other times He opened new doors that were not on “our” itinerary. Jesus was and is and always will be our GPS (Gloriously Positioned Savior). He always knows right where we are, where we need to go, and the exact path we need to take to get there. Hallelujah!



At the Sea of Galilee

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

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UNLOADING MY "SEE" GOING CARGO SHIP



It is Wednesday, October 12, 2005. Rebekah and I are back in our safe harbor on Lake Pagosa, Colorado. I still have not fully recovered from the ordeal of my Israel trip. A cough and sore throat are hanging on for dear life. Rebekah fought it off for two weeks but finally succumbed to it two days ago. It is a part of the price we are both paying to be able to paint these word pictures for you.

On the way back from California, a thousand-mile journey, we stayed overnight in Ely, Nevada, and Moab, Utah. In Ely, we were given room number 110 at the Best Western Park View Motel, the same room we stayed in on the 12th of September. It felt like home to me. I just loved the man who gave us the room and took the money, \$77.85 for one night. He seemed to be the owner and in his late seventies. He was wearing a cap that unabashedly told everyone that he is a Believer.

I made the comment, "I am really blessed to see that you unashamedly let all your customers know how much you love Jesus." He replied, "How can anyone not love someone who gave his life for you." Oh, how I loved this man for speaking those words. They were like the balm of Gilead after experiencing so much hostility towards the name of Jesus while in Jerusalem.

In Moab, we stayed overnight at the Comfort Suites, room #127. It was a little rich for my blood, but God gave me the grace to graciously offer my Visa Card for payment. It was the right place to go. We did not leave the room to have dinner but snacked on items we had in the car; and there were plenty. We stretched out on the bed and turned on the TV. One program produced by National Geographic caught my attention. It told the story of three mega cargo ships being routed into the port of Rotterdam, Netherlands, where they were being unloaded. The port at Rotterdam was only one of two harbors, in the world that could accommodate these mega ships.

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The first ship was a container ship, the second one was exclusively for iron ore, and the third one was used to move structures like oil drilling platforms. Each ship required special and careful handling. Getting these mega cargo ships safely into port and unloading their cargo required great skill and was fraught with great danger. We were fascinated by what we saw and heard. Learning how much ore the ship from Brazil held in its cargo bays made my head spin. It contained sufficient ore to make the steel required for 300,000 cars. As I heard this, something happened deep within my own cargo bay.

Momentarily, I saw myself as one of those giant mega ships. Instead of a seagoing vessel, I saw myself as a “see-going” vessel. Everything I had seen, touched, tasted, heard, felt, and experienced over a lifetime was stored deep within my cargo bays. All these impressions needed to be unloaded, sorted, saved or trashed so that they could bless some, as yet, undefined audience.

The need to get back to my safe harbor and unload my stories suddenly became the highest priority. The moment we returned to our home in Pagosa Springs, I turned on the computer and started. I composed the following trip report for those who had made it possible for me to go to Israel. A positive response was immediate. Within twenty-four hours someone offered me her laptop computer. The responses were varied. They opened my understanding and showed me things the Lord wanted me to see and know. I was greatly encouraged and even more highly motivated to unload the cargo quickly. Even though I was feeling very poorly, I wasted no time in doing so.

BACK FROM ISRAEL LETTER - OCTOBER 8, 2005

I am back in my safe harbor on Lake Pagosa, Colorado, USA. What a trip! I knew it would be hard, but I did not know it would be this hard. I am herewith alerting all who helped translate the dream, “Connected to my Jewish Roots Again,” into reality, that it has been accomplished. Being grafted back into my Jewish heritage was and still is a most painful process. You will learn the whole story when you read my finished manuscript. But here is a snapshot of what happened one day: I engaged a Jewish man in a conversation. After a while I asked, “Are you comfortable with the name of Jesus?” He replied, “I appreciated it that you did not bring up His name.”

I will seclude myself in “The Upper Room” for the next several months to paint a picture with words of my spiritual and physical odyssey. This will be my gift to those who made it possible for me to go to Israel, and more specifically, to Jerusalem. Jerusalem was very hard for me as I was allowed to identify with Jesus’ anguish as recorded in the Book of Matthew, chapters twenty-three to twenty-five. I am still traumatized and will never be the same. My heart has been enlarged. I love and honor Him more than ever before. Jesus was fierce and fearless when He confronted the religious establishment and their traditions two days before He was crucified. Only a God-Man could have endured such pain and rejection and still say, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing.” That is the heart of a real father. That is the heart of our heavenly Father.

I was shown that the religious establishments and traditions of this world still have a choke collar around their followers. Choke collars may be velvet lined, but nevertheless, they are very real. I was shown that little has changed in 2000 years. I was shown that His words still needed to be broadcast and received into the heart of humanity. And that’s what I did, standing on a hillside near the Jaffa Gate. I spoke Jesus’ words to an invisible crowd that was very angry and very real to me. In fact, while speaking Jesus’ words, two men came from nowhere. One of them picked up my bottle of water and spit into it. No, Jerusalem is still not a safe place for the Lord’s

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forerunners. Forerunners, like John the Baptist, prepare the hearts of men to be able to recognize and receive Jesus as LORD of lords, and KING of kings.

Jerusalem, please note that I am both Jew and Gentile.

Jerusalem, please note that I took two olive branches from your city and inserted them in the base of a wood sculpture of olive wood made in your land. It is a sculpture of the Praying Hands. These hands are praying for both Jew and Gentile to be reconciled with one another in Christ Jesus.

Jerusalem, please note that my heavenly Father loves to answer my prayers and that He has dispatched legions of angels to do so.



Just now, I feel like a cargo ship that has returned from a long and treacherous voyage. In its belly are stored valuable treasures destined for people who are hungry for real food. My pen, time, and many pieces of paper will be necessary to unload this rich cargo. If there is someone out there who would like to loan me his or her laptop computer, the unloading process would be easier. And by the way, I learned how to type with all ten fingers in ninth grade. That was fifty-seven years ago. My typing skills have improved since I finished the course at Joan of Arc Junior High in New York City.

The Holy Spirit has shown me that I will be able to connect all the significant dots in my life and paint a complete picture that will encourage many and allow others to view their lives through new lenses. As I write, I am reminded of these words Jesus spoke to His disciples and also to me: “I will send the Holy Spirit who will bring my words to your remembrance and explain them to you.”

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That's Peter's paraphrase from the Book of John, chapter fifteen. I shall sit down and write with that kind of confidence in my heart – my heart and Jesus' heart intertwined.

I will keep careful track of each person who responds positively to this letter. Those who wish to receive a copy of the finished manuscript please let me know who you are. Those who are directed to pray for me while I am unloading the treasures from the belly of my cargo ship, be assured that I treasure the gift of your prayers. Praying can be very hard work and often fills the soul with great anguish. One close friend has a paid employee on his staff whose only job is to pray for his company and family. Other CEOs, please take note. I have promised Jesus and myself that I would give this assignment my highest priority. Until the manuscript is complete, our guest apartment, "The Upper Room," will be my personal domain and sanctuary.

It has been suggested that Rebekah and I take a sabbatical. We both feel admonished to do so. We are both in need of restoration. Rebekah did not go to Israel with me, yet she silently and courageously shoulders the pain and burden I brought back. You might hear these words on our answering machine a little more often: "Praise the Lord, Peter here! This is the Hiding Place. Peter & Rebekah are hiding just now. Please leave a message or call again." When you hear those words, it would be a good time to lift us up in prayer.

A special thanks to everyone who encouraged me to make the trip to Israel. A special thanks to those who prayed over the wallet-size cards I took to Israel, and to those who put spending money in my wallet. Rebekah went with me as far as California, where I rendezvoused with my traveling companion, John Reed. John took care of all the logistics connected with traveling. Rebekah stayed with John's wife, Henrietta, in their new home in Meadow Vista, a very safe place for God's saints and forerunners. For more details, you will need to wait for my manuscript.

"Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!" (Matthew 23:39). The Hebrew equivalent is *Baruch Ha Ba B'Shem Adonai*.

Shalom,

Peter



Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

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ETERNAL AND DEFINING MOMENTS

I must continue to unload my cargo ship filled with stories collected on my “see-going” journey. All I need to do is to sit down at my computer, and memories begin to rise to the surface from a deep, seemingly inexhaustible reservoir. This morning, as has been my custom for many years, I lit the wick of a small oil lamp that keeps on burning until Rebekah or I extinguish the last light of the day. The flame draws oil from an abundant reservoir. As I lay my fingers onto the keyboard of the computer terminal, memories of long ago rise to the surface. I am compelled to give life to them for the benefit of an unseen audience waiting in the galleries.

As I scan the landscape of my life, I can now see the many defining moments that have inexorably brought me to Israel, to Jerusalem, to “The Stone Table,” and now back to my safe harbor in Pagosa Springs, where I am unloading my cargo ship filled with stories.

Before going to Israel, these defining moments were like twinkling stars on the landscape of my mind, representing the events, now etched into my memory, that time and troubles could not erase. I call them my eternal and defining moments. They were like the little “white stones” mentioned in the fairy tale, Hansel and Gretel. These “white stones” eventually allowed the children who had lost their way in the forest to find their way back home. I believe that all of God’s children have defining moments and memories that allow them to find their way back to the Father’s House.

At “The Stone Table,” I was suddenly able to connect all the twinkling stars in my life and see the big picture. And when I saw the picture, I could see the invisible Hand of God that had been directing my life from the moment I was conceived and even before. I could not see my guardian angels, but I knew that they had never left my side; even in the darkest moments, they had been keeping me from harm.

A dream has suddenly arrived at the gate of my mind, a dream I dreamed repeatedly when I was a child.

I was walking through halls of glory. I marveled at the beauty of it all. I was so very much at home there. It was so natural to walk through these halls. I remember being alone. I remember being so very loved. I do not recall any angels or people or playmates. Then I found myself wandering through a gate. The buildings on each side of the road were very beautiful to begin with, but as I kept on walking, they shrunk in size and magnificence. Eventually, the buildings became like the ordinary homes to which I was accustomed, and the street became a dusty country road.

When I awoke, I was desolate because I did not know how to find my way back. The dream never left me. It is as real just now as it was almost seventy years ago. I can still feel the pain of waking up in a country that did not feel like home.

Without knowing how or why, I have tried to find my way back all of my life. Yes, today I am on my way home and know it. And I invite you to come along. The dream reminds me of the movie, The Wizard of Oz, when Dorothy left the city of Oz and suddenly saw herself amongst familiar surroundings again. This might be a good time to ask, “What is the spiritual significance of the movie?” I found a number of answers; maybe you have also. The movie is far more than a movie. It is one of those “white stones” that the Holy Spirit has planted along the dusty journey of our lives. It is the mystery of heaven veiled inside a fairy tale. Or is it a fairy tale?

Even though I grew up in a war-ravaged land, the memories of my childhood are pleasant, more like an adventure than a trial. It was not until World War II was a part of history that my Jewish mother let me know that my ancestors on her side of the family were all Jewish. She kept that a secret until the war was over and

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Germany was defeated. During those war years, we played hide-and-go-seek. We hid while the German Secret Police tried to find us. They never did, although other relatives and friends were not as fortunate as we were. My guardian angels did a great job, don't you think?

It didn't dawn on me until we came to America that there was anything wrong with having Jewish blood running through my veins until I met Josephine, my bride to be. I was totally protected from experiencing any kind of persecution or rejection until I met my future parents-in-law. When they learned that my mother was Jewish, they tried to prevent their daughter from marrying me, but the flames of love and lust were burning so brightly, that they were unsuccessful. But after fourteen years of marriage, they may have added the straw that broke the camel's back when divorce shattered my life.

I was like Moses, kicked out of my comfortable, royal, and seemingly secure lifestyle. All my badges of honor and accomplishments became like worthless trinkets overnight. Yes, one night I awoke in a mental hospital and suddenly became an outcast and a "has been". Whether or not I was correctly diagnosed may forever be a matter of conjecture.

Being sold out to Jesus is no longer considered politically correct. Wherever Christians are in the minority, they are subject to persecution. This is certainly true in many countries. The media in America is beginning to agitate in that direction.

Here is an interesting twist. I saw it on the CBS evening news. New York City police were being trained to recognize perverts and troublemakers by being shown paintings of well-known masters. When asked what kind of impression a painting made upon them that portrayed St. Francis of Assisi, one man replied, "He appears to be a mentally deranged person." Another painting showed Jesus with a whip in his hand as He was driving the moneychangers out of the temple. When asked how this man should be dealt with, the reply was, "He appears to be a troublemaker. We would probably take him in for questioning." If you think I am exaggerating, turn to the evening news of October 19, 2005.

The honeymoon phase of my life lasted for fourteen years. Two wonderful children, two boys, were a gift of God from this union. Being both Jew and Gentile – my father was Gentile, did not become a real issue until I started my first job after graduating from college. One day, another employee in my department volunteered these words: "We have a great department. There is not one Jew working in it."

Those words became one of those defining moments for me. From that day forward, I hid my Jewish roots as best as I could. Many years later, while in Jerusalem, I had another defining moment. I have already mentioned it, but will mention it again for emphasis.

I engaged a Jewish man in a conversation. After a while I asked, "Are you comfortable with the name of Jesus?"

He replied, "I appreciated it that you did not bring up His name."

What is a person to do who is both Jew and a Gentile, who believes that Jesus is indeed the long-awaited and promised Messiah? There is no way he can cut himself apart and give half of himself to the Jews and half of himself to the Gentile Christian community. Again, that was one of those defining moments recorded in the annals of eternity.

And then there was that defining moment in my marriage to Josephine. My soul was in great anguish. I not only hid my Jewish roots as well as possible for fourteen years, but had also tried to hide my transforming experience when Jesus became real to me and I could say alongside the apostle Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

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It was inevitable. The reality of my conversion would eventually surface, or more accurately, explode out of my mouth. It had to surface. I was prepared for the moment. I silently slid out of bed one night and cloistered myself in a part of the house where I felt safe and alone with God. I prayed with a might and a fury that surprised me. As I prayed I was reminded of the fairy tale, “Sleeping Beauty”. I was the valiant prince who was chosen to pierce the thorny hedge of briars and awaken “Sleeping Beauty” with a kiss. As I prayed (and yes, I prayed in my heavenly prayer language that was so offensive to many, even mocked as “gibberish” by some), I saw myself holding a mighty sword in my hands. I was holding the hilt of the sword securely in both hands. I saw myself cutting through the briars, and as I did, I saw the briars as Josephine’s intellect guarding the way to her heart. Time was no longer a dimension. This world was no longer a dimension. It seemed that I broke through and pierced the thorny hedge. A great peace and calmness came upon me when I suddenly felt Josephine’s hand upon my shoulder.

As I walked with her into the family room, I noticed two men standing there in white uniforms. At first I had no idea who they might be. My strange behavior had awakened and frightened Josephine. She called a psychologist and a pastor, explaining my behavior to them over the phone. The psychologist was a both a counselor and an instructor at the University of California at Los Angeles. He had counseled me on several occasions, and I liked him. It was probably close to midnight. They both agreed that I was a candidate for a mental hospital.

I vividly recall the last words between my wife and myself before I was taken to General Hospital in Los Angeles. Josephine said, “Peter, you are acting in a very strange way. You claim that Jesus is your Lord and that He is now number one in your life. There is no way that I can or will try to compete with someone I can’t see, someone who is not real to me. If you had cancer or a broken back, I would nurse you until the flesh drops off my fingers. Tonight may very well be your hour of decision between Jesus and myself.”

I replied, “Jesus is my Lord. He is number one in my life. I cannot choose otherwise.”

She replied, “This could be the end of our marriage.”

At that point she motioned to the attendants, and I was escorted to an ambulance parked outside. I allowed myself to be taken. I even witnessed to the ambulance drivers on the way to the hospital. What was happening did not escape the eyes of heaven. I was merely following orders. I sensed the peace and protection of God upon me on my way to the hospital and while I was there. I was only kept for a few brief hours this time. I was never formally admitted. It was a long wait before someone finally talked to me.

A psychiatrist examined and questioned me as it was already getting light. The examination was brief. He said, “I can’t find anything wrong with you. You are having family problems. You need to find yourself a good family counselor.”

I called a friend from a pay phone who picked me up and let me sleep a few hours at his apartment. I then asked him to take me to my home. The door was locked. There was no one at home. Josephine had taken the boys and gone to her parents. I had a key to the house and went in. I picked up a few things, including one of my favorite chairs, put them in a station wagon, and proceeded to drive to San Diego where my parents lived. On the way I was left stranded halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego because my car overheated. A non-denominational church near the garage offered me their hospitality. A number of other young people called it their temporary home. They were all on fire -- “Jesus Freaks” like myself.

I had one of those defining moments while at the church. I asked God to favor me with the same anointing and boldness as was demonstrated by the apostle Peter. The young people laid hands on me and prayed for that to happen. What a journey it has been since then. It took forever, or so it seemed to me, to realize that

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God took the old Peter, a real wimp, and formed and shaped him into the new bold Peter. A few months ago the Holy Spirit reminded me of the request and said that it had been granted.

After the wonderful hospitality and the prayers, I continued on my journey to San Diego. Three days after arriving at my parents' home, I was served divorce papers. It is painful for me to record the nightmares that caused me to be exiled from my own modern-day Egypt as I already did this more than twenty years ago. It is recorded in a book that was self-published in 1983. It is called, **"To Hell and Back."** Please contact the author to obtain an e-book. There is no charge.

The book includes many defining, eternal moments. They are best memorialized in a monologue excerpted from the movie, *The Ten Commandments* by Cecille B. DeMille. Yes, the old Peter died; he had to die before the new Peter with Jewish roots could be resurrected.

"Into the blistering wilderness of Shur, the man who walked with kings now walks alone: torn from the pinnacle of royal power, stripped of all rank and earthly wealth, a forsaken man without a country, without a hope, his soul in turmoil. Like the hot winds and raging sands that lash him with the fury of a taskmaster's whip, he is driven forward, always forward, by a God unknown or a land unseen; into the molten wilderness of Zin, where granite sentinels stand as towers of living death to bar his way.

Each night brings the black embrace of loneliness. In the mocking whisper of the wind he hears the echoing voices of the dark, his tortured mind wondering if they recall the memory of past triumphs or wail foreboding of disaster yet to come. Or whether the desert's hot breath has melted his reason into madness. He cannot cool the burning kiss of thirst upon his lips, nor shade the scorching fury of the sun. All about is desolation. He can neither bless nor curse the power that moves him, for he does not know from where it comes. Learning that it can be more terrible to live than to die, he is driven onward through the burning crucible of desert, where holy men and prophets are cleansed and purged for God's great purpose. Until at last, at the end of human strength, beaten into the dust from which he came, the metal is ready for the Maker's Hand."

Like the apostle Peter, I have wept bitterly over my sins. For years I despaired, wondering if I could or would ever be forgiven. I was my own god for many years, and even after it was revealed to me that Jesus was indeed the Christ, the long-awaited Messiah, I denied Him three times. But when I read that Jesus interceded for Peter's soul even prior to his denying his Lord, I was greatly comforted; eventually, I was able to receive His forgiveness. The door to past failures and transgressions no longer need to be revisited. Jesus shut those doors forever, and I have not tampered with them again.

Yes, Satan and self gave me enough rope to hang others and myself. By the Grace of God, that did not happen. Yes, the phrase, The Grace of God, is much more than words for me. A prophetess of God spoke this word concerning my journey into the "far country" where prodigal sons learn valuable lessons.

This is for My son Peter, who must know My Love for him.

There was a time when I called out to you in my Love: "My son, My son, where art thou? Come hither unto Me, for thou art mine alone." But you were lost in a desolate world and could not hear My voice. I created thee to know Me, love Me and acquire mine attributes, to be holy and sanctified, so that thou would be a worthy bride unto My Spirit.

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But lo, thou turned away, leaving My heart empty and grieved. I willed to call thee unto Myself in intimacy. So, I took all that was not of Me away, never to be part of thy life again. I made thee to hunger and thirst after Me alone, and if thou didst search the entire universe over, thou would not be satisfied, except in relationship to Me. Thou art My precious treasure. In thee I live and move and have My being. It is thou I cherish, for thou now has a heart after mine own.

Once thy life contained absolute nothingness; then, your wandering in the Valley of Search was over, and your journey unto Me began, for all begin in the creation of the longing of My Love, and all will return unto Me. I began anew in thee, reconstructing and molding thee from dust to clay to Spirit. For I AM God, and thou art My creation. As soon as thou turned thy uplifted face to behold Mine, in full submission to My will, prostrate before Me, I could begin to reveal myself to thee.

O, what joy abounded in the heavens as holy angels rejoiced at our reunion! Heaven and earth stood still as I embraced My beloved once again; and thou became mine forever.

Continue ye in thy love for Me, and pray without ceasing unto Me. I wilt not disappoint thy heart ever again, nor wilt thou ever be far away from Me. For we are as one mind, one heart, and one spirit. I AM well pleased to call you son, and thou shalt have an anointed place at My right hand. Thou shalt call Me thy Father God, and I shalt call thee My best beloved son, and I shall name thy name in the Book of Life. We will always know of our love for one another, one Spirit, singing praise in perfect harmony, rejoicing in our love forevermore.

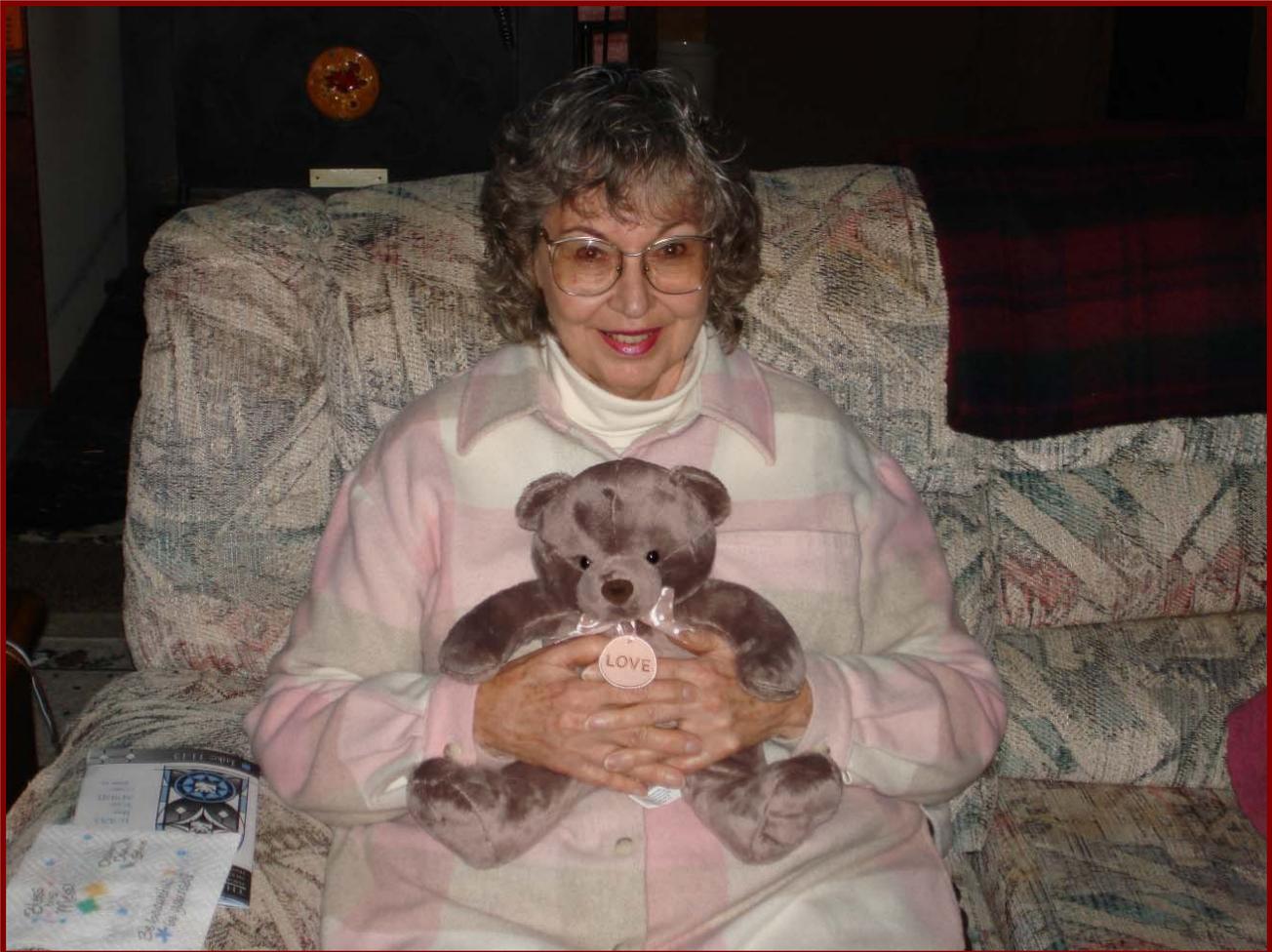
These words were not only spoken into the life of this Peter, but into the life of every prodigal child of God, past, present and future. I am called via this narrative, to bring them forward to this and future generations. They are a part of the treasures in my cargo ship.



*At the “Maagan Holiday Village
On the Sea of Galilee*

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MY SHEPHERD GIRL

Between that pivotal day that I was no longer welcome in the block home on Wheatland Avenue and the day I left for Israel, thirty-four years went by. These years were filled with many defining moments. Meeting and marrying Rebekah was the brightest star during some of the darkest hours of my life.

Rebekah became my shepherd girl on June 22, 1973. She was thirty-seven at the time, and I was forty. My guardian angel – or human curiosity, whatever one prefers to call the event – urged me to investigate the architecture of a certain Lutheran church up on a hill. The day I did, Rebekah happened to be the secretary and doorkeeper of the church. As she unlocked the door to the church, her heart leaped inside of her, and she said to herself, “Who is this strange man?”

Not too many weeks later, I was compelled to search out a movie theatre that featured the movie, *The Ten Commandments*. It was one of those things I was compelled to do by myself. At this point Rebekah and I had had several cups of coffee together at her church office, but had not been out on a date. The movie chronicled my life up to the time I was exiled from my own personal Egypt. My identification with Moses was so complete, I wondered if I might be him. I experienced many delusional moments. Those who remember the movie might recall a dialogue between Moses and one of the seven daughters of the Midianite priest. The priest had offered Moses one of his seven daughters in marriage. He could choose which one he liked the best.

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I will never forget the words Zipporah spoke to Moses outside the tent. She asked, “Which one of my sisters have you chosen?”

He replied, “None of them.” And then she spoke the words that pierced my heart and changed my life once more:

The Shepherd Girl

Our hands are not so soft, but they can serve.
 Our bodies not so white, but they are strong.
 Our lips are not perfumed, but they speak the truth.
 Love is not an art to us; it is life to us.
 We are not dressed in gold and fine linen;
 Strength and honor are our clothing.
 Our tents are not the columned halls in Egypt,
 But our children play happily before them.
 We can offer you little,
 But we offer you all we have.



What happened next was one of those defining, eternal moments. I no longer saw the actress on the screen, but Rebekah. She was speaking those words into my heart, and they greatly comforted my tortured and confused soul. Within my heart I said, “I don’t need an Egyptian princess as my wife; I need a shepherd girl.” The next day, I searched for Rebekah in the office of the Lutheran Church of the Incarnation in Poway, California, and asked,

“Will you be my shepherd girl?”

She replied, “Yes.”

I said, “I am divorced. I have been in a mental hospital. I don’t have a job. I don’t know what to do next. I am Jewish.”

She replied, “So?!?”

Rebekah (that is the new name God gave her after we met) did not see me as the world saw me. Rebekah did not diagnose me as the world diagnosed me. Rebekah did not see me as the traditional church saw me. Rebekah did not see me as my parents or my first wife, Josephine, saw me. The Lord granted her a vision not of who I was, but of who I would become. Here is what she saw, as expressed in her own words.

One evening during a telephone conversation with Peter, the Lord gave me a picture of him in my spirit. I saw him standing on the side of a mountain, dressed in a white robe. Part of the robe was draped over one arm, and he was looking out over a great distance. His expression was all knowing and all wise; the wisdom of the ages was written on his countenance. I knew that I was seeing him completed and perfected, as God must see him through the righteousness of Christ. This has been a wonderful blessing in our lives, for I did not see him as ill or incapable in any way, but wonderfully raised up in Christ. This then set him free to go on in the Lord, to grow in Him, and to heal in God’s perfect timing and way.

From time to time the Lord permits Rebekah to look into the heavenlies and see those things that few mortals are privileged to see. One of these rare and sacred moments occurred twenty-seven years after we were married. Since it is directly related to my journey to Israel, I will record it here as published on our web site.

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CONNECTED TO MY ROOTS AGAIN (Written June 5, 2000)

In recent months a number of people have placed items into my hands that are what I would call strictly Jewish. It all started with a tallit, a Jewish prayer shawl. Another friend placed a book by Sid Roth into my hands, which I literally devoured. It is called, *They Thought for Themselves*. The book is a compilation of ten testimonies by Jewish men and women who recognized and accepted Jesus as their Messiah. Then, I was given a golden bookmark that had the menorah, the Star of David, and the fish symbol on it. Another person was prompted to give me a book called, *The Hem of His Garment*, by Dr. John D. Garr. This book explains the prayer shawl in great detail. All of these items reminded me of Israel and my own Jewish roots, which I had acknowledged reluctantly and with much pain and shame thus far.

Since I grew up in war-ravished Germany where the Jews were hauled into concentration camps, to be Jewish was almost a certain death sentence. And when I came to America in 1946, I quickly became aware of the anti-Semitism in this country. It just made sense for a young, sensitive boy of thirteen to go underground with his Jewish heritage. And even now, at the age of sixty-seven, I would never admit I was Jewish. I always said, "I have a Jewish mother."

Thirty years ago, I had a life-changing, "Road to Damascus" conversion like the apostle Paul, in which Jesus became the Lord and focus of my life. Like the apostle Peter, I was able to say, "Thou, Jesus, are the Christ, the Son of the Living God," while at the same time, I was ashamed of Jesus, the Jew. By doing so, I cut myself off from my roots, all my ancestors, and a very rich heritage. I also caused much grief to the heart of God as I denied Jesus a second time. How very blind I was. I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior, but I rejected Jesus, the Jew.

One day, two visitors came by. They were new faces in my life. Very quickly did they sense my pain and shame in regards to my Jewish roots and offered to pray for me. I gratefully accepted their offer. I was anointed with oil and prayed for with great tenderness and insight. There was no dramatic, immediate breakthrough. I felt loved but did not feel any different; however, my healing would not be far off.

Two days later, our friend Sandy stopped by. She saw Rebekah working in the yard as she drove past. She swung into the driveway to say hello. Before going her way, she came into the house to say "hi." That's when God pulled the plug on my painful past. I barely mentioned to Sandy about our visitors, what they had discerned and how they had prayed two days earlier. When I did, Sandy began to weep with great anguish. All the tears of a lifetime I had not been able to cry, she cried for me. That's the true heart of an intercessor.

Then she said, "Peter, I see four things that are keeping you in chains. I see a spirit of shame, a spirit of offense, a spirit of bitterness, and a spirit of rejection. If you want to, you can let these spirits go now." By the Grace of God, I was able to do that.

Rebekah was sitting on the couch while this was happening. At the same moment as my enslaving chains dropped to the ground, she saw a sea of Jewish faces, all my ancestors from the beginning of time. They were walking towards me with outstretched, open arms, welcoming me home. They came to embrace and kiss me, and before long I had vanished amongst a sea of my ancestors, all dressed in their black, Jewish garb, with Jesus amongst them in his white garments.

Then, she saw others go off in a different direction to prepare a great feast. It was a very holy moment. She was able to connect to a progression of the vision for the next several days. The prodigal son had come home.

Now I could powerfully feel the difference. What freedom! What joy! I had been able to forgive my tormentors. I had forgiven those who had driven my ancestors and me into hiding and killed many others. I had forgiven those who had rejected me. The bitterness was gone. The shame was gone. And instead of pain, there

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was compassion for those who live with prejudice and hate in their hearts toward the Jews. A few days later I remembered a painting we had stored under a bed for the past sixteen years. I found it and put it where all our friends and I can see it. It is a painting of Jesus by Beth Sweigard, looking down from the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. Jesus is wearing a tallit. His hand is gently placed on the shoulder of a rabbi who is praying.



I am that rabbi, connected to my Jewish roots once more. I am also that soldier. I am healed. I no longer have a need to reject who I am and

who my ancestors are. I no longer have to hide. I have come home.

Suddenly, I am able to see how many others reject or are ashamed of their roots. May you be healed as you read this account. May you be able to accept all your ancestors who are waiting to welcome you home. May you be able to connect with your roots and be healed. That is my prayer. I love you so very much.

Peter



Peter standing by bronze plaque mounted on the wall of Beit Yisrael Synagogue in Yemin Moshe

BEIT YISREAL SYNOGOGUE OF YEMIN MOSHE
CORNERSTONE LAID IN 6655 (1895)
DEDICATED IN 5659 (1899)
AS A CENTER FOR PRAYER AND STUDY
WITH THE SUPPORT OF RABBI SHMUEL SALANT

ONE OF THE FIRST SYNOGOGUES
OUTSIDE OF THE WALL OF THE OLD CITY
BUILT BY CONTRACTOR YAAKOV MANNAND
MASTER CARPENTER SHLOMO KAUFMAN

SERVICES CONTINUED AFTER THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE
DESPITE EXPOSURE TO ENEMY SNIPING

RENOVATED IN 5727 (1967) AFTER THE SIX-DAY WAR
REDEDICATED IN 5754 (1994) AFTER MAJOR RESORATION

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PROPHETIC WORDS AND ACTS

Everyone who heard about the trip to Israel rejoiced with me and encouraged me to go. My friend, Leo Hayes, gifted me with the roundtrip ticket to Israel. Another friend, John Reed, offered to accompany me and take care of all the logistics of the trip. Friends were sending me spending money and blessed me in many other ways. I would have had to be deaf and dumb not to be able to recognize the hand of God. Even on the very last day, our friends Mike and Charlene Walker sent a priority letter with a check for \$300.

A number of people had prophetic insights about the trip and its importance. I shall share a few of these insights. There were others, but my e-mail program crashed, and I lost them before I could transfer them into the manuscript.

I've been thinking about your trip to Israel. It is easy for my mind's eye to see you walking the streets of Jerusalem and other places in Israel. At first I thought about it as the land where Jesus walked, and in a real sense, His eyes will be seeing it again through yours.

Today I read the news, and I am thinking about Israel as the land in which the powers of this world, the rulers of our age and their ambassadors, are so often focused. You are going to Israel as an ambassador, but as was the case with Jesus, you will have little appearance of greatness. Jesus did not minimize his authority or the monumental importance of His work, though:

The Queen of the South shall rise up with the men of this generation at the judgment and condemn them, because she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, someone greater than Solomon is here.

When the books are opened (Revelation 20:12), your trip to Israel will be recorded. Through your faith (and that of all who go with you in spirit) and the power of God, even your wallet-sized cards will survive the fire of God's judgment, but many of the "important" works of the world's dignitaries will be burned as wood, hay, and stubble (I Corinthians 3:12).

Jesus, looking toward Jerusalem said, "Behold, your house is left to you desolate; and I say to you, you shall not see Me until the time comes when you say,

"BLESSED IS HE WHO COMES IN THE NAME OF THE LORD!" (Luke 13:35).

Your trip will be yet another opportunity for a remnant in Israel to bless one who is coming to them in the Lord's name and I know your ministry will be a blessing there as it is here.

Another friend sent an overnight letter and included chapter sixty-two from the Book of Isaiah. The chapter is from the Jewish Bible. An overnight letter is like writing a sentence in bold letters. It said to me, "Peter, pay attention; this is important." God was trying to say to me, **"Peter, I love you and I love Jerusalem."**

**YESHA'YAHU
(ISAIAH) 62**

1. *For Tziyon's sake, I will not be silent; for Yerushalayim's sake, I will not rest until her vindication shines out brightly, and her salvation, like a blazing torch.*

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2. *The nations will see your vindication, and all kings, your glory. Then you will be called by a new name which ADONAI himself will pronounce.*
3. *You will be a glorious crown in the hand of ADONAI, a royal diadem held by your God.*
4. *You will no longer be spoken of as Abandoned, or your land be spoken of as Desolate; rather, you will be called, “My-Delight-Is-In-Her,” and your land, “Married.” For ADONAI delights in you, and your land will be married.*
5. *As a young man marries a young woman, your God will marry you; as a bridegroom rejoices over the bride, your God will rejoice over you.*
6. *I have posted watchmen on your wall, Yerushalayim; they will never fall silent, neither by day nor by night. You who call on ADONAI, give yourselves no rest;*
7. *and give him no rest till he restores Yerushalayim and makes it a praise on earth.*
8. *ADONAI has sworn by his right hand and by his mighty arm: Never again will I give your grain to your enemies as food; nor will strangers drink your wine, for which you worked so hard;*
9. *but those who harvest the grain will eat it with praises to ADONAI; those who gathered the wine will drink it in the courtyards of my sanctuary.*
10. *Go on through, go on through the gates, clear the way for the people!*
11. *ADONAI has proclaimed to the end of the earth, “Say to the daughter of Tziyon, ‘Here, his reward is with him, and his recompense is before him.’”*
12. *They will call them The Holy People, The Redeemed of ADONAI. You will be called “Sought-After,” “City-No-Longer-Abandoned.”*

Until the date for my departure was solidified and the airplane tickets were in my hands, an unfocused dread about the trip came upon me. I begged Jesus to shut the door if the trip was not His will, even if it was on the day of my departure. But He didn't.

I kept pleading with the Lord to give me His reassurance that the trip to Israel was truly His idea. I said in my child-like conversation with him, “Lord, can't you tell and show me what is so important while I am sitting on my safe couch in Pagosa Springs?” He answered with total silence.

Ultimately, obedience saved the day. Obedience stopped me from being a wimp. Pride and fear had waylaid my life in the past. It was not going to happen again. During many crucial moments in the past, the Holy Spirit had reminded me of the words the prophet Samuel had spoken to Saul, the first king of Israel. They came to my remembrance again and gave me the strength to obey God:

“Has the Lord as much pleasure in your burnt offerings and sacrifices as in your obedience? Obedience is far better than sacrifice. He is much more interested in your listening to Him than in your offering the fat of ram to him. For rebellion is as bad as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as bad as worshiping idols. And now because you have rejected the word of Jehovah, He has rejected you from being king.” (I Samuel 16: 22-23)

Obedience has been my sacrifice offering to Jesus ever since I said, “Yes, Lord.” Obedience took Jesus to Jerusalem and his crucifixion. It almost felt as if I was heading in the same direction, and in spite of my resolve, that unfocused dread would not go away.

On September 7th, five days before leaving our safe and secure harbor, I opened my Living Bible and read these words – underlined in red and dated – in the Book of Isaiah, chapter 50 and verse:

“Because the Lord God helps me, I will not be dismayed; therefore, I have set my face like flint to do his will, and I know that I will triumph.”

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I grabbed onto those words for dear life and quoted them to others. I was prompted, or more correctly, “compelled,” to compose the following letter and mail it to almost every person in my address file, close to 400 people.

September 7, 2005

Friends and Family,

Before I leave for my trip to Israel, I am prompted, even compelled to place this letter into your mailbox. Yes, “compelled” is the right word. I am compelled to make this trip to Israel to connect with my ancient Jewish heritage; and as I get older and deeper into following in the footsteps of Jesus, I am compelled to do more and more unusual, even risky things.

Rebekah and I will be leaving Pagosa Springs on the 12th of September and return about the second week in October. I, Peter, will be flying with our friend John Reed to Tel Aviv from San Francisco while Rebekah gets pampered by John’s wife, Henrietta, in their new home near Sacramento. Rebekah will have her own guest cottage and be one of the first to sample it.

John and I have no agenda, no itinerary as yet besides having reserved a room in Tel Aviv the first night after arriving in Israel. We will be waiting on the Holy Spirit day by day where to go, what to see, where to eat, where to spend the night, and what to do next. It should be an interesting experience. Your prayers for guidance and protection would mean a lot to our wives and us. We want to thank the person who purchased my round trip airline ticket and others who have blessed me financially so that I can have some spending money while in Israel.

Until then and In Jesus’ Name,
Peter

There were several reasons I sent the letter to almost everyone in my address file. I wanted to know who would respond and encourage me to make the trip. I also wanted to know how many people in my address file would be interested to receive a copy of my trip report, “Back from Israel.” I kept track of these names, and when I wrote the brief two-page trip report, I only sent it to those who sent a positive reply to my first letter. In my second letter, I specifically asked those who would like a copy of the completed manuscript to let me know. I sent letters by regular mail to those who could not receive e-mail.

I did not want the entire manuscript to go to anyone who might not read it or who might consider it as just another unsolicited piece of mail. In the wrong hands, the report could be used as a sledgehammer against the author and his family, my intentions misinterpreted and used against us. We all have learned that the media feasts on running people down and discrediting them. When they do, they have become an instrument of Satan who is called, “the accuser of the brethren.”

About ten per cent of the people in my e-mail address book and my regular address file are receiving a copy of the manuscript. I am pleased and encouraged. I ask every reader to use the same care and discretion I have. Please wait for the Holy Spirit to direct you. Do not share this manuscript indiscriminately. If you do, you will provoke poisonous vipers to come out of their dens and attack you and the author and his family.

There will be others who, in time, will request a copy of the manuscript. In my mind’s eye, I see these “others” as being currently so overloaded with things to read and do, that even a good report is burdensome. There is a time and season for everything. The time and season varies for each person.

On the morning of my departure from Pagosa Springs, angels worked overtime to reassure me. Our suit cases were packed. The gas tank had been filled the day before. All the necessary arrangements had been made for

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someone to take care of our home, houseplants, bills and dog, Bonnie. I had my passport, tickets and \$1,500 in spending money. I also had a number of gifts for people I might meet in Israel – Scripture verses sandblasted into beautiful floor tiles.

Jesus wanted to leave no doubt in my mind that the trip was truly His idea, not mine. I stepped out the door on Monday morning, the 12th of September to give Bonnie one last chance to take her favorite walk to our cluster mailbox. There would be no mail since it was just a little after 7:00 AM. We went to the box. I touched it and pretended I was getting the mail and walked back to the house, a distance of maybe 300 feet.

As I turned into the driveway, a black car slowed down and came to a complete stop. I did not recognize the car but quickly recognized the driver as soon as he had rolled down the window. It was our friend and neighbor, Ben Johnson.

Ben shouted, “Hey, Peter, I hear you are going to Israel. When are you leaving?”

I called back, “In about ten minutes.”

“I am going to pull over for a minute. I have something for you,” he called back.

He parked his car on the side of the road, pulled out his checkbook, and wrote a check for \$200. As he handed me the check, he said, “Peter, you are the most important person to make this trip to Israel.”

With that, he drove off and left me standing there speechless. Jesus had reassured me in a way that was unmistakable. The trip to Israel was His idea, not anyone else’s. I girded my loins and resolved not to allow fear to spoil the trip.



Our precious Bonnie who helped to confirm that my trip to Israel was a part of God’s plan for my life.

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ENCOURAGEMENT, ENCOURAGEMENT, ENCOURAGEMENT

I am writing these next pages at 3:30 in the morning on October 14, 2005. This is the ninth day since we have returned to our safe harbor. I have battled a cough, sore throat, cold, exhaustion, and poor sleep from the moment the plane landed in San Francisco. As I am unloading the rich cargo from the belly of my ship, my health and strength is slowly being restored. The keel of my ship is no longer dragging on the bottom of the harbor. Thanks to all who have blessed me with encouraging words and prayers, I was motivated and able to unload my cargo quickly.

Here is what our friends wrote after receiving my brief trip report. Please read all of them—please. You might find your letter amongst them or recognize the name of a friend. The letters speak as with one voice.

♥Welcome Home My Friend,

The feeling of pain and anguish is really pent up power waiting to be released. RELEASE IT, MANY ARE IN WAITING. I am heading out the door with Cierra just now. We will talk soon.

More LOVE brings more POWER,
Greg

♥Peter,

Praise God that He blessed you so in Israel and in Jerusalem! Yes, Jerusalem is a hard place....it is hard to imagine Jesus' pain over her...and His continuing pain over her! I thank God that He allowed you to experience some of that anguish!

I prayed that God would change your life while you were there, painful as it was and will continue to be, as He reconciles you to your Jewish roots. You are His special child, and His heart aches over your pain. However, He will bless many through your pain and will bless you even more as you walk through it.

I look forward to a copy of the manuscript when you are finished. Meantime, I will be praying for you as you seclude yourself in the Upper Room and as you and Rebekah have your sabbatical. I pray for a Sabbath rest for both of you in Him as He blesses you in that place of rest.

Shalom!
Laura

♥Dear Peter & Rebekah,

Thank you for the snapshot of your awesome trip -- I am looking forward to reading the complete journey and will be praying for both of you!! Don't be surprised if I drop by some goodies sometime (and I won't stay and bother you) -- just to encourage you.

Blessings and love,
Janna

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

♥ Welcome back my precious friends. Thank you for your report. I can't wait until I get the final product of your writings. May the Lord bless you and keep you. May He guide you and may the Holy Spirit bring to mind all that He has stored in your heart. May our Lord encourage you and give you a new strength every day as you put down in book form all that He has given you to do.

I will prophecy now that you will not get weary or discouraged. You will find a new strength and wisdom every day as you get your feet on the ground. He will reveal to you daily new treasures that are hidden in your heart. May the Lord bless Rebekah with a new strength and health as she rests in the Lord during this period also. All my love and prayers are with you always, my wonderful kind friends and family in Christ.

PS: If you need any help at any time please let me know. I can be available on my days off for you and Rebekah. Cleaning, cooking, errands -- you name it -- name it.

*I love you both very much.
A bride of Christ -- Maria*

♥ Hello Peter,

I am so glad to hear that you are back in the States! It seemed like you were gone for a long time. I can't wait to read all about your trip and experience. Please do not withhold anything. I'm so sorry that you suffered persecution while you were there. Just remember that the spirit of the antichrist was already working in Israel during Jesus' day, and it will continue to oppose every Christian until He comes back. Your words on the hillside were not in vain. Satan and his demons were shaking in their shoes!

You know it's a fact that words, once spoken, never cease to exist. They just continue resonating in the atmosphere forever. Your words are still out there and resonating loudly in Satan's ears. It wasn't a coincidence that the two men came from seemingly nowhere. They were led there to send a message.

The Lord just reminded me of the hatred they will have for the two prophets during the tribulation. They will kill them because of their witness and their prophecy to Israel. The devil is a liar, and we know how the story ends, though.

Judy

♥ Praise the Lord, You are home safe and sound with a mission. I will continue to lift you up to our Blessed Savior! I believe you have lived through Galatians 2:20 and shared in the fellowship of His sufferings to know Him! How blessed you are! How Faithful He will be as you bring your experiences to paper. May God be your strength and renewal one day at a time.

*In Him,
Carolyn K*

♥ Thank you Peter for including me in your report about Israel. The time is short and I encourage you to accomplish your task as soon as possible. The two of you are God's chosen vessels.

*GOD BLESS YOU! WE LOVE YOU!
BOB & RACHEL*

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♥ Yes, Peter and Rebekah, You touch us, we touch others, God's heart is spread.

Take care of yourselves. Dig in. Climb into the strong tower, Jesus' Name. Remember the battle is the Lord's. Leaders are often taken into safe quarters at strategic times. It is necessary to preserve those who carry the strategy.

Steve and Kathy Hooper

♥ Dear Peter,

Glad to hear you are back. I prayed for you while you were gone that God would show you new things and give you new experiences -- sounds like He has. I will keep praying for you, as you take your rest, seek Him more and get what He has given you out onto paper. I am hearing from Him myself, to be quiet and secluded at this time. My spirit welcomes this as I witness the present world appearing to crumble with one disaster after another. I am satisfied to know Him and only Him. "What a friend we have in Jesus!" Welcome you home dear friend and may your rest be sweet and full of the "Quiet" God is offering to us today.

Tina

♥ Wow. It's strange, but hearing of your persecution actually made me feel better. I can't fully explain it, but one reason I think is that this level of opposition is a sign that God is having an effect and is about to move in a mighty way.

If Mike Bickle is right (and he probably is), there will be a major harvest of Jews in the last days and we as Christians are required to take part in it. His organization, "Friends of the Bridegroom", has a dedicated missions base to Israel with news and prayer requests etc. Here's the link: <http://www.fotb.com/israelmandate/israelmandate.asp> I noticed in their newsletter that they mentioned the persecution of Messianic Jews that is increasing over there; so at least you are not alone.

May God finish the work He started in you on that trip.

*Bye for now,
Daniel*

♥ Peter,

It was good to hear that you were back safely. It was very interesting to hear what you were confronted with in Israel. The words of Scripture continue to be true concerning the Jews. God has blinded their eyes so that they cannot see! It is because of their sinfulness.

Their response to you is to be expected. I have seen in the last few months that the Gospel affects people in only three ways. The first is as the Greeks were affected; it was "foolishness to them." The second is as a Jew, "or religious person," was affected: a stumbling block. The third way the Gospel affects people is as those that Paul said are "called," because to them it is the power of God unto salvation. You and I can always expect one of those three responses as we preach the gospel to everyone.

I will be awaiting the final copy of your work. Let me know.

*In Him,
Larry Zamora*

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

♥Hello, Peter ~

Welcome home! I hope your upcoming “rest & recuperation” goes well. Our small fellowship group was lifting you in prayer as you traveled. We prayed for you today.

It sounds like you encountered some antichrists on your trip. I’m sorry for any dismay that these encounters caused you.

John taught that there were “many antichrists” even in the 1st century. He also defines antichrist for us in two different ways: (1) anyone who denies that Yahshua is Messiah, and (2) anyone who denies that Yahshua Messiah has come in the flesh.

The world may think we’re crazy, but nevertheless, we agree that Yahshua is Messiah, and that He has come in the flesh. We also agree on this: every knee will bow and every tongue confess that Yahshua Messiah is Master.

*Rest well, my friend,
Mick Abraham*

♥Dear Ones,

Thank you for your heart-felt letter. I am with you all the way. I have very deep feelings about everything Jewish. My Bible is a very Jewish book!!- My Saviour is very Jewish! My future centers on the Holy City, Jerusalem, and the Mt. of Olives, where His feet will stand one day in triumph. The destinies of Christians are so vitally linked with the Chosen People and their God-given Land. The schism is real and painful, but that is partly because we are so vitally connected in reality.

I will surely be praying for you as you attempt to unload your “cargo” of emotions and salient truths, and to share your experiences, struggles, and your heart with your brothers & sisters in Christ. I can sense that it will be a heart-wrenching endeavor. Until next time, In His love and faithfulness,

Frances

♥**Blessed is He who Walks in the Name of the Lord, Peter,**

After talking with you, I felt led to read your trip report. It makes my heart joyous to know you. I also prayed the same words, “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do”. Those words have come several times from my own lips as I prayed for others.

Because of the infliction that came upon me as a result of the trauma I faced on September 19th, 2004, I am now allowed and able to feel the anguish and rejection in your heart. Sometimes it’s hard to forgive others, but we still do that for others. **The crucified ones know how to forgive. Forgiving becomes as natural as moving one foot in front of the other.**

I will continue to pray, whatever the Spirit places in my heart, for my heart is for the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost as I walk and learn more and more about Jesus each day. The crucified ones and the virgins are ready with their oil, for the Lord is returning soon in all His Glory. **These crucified ones are getting ready with the utmost urgency.** My heart is saddened for those who know Him in a sense but aren’t ready.

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I've come to realize that my ministry is to the UN-churched, it is to the lost, the captives and all who are in bondage to sin and need salvation. This ministry is "the harvest of grace to the UN-churched." This is a high calling. Like you, in going to Israel for Jesus, in order to do the work of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

I'll pray for God to renew you in your mind, soul, spirit, and in your strength. I pray that as you write your words that every word will regenerate your entire body from the bottom of your feet to the top of your head. I'll pray for the Peace of Israel. Blessed be the name of the Lord, King of kings and Lord of lords. You are in our prayers. Know, my spiritual Father, as you are on bended knees, Jesus is healing your heart this very second.

Yes, and please send us a copy of the manuscript when you have completed it.

Love,

Fred and Sue Phillippe.

♥Dear Peter and Rebekah,

My prayers are with you this morning. I just read your letter. My dad has been to Israel 4 times and at 90 all he can talk about is going back. I think he feels so close to Jesus when he is there. He talks like his heart is in Jerusalem. I know the Lord will help you unload the burden He has placed in your very being. He gives things to us to give to others that are sometimes very heavy.

Again my prayers are with you today. I don't know what is going on with you today, but I feel you need to know this.

Joy Yeatts

♥Dearest Peter,

Yes, count us as those that will hold you up in prayer on a daily basis and those that would like to read your finished work. As you know, we have experienced a great loss in the death of our son Michael. He was also writing a book. His work is incomplete but we know the Lord does not waste anything. When one of His children cannot finish His calling on their lives, He will place the mantle of their anointing on another. We are praying Michael's mantle falls gently on your shoulders.

We see your labor of love as completed and an instrument in the Hands of God to wake up a sleeping beauty....His Body ! We see that mantle as a prayer shawl and your work as not only a book but also a prayer going up before God as a sweet smelling savor. We see God calling His Body from death unto life!

We love you dear friends. Please keep us close in your thoughts and close in your prayers.

Much love and prayer....Deanna Sebastian....cic (completed in Christ)

♥Peter,

I would love to follow along with you on your bringing to birth the fruit from your pilgrimage to Israel. I made my first trip to Israel in April of this year & came back with a heavy heart & a new direction and understanding about praying for the peace of Jerusalem. There was no peace there in the environment or the Jewish people I saw.

Claudia

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

♥Peter,

We are so thankful that our prayers have been answered and you and Rebekah are both home safe. We read your thumbnail account and would love to read your final version. It truly was an experience of a lifetime.

Take all of the time you need to write your manuscript. It will be all the more precious that way.

*Our love to you both,
Charlie and Colene Butler*

♥Thank You! I sure enjoyed being in your and Rebekah's company. So sweet to worship with you. I definitely want a copy of your manuscript! Will be keeping you in prayer.

Sharri Lou and Jim

♥Dear Peter and Rebekah,

Thanks so much for sending the news that you are back and have lots to "unload"! I would definitely like to have a copy of the "full report"! I don't have a laptop to offer, but be sure to let me know if you would like some editing help, OK?

Praying for a most fruitful hiding period. . .!

*Love & blessings,
Vivi*

P.S. I will forward your e-mail to Wanda. I think she would love to be brought up to date too!

♥Dearest Peter and Rebekah,

I just knew we were going to get a bundle of wonderful words....from this trip to Israel.....and am so excited to hear about it. We will hold you both up in prayer as the Holy Spirit downloads into your spirit all He wants revealed in your manuscript.....I am confident it will be accomplished....as you are such an awesome warrior and servant.

We love you both and keep you in our hearts and prayers always,

Susan Renee Shields

♥Dear Uncle Peter and Aunt Nancy,

We are so glad that you both are back, safe and sound! What an adventure to go to California and all the way to Israel! And we would love to hear about your trip(s), your insights and thoughts. You both are dear to us. May your time of reflecting and sharing be covered and protected.

So, enjoy your time of recounting and refreshing together. Yes, we would like to read anything that you would like to share.

*God Bless,
Kristina*

P.S. I read (in a child's magazine!) about "Ma Shalom" being a response that means, "How is your peace?" Did you hear that greeting while in Israel?

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♥Dear Peter and Rebekah,

How good to hear of your safe return. I'll look forward to the birthing onto the written page all that God has deposited in you in Israel. My prayer is that the Holy Spirit will cocoon you and Rebekah in His grace and peace during the process.

*Blessings,
Carol*

♥Peter and Rebekah,

Welcome back! I would love to have a copy of the manuscript of your soul journey to Israel when it is complete. I will print this letter off and place it in my prayer journal so I will remember to pray for you as you unload your cargo of treasures!

*Peace and grace in our Lord Jesus Christ,
Donna Prouty*

♥My dear Peter and Rebekah,

At this time, all I can say is WOW! WOW! I am overtaken by your heart for Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords. WOW! We love you and are lifting you up unto our Lord and Savior at all times. WOW!

*We love you two,
Stan and Linda*

♥Dear Peter,

Thank you very much for your e-mail and the good news of your safe return. You write with much feeling and emotion. Freddie and I would appreciate your final account. I didn't realize the contempt the word Jesus still has for Jews. I understand that much suffering has been dealt to Jews in the name of "Christians". We all desperately need reconciliation. But God has his own agenda and timing.

*Praise the Lord,
Fred*

♥Peter,

I'm so thankful to hear from you and that you are safe at home. Our prayers are now directed to your heart and to your thoughts and your healing. We most certainly would like to have a copy of your writings.

*God speed be with you and his love eternally cover you.
Charlene and Mike*

♥My Dearest Friends Peter and Rebekah,

How joyfully I read of your return! You have been in my prayers often during this period of restoration -- yes, I intended that word. Sometimes, restoration has nothing to do with rest. It is never easy for broken pieces to be made again into a whole, especially when the clay has hardened with years and with experience, whether good or bad. I see your experience as

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analogous to the new wineskin inside the old: as the new wine pours in, the old wineskin must burst and be shed, but the next layer is that of new wineskin, strong, and new, and pliable. I feel in my heart the weight that you carry; I understand the struggle to remain an open vessel, knowing that new birth is always painful.

Peter, I believe that the realization of your dream of the Upper Room is as much for this very purpose as it has been for the purpose of providing refuge to the many wounded who have flocked there -- perhaps even more so.

As you enter this time of sabbatical, please know that you and your sweet wife are constantly in my prayers. The powers of darkness must be shaking in their worn out old boots to hear your proclamation of faith over Jerusalem that the Lord God loves to answer your prayers!! That just knocks my socks off, especially since the fruit of those prayers is so very evident in my own life.

I have no laptop to offer you, but I can offer my editing skills if you find that you need them. Know that I will drop whatever I'm doing, and work -- EXCITEDLY and PRAYERFULLY -- over your words so that you may spend your time moving forward with the Lord's revelations.

I love you, love you, love you!

Stacy

♥ Peter & Rebekah,

It is so good to know you are back. Am looking forward to you fleshing out what all God did to, through, and for both of you during this time. Laura and I have talked a lot about you both lately, and I think you should know, Peter, that your book has always been special to her. She is doing well, really trusting her healing to the Lord, and your walks around the lake repeating Jesus, Jesus, Jesus are still bearing fruit in her struggles. You both would really enjoy her, I know.

I had seriously considered asking if Laura and I could visit during the holidays, but sadly, don't think that will be possible now -- cost of gas, and I just took a part time clerical job in Searcy with the White County Domestic Violence agency. Honestly didn't want the job, but the way it happened, I left it open to the Lord. I did everything sort of "Ho Hum" during the job interview, wrote a hasty and incomplete resume, didn't give references, and still got hired. He seems determined I should do it. Soooo, I am being obedient, and really feeling better about it daily. Do need the money, but confess I somewhat dread being back in such a painful environment.

Will be thinking about you, and praying as you regroup from your trips. Peter, I do have an old Compaq laptop with Windows 98 that I would be glad to give you, but imagine you will get a better offer. If not, let me know.

Love to you both,

Tita

♥ Yes, Peter, a trip to Israel changes you. I've been there twice on two very different trips and saw things both times that were dear to my heart and also things that tore me apart emotionally. I could identify with your brief letter and know personally what it was like to be there. Jerusalem was troubling to me both times I visited there, yet I loved it and tried to understand it, (an impossible task). The Jews are so lost without Jesus and adamantly negative about him when you talk to

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them. I support a ministry called Emmaus Way in the Judean Foothills that reaches Jews for Jesus and has quite a Messianic Jewish following. I think I sent you their website.

Take care, my friends, and write your story. I will be praying for you as you recover from your trip, Peter. Enjoy your sanctuary in the Upper Room and in your home in the mountains of Colorado. You need the peace and quiet to touch the Holy Spirit to gain an understanding of what you experienced in Israel. I want to read your publication when it is completed.

*Love,
Betty*

♥Hi Folks,

We welcome you back home and are praising the Lord for your trip and your safe return. That doesn't mean we will stop praying for you, it will only change the specifics of our prayers. I can hardly wait for the COMPLETE story of your trip.

We were invited to go to Israel next month with Elias Malke. Unfortunately, we couldn't manufacture enough money to pay for the trip, but we would have loved going.

*Once again, Praise God for His faithfulness to you (and to all of us).
Tom & Sylvia*

♥Hi Grandpop and Grandmom,

I am so glad that you are home safe and sound. I know that I want a copy of the manuscript when it is done and I am sure that Jeanna will want one.

Please let us know how the signs did and what kind of response there was. Let me know when you are up to talking on the phone. Take as long as you need. I know how hard it is. I have been going through a "low" the past 3 or 4 months, so I don't want to dump a bunch of junk of mine on you while you are getting back as close to normal as possible.

Jeanna and I are still not the same from the time we went to Africa; so I will try to keep you two in prayer, but I can't say that I will be able to do that every day.

*LOVE ,
Your Grandson in Christ, Sir Michael*

♥Peter,

I hear your heart...sounds heavy, like it needs to be unladen! Please add me to the list of those who want to hear your report! Israel has a big hold on my heart. . .and someday I want to spend some time there! Don't know when, but I am anxious to read your manuscript, and will surely lift you in prayer. . . maybe an e-mail occasionally with an update and reminder to pray would be helpful!

*God bless you as you write!
Dorothy*

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♥Dear Peter,

I'm so glad you are home safe and sound. The trip was no doubt bittersweet. The Jews, as a whole, have much animosity towards those that have accepted Jesus as the true Messiah and have the nerve to testify- especially to another Jew! Consider it a blessing that they only fouled up your drinking water.

How sad that they are still waiting for their savior to arrive. It is fortunate that you have come back before the Palestinian terrorists transfer their wrath from Gaza to the West Bank. Expect increased violence in Jerusalem from Muslims who label the Jewish presence there "Zionist occupation". Even though the Israelis may start pulling out of the West Bank and dismantling settlements, they will never depart Jerusalem.

Colleen is fine and business is doing well.

*Give our love to Rebekah.
John Allen*

♥Peter,

Glad that you made it home safe and sound. You will be in our prayers as you give voice to your journey.

*We love you!
Marleen and Mack*

♥I hope I'm already on the list for the manuscript. Safe and sound back in Pagosa! Thanks be to God!

*Love,
John*

♥Thank you for including me in your follow up report. When my wife and I returned from our first trip to Jerusalem and the region, we too were profoundly changed. How could one not be changed? May the Lord give full revelation as you write your manuscript. May you two enjoy the needed rest you deserve.

Remember: it's not essential that we know everything, but it is essential that we trust God in everything.

In His grip, Jack

♥Peter and Rebekah,

Welcome Back! I can't imagine the difficult assignment you have been on. It saddens me too to think that in 2000 years not much has changed with God's chosen people in Israel. God will bless you much for being willing to suffer for His sake. I bear witness for your need for a Sabbatical.

I know that God will heal, refresh and renew you greatly. Will keep you in prayer as He keeps you on my heart.

*Love in Him
Janine*

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♥My most precious Beloved Ones,

I just read Peter's letter concerning his trip to Israel and I began sobbing uncontrollably! It was as if a million thorns were piercing my heart and a dagger piercing my side! I felt all the Lord's agony over Israel and over all the lost as His great love is blatantly rejected, as hatred is spewed at Him, even now as it was when He walked the earth. (I am still crying.)

We as His Body have been hypnotized by the cobra of things—pleasure, ease and apathy. We are deaf to God's heartbeat as we listen to the tantalizing song of the world. We are blind to the things of God and gorge on the “more-and-more. We exchange the nails that crucified Him for the “bless-me” thumbtacks.

We have idolatrous hearts instead of clean hands and pure hearts, as our hands grasp for more of self. Our closets and drawers are stuffed with unnecessary objects as well as the closets of our souls.

I am appalled as I take a look into myself with my Lord's eyes and I am bent with pain and conviction and repentance. My heart breaks. Thank you for your letter and your open heart. I will be with you in spirit and prayer as He hides you!

*With my Lord's gentle love,
Lady Mary Viola*

♥Dear Peter,

I read your letter the day it came and I keep waiting till I have time to respond more fully, but the time never comes. I'm taking a very difficult research class at this time and am having to make the most of every minute.

I am very interested in your experience in Israel and inspired by your insight into how only Jesus as God and man could have endured what He did and acted with so much authority and love. I am very grateful to God that you are home safe; and I pray you will have a quiet and restful recuperation. I am eager to read the account of your journey, as I know it will be rich and challenge the dead weight I carry around on my own journey.

*May God bless you and Rebekah as you write and recover.
Dan C.*

♥Dear Ones,

Be blessed! May Almighty God grant you the 100-fold blessing in Jesus' Holy Name! Holy, Holy Name!

This AM I picked up your letter to reread and pray. These are the words which came to me:

You have come full circle and it will all be finished when you reign with Jesus in the Holy City one of these days.

There was a spiritual surgery, which went deep into both of your beings and hearts. It may take a lifetime to assimilate, but you will be OK and “it” is OK.

Rebekah wasn't physically there (Jerusalem), but was spiritually there. Stay in worship—it is the balm and salve which heals. Even though you are very fragile deep within, you are stronger. Roots and traditions die hard. As you write, the chains will fall.

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Have no self-pity – Almighty God is pleased – So pleased!

“You’ve had quite a test,
But now comes a rest
So you can accomplish my best.
Do it with heart and zest!
I will give my words to you.

Write and speak them anew –
There are many people who don’t know Me –
Give them my Word –
So they can see –
The hope and trust that abounds in thee –

Pick up the sword –
Use my Word –
The devils have to flee –
They can’t stay because of Me .

Tell them I died upon the tree –
And rose again for all your good –
Just as the Father planned I should.
Savor my rest – savor my joy –
Let it dwell deep in thee –
It’s part of why I died on that tree.

Worship – Praise
Bask in Me –
It will be the healing for thee!”

I saw on John Hagee this A.M. – there are Jews who know Jesus, just a few. On the show was an orphanage called Migdal. A rabbi, Ben Sion Sobel is the head teacher. Rabbi Grossman founded it. You can learn more at www.JHM.ORG

We consider John Hagee a prophet. He has such Holy Boldness.

You are the sanest person I know. I would have been crazy if you hadn’t helped me. Normal for you -- and normal for me -- Supernatural strength!

We are praying!
Love, Barbara

♥Dear Peter and Rebekah,

Thank you for the letter you sent, my heart goes out to you for the persecution you received. I just read it this morning and afterwards I got into the Word and I’ve been reading the book of Matthew. Today I continued in chapter 10 and I wanted to remind you of some verses. Matt.10:14-15 “And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet.”

15. “Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city, (or house.)”

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I know Jerusalem is the chosen city and it is holy, but I also think this applies to people in general as well. It also came to my heart in Matt.5:10-12 “Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

11.”Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.”

12.”Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

Peter, I rejoice with you for your many great rewards in heaven. I understand it is difficult to see people deceived by the enemy, especially the chosen people, but you acted in obedience to Jesus’ commandment to preach the gospel and you encouraged me greatly. You are such an awesome example of a disciple and I will always have you in mind when I am persecuted;

I guess it’s because you are Christ-like.

It was good to hear from you and I pray even now for God to bless you beyond what you even ask or think in every area of your lives.

*Your friend,
Dustin, Gideon #81*

♥Good morning Peter,

I have been following your story to Israel and back and praying all the way for all you would hope to find spiritually, physically and mentally that God would show you tremendous life changing things to share.

The few weeks you spent in the Upper Room tells me there was much to absorb. I hope you are enriched. Your manuscript will be worthy to read and I hope that we could be on your list to obtain a copy.

Your first brief letter, before you retired to the Upper Room, inspired a song in me to share someday with you. I’m hoping to incorporate your story into it. It is entitled ‘Jerusalem’ and has a wonderful Celtic Folk feel to it so far.

Anyway, we are all glad you made your pilgrimage to the Promised Land, a trip we all should hope to make some day before our Lord comes again. Thank you for all your blessings!

I will be sending you more lions very soon (Lion of Judah medallions – see page IX); so don’t be surprised if you hear ‘roaring’ at your front door!

*Love from all of us here in the Northwest,
Guy & Barbara Brooke*

♥Dear Peter,

I have been anticipating your thoughts since your trip and so appreciate your sending this to me. I opened it up as soon as you sent them, but quickly felt I needed to wait until I could quiet myself and absorb your words. Now was the time. What a journey for you into the suffering heart of Jesus, Peter. I wonder if you could have known this thorn He bears any other way than by being a son of Israel and having your heart so given over to Him? I see your heart beating in tandem with His...in pain but also in intercession.

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Would you please add me to the list of those receiving the story of your trip? As I may have mentioned before, I saw you coming back with a large backpack of deposits from Jesus. I don't know what those are but believe you will. They are very dense and heavy...concentrated as in a lot packed into a small space (?). (One of my frustrations is in trying to verbalize a picture; I so must depend on the Holy Spirit to translate for me as I do a very poor job of it!) I see you straining to get them out of the backpack, but then it and the deposits are laid at your feet and you stand straight and strong. You are wearing a white shirt rolled up at the sleeves and your hands are on your hips. You are tired, but smiling with satisfaction of a job well done.

It's always helpful to know if what I see makes sense to the person or not. Your feedback is always welcomed, Peter. You have mentored me in so many ways...with gentleness and truth...so just know anything you sense, encouragement or correction, will bless me.

*Love and peace to you both,
Carol*

♥Dear Peter and Rebekah,

It's been a month since we received your letter. How much I felt the tenderness of your report. I honestly endorse your time of withdrawal to the Upper Room that you may find rest and renewal, courage and commitment to bring forth your message to us.

I thought back to our Durango days and your visit to the "The Third Pig." You both were so gentle – almost fragile.

Then now, this many years later, you have gained even more sensitivity, but now have the boldness of God as you and He go forth with His message. I bless you in this endeavor.

*I love you.
Nancy*



In 1975 we learned how to make sandblasted signs from our friend John Allen. Making signs and teaching the craft to others has been our focus for many years.

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THE CARGO SHIP HEADS OUT TO “SEE”

I am heading for my personal date with pain and anguish in unloading this cargo (my own personal Jerusalem). During the trip, I was stretched, it was painful, it was necessary. I have been changed. I will never be the same. The identification with Jesus, His anguish, and purpose for coming is now a part of who I am. We have all heard the words, “All’s well that ends well.” I want you to know that all has ended well.

I am so eager to tell you about Israel and Jerusalem in particular, that I am going to take some short cuts to get there. The anguish in my heart is too great; and the only way I am able to divest myself of the pain is to tell you about my Jerusalem experience. The quicker I do that, the sooner I will be able to sleep again. I do enjoy unloading my cargo ship, but would prefer if the process would not begin at 4:00 or 5:00 each morning. Sleeping late is generally one of those luxuries granted to those who are celebrating their golden years.

Rebekah and I took two days to drive to Meadow Vista in California. It’s 1000 miles from our front door to the front door of John and Henrietta Reed. Their home was the base camp for the journey. We drove 600 miles the first day and stayed the night in Ely, Nevada at a Best Western Motel. Driving 600 miles in one day is pushing the envelope for us, but we managed to do it without experiencing undue fatigue.

Our chariot was a ‘98 Cadillac, a gift from friends. In addition to the presence of our guardian angels and the Holy Spirit, we invited Joyce Meyers to come along with us – no, not in person, but via her humorous, one-of-a-kind teaching tapes. I said to Rebekah as we were listening, “Who needs a counselor or psychiatrist when they can invite Joyce Meyers into their living room?”

I can’t recall specific subjects just now that we listened to except for a four-tape series entitled, “The Pure in Heart.” We were never bored. Our friend Janna had loaned us a whole bunch of Joyce Meyers’ tapes. Both coming and going, we enjoyed Joyce Meyers. The beautiful and varied landscape and the voice of Joyce made the hours and miles fly by.

On Friday, the 16th of September, at about 7:00 p.m., my traveling companion, John Reed, and I took off for San Francisco in preparation for boarding United Airlines flight #956 the next morning at 8:00 a.m. The first leg of our journey would take us to the JFK Airport in New York, and from there via Austrian Airlines to Vienna, Austria, and then on to Israel. Rebekah was scheduled to get some much-needed rest and pampering from Henrietta, John’s wife, while John and I were in Israel. They planned to do a bunch of girl-stuff together and hunker down for some serious praying with intercessor, Laurie Seifert.

On our way to San Francisco, a distance of ninety miles, we stopped in Sacramento, where I had a chance to see the Reed Lumber Company and lay hands on the company’s sign to pray for favor. Then we both got a cup of Starbuck’s coffee and proceeded to the Marriott Courtyard Hotel near the airport. I had planned to say a lot more about what happened between San Francisco, New York, Tel Aviv, Beersheba and Jerusalem, but am so eager to get to Jerusalem, that I will not go into quaint little details, at least not now.

It does bear mentioning that Beersheba was a disappointment. I had expected to find a little town with tree-lined palm trees, manicured yards, and red-tiled roofs. Instead of finding a town of 15,000 inhabitants, we found a town of concrete, boasting 250,000 residents or more. The Ben Gurion University was a stunning set of buildings that reminded me of Frank Lloyd Wright’s innovative designs. We stayed at the Paradise Hotel

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in Beersheba on Monday night, the 19th of September, enjoyed an opulent breakfast, and then high-tailed it out of town. Jerusalem was our destination. By American driving standards, Jerusalem was almost next door to Beersheba – a total of eighty-four kilometers or fifty miles.

My friend, Dan Karvonen, just called as I was writing. He asked me about the trip to Israel. I gave him my snapshot report over the phone. He remarked, “Your friends prayed you to hell and back when you went to Jerusalem.” He could not have spoken a truer word. But the Holy Spirit also graced us with two wonderful days at the Sea of Galilee at the end of the trip. Those two days were like dessert and a breath of fresh air.

Dan has been to Israel five times. He told me that the first time he arrived, the Holy Spirit said to him, “Welcome home, my son.” When Peter arrived it felt more like being on an alien, hostile planet. John, my seasoned traveling companion, and I both sensed that we were sent to Israel to observe, but not to critique anything or cause a riot. Dan just told me, “Peter, you were sent as the Lord’s scribe; report what you see, hear, and feel.”

That sounds about right. If I stray from being more than a scribe, please forgive me. But being a scribe, allows me to write not only what my five senses observed, but also what my heart saw. My heart sees and knows a lot of things that may not be obvious to others.

Every person who goes to Israel experiences the Holy Land differently. And if we go more than once, we are bound to experience it differently. So, let us not judge or condemn one another about the way we experience Israel and Jerusalem, where God chose to reveal Himself through his Son, Jesus of Nazareth. We all see the world through different lenses. May we see through the eyes of Jesus and be able to endure what we see.

Finding the right place to stay in Jerusalem was our first priority. We had no reservations. While still at home, John contacted a bed and breakfast via e-mail and got a response from a man who lived in an area known as Yemin Moshe at 12 Ha’mevasar. John knows how to read a map, drive carefully through narrow streets, and be an aggressive driver when necessary. But in this case, he needed a lot more than intelligence and daring to locate the address; he needed that Holy Ghost radar and the protection of guardian angels.

After asking a number of questions from people who did not speak English and were of little help, John found the address and knocked on the right door. The landlord, a retired film producer by the name of Yosie Avissa, received us kindly but had to inform us that there was no available room or apartment. He remembered the inquiry via e-mail two weeks earlier but also remembered that John had not responded to tell him when we needed a room. John didn’t yet know when we would need it, and that’s why he did not respond.

We were slowly retracing our steps back to the car when a young man ran after us, hailing us to stop. He was an American tourist on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem with his young wife and four-month-old baby. He had rented the whole downstairs apartment at 12 Ha’mevasar and had overheard a part of our conversation with the owner.

He said, “I rented the entire downstairs for one week. There are actually two separate units and you are welcome to have either one of them.”

We went back, looked about, and decided on the larger one that had both a bedroom and living room. John negotiated with the owner for five days at \$99.00 per night. But when John asked if he could pay with his Visa credit card, the owner balked.

John replied, “I’ll be glad to add the 4% service charge that it costs you to process the credit card.”

John did not tell me what the owner agreed to.

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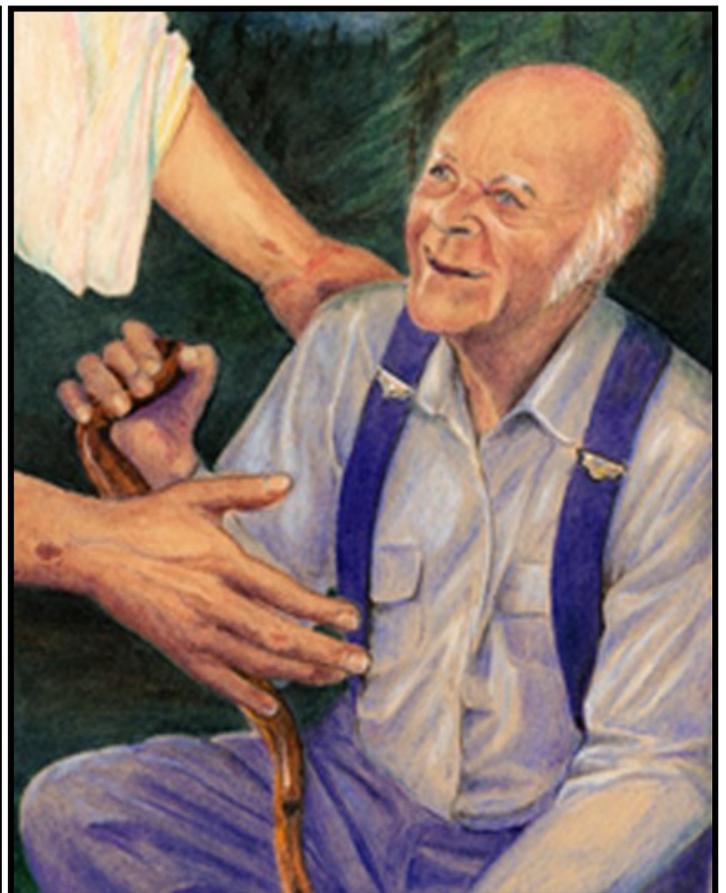
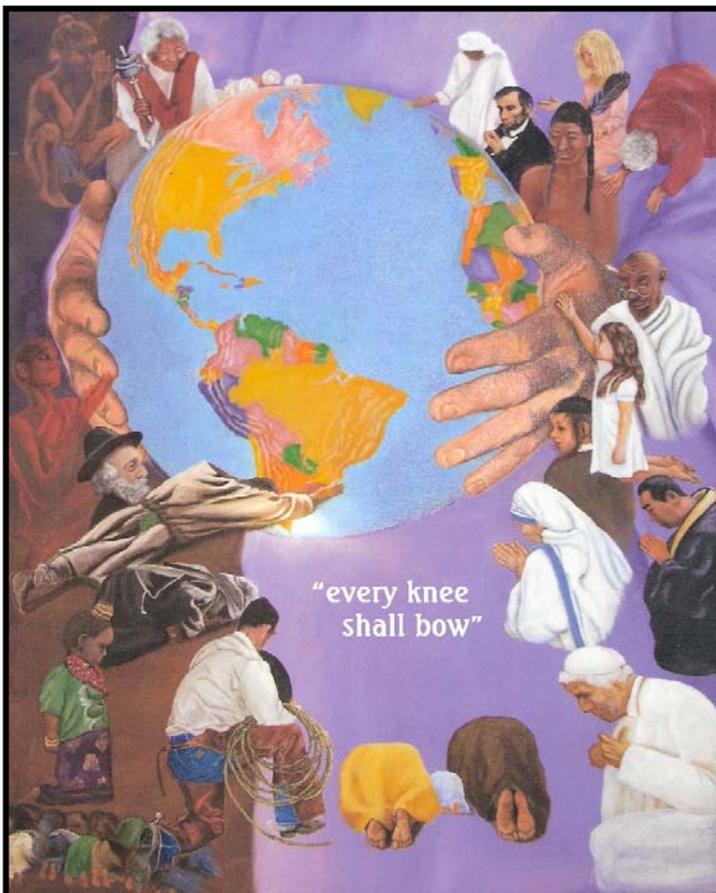
The tenant and owner asked us to come back in a couple of hours in order to allow them time to move things to the other unit and put fresh sheets on the beds. The downstairs apartment was something like a cave, and that's just what we needed to feel safe. What we did during those two hours is blurred. The only thing I remember is that we found a mini grocery store and purchased a few snack items.

For us to rent a part of the downstairs was a blessing to the other tenant because his part of the rent was reduced by the amount we paid. Everyone was blessed. It was another one of those God-things.

I never slept well while in Israel. I might sleep for three or four hours, then wake up and process the events of the previous day until dawn. The jet lag caused by a ten-hour time differential between California and Israel did not help. New surroundings, different food, sleep deprivation, physical and emotional pain, the language and alphabet barrier – all these things bundled together or in any combination can cause the veil between heaven and hell to become very thin; and it did.

Thus, the Holy Spirit was able to get my attention, and the Voice of the Lord was more poignant than ever before.

The next chapter tells the story.



“...at the name of JESUS every knee shall bow.”

Philippians 2:10-11

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allowed Me to bridle his passions and has allowed My Spirit to move upon his spirit. I have called him from afar to reconnect with his ancient roots that go back to the seed of Abraham.

“I have moved upon the hearts of my hidden saints in America to send him to Jerusalem, accompanied by my servant, John. I have hidden Peter and John away amongst a cluster of homes below the Blue Windmill. The Jaffa Gate is within walking distance.

“Yes, my servant Peter is well qualified to speak My heart to my beloved land and to the children of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I allowed him to watch a synagogue burn to the ground when he was only five. I protected and hid him like I protected my servant Moses when he was a child. Yes, the place of his birth, Germany, was never a safe or friendly place for my children. There will NEVER be a safe place for my children outside the land of Israel until my beloved Son is established in the heart of every man, woman and child.

“Like Moses, I groomed my servant Peter in the house of Pharaoh and allowed him to surrender his heart, for a season, to the pleasures of this world and to become ADDICTED to the applause of men. But, one day I came upon him like I came upon Saul on the road to Damascus and changed his name forever. Paul became My voice to the Gentiles. In like manner, my servant Peter is My voice to both Jew and Gentile, for he carries the seed of both Jew and Gentile in his blood.

“My servant Peter has left the house of pleasure and power, trading it for a garment of rejection and ridicule. But I planted by his side his handmaiden, Rebekah, to undergird him when fear, terror and confusion attempted to ravage and devour his soul.

“Today my servant is no longer aiming to please man or himself, and that is why I can speak to him and speak through him. In the sovereign hour of My visitation, he chose Me, and I began to cultivate My own heart in him. I took out his stony heart and gave him My heart of flesh. Today he knows My heart because he knows the heart of My only begotten Son Jesus.

“My servant, Peter, is not the only one yielded to My heart. There are others who have wedded their will to the will of their heavenly Father. I speak to them and through them both to encourage and also to reprimand my children. At times I shout My instructions; at other times I whisper them into tender and anxious hearts.

“It is I who brought my servant, Peter, to the land of Israel. I brought him from afar to see with his own eyes and to hear with his own heart what you have done to My Holy City and my beloved land. I have given him the gift of words to speak with favor or fury. If he blesses you, it is My love. If he chastens you, it is also My love.

“He walked through the Jaffa Gate with his friend, John, but stopped short of the Wailing Wall, your most holy site in all of Israel. Both Peter and John’s spirits had heard enough. They had smelled enough. The stench of the hawkers of trinkets and peddlers of food sickened their hearts. With few exceptions, where they walked, filth was everywhere. Armed guards with machine guns monitored the pilgrims who had come from afar. Men with long beards and black hats tried to block the way of pilgrims, hoping to receive shekels and or impose their rules of tradition upon them.

“I speak to you now, O Israel, as a stern Father. Hear My Son, hear the words of My beloved Son. He spoke to you 2000 years ago in the temple courtyard. You did not like His words; you did not hearken to His words; but they did not fall to the ground. They will accomplish what He spoke and prophesied. His words live and shall be broadcast into the heart of every Jew near and far, and then, the end shall come. Some will go to their eternal reward of damnation while others rule and reign at my side.

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“Israel, my love, hear the words of My beloved Son. Hearken to them. He died so that your sins will be blotted out. No more sacrifices are necessary. NO other sacrifices that please Me are possible. **There is no other name given in heaven, on earth, or under the earth by which your soul can be saved.**

You cannot earn your reward through good deeds, through much learning, or through attempting to keep all the laws and traditions. You must receive salvation as a gift of My grace and mercy, or not receive it at all. There is only **One** who has conquered death and hell. His name is Jesus. His name is Yeshua. You must call upon Him while there is breath on your lips. No one can do it for you. You cannot do it for anyone else.

“The words of My Son shall live today, tomorrow and forever. Time and distance does not strip them of their power. Language is no barrier. They shall be spoken into every human heart – past, present and future. And then, the curtain man calls “time”, time shall be no more. Some will weep forever; others will celebrate at My Throne of Grace forever.

“The followers of My beloved Son, His disciples, faithfully recorded His words for this generation and all future generations. I am now using my servants Peter and John to place these words in front of My people, **my Chosen Ones**. They shall be written in every language my chosen people speak, write and understand. They shall travel around the world. They shall crush those who mock them and save those who receive them with thanksgiving in their hearts.

“Thus speaks My beloved Son to the crowds and to His disciples as recorded in the Book of Matthew.”

MATTHEW 23 ¹

Jesus Warns the Religious Leaders

Then Jesus said to the crowds and to His disciples, “The teachers of religious law and the Pharisees are the official interpreters of the Scriptures. So practice and obey whatever they say to you, but don’t follow their example. For they don’t practice what they teach. They crush you with impossible religious demands and never lift a finger to help ease the burden.

“Everything they do is for show. On their arms they wear extra wide prayer boxes with Scripture verses inside, and they wear extra long tassels on their robes. And how they love to sit at the head table at banquets and in the most prominent seats in the synagogue! They enjoy the attention they get on the streets, and they enjoy being called ‘Rabbi.’ Don’t ever let anyone call you ‘Rabbi,’ for you have only one teacher, and all of you are on the same level as brothers and sisters. And don’t address anyone here on earth as ‘Father,’ for only God in heaven is your spiritual Father. And don’t let anyone call you ‘Master,’ for there is only one master, the Messiah. The greatest among you must be a servant. But those who exalt themselves will be humbled, and those who humble themselves will be exalted.

“How terrible it will be for you teachers of religious law and you Pharisees. Hypocrites! For you won’t let others enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and you won’t go in yourselves. Yes, how terrible it will be for you teachers of religious law and you Pharisees. For you cross land and sea to make one convert, and then you turn him into twice the son of hell as you yourselves are.

“Blind guides! How terrible it will be for you! For you say that it means nothing to swear ‘by God’s Temple’—you can break that oath. But then you say that it is binding to swear ‘by the gold in the Temple.’ Blind fools! Which is greater, the gold, or the Temple that makes the gold sacred? And you say that to take an oath ‘by the altar’ can be broken, but to swear ‘by the gifts on the altar’ is binding! How blind! For which

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is greater, the gift on the altar, or the altar that makes the gift sacred? When you swear ‘by the altar,’ you are swearing by it and by everything on it. And when you swear ‘by the Temple,’ you are swearing by it and by God, who lives in it. And when you swear ‘by heaven,’ you are swearing by the throne of God and by God, who sits on the throne.

“How terrible it will be for you teachers of religious law and you Pharisees. Hypocrites! For you are careful to tithe even the tiniest part of your income, but you ignore the important things of the law—justice, mercy, and faith. You should tithe, yes, but you should not leave undone the more important things. Blind guides! You strain your water so you won’t accidentally swallow a gnat; then you swallow a camel!

“How terrible it will be for you teachers of religious law and you Pharisees. Hypocrites! You are so careful to clean the outside of the cup and the dish, but inside you are filthy—full of greed and self-indulgence! Blind Pharisees! First wash the inside of the cup, and then the outside will become clean, too.

”How terrible it will be for you teachers of religious law and you Pharisees. Hypocrites! You are like whitewashed tombs—beautiful on the outside but filled on the inside with dead people’s bones and all sorts of impurity. You try to look like upright people outwardly, but inside your hearts are filled with hypocrisy and lawlessness.

“How terrible it will be for you teachers of religious law and you Pharisees. Hypocrites! For you build tombs for the prophets your ancestors killed and decorate the graves of the godly people your ancestors destroyed. Then you say, ‘We never would have joined them in killing the prophets.’

“In saying that, you are accusing yourselves of being the descendants of those who murdered the prophets. Go ahead. Finish what they started. Snakes! Sons of vipers! How will you escape the judgment of hell? I will send you prophets and wise men and teachers of religious law. You will kill some by crucifixion and whip others in your synagogues, chasing them from city to city. As a result, you will become guilty of murdering all the godly people from righteous Abel to Zechariah (son of Barachiah), whom you murdered in the Temple between the altar and the sanctuary. I assure you, all the accumulated judgment of the centuries will break upon the heads of this very generation.

Jesus Grieves over Jerusalem

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city that kills the prophets and stones God’s messengers! How often I have wanted to gather your children together as a hen protects her chicks beneath her wings, but you wouldn’t let me. And now look, your house is left to you, empty and desolate. For I tell you this, you will never see me again until you say, ‘Bless the one who comes in the name of the Lord!’”

MATTHEW CHAPTER 24:

Jesus Foretells the Future

As Jesus was leaving the Temple grounds, his disciples pointed out to him the various Temple buildings. But he told them, “Do you see all these buildings? I assure you, they will be so completely demolished that not one stone will be left on top of another!”

Later, Jesus sat on the slopes of the Mount of Olives. His disciples came to him privately and asked, “When will all this take place? And will there be any sign ahead of time to signal your return and the end of the world?”

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Jesus told them, “Don’t let anyone mislead you. For many will come in my name, saying, ‘I am the Messiah.’ They will lead many astray. And wars will break out near and far, but don’t panic. Yes, these things must come, but the end won’t follow immediately. The nations and kingdoms will proclaim war against each other, and there will be famines and earthquakes in many parts of the world. But all this will be only the beginning of the horrors to come.

“Then you will be arrested, persecuted, and killed. You will be hated all over the world because of your allegiance to me. And many will turn away from me and betray and hate each other. And many false prophets will appear and will lead many people astray. Sin will be rampant everywhere, and the love of many will grow cold. ¹³But those who endure to the end will be saved. And the Good News about the Kingdom will be preached throughout the whole world, so that all nations will hear it; and then, finally, the end will come.

“The time will come when you will see what Daniel the prophet spoke about: the sacrilegious object that causes desecration standing in the Holy Place” (Reader, pay attention! “Then those in Judea must flee to the hills. A person outside the house must not go inside to pack. A person in the field must not return even to get a coat. How terrible it will be for pregnant women and for mothers nursing their babies in those days. And pray that your flight will not be in winter or on the Sabbath. For that will be a time of greater horror than anything the world has ever seen or will ever see again. In fact, unless that time of calamity is shortened, the entire human race will be destroyed. But it will be shortened for the sake of God’s chosen ones.

“Then if anyone tells you, ‘Look, here is the Messiah,’ or ‘There he is,’ don’t pay any attention. For false messiahs and false prophets will rise up and perform great miraculous signs and wonders so as to deceive, if possible, even God’s chosen ones. See, I have warned you.

“So if someone tells you, ‘Look, the Messiah is out in the desert,’ don’t bother to go and look. Or, ‘Look, he is hiding here,’ don’t believe it! For as the lightning lights up the entire sky, so it will be when the Son of Man comes. Just as the gathering of vultures shows there is a carcass nearby, so these signs indicate that the end is near.

“Immediately after those horrible days end, the sun will be darkened, the moon will not give light, the stars will fall from the sky, and the powers of heaven will be shaken.

“And then at last, the sign of the coming of the Son of Man will appear in the heavens, and there will be deep mourning among all the nations of the earth. And they will see the Son of Man arrive on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he will send forth his angels with the sound of a mighty trumpet blast, and they will gather together his chosen ones from the farthest ends of the earth and heaven.

“Now learn a lesson from the fig tree. When its buds become tender and its leaves begin to sprout, you know without being told that summer is near. Just so, when you see the events I’ve described beginning to happen, you can know his return is very near, right at the door. I assure you, this generation will not pass from the scene before all these things take place. Heaven and earth will disappear, but my words will remain forever.

“However, no one knows the day or the hour when these things will happen, not even the angels in heaven or the Son himself. Only the Father knows.

“When the Son of Man returns, it will be like it was in Noah’s day. In those days before the Flood, the people were enjoying banquets and parties and weddings right up to the time Noah entered his boat. People

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didn't realize what was going to happen until the Flood came and swept them all away. That is the way it will be when the Son of Man comes.

"Two men will be working together in the field; one will be taken, the other left. Two women will be grinding flour at the mill; one will be taken, the other left. So be prepared, because you don't know what day your Lord is coming.

"Know this: A homeowner who knew exactly when a burglar was coming would stay alert and not permit the house to be broken into. You also must be ready all the time. For the Son of Man will come when least expected.

"Who is a faithful, sensible servant, to whom the master can give the responsibility of managing his household and feeding his family? If the master returns and finds that the servant has done a good job, there will be a reward. I assure you, the master will put that servant in charge of all he owns. But if the servant is evil and thinks, 'My master won't be back for a while,' and begins oppressing the other servants, partying, and getting drunk-- well, the master will return unannounced and unexpected. He will tear the servant apart and banish him with the hypocrites. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

MATTHEW 25

Story of the Ten Bridesmaids

"The Kingdom of Heaven can be illustrated by the story of ten bridesmaids who took their lamps and went to meet the bridegroom. Five of them were foolish, and five were wise. The five who were foolish took no oil for their lamps, but the other five were wise enough to take along extra oil. When the bridegroom was delayed, they all lay down and slept. At midnight they were roused by the shout, 'Look, the bridegroom is coming! Come out and welcome him!'

"All the bridesmaids got up and prepared their lamps. Then the five foolish ones asked the others, 'Please give us some of your oil because our lamps are going out.' But the others replied, 'We don't have enough for all of us. Go to a shop and buy some for yourselves.'

"But while they were gone to buy oil, the bridegroom came, and those who were ready went in with him to the marriage feast, and the door was locked. Later, when the other five bridesmaids returned, they stood outside, calling, 'Sir, open the door for us!' But he called back, 'I don't know you!'

"So stay awake and be prepared, because you do not know the day or hour of my return.

Story of the Three Servants

"Again, the Kingdom of Heaven can be illustrated by the story of a man going on a trip. He called together his servants and gave them money to invest for him while he was gone. He gave five bags of gold to one, two bags of gold to another, and one bag of gold to the last—dividing it in proportion to their abilities—and then left on his trip. The servant who received the five bags of gold began immediately to invest the money and soon doubled it. The servant with two bags of gold also went right to work and doubled the money. But the servant who received the one bag of gold dug a hole in the ground and hid the master's money for safekeeping.

"After a long time their master returned from his trip and called them to give an account of how they had used his money. The servant to whom he had entrusted the five bags of gold said, 'Sir, you gave me five bags of gold to invest, and I have doubled the amount.' The master was full of praise. 'Well done, my good

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and faithful servant. You have been faithful in handling this small amount, so now I will give you many more responsibilities. Let's celebrate together!

“Next came the servant who had received the two bags of gold, with the report, ‘Sir, you gave me two bags of gold to invest, and I have doubled the amount.’ The master said, ‘Well done, my good and faithful servant. You have been faithful in handling this small amount, so now I will give you many more responsibilities. Let's celebrate together!’

“Then the servant with the one bag of gold came and said, ‘Sir, I know you are a hard man, harvesting crops you didn't plant and gathering crops you didn't cultivate. I was afraid I would lose your money, so I hid it in the earth and here it is.’

“But the master replied, ‘You wicked and lazy servant! You think I'm a hard man, do you, harvesting crops I didn't plant and gathering crops I didn't cultivate? Well, you should at least have put my money into the bank so I could have some interest. Take the money from this servant and give it to the one with the ten bags of gold. To those who use well what they are given, even more will be given, and they will have an abundance. But from those who are unfaithful, even what little they have will be taken away. Now throw this useless servant into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.’

The Final Judgment

“But when the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit upon his glorious throne. All the nations will be gathered in his presence, and he will separate them as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. He will place the sheep at his right hand and the goats at his left. Then the King will say to those on the right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you fed me. I was thirsty, and you gave me a drink. I was a stranger, and you invited me into your home. I was naked, and you gave me clothing. I was sick, and you cared for me. I was in prison, and you visited me.’

“Then these righteous ones will reply, ‘Lord, when did we ever see you hungry and feed you? Or thirsty and give you something to drink? Or a stranger and show you hospitality? Or naked and give you clothing? When did we ever see you sick or in prison, and visit you?’ And the King will tell them, ‘I assure you, when you did it to one of the least of these my brothers and sisters, you were doing it to me!’

“Then the King will turn to those on the left and say, ‘Away with you, you cursed ones, into the eternal fire prepared for the Devil and his demons! For I was hungry, and you didn't feed me. I was thirsty, and you didn't give me anything to drink. I was a stranger, and you didn't invite me into your home. I was naked, and you gave me no clothing. I was sick and in prison, and you didn't visit me.’

”Then they will reply, ‘Lord, when did we ever see you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and not help you?’ And he will answer, ‘I assure you, when you refused to help the least of these my brothers and sisters, you were refusing to help me.’ And they will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous will go into eternal life.”

MATTHEW CHAPTER 26:1-2

The Plot to Kill Jesus

When Jesus had finished saying these things, he said to his disciples, “As you know, the Passover celebration begins in two days, and I, the Son of Man, will be betrayed and crucified.”

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The verses quoted are taken from the paraphrased version of the Word of God – The New Living Bible. The complete text can be accessed online at www.BibleGateway.com. Most of the well-known translations are available on this site free of charge.



The Western Wall of the old city was the backdrop as Peter spoke Jesus' words from the Book of Matthew, chapters 23-26:1&2.

The words have been videoed in the setting where they were spoken – the Yemin Moshe area. The western wall of the old city of Jerusalem is the backdrop.

To view the video, go to:

<http://cambridgedove.com/Pages/Page037.html>

Here are the direct links

[Jerusalem Lament – Part I \(16 minutes\)](#)

[Jerusalem Lament – Part II \(21 minutes\)](#)

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Paul Helps Peter

You might recall, from earlier remarks that when I read the above chapters from the Book of Matthew, I must have stirred up a hornet's nest, awakened sleeping tigers, and provoked all kinds of vipers to come out of their dens. I did not see the two men come out of nowhere who spit into my water bottle; John saw them as he was using his camcorder to record what I read.

John had scouted out the just right place on a terraced and landscaped hillside for me to address the residents of Jerusalem in the name of Jesus. It was near our "cave-dwelling" apartment and just across from the Western Wall of Old Jerusalem. The evening shadows had just begun to creep up the wall. Sometime during my reading, bells and trumpet-like sounds announced the beginning of Shabbat.

It seemed to me after I read the last word and John turned off his camcorder, that the main reason for our trip to Jerusalem was accomplished. We were both ready to flee the city and take the next plane out of Israel. And we tried. John was willing to use all the resources at his command to change our flight plans. But since Shabbat had started and was being strictly observed by travel agencies and Air Canada employees, there was nothing we could do until Sunday morning.

John tried his level best on Sunday to arrange for us to leave early, even at the expense of purchasing a new ticket for me for \$1,865 – bless his soul. We asked God to shut the wrong doors and open the right doors, and He did.

I had an appointment at "The Stone Table at Maagan" that God, the Father wanted me to keep. I also had a divine appointment with the Word of God on Saturday or Sunday morning – the correct day escapes me. The first thing that John said after he got up was, "I woke up with verses from the Book of Romans that I am to read to you. Could you please hand me your Bible?"

He read chapters ten and eleven to me, and as he did, my anguished soul found a measure of peace. In these two chapters, the apostle Paul, in a most logical, plausible, and kind way, explains God's strategy. He let us know that the Father loves the Jews and that they are part of the true Vine and will be grafted back into it. He explains that the Jews will eventually come into their inheritance and acknowledge that Jesus is indeed their Messiah. He explains that this won't – and can't – happen until after the Gentiles have been grafted into the Vine. He explains that the Jews will become jealous when they realize what Jesus has done for the Gentiles. Their eyes will be opened, and they will also say YES to Jesus, the Son of the Living God. I am paraphrasing what Paul wrote to the Romans.

I must confess there was a moment when I was ready to wipe the dust off my feet concerning Jerusalem and erase my Jewish roots as completely as possible. The pain of rejection was almost too much for me to bear. My Jesus is not welcome in Jerusalem, at least not yet. But in the nick of time, God used my friend, John Reed, to cause me to see God's plan of salvation for the Jews, and I was able to relax and embrace them again. I will let the apostle Paul speak into the hearts of those who have experienced rejection like I have. Paul rescued my heart when he wrote the Book to the Romans. I have copied the two pivotal chapters.

The Jews throughout history have paid a huge price for being Jews. They have paid a huge price for having rejected Jesus. If this was God's plan – and who am I to argue with God's plan – it's about time for me to

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say, “Thank you.” And I do! Thank you, Israel, for giving birth to my Lord and Savior, the Lord and Savior of the whole world.

I also pray that when I come to Jerusalem again, you will say to me, “Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.” And please, don’t wait too long to invite me back. I am already an old man and traveling across ten time zones is a real stretching experience for me. The picture of Jesus is not on my passport, but when you look into my heart, you will see Him and know that He is real.

These entangled grape vines are the result of a prophetic act on April 9, 2005. The author and a friend, Greg Pettigrew, planted two different varieties of grapes in one container, symbolizing the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile, grafted together into the heart of their Messiah, Y’shua.

Romans 10²

Dear brothers and sisters, the longing of my heart and my prayer to God is that the Jewish people might be saved. I know what enthusiasm they have for God, but it is misdirected zeal. For they don’t understand God’s way of making people right with himself. Instead, they are clinging to their own way of getting right with God by trying to keep the law. They won’t go along with God’s way. For Christ has accomplished the whole purpose of the law. All who believe in him are made right with God.

Salvation Is for Everyone

For Moses wrote that the law’s way of making a person right with God requires obedience to all of its commands. But the way of getting right with God through faith says, “You don’t need to go to heaven” (to find Christ and bring him down to help you). And it says, “You don’t need to go to the place of the dead” (to bring Christ back to life again). Salvation that comes from trusting Christ—which is the message we preach—is already within easy reach. In fact, the Scriptures say, “The message is close at hand; it is on your lips and in your heart.”

For if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For it is by believing in your heart that you are made right with God, and it is by confessing with your mouth that you are saved. As the Scriptures tell us, “Anyone who believes in Christ will not be disappointed.” Jew and Gentile are the same in this respect. They all have the same Lord, who generously gives his riches to all who ask for them. For “Anyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.”

But how can they call on him to save them unless they believe in him? And how can they believe in him if they have never heard about him? And how can they hear about him unless someone tells them? And how will anyone go and tell them without being sent? That is what the Scriptures mean when they say, “How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good news!”



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But not everyone welcomes the Good News, for Isaiah the prophet said, “Lord, who has believed our message?” Yet faith comes from listening to this message of good news—the Good News about Christ.

But what about the Jews? Have they actually heard the message? Yes, they have: “The message of God’s creation has gone out to everyone, and its words to all the world.”

But did the people of Israel really understand? Yes, they did, for even in the time of Moses, God had said, “I will rouse your jealousy by blessing other nations. I will make you angry by blessing the foolish Gentiles.”

And later Isaiah spoke boldly for God: “I was found by people who were not looking for me. I showed myself to those who were not asking for me.”

But regarding Israel, God said, “All day long I opened my arms to them, but they kept disobeying me and arguing with me.”

Romans 11

God’s Mercy on Israel

I ask, then, has God rejected his people, the Jews? Of course not! Remember that I myself am a Jew, a descendant of Abraham and a member of the tribe of Benjamin.

No, God has not rejected his own people, whom he chose from the very beginning. Do you remember what the Scriptures say about this? Elijah the prophet complained to God about the people of Israel and said, Lord, they have killed your prophets and torn down your altars. I alone am left, and now they are trying to kill me, too.”

And do you remember God’s reply? He said, “You are not the only one left. I have seven thousand others who have never bowed down to Baal!”

It is the same today, for not all the Jews have turned away from God. A few are being saved as a result of God’s kindness in choosing them. And if they are saved by God’s kindness, then it is not by their good works. For in that case, God’s wonderful kindness would not be what it really is—free and undeserved.

So this is the situation: Most of the Jews have not found the favor of God they are looking for so earnestly. A few have—the ones God has chosen—but the rest were made unresponsive. As the Scriptures say, “God has put them into a deep sleep. To this very day he has shut their eyes so they do not see, and closed their ears so they do not hear.”

David spoke of this same thing when he said, “Let their bountiful table become a snare, a trap that makes them think all is well. Let their blessings cause them to stumble.

“Let their eyes go blind so they cannot see, and let their backs grow weaker and weaker.” Did God’s people stumble and fall beyond recovery? Of course not! His purpose was to make his salvation available to the Gentiles, and then the Jews would be jealous and want it for themselves. Now if the Gentiles were enriched because the Jews turned down God’s offer of salvation, think how much greater a blessing the world will share when the Jews finally accept it.

I am saying all of this especially for you Gentiles. God has appointed me as the apostle to the Gentiles. I lay great stress on this, for I want to find a way to make the Jews want what you Gentiles have, and in that way I

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might save some of them. For since the Jews' rejection meant that God offered salvation to the rest of the world, how much more wonderful their acceptance will be. It will be like dead people coming back to life! And since Abraham and the other patriarchs were holy, their children will also be holy. For if the roots of the tree are holy, the branches will be, too.

But some of these branches from Abraham's tree, some of the Jews, have been broken off. And you Gentiles, who were branches from a wild olive tree, were grafted in. So now you also receive the blessing God has promised Abraham and his children, sharing in God's rich nourishment of his special olive tree. But you must be careful not to brag about being grafted in to replace the branches that were broken off. Remember, you are just a branch, not the root.

"Well," you may say, "those branches were broken off to make room for me." Yes, but remember—those branches, the Jews, were broken off because they didn't believe God, and you are there because you do believe. Don't think highly of yourself, but fear what could happen. For if God did not spare the branches he put there in the first place, he won't spare you either.

Notice how God is both kind and severe. He is severe to those who disobeyed, but kind to you as you continue to trust in his kindness. But if you stop trusting, you also will be cut off. And if the Jews turn from their unbelief, God will graft them back into the tree again. He has the power to do it.

For if God was willing to take you who were, by nature, branches from a wild olive tree and graft you into his own good tree – a very unusual thing to do – he will be far more eager to graft the Jews back into the tree where they belong.

God's Mercy Is for Everyone

I want you to understand this mystery, dear brothers and sisters, so that you will not feel proud and start bragging. Some of the Jews have hard hearts, but this will last only until the complete number of Gentiles comes to Christ. And so all Israel will be saved.

Do you remember what the prophets said about this? "A Deliverer will come from Jerusalem, and he will turn Israel from all ungodliness. And then I will keep my covenant with them and take away their sins."

Many of the Jews are now enemies of the Good News. But this has been to your benefit, for God has given his gifts to you Gentiles. Yet the Jews are still his chosen people because of his promises to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. For God's gifts and his call can never be withdrawn. Once, you Gentiles were rebels against God, but when the Jews refused his mercy, God was merciful to you instead. And now, in the same way, the Jews are the rebels, and God's mercy has come to you. But someday they, too, will share in God's mercy. For God has imprisoned all people in their own disobedience so he could have mercy on everyone.

Oh, what a wonderful God we have! How great are his riches and wisdom and knowledge! How impossible it is for us to understand his decisions and his methods! For who can know what the Lord is thinking? Who knows enough to be his counselor? And who could ever give him so much that he would have to pay it back? For everything comes from him; everything exists by his power and is intended for his glory. To him be glory evermore. Amen.

There is not one individual, group of people, denomination, culture, government, company, social organization, seminary or whatever, that can boast and announce, "We have interpreted and applied the teachings of Moses and or Jesus so flawlessly that we have earned exclusive bragging rights."

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Jesus is not only weeping over Jerusalem; He is weeping over every individual, church, temple, mosque, hall of fame, and monument that celebrates man's ego. The words Jesus spoke in the Temple Courtyard at Jerusalem need to be spoken in St. Peter's Square in Rome, at every temple, mosque, at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and YES, even at the graveyard where the Trade Center used to be in New York City. Man continues to usurp the position of his Creator and bring Him down to his own level.

Sorry, folks, I said I would not editorialize the script, but I just could not help myself. We have all failed to prioritize our lives correctly. We have all thought of our accomplishments and ourselves more highly than we ought to.



YESHUA GRIEVING OVER THE LAND OF ISRAEL. ARTIST – UNKNOWN

“But although He made the world, the world did not recognize Him when He came. Even in his own land and among his own people, the Jews, He was not accepted. Only a few would welcome and receive Him. but to all who received Him, He gave the right to become children of God. All they need to do is to trust Him to become the children of God”. (The Gospel of John, chapter 1:10-12)

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FOR SOLDIER SAINTS ONLY

I am going to take you on a slight, but necessary detour. When John Paul II died and was so exclusively eulogized, I felt an anguish quite similar to what I experienced in Jerusalem. After a while, I could no longer contain what I felt in my heart. I took my pen and wrote.

Folks and friends tell us a lot about where they live and what is a priority in their lives by the things they write and or forward to us. You have allowed me to peek. I see a mighty “Soldier Saint” when I see you. Because I am allowed to see the likeness of a Joan of Arc, Esther, David or another Moses on the countenance of ordinary men and women, I now have the freedom to show you the words that have been hidden in my heart for a long time.

Jesus, also known as Yeshua, has told us that we are to be as gentle as doves and as wise as serpents. My paraphrase of His words are: Be gentle and wise, and wear combat boots. He also keeps reminding me that, “Love is our greatest weapon of warfare.”

When you read “The Pope” epistle in the letter that follows, ask the Holy Spirit to interpret it for you. You will have to read between the lines to discover the invisible words and the full intent of the epistle.

The epistle is to be circulated, but it must be circulated with wisdom and only under God’s direction. So, I am going to entrust it to you and trust Jesus in you to place the words into the right hands in the manner He shows you. You may even have to make some hard copies and send them via snail mail or hand deliver them. One person had the epistle translated into Italian and personally placed them in Rome and Florence as directed by the Holy Spirit.

Creating “The Pope” epistle was like giving birth once more. My soul was in great anguish as the words were birthed. The spiritual battle was fierce. A few wise and loving friends made valuable suggestions before I was permitted to send them to you. The epistle is like an infant and must be safely tucked away in the right hearts until it becomes a mighty invisible, yet invincible crusading army marching throughout the land and encircling the globe. The element of surprise is one of Yeshua’s weapons of warfare as demonstrated by Gideon and his army of 300 men. Share the story as directed by Yeshua, our Commander-in-Chief and Liberator.

Most of us know the professional golfer, Tiger Woods. Tiger is a tiger on the golf course. The golf course is his turf. He chooses his irons and woods with great precision. The words for “The Pope” epistle have been chosen with equal precision. They are winning words. They are liberating words. I am not their author. I have merely been asked to be God’s scribe and delivery boy.

In the name of Yeshua, our Commander in Chief,
Peter

THE POPE APRIL 8, 2005

John Paul II is dead. He was buried today. No pope in history has been memorialized like John Paul II. No pope, president, or pharaoh has received a royal send-off into his next world like John Paul II. No pope up till now has been applauded, admired, even worshipped like John Paul II. Everything possible is being done to preserve his memory amongst his faithful followers. Historians will write books about him and analyze everything he did, said, and failed to do. Some historians are bound to blaspheme his memory, but most will

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call him “Blessed.” The evening news this week has preempted the time to be able to focus on John Paul II, Rome, the Vatican, and the many who are paying their last respects to their spiritual leader. No sacrifice is too great for them to be able to catch a fleeting glimpse of their Pope.

I am overwhelmed by what I see, hear, and experience in my innermost being as I view the funeral and listen to the comments of the media and the mourners. I try to fathom what is in my heart, what may be in the heart of the mourners, and in the heart of Jesus and His Father. Am I being presumptuous believing that I can know the anguish of the person sitting or standing next to me? Is there a human being alive who knows what is in their neighbor’s heart or the heart of God at this pivotal and fragile moment in history? Is the apostle Peter embracing John Paul at the Pearly Gates just now, or is Jesus weeping over the Vatican and mourners as he wept over Jerusalem?



I see Jesus standing amongst the mourners. He is still interceding, weeping over His Church. He is looking at St. Peter’s Square, the sea of humanity, and 2000 years of grace and mercy. He is walking amongst the mourners. He sees their zeal, their sorrow—their devotion to a man as fragile and human as they are. Might He be speaking these words directly to their hearts just now?

“You do not need another pope, priest, president, or king; you only need ME and my WORD. I am enough. I am able to fill all your needs. If you choose Me as your High Priest, you will never have to attend another funeral like this or mourn my passing. I have conquered death. I will never leave you or forsake you. I am alive. I love you. Make room for Me in the secret garden of your heart. Get rid of all the other stuff that is cluttering up your life. My name is Jesus. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. I am the only gate to heaven. Ask Me to come quickly. Invite Me now. Don’t get ready. Stay ready.”

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Most of us at some point in our life have desired and feasted on the applause and adulation of man. Like addicts or gluttons, we drank in the praise of men. We could never get enough. It was a heady, intoxicating time. Only by the grace of God did we learn that the praise and worship of man and his accomplishments could be more deadly, more addictive than heroin, cocaine, or alcohol. The WORD tells us, even warns us that we are not allowed to worship or make idols out of a man or his accomplishments. The first two commandments given to Moses clearly state this in the Book of Exodus, chapter twenty.

Only Jesus, only Yeshua, is worthy of our worship and praise. He is “The Message.” We are His messengers. He is “The Deliverer.” We are His delivery boys and girls. We must never take credit for the Message or the gifts we are entrusted to bring. But we can rejoice that we have been chosen to be His messengers.

John Paul II will not turn over in his grave if we fail to praise, worship, or remember him, but John Paul II may turn over in his grave when he sees how the church is worshipping him in place of King Jesus. Nothing is lost when we forget John Paul II; everything is lost if we forget the name of Jesus – everything, including ourselves.

Whether or not these words are taken to heart, I may never know; nevertheless, I am compelled to offer them to you. In my life, I have sampled many flavors and many favors. I made both saints and sinners my role models until my day of Grace, the day of my salvation and visitation, the day it was revealed to me that Jesus is God’s Only Begotten Son and that I was a prodigal son.

Today I can say alongside the apostle Peter, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God” (Matthew 16:16). Today, Jesus is my only role model. Jesus is my true NORTH. My heart’s compass does not recognize any other name. May these words hasten the day of Grace for those who read them. That is my prayer for the sea of humanity in Rome and beyond.

Furthermore, I must now ditto the words of my namesake, the apostle Peter. I am compelled to herald them into this, the 21st century:

THE BOOK OF ACTS 2:29-41

Dear brothers, I can tell you confidently that the patriarch David died and was buried, and his tomb is here to this day. But he was a prophet and knew that God had promised him on oath that he would place one of his descendants on his throne. Seeing what was ahead, he spoke of the resurrection of the Christ, that He was not abandoned to the grave, nor did his body see decay. God has raised this Jesus to life, and we are all witnesses of the fact. Exalted to the right hand of God, He has received from the Father the promised Holy Spirit and has poured out what you now see and hear. For David did not ascend to heaven, and yet he said,

“The Lord said to my Lord: ‘Sit at my right hand until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet.’
“Therefore let all Israel be assured of this: God has made this Jesus, whom you crucified, both Lord and Christ.”

When the people heard this, they were cut to the heart and said to Peter and the other apostles, “Brothers, what shall we do?”

Peter replied, “Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins. And you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For the promise is to you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.”

With many other words he warned them; and he pleaded with them, “Save yourselves from this corrupt generation.” Those who accepted his message were baptized, and about three thousand were added to their number that day.

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Responses to the “Pope Epistle”

And here are responses to the epistle that will let you know that the writer is not a “Lone Ranger.” Others share his burden and have responded in ways that comfort and encourage his heart.

♥Dear Peter,

Your grasp of the situation in Rome today rings with a clarity that is rare among men. As presidents and dignitaries, saints and sinners file reverently past the earthly remains of what was certainly a great man, I wonder how many are now steeped in fear and dread. The dictionary defines the word vicar as a substitute or replacement; how frightening it must be to face even a few days without the object of one’s faith and hope. Millions of people today are experiencing that fear. They’ve no idea – and would even think it blasphemous -- that John Paul II was just a man.

In all the memorializing that I’ve heard and read so far, not once has anyone described the Pope as one who loved Jesus. Not once have I heard anyone remark that John Paul is now in the presence of the Almighty, but only that he “has gone to a better place.”

While the members of the Catholic Church continue to pray for their Pope, my prayers are for those left behind, those who have been taught from birth to pray to the saints and to Mary and now to John Paul II. I pray that in these days during which millions gather, waiting for hours and hours to view the body of a dead man, the Holy Spirit will move among them and open their eyes to the Truth. Jesus lives! Jesus saves! The relics of long-dead saints are just that: lifeless relics. The power and glory of God does not reside exclusively in the bodies of those who have risen among the ranks of the clergy, and – thankfully – one need not find a priest to enter into the Throne Room. In large part, I have you to thank for teaching me this truth. Little by little, I’m learning to go to the Source. Hopefully, those who mourn the passing of the Pope today will come to know that truth for themselves.

I love you, Peter
.Stacy

♥Dear Peter,

I am really moved by the expressions of your heart towards our Jesus, and the image of Him weeping over the city and the people touched me very deeply. Thank you so much for your deep, deep love for our Lord.

Love, Janie

♥Dear Peter,

Thanks for sharing the epistle with me. As I’ve watched the news covering the death of the pope I felt the same way you did. Sometimes I guess we walk by sight without even noticing. That was such a great word about Jesus being your only role model. That hit me in the spirit. It is something I need to focus on in my life. I oftentimes look unto godly men and think to myself “I wish I could be more like them,” people like my pastor or even you, Peter. I think if you would’ve lived back in the old times, God just may have used you in his Word. Nevertheless you are right, our focus needs to be 100% on Jesus and I will begin to do that every day. Thanks again Peter, and say hi to Rebekah for me, O.K.

Love from one of many spiritual sons

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♥Hello Peter,

As I was reading your letter, I saw a vision of Jesus standing among the mourners for Pope John Paul; and I saw how grieved His heart was. I felt him saying, “How long, how long till they see that I am all they need; that I AM their King, but they continue to cry out, Give us a king, give us a king.”

The Lord is coming! Praise be to our Lord and King!

I have been sending the Pope story to those whose hearts are open and to those whose hearts still have the Pope sitting on a throne in a part of their heart. Jesus said, “You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall set you free.” I am listening to the Holy Spirit as to whom to send the story now and to whom a little later. Sad to say there are many more open and receiving hearts in Africa and India than in our land. So we will reach those who have ears to hear wherever they may be! Praise God!

You of course do know that the enemy will not take this sitting down. He will try to retaliate. But we bind him from coming against us in any way and our family, finances and brothers and sisters in Christ. In Jesus’ I pray.

Abbie

♥Dear Peter,

Your words have struck once again the core of my being. So much truth was spoken that God revealed dirt that I had been placing in my own well. After having confirmation through a highly respected prophet about the direction the Lord is calling me in the ministry, I have been consuming CD’s, teachings and books of men of God that were used mightily in the past & present. Upon reading and listening, my prayers became more like copies than originals. I wanted to use the methods they did to get the results that they did. I know we are to follow by example and learn from past generations. I just began to think that if I could get an impartation from this person and a prophecy from that one then I could do what they have done. Your email opened the door so I could see my folly. Here I was seeking this person and that one to give me what they had received from Jesus and I had direct access to HIM the whole time.



I was not really affected by the pope’s death (maybe because of not being Catholic) so the Lord said, “What if that was Benny Hinn or Peter?” Now I could feel the pain and realization of what so many are now going through. But as I read on, the powerful truth of your words began to take effect. Was Jesus crying over John Paul or the many of the church who looked at this man for spiritual guidance rather than the Son of Man, Christ Jesus? Have I been following after great men rather than the Master? In many ways, yes, I have and in doing so I see that they only got where they are from following Jesus. I had thought about having you record more of your encounters with the Lord and you praying in tongues for an hour because there is such power when you pray. All the time the one you received it from was waiting for me to come and fellowship directly with Him and receive freely from Him.

Thank you for your words and “yes” you can use my letter. I give you authority to use any and everything I send you to glorify the Lord. I totally know what you mean about being “zealous”. I

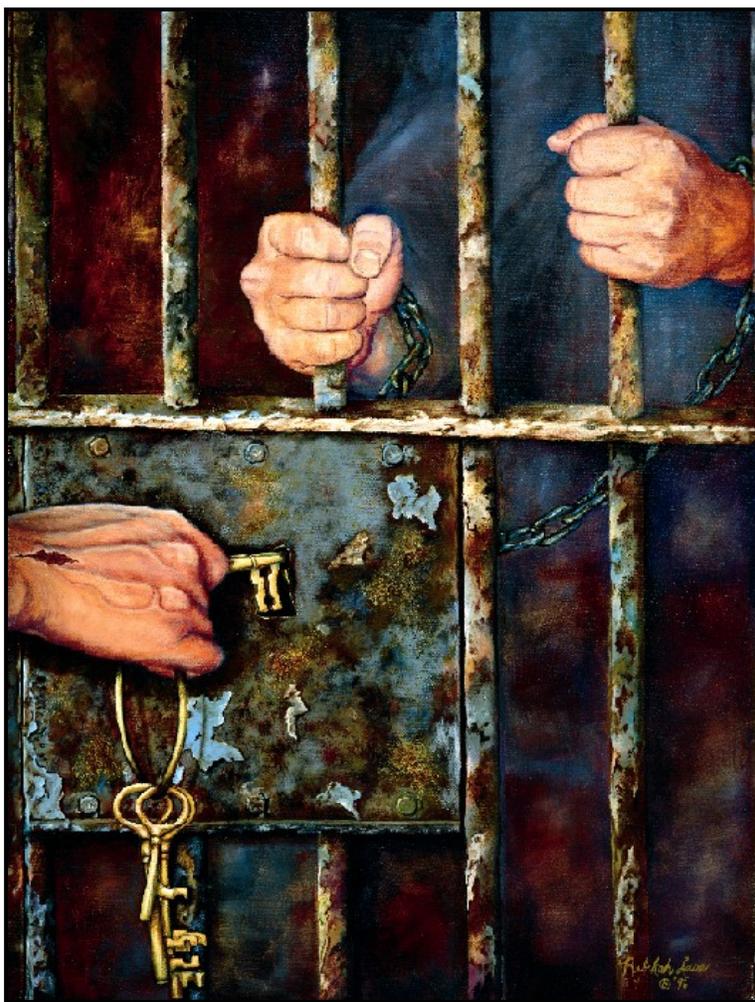
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swear I don't have spiritual brakes and I just keep going and going and going. Thank God for Brian who tends to use the gift of discernment a lot more than I do when it comes to knowing when to quit. I am so thankful that Jesus used your words to bless me and mine to bless you. I love the Lord's system. Thank you once again. Only eternity will tell of the souls you have touched because you touched me.

Your emails are always right on time and exactly what I need to hear to get my focus off of myself, the problem, the solution, man and back on God, the author and finisher.

Thank you for your faithfulness and obedience,

Son of the Most High,
Michael



“The Gates of Hell Shall Not Prevail” by Rebekah Laue

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PETER GOES TO THE UPPER ROOM

And where do we go from here? My heart was still fragmented. I was still bleeding although I was not crucified like Jesus; yet somehow I was permitted to identify with a lot of His pain. And then I had an idea. I decided that I was going to be like an invisible guest in the Upper Room where Jesus spoke to his disciples for the last time. And wow, did that help. Jesus revealed Himself in a totally different way to His disciples than to the religious establishment.

When Jesus stood in the Temple Courtyard, He was more or less surrounded by His accusers and those who wanted Him crucified. When Jesus was in the same room with His friends and followers after Judas Iscariot left, He could safely bare His heart. And what a beautiful heart it is! How marvelously He prepared His disciples for the difficult things that were ahead. The way I apprehended the heart of Jesus during those fragile last hours in Jerusalem is by reading the words He spoke to his disciples. And as I read the words that He spoke in the Book of John, chapters 14 to 17, it felt like I was one of them, spoken to with great tenderness.

JOHN 14³

Jesus, the Way to the Father

“Don’t be troubled. You trust God, now trust in me. There are many rooms in my Father’s home, and I am going to prepare a place for you. If this were not so, I would tell you plainly. When everything is ready, I will come and get you, so that you will always be with me where I am. And you know where I am going and how to get there.”

“No, we don’t know, Lord,” Thomas said. “We haven’t any idea where you are going, so how can we know the way?”

Jesus told him, “I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one can come to the Father except through me. If you had known who I am, then you would have known who my Father is. From now on you know him and have seen him!”

Philip said, “Lord, show us the Father and we will be satisfied.”

Jesus replied, “Philip, don’t you even yet know who I am, even after all the time I have been with you? Anyone who has seen me has seen the Father! So why are you asking to see him? Don’t you believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in me? The words I say are not my own, but my Father who lives in me does his work through me. Just believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in me. Or at least believe because of what you have seen me do.

“The truth is, anyone who believes in me will do the same works I have done, and even greater works, because I am going to be with the Father. You can ask for anything in my name, and I will do it, because the work of the Son brings glory to the Father. Yes, ask anything in my name, and I will do it!

Jesus Promises the Holy Spirit

“If you love me, obey my commandments. And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Counselor, who will never leave you. He is the Holy Spirit, who leads into all truth. The world at large cannot receive him, because it isn’t looking for him and doesn’t recognize him. But you do, because he lives

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with you now and later will be in you. No, I will not abandon you as orphans—I will come to you. In just a little while the world will not see me again, but you will. For I will live again, and you will, too. When I am raised to life again, you will know that I am in my Father, and you are in me, and I am in you. Those who obey my commandments are the ones who love me. And because they love me, my Father will love them, and I will love them. And I will reveal myself to each one of them.”

Judas (not Judas Iscariot, but the other disciple with that name) said to him, “Lord, why are you going to reveal yourself only to us and not to the world at large?”

Jesus replied, “All those who love me will do what I say. My Father will love them, and we will come to them and live with them. Anyone who doesn’t love me will not do what I say. And remember, my words are not my own. This message is from the Father who sent me. I am telling you these things now while I am still with you. But when the Father sends the Counselor as my representative—and by the Counselor I mean the Holy Spirit—he will teach you everything and will remind you of everything I myself have told you.

“I am leaving you with a gift—peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn’t like the peace the world gives. So don’t be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you: I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love me, you will be very happy for me, because now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that you will believe when they do happen.

“I don’t have much more time to talk to you, because the prince of this world approaches. He has no power over me, but I will do what the Father requires of me, so that the world will know that I love the Father. Come, let’s be going.

JOHN 15

Jesus, the True Vine

“I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener. He cuts off every branch that doesn’t produce fruit, and he prunes the branches that do bear fruit so they will produce even more. You have already been pruned for greater fruitfulness by the message I have given you. Remain in me, and I will remain in you. For a branch cannot produce fruit if it is severed from the vine, and you cannot be fruitful apart from me.

“Yes, I am the vine; you are the branches. Those who remain in me, and I in them, will produce much fruit. For apart from me you can do nothing. Anyone who parts from me is thrown away like a useless branch and withers. Such branches are gathered into a pile to be burned. But if you stay joined to me and my words remain in you, you may ask any request you like, and it will be granted! My true disciples produce much fruit. This brings great glory to my Father.

“I have loved you even as the Father has loved me. Remain in my love. When you obey me, you remain in my love, just as I obey my Father and remain in his love. I have told you this so that you will be filled with my joy. Yes, your joy will overflow! I command you to love each other in the same way that I love you. And here is how to measure it—the greatest love is shown when people lay down their lives for their friends. You are my friends if you obey me. I no longer call you servants, because a master doesn’t confide in his servants. Now you are my friends, since I have told you everything the Father told me. You didn’t choose me. I chose you. I appointed you to go and produce fruit that will last, so that the Father will give you whatever you ask for, using my name. I command you to love each other.

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The World's Hatred

“When the world hates you, remember it hated me before it hated you. The world would love you if you belonged to it, but you don’t. I chose you to come out of the world, and so it hates you. Do you remember what I told you? ‘A servant is not greater than the master.’ Since they persecuted me, naturally they will persecute you. And if they had listened to me, they would listen to you! The people of the world will hate you because you belong to me, for they don’t know God who sent me. They would not be guilty if I had not come and spoken to them. But now they have no excuse for their sin. Anyone who hates me hates my Father, too. If I hadn’t done such miraculous signs among them that no one else could do, they would not be counted guilty. But as it is, they saw all that I did and yet hated both of us—me and my Father. This has fulfilled what the Scriptures said: ‘They hated me without cause.’

“But I will send you the Counselor—the Spirit of Truth. He will come to you from the Father and will tell you all about me. And you must also tell others about me because you have been with me from the beginning.

JOHN 16

“I have told you these things so that you won’t fall away. For you will be expelled from the synagogues, and the time is coming when those who kill you will think they are doing God a service. This is because they have never known the Father or me. Yes, I’m telling you these things now, so that when they happen, you will remember I warned you. I didn’t tell you earlier because I was going to be with you for a while longer.

The Work of the Holy Spirit

The Work of the Holy Spirit

“But now I am going away to the one who sent me, and none of you has asked me where I am going. Instead, you are very sad. But it is actually best for you that I go away, because if I don’t, the Counselor won’t come. If I do go away, he will come because I will send him to you. And when he comes, he will convince the world of its sin, and of God’s righteousness, and of the coming judgment. The world’s sin is unbelief in me. Righteousness is available because I go to the Father, and you will see me no more. Judgment will come because the prince of this world has already been judged.

“Oh, there is so much more I want to tell you, but you can’t bear it now. When the Holy Spirit comes, he will guide you into all truth. He will not be presenting his own ideas; he will be telling you what he has heard. He will tell you about the future. He will bring me glory by revealing to you whatever he receives from me. All that the Father has is mine; this is what I mean when I say that the Spirit will reveal to you whatever he receives from me.

Sadness Will Be Turned to Joy

“In just a little while I will be gone, and you won’t see me anymore. Then, just a little while after that, you will see me again.”

The disciples asked each other, “What does he mean when he says, ‘You won’t see me, and then you will see me’? And what does he mean when he says, ‘I am going to the Father’? And what does he mean by ‘a little while’? We don’t understand.”

Jesus realized they wanted to ask him, so he said, “Are you asking yourselves what I meant? I said in just a little while I will be gone, and you won’t see me anymore. Then, just a little while after that, you will see me again. Truly, you will weep and mourn over what is going to happen to me, but the world will rejoice. You

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will grieve, but your grief will suddenly turn to wonderful joy when you see me again. It will be like a woman experiencing the pains of labor. When her child is born, her anguish gives place to joy because she has brought a new person into the world. You have sorrow now, but I will see you again; then you will rejoice, and no one can rob you of that joy. At that time you won't need to ask me for anything. The truth is, you can go directly to the Father and ask him, and he will grant your request because you use my name. You haven't done this before. Ask, using my name, and you will receive, and you will have abundant joy.

“I have spoken of these matters in parables, but the time will come when this will not be necessary, and I will tell you plainly all about the Father. Then you will ask in my name. I'm not saying I will ask the Father on your behalf, for the Father himself loves you dearly because you love me and believe that I came from God. Yes, I came from the Father into the world, and I will leave the world and return to the Father.”

Then his disciples said, “At last you are speaking plainly and not in parables. Now we understand that you know everything and don't need anyone to tell you anything. From this we believe that you came from God.”

Jesus asked, “Do you finally believe? But the time is coming—in fact, it is already here—when you will be scattered, each one going his own way, leaving me alone. Yet I am not alone because the Father is with me. I have told you all this so that you may have peace in me. Here on earth you will have many trials and sorrows. But take heart, because I have overcome the world.”

JOHN 17

The Prayer of Jesus

When Jesus had finished saying all these things, He looked up to heaven and said, “Father, the time has come. Glorify your Son so he can give glory back to you. For you have given him authority over everyone in all the earth. He gives eternal life to each one you have given him. And this is the way to have eternal life—to know you, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, the one you sent to earth. I brought glory to you here on earth by doing everything you told me to do. And now, Father, bring me into the glory we shared before the world began.

“I have told these men about you. They were in the world, but then you gave them to me. Actually, they were always yours, and you gave them to me; and they have kept your word. Now they know that everything I have is a gift from you, for I have passed on to them the words you gave me; and they accepted them and know that I came from you, and they believe you sent me.

“My prayer is not for the world, but for those you have given me, because they belong to you. And all of them, since they are mine, belong to you; and you have given them back to me, so they are my glory! Now I am departing the world; I am leaving them behind and coming to you. Holy Father, keep them and care for them—all those you have given me—so that they will be united just as we are. During my time here, I have kept them safe. I guarded them so that not one was lost, except the one headed for destruction, as the Scriptures foretold.

“And now I am coming to you. I have told them many things while I was with them so they would be filled with my joy. I have given them your word. And the world hates them because they do not belong to the world, just as I do not. I'm not asking you to take them out of the world, but to keep them safe from the evil one. They are not part of this world any more than I am. Make them pure and holy by teaching them your words of truth. As you sent me into the world, I am sending them into the world. And I give myself entirely to you so they also might be entirely yours.

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“I am praying not only for these disciples but also for all who will ever believe in me because of their testimony. My prayer for all of them is that they will be one, just as you and I are one, Father—that just as you are in me and I am in you, so they will be in us, and the world will believe you sent me.

“I have given them the glory you gave me, so that they may be one, as we are—I in them and you in me, all being perfected into one. Then the world will know that you sent me and will understand that you love them as much as you love me. Father, I want these whom you’ve given me to be with me, so they can see my glory. You gave me the glory because you loved me even before the world began!

”O righteous Father, the world doesn’t know you, but I do; and these disciples know you sent me. And I have revealed you to them and will keep on revealing you. I will do this so that your love for me may be in them and I in them.”



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PETER AND JOHN'S STOMPING GROUND IN JERUSALEM

Before leaving Jerusalem for our next destination, I would like to be a bit of a tour guide and take you around the area where we stayed. I don't think we could have stayed in a nicer neighborhood or have been provided more appropriate lodgings.

I am going to guess that in this terraced area of homes that were all butting up to one another, there may have been around sixty dwellings separated by four or five terraces. This gave each row of dwellings a view of the Old City. Primarily bougainvilleas, strutting an exuberance of colors, olive trees, palm trees and other decorative plants and trees were a part of the landscape. Everything was neat and clean.



The steps and streets were made of cobblestones. The sides of the building were faced with hewn stones. There was a central parking area. Owners of each unit had to walk to their dwelling. I believe that the majority of units were on three levels like the one where we stayed. There were lawns and benches. There was a small synagogue.

The public had access to the area. We noticed that brides-to-be came in their wedding gowns and were photographed. While we were there, the area was never cluttered, crowded or noisy.

Within walking distance of the beautiful and exclusive residences are several landmarks – Montefiore's Windmill, the YMCA, and the King David Hotel. And here is a bit of information from John's travel guide:

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Yemin Moshe 4

Sir Mose Montefiore, a rich British Jewish philanthropist, was so shocked by the living conditions in the squalid Old City that he decided to improve the Jews' lot by building new homes outside the walls. The first project was Mishkenot Shaananim (Dwellings of Tranquility), a communal block of sixteen apartments completed in 1860. Initially, people were afraid to move outside the security of the walls because of bandits, but by the end of the century, a small community called Yemin Moshe had been established nearby and was thriving. From this core, the vast spread of modern Jerusalem has grown. Yemin Moshe survives as its beautifully renovated historic heart. It is built on the slope of the valley facing the Old City walls, these early, attractive Oriental-style houses are now some of the most sought-after and exclusive residences in all Jerusalem. Pictured here is an overview of the neighborhood separated by 100 years of "progress.

A variety of historical and biographical sketches are available via the Internet. Key words that will connect with these sketches are the names Moses Montefiore, the Jewish philanthropist, whose generosity authored the area called Yemin Moshe where John and this author lodged for five days.



Yemin Moshe about 100 years ago.

Yemin Moshe today.



Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord



*Painting of Montefiore's Windmill
by Chaim Didovsky*



Actual photo of Montefiore's Windmill

Montefiore's Windmill ⁵

Montefiore meant Mishkenot Shaananim to be self-sufficient, hence a windmill to grind the settlement's own flour. Unfortunately, there was rarely enough wind to turn the sails. Montefiore's Windmill has been a favorite subject for many artists.

There is a particular artist whose art and story deserves space in this manuscript. The artist can be contacted via his web site: <http://www.kolrina.co.il/background.htm> . His heartfelt story follows:

On Friday, 8.12.00, 11th of Kislev 5760, Rina Didovsky, a wife and mother of six, left her home to school where she worked as a teacher. Unusually, that morning, Rina drove in a non-armored car, which was not recommended in her area. She was in a hurry to arrive at her classroom on time.

Terrorists' bullets hit Rina's vehicle and took her life. Chaim Didovsky, Rina's husband and the owner of the news agency "Hakol Mehashetach", arrived at the murder scene in order to report the dramatic event. At this time, Chaim was unaware that he was reporting the death of his wife.

After mourning his wife, Chaim and his six children moved to live in Elkana. There began their struggle of adjusting to life without a wife and mother.

The news agency "Hakol Mehashetach" was renamed "Kol Rina" - "The Voice of Rina" in memory of Rina Didovsky.

Shortly after Rina's death, Chaim began to paint as part of his rehabilitation. With paintbrushes and colors he brings beautiful [paintings](#) to life, [artworks](#) which have received excellent reviews from professional artists. In his [paintings](#) here are many Jewish characteristics and landscapes of Israel.

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In addition to Israelis who are impressed by Chaim's outbursts of creativity, Jews throughout the Diaspora are intrigued as well

The "Kol Rina" Foundation has taken on itself to spread Chaim Didovsky's enchanting paintings and in this way help Chaim and his children cope with their new way of life.



Built between 1926 and 1933 by Arthur Loomis Harmon, who also created New York's Empire State Building, Jerusalem's YMCA is one of the city's best-known landmarks. It consists of three sections—the central body, dominated by a bell tower offering extraordinary views of the city, and the two side wings. The stone and wrought-iron decorative elements on the outside of the building, including the five-meter (16.5') bas-relief of one of the six-winged seraphim described in the Old Testament (Isaiah 6:2-3), reflect a stylized form of Oriental Byzantine design, combined with elements of Romanesque and Islamic art.

Yet the exterior, splendid as it is, does not prepare the visitor for the fabulously elaborate décor on the inside. Here design elements from three different cultures are woven through with symbols from the three main monotheistic religions. In the concert hall, the dome's twelve windows represent the Twelve Tribes of Israel, the Twelve Disciples of Christ and the Twelve Followers of Muhammad, while depicted on the chandelier are the Cross, Crescent and the Star of David. The entire creation has a kind of Art Deco gloss, while the ethos of its eclectic design is clearly one of peace and tolerance between faiths and culture.⁵

And here is a P.S. from Peter: The building houses an indoor and outdoor restaurant called, 3 ARCHES. The menus offer the dishes in three languages—English, Hebrew, and Arabic. John and I ate four out of our five evening meals at the restaurant. The ambiance was as wonderful as the food, enhanced by a glass of Burgundy. We were never disappointed. The weather was always mild and pleasant so that we chose to eat in the outdoor patio. The young servers, mostly girls—spoke English and were modest and pleasant to look at. They carried themselves with genuine poise.

Either before or after going to the 3 ARCHES, we phoned home. When it was 8:00 PM in Jerusalem, it was 10:00 AM in California. John's cell phone worked everywhere in Jerusalem. He could hear the voice of his wife, Henrietta, and I could hear the voice of Rebekah like a clear bell. What a marvelous age we are living in!



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KING DAVID HOTEL ⁷

Eye-catching not least for its pink stone walls and green windows, this impressive 1930s hotel is a grandiose display of colonial architecture. It was designed by Swiss architect Emile Vogt for the Jewish-Egyptian Mosseri family.

Inside, the spacious lobbies and public areas with their discreet period wooden furnishings, reflect a sense of splendor from an altogether different era. The richly ornamental style is achieved through a mixture of various ancient architectural and decorative elements, including Egyptian, Phoenician, Assyrian and Greek, as well as aspects of Islamic art. The hotel boasts an impressive list of former guests, including Winston Churchill and Halle Selassie, and for a long time, part of the British Mandate administration was housed here.

In 1946 it was the target of a bomb attack perpetrated by the Zionist paramilitary terrorist group Irgun, led by Menachem Begin. It was rebuilt, and the two top floors were added later.⁶



King David Hotel

I mentioned earlier, at the beginning of my report, that we spent Saturday, the 24th of September, touring the Arabic section of Jerusalem. I prefer not to go into additional details. It's too hard to relive things that were so painful. Suffice to say, it was a difficult and threatening experience for John and myself, especially John, since he was more aware of the dark undercurrents towards foreigners and Jews in that part of the city.

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PETER IS HEALED IN AFULA

We packed our belongings on Sunday, the 25th of September and were ready to leave our little cave dwelling about noon. John had looked at a map and suggested we spend two days in some small resort community on the Mediterranean. I said, "Let's Do It."

I was in real inner turmoil about one item, whether I should take it with me or leave it in the apartment. It was the yarmulke I had worn in the Old City when we were planning to go the Wailing Wall. My yarmulke—a scull cap, a gift from a friend in Colorado, lay on a shelf next to John's yarmulke. John did not want to take his along. It had been foisted on his head by one of the Jews with black hats when we were heading for the Wailing Wall. His yarmulke had bad memories; mine had good memories. But the whole Jerusalem experience had been so painful, and the thought of succumbing to traditions that were not a part of my upbringing tormented me. But reluctantly and finally, I stashed it in my backpack.

We were off, and we were glad to leave the dense traffic, the narrow streets, and the painful memories behind us. Yosie Avissa, our landlord, told us to drop the key in his mailbox if he was away, and we did. We left without saying goodbye to anyone. And apparently, at this point, there is no one in Israel who is grieving our absence with the exception of maybe an eighteen-year-old girl in Afula. Yes, Afula, was the first bright spot in Israel for me.

From Jerusalem we drove to Nentanya on the Mediterranean Sea, a distance of ninety-three kilometers or about fifty-five miles. If it had not been for heavy traffic as we left Jerusalem and around Tel Aviv, we could have covered the distance in a little over an hour. The main highways in Israel match those in America. They are very good, but also crowded near the major cities. Israel is to be complimented for doing so much with so little land and such a small population. Congratulations for a job well done! In fact, we noted a high-speed rail system under construction that will connect the Ben Gurion Airport, Tel Aviv, and other significant cities, including Jerusalem.

Well, Nentanya was a bust. We drove down the main street of the city, and John and I both got the creepiest feeling. Without much discussion, John said, "I believe we are to spend the next two nights on the Sea of Galilee."

I replied, "That sounds good to me."

John whipped the car around. I am not sure if the U-turn he made was legal, but within a couple of seconds, we were heading in a new direction. From Nentanya to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee is 103 kilometers or about sixty-five miles.

We stopped in the town of Afula after we had driven two thirds of the distance. Afula seemed to be a prosperous new town where we found a brand new shopping center—American-style. There was a new Burger King at one end, and across from it, an Ace Hardware Store. The Burger King must have opened in the last few days, from the looks of it. The employees could not speak English and seemed to be somewhat disoriented. We were the only ones in the store. After washing our hands, etc., we looked at the menu (pictures) and pointed to the burger combination we wanted. Somehow, they let us know that their deep fryer was not working yet and that we could have everything minus the French fries.

John and I looked at one another and said, "What's a burger without fries? Let's go next door."

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Next door was a restaurant called, The Duck. It is a popular chain restaurant in Israel. Our first real meal in Israel was at a Duck restaurant in Beersheba. They bring you twelve small salad samplings in little, white square dishes. They are more like appetizers. In addition to that, you are given an interesting menu. A complete meal is about \$12.00, the ambience is nice, and some of the waiters and waitresses generally can speak English. They are young, and many of them are working their way through college. The menu is in English, Hebrew and Arabic.

We asked to be seated where the waiter or waitress was able to speak English. A young girl of eighteen, on the slender side, was our waitress. Without having picked anything from the menu, the appetizers are rushed to our table. The moment I looked into the face of the waitress (sorry, I can't recall her name), my heart leaped, and I sensed the first touch of the Holy Spirit that I had experienced while in Israel.

At that point we knew nothing about our waitress, but it did not take long for John to ask a few leading questions. We learned that she and her mother had emigrated from Leningrad, Russia, when she was six years old, and that her father had remained in Leningrad—his choice. When she told us this, John noticed a pained expression in her eyes. She had just finished high school, had no immediate plans for the future, and loved Israel.

It was so very easy to love this young girl. When we were ready to leave and pay our bill, I felt led to leave a generous tip, clipped to my special card made for Israel. When she came back for John to sign the Visa receipt, her eyes were as big as saucers. She hovered around us, trying to favor us with all kinds of desserts and attention.

We may have stayed an extra thirty minutes or so because of the attention that was lavished upon us and the incredible love we both felt; but we finally left. We were almost at the door. I turned around, and there she was, following us to the door with her eyes and heart.

I went back to where she was standing and embraced her as she embraced me. It was one of those embraces that will linger for all eternity. Heaven had touched my wounded heart, and probably hers, also. There was someone in Israel who loved me, the real me, and there was someone in Israel that was so very easy to love in return. The Father's heart in me had draped His mantle of love around our waitress. Yes, those mantles of love are very real. Let me explain.

(Written July 9, 2005)

THE MANTLE

A most gracious revelation came to me this morning as I was writing a letter to our friend Carol. Carol is a visionary. From time to time, she is permitted to see into a spiritual realm reserved for a few of God's children. What Carol is permitted and gifted to see has not always been received with love and respect. She has been wounded in the past for sharing her gift with those who did not acknowledge God, the Holy Spirit, and Jesus as the author of her gift. In like manner, this author has been severely judged when he manifested the gift of praying in the Spirit or "praying in tongues." Carol and this writer consequently are far more cautious in making sacred things available to everyone. Being dissected by well-meaning psychiatrists, counselors, or "friends" is exceedingly painful and demeaning: "And one shall say unto him, 'What are these wounds in thine hands?' Then he shall answer, 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'" (Zechariah 13:6)

Carol had a vision concerning this writer that she penned and sent to him. By the grace of God, her words did not get lost among other papers. This writer discovered her letter amongst a stack of papers some three years

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after they were penned. He was amazed and deeply stirred as he read and pondered its content once more. Here is a copy of Carol's letter dated. April 18, 2002:

Hello Peter,

I so enjoyed your call to share with us the news of your acceptance of the mantle of Moses. As always, you end up encouraging me in so many ways, especially that my pictures are indeed from God. On that day, I truly needed it. Thank you.

Well, I'm still learning much about the pictures. You said I should e-mail you with what I saw, and since the Rembrandt painting (The Return of the Prodigal Son) came so strongly to mind, I thought that was it. I must learn to be patient and allow the Holy Spirit to bring clarity before I assume that's all there is. So, I repent of my impatience and ask the Lord and you to please forgive me. The Holy Spirit has been very gracious to me to continue to show me clear pictures, even with all my shortcomings. How I need His mercies and guidance!

Anyway, the picture did indeed change throughout the day. I have waited to share it with you because I don't want to be presumptuous again. Here's what I see.

Your posture is that of the father in the painting. You are bent slightly forward with your arms resting on the shoulders of a man kneeling at your feet. Unlike the painting, the room is full of light, and you are smiling and laughing! The mantle is a rich red, but is very thick (maybe 2') and has many folds in it. It looks quite heavy, but you don't seem to be having any trouble wearing it. When I inquired of the Lord as to the many folds, I heard, "Because it will cover many people."

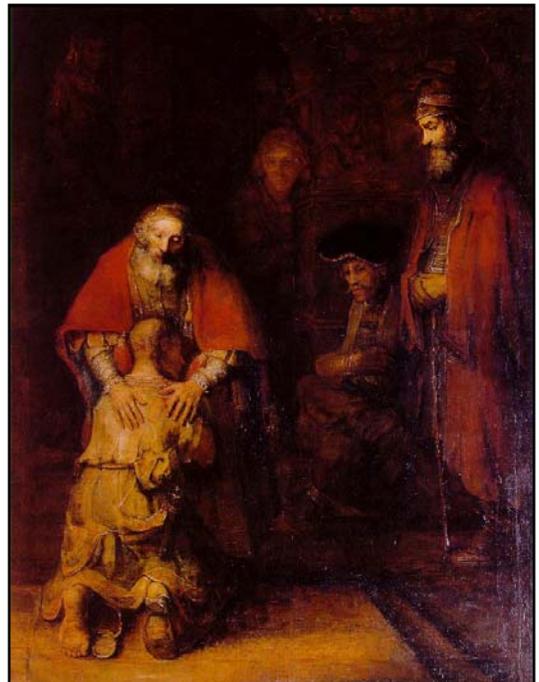
While your hands are resting on the one before you, there are many, many also kneeling in the same posture before you.

One very interesting thing is that although you are wearing this splendid garment, underneath you have on a plain white T-shirt and black pants. (I even tried to "put you in" a decent shirt but was not able to do so). I asked the Lord why the common under garment, and He said, "Because it (the mantle) is not about Peter!" 😊. I sensed His laughter at this one.

There is great light and joy. I didn't pick up any heaviness in you or in those kneeling, just your laughter bouncing all over the place as you imparted to others. I sense this is a time of bountiful reaping in the Spirit for your many years of allowing God to do a deep work in you and then faithfully sowing into others. There is almost a party atmosphere that is very, very holy. I asked the Lord where the light was coming from, and I heard, "From My smile."

My prayer is that the Lord will give you great encouragement and confirmation through this picture. I feel honored that He trusts me to give it to you.

*Blessings to you and Rebekah,
Carol*



Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

Today and throughout the entire day, the vision – or picture as many prefer to call them – came to fruition; in other words, it became revelation knowledge for me. The Lord reminded me of the many people I was prompted to hug and embrace over the years. The embraces have been so holy; it felt as if my arms and heart were the Father’s arms and heart. Just two days ago as I embraced my dear friend Clint, tears formed in his eyes. Oh, what love I experienced for this man. I knew Clint was touched by the Father’s heart, not mine. I was merely the Father’s arms extended to one of His beloved children. I was the Father’s messenger.

Today and many times in the past, people who came to visit us asked for two and three hugs before they got to their car. I never, ever tired of responding. But I also remember the time two elders from the church we attended, scolded, even reprimanded me severely for hugging their wives and other women in the church. They implied that my hugs were soulish and lustful. I never entered that church again. The church fell apart shortly thereafter.

I recently received a similar scolding for praying in tongues in an empty, local church. May the Lord have mercy upon those churches that do not welcome the Holy Spirit and the gifts of the Spirit into their midst. I tremble as I sense individuals and churches in danger of committing the unpardonable sin, blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. My heart aches whenever I see an individual or a church root-bound by tradition. Tradition acts like a container in which growth is impossible.

I am awed and humbled as I write these words. When I hug someone, when you hug someone, when we hug someone with the heart of the Father, we are placing a mantle of love, protection, and affirmation around them. Not everyone has been given such a mantle to impart to others. It is a gift entrusted to us by the Father with which He embraces His children and makes His love tangible. Oh, how I wished I could hug everyone. Oh, how I wished everyone was able to receive these hugs or ask for them. Oh, how I wished I could share these words with everyone.

I am not the only one who the Father uses to place a mantle of love, protection, and affirmation around others. I have been embraced many times by the love of the Father, through other’s hugs. I never, ever forget those hugs. The Father lets me know in many ways that He is “nuts” about me – being hugged is one of them.

At times in the past I have demonstrated a reckless enthusiasm and spontaneity that has been inappropriate for the occasion. I am learning to use more wisdom and more discretion. I am not to hug everyone or pray in my prayer language where it will be misconstrued. In my spirit I now ask, “Is it appropriate to hug this or that individual?” The Lord shows me when my hugs would fall to the ground and be stepped upon. I must not allow the hem of Jesus’ garment to be soiled. Many people are only able to handle a handshake, and some not even that. I respect that.

To God be the Glory,
Peter

Peter is Healed at “The Duck”

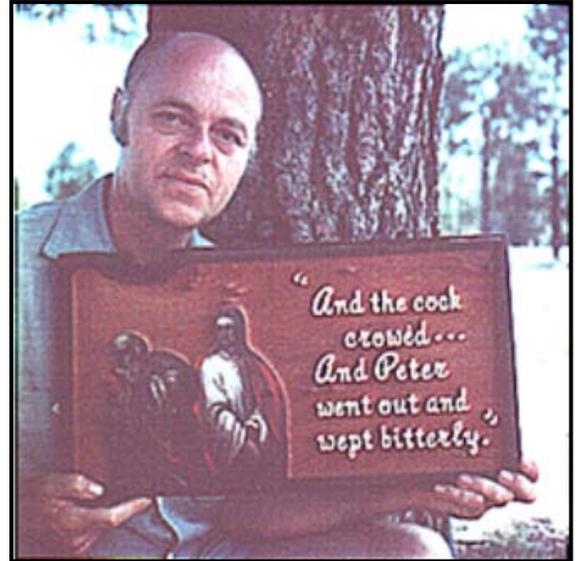
Before leaving the restaurant in Afula, I received a wonderful and unexpected inner healing. It seemed to have nothing to do with our waitress, but maybe it did. We were under the tent of the Holy Spirit at that table, and that’s when healing often takes place. And parenthetically, to this day I am so grateful that the deep fryer at Burger King was not hooked up. It was Jesus’ way of closing a door. Jesus uses unusual, unexpected, and very creative ways to close and open doors.

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For at least thirty years, I have been pondering if I am more like the apostle Peter or the apostle Paul. Since my roots were Jewish and since the apostle Paul was called to minister to the Gentiles, I almost felt obligated to claim Paul as my big brother. On the other hand, I had had such a strong conversion experience that let me know beyond doubt that Jesus is the Christ, how could I ever forget being another Peter? I had also had two devastating experiences, like the apostle Peter, which showed me that Satan delighted in sabotaging my life and using me to his advantage. I never wanted anyone to suffer, and my counsel was, "Don't go to Jerusalem. You will get killed in Jerusalem." In other words, take the easy and safe road.

Most of us will remember the words Jesus spoke to the apostle Peter: "Get away from me, you Satan! You are a dangerous trap to me. You are thinking merely from a human point of view, and not from God's" (Matthew 16:23). The other devastating experience was when the apostle Peter denied Jesus three times. In a very real way, I did the same thing.

The restaurant called "The Duck" had suddenly become more of a counseling chamber than any psychiatrist's office I have ever visited. And why was that? It was because of the presence of the Holy Spirit. I was suddenly made aware that in Christ, I can reflect both the nature of Paul and the nature of Peter. Both their strength and weakness are a part of who I am. I don't have to choose. The split in my personality has been healed. I have been healed. And now the Holy Spirit can use me to pass that same healing onto others. What a relief!



I am not a degreed counselor according to this world's system. When I speak and write, I invite the Holy Spirit, the Great Counselor, to use me as His instrument. This is what the Holy Spirit wrote to a world steeped in darkness and delusion on November 2, 2000.

THE COUNSELOR

Today, I shall focus on choosing a counselor. I write from my personal experience both as a counselor and as a patient. I draw upon my personal battles, blunders and victories. Thirty years ago, I vowed to become a friend of the mentally ill and the brokenhearted. I have not strayed from that commitment. I write not only on behalf of patients, but also on behalf of counselors. I ask you to consider what I write, and if my words ring true, do incorporate them in your decision-making process and share them with others.

The approach one psychiatrist adopted with his patients impressed me. He gives them unlimited options to select the therapist of their choice. This is an unusual approach. It merits consideration by more mental health professionals.

Choosing a counselor with whom we are comfortable needs to be a prerequisite in any counseling relationship. Such a person will not intimidate us, humiliate us, be condescending, or impose a schedule of treatment that violates our conscience or overwhelms us. He will give us the freedom to disagree with his counsel. He will be a person of integrity. We will feel safe and accepted in his presence. His words will challenge us, affirm us and give us hope. We will be able to divulge both the most sacred and the most sordid thoughts and events without fear of being judged or condemned. He will be a good listener. He will be able to separate facts from fiction, delusions from reality, what is holy from what is unholy.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

Who our counselor is and what he believes will shout louder than what he says or does. It will shout louder than all the diplomas on his or her office wall. His very presence will inspire peace and confidence. We will like his voice and his mannerisms. His office will feel like a comfortable pair of slippers. We will be able to relate to him both as a counselor and a friend. He will be able to identify with our pain and confusion because of his own humanity. We will be able to consider his counsel, even if it is contrary to the way we have done or seen things in the past.

The counselor we choose must be able to see us as whole and well, even if neither we nor anyone else can. The word “hopeless” cannot be a part of his vocabulary. He must be able to see our God-given potential. If he is unable to do that, he must be willing to say so, and if possible, suggest other counselors.

Note that I used the word “suggest.” Counselors must not go beyond “offering” alternatives for consideration. Unless it is a matter of life and death, patients must not be denied the right and freedom to make their own choices.

The right counselor for us will be able to interpret the crises in our lives not as disaster, but as opportunities for meaningful transformation and growth. Searching for the right counselor should be like a quest for a best friend, not a frenzied effort to corral someone we want to cling to or recruit to believe like we do. A best friend is someone who can believe in us during a season when everything around us is dark, dreary and confusing.

There are a number of ways we may be able to become acquainted with a counselor without making an office visit. Often these professionals hold classes or have written books or articles for professional or secular magazines. Sometimes there are videos available that we can purchase, rent, or borrow. Talking to a current or former patient is one of the best sources of information.

A recommendation by a trusted friend should carry a lot of weight. Our counselor’s educational credentials are important, but it is that “gut feeling” we should rely on. More important than the degrees he has earned is his own personal relationship with God. Is his god the God of the Bible or some other god? Is God’s Word his textbook? Does the counselor believe that sane people can have visions, hear voices, or “speak in tongues” like the apostles in the Book of Acts? In other words, is the spirit realm real or imaginary?

I am personally quite sensitive on these issues. My psychiatrist evaluated my “speaking in tongues” as gibberish. He placed me on disability, a mixed blessing. My response was, “Well, if the world says I’m crazy, I’ll take some of their crazy money.” That was thirty years ago.

Some counselors have taken a strong position for or against the use of mind-altering and mood-altering drugs, shock treatment, lobotomy and hypnosis. If that violates our conscience, it is best not to seek their counsel. We have a right to ask questions about these pivotal issues. At times it is difficult to ascertain the particular leaning of a counselor. In those cases, we can obtain some insight by asking what type of books they recommend. We may have to play the role of a detective to obtain some of these answers.

I would like to digress now and also be an advocate for the counselor. Making ourselves available and vulnerable to be a garbage can for all the conflict within the life of another person can be very draining, even dangerous. To be effective and to survive, a counselor must, above all, have a genuine love for his patients. He must have healthy ways of dealing with the toxic waste poured all over him day after day. He must have the wisdom of a Solomon and the patience of a Job. He must be knowledgeable in several disciplines so that he can determine if a problem is physical, mental, spiritual or a combination of all three.

A very needy individual can surreptitiously attach himself to a counselor as he would to a life preserver. Counselors can be pulled under by the overwhelming needs of their patients. Patients can and often do

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transfer their feelings of both affection and hostility to the counselor. Patients have been known to seduce, deceive and even intimidate their counselors. It can work either way. Patients can be very manipulative and exploit a compassionate counselor – and vice versa. Professional ethics must never be violated. The counselor must be both personal and yet remain aloof in order to guard against unholy intimacy. A patient can be like a black widow spider, spinning a web for an unsuspecting victim. This happens not only in the secular world of counseling, but also in pastoral counseling.

The need to be needed is very affirming for a counselor, but it can also become a trap. Flattery is the stock in trade of some patients. Being told that he is the only one to whom a patient can open up can be very flattering to the ego, especially for a newcomer to the profession. I have heard words like these many times: “I would not know what to do without you. You are the only one who understands me.”

Many times such words come from a sincere heart, but at other times they may be designed to entrap the counselor. For a while I facilitated a number of unhealthy relationships by giving individuals my private, toll free phone number. But we are failures as counselors whenever we make our patients dependent upon us instead of God.

Whenever someone comes to me who has a long history of seeking counsel from different individuals, a red flag goes up. These individuals will often bad-mouth every counselor they have ever visited. I have learned that my turn to be bad-mouthed may be next if I enter into a counseling relationship with them. Unless I am clearly directed to confront such perverted and offensive behavior, I avoid these individuals. Arguing with an angry person or patient is always unproductive.

One of my greatest protections as a counselor has been a healthy and loving relationship with my wife, Rebekah. She is able to spot those individuals who have ulterior motives in seeking my counsel. For many years, I saw myself as the “rescuer” of those in distress instead of acknowledging God as the Rescuer. That is commonly referred to as a God-complex. This forged some very unhealthy relationships. I continue to be on guard. Counselors cannot afford to become enmeshed in the lives of their patients. The divorce and suicide rate amongst counselors must always be a sobering reminder that the counseling profession produces many casualties.

I would like to suggest to mental health caregivers that they write down how they stand on some of the pivotal issues presented in this letter. This will eliminate many unproductive counseling sessions. Included in such a write-up might be a brief autobiography and what prompted them to enter their profession. Any information that would allow a patient to make an informed choice should be included. If you would like to learn more about this counselor, I invite you to his website at www.stretcherbearers.com.

Counseling is like open-heart surgery; in fact, it is open-heart surgery; and it can be risky. Even though a counselor, like a surgeon, tries to do his very best, not all operations will be successful. I say to you counseling patients, “Cut your counselors some slack. They are not the exclusive custodians of all the right answers.” It is by the Grace of God that we are sane and beautifully unique. By the Grace of God, we are more than a clump of unformed clay. By the Grace of God, we are not in zoos, being analyzed by monkeys.

As a counselor, I have two favorite authors, Paul Tournier and Frances J. Roberts. Paul Tournier is a Swiss medical doctor who draws upon psychology and theology in treating his patients. A good book to start with is called, *A Place for You*, published by Harper & Rowe. Frances J. Roberts is a woman of great wisdom who writes prophetically and with great insight into the human psyche. Here is a quote from her book, *On the Highroad of Surrender*:⁸

Never console the one who pines under My chastening rod lest you hinder the work of grace I am effecting in his heart and become an obstacle to his spiritual growth.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

I hope a few counselors will read these words. I never understood what a split personality was all about. I believe that I am getting a handle on the meaning of an ambiguous and misunderstood phrase. The religious establishment of Jesus' day said that many of the prophets were crazy and got rid of them. I am in good company. So far I have been more fortunate than the prophets of old. A few psychiatrists have placed some stigmatizing labels on me, but at least my hands, feet and side have not been pierced.

I have identified with many of the prophets and kings of the Old Testament. At times I came dangerously close to being one of them in modern apparel. But one day I was healed of these dangerous delusions. The Holy Spirit showed me that we can be like someone else, but we can never actually be anyone other than ourselves. We can be like John the Baptist, but we cannot be John the Baptist.

Our streets and mental institutions are filled with people who live in delusional worlds. These worlds can be dangerous alternatives to reality. Those who live in them often become unfruitful members of society and are a great burden to others.

What I am going to say next cannot be proved, but nevertheless, it deserves mentioning. One researcher tried to establish how many people in mental institutions thought themselves to be Jesus Christ. He came up with the number 2000. Three other favorites, people of renown, were Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene and Napoleon. I have seen the inside of a mental hospital as a patient and write with great compassion.



Josephine, my beautiful and intelligent first wife, often said, "Peter, you are going through an identity crisis."

Those words meant nothing to me until many years later when I wrote an article entitled, "WHO AM I?" This will be the perfect place to resurrect the article.

WHO AM I? 9

Many years ago I walked into a Salvation Army thrift store, not suspecting that I was about to find an object of great value. I was walking around, looking at different items, when my eyes fell on a gold-framed picture in a baby crib. I looked more closely and saw it was a picture of St. George in full armor sitting on a white horse. A spear was poised in his right hand ready to be hurled at Satan, depicted as a dragon. I liked the picture and purchased it for one dollar.

For a long time the picture found a place just above my bed where it was a daily inspiration for me. I aspired to be like St. George. I like to "Dream the Impossible Dream, to fight the unbeatable foe, to bear the unbearable sorrow, to run where brave men dare not go."

One day, I showed the picture to my future handmaiden and shared my impossible dream. I said, "Rebekah, I see myself as the warrior in the picture above my bed."

Without premeditation, she responded, "Peter, Jesus is the hero in the picture. You are the horse."

I knew that Rebekah, or actually, Jesus through Rebekah, had spoken a powerful and liberating truth. But it took a long time for me to be able to digest it. "Self" very reluctantly vacates the throne it has occupied for

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such a long time to make room for a new king. In my case, His name is JESUS, JESUS the CHRIST. The moment the Lord showed me that He was the Deliverer and that I was His delivery boy, I began to walk in far greater freedom. I realized that the words in the song, “The Impossible Dream,” referred to Jesus, not to me.

Several years later, another picture, which was offered for sale at a local art exhibit, caught my eye. I did not buy the picture the first time I saw it, but when it was still available the following year at another exhibit, Rebekah purchased it for me. It was an original oil painting of a farmer covered only with a loincloth. He held a clay pot in his hands out of which he was pouring a small stream of water onto little plants neatly planted in a number of long rows. I immediately identified with the farmer.

The picture became a permanent fixture on one of our bedroom walls. It occupied the choicest place, where my eyes would fall on the painting whenever I sat up in bed. For eighteen years it was a part of my internal dialogue, and also many conversations between Rebekah and myself. But finally, it surrendered its prime location to another picture. The painting had served its purpose when Rebekah one morning spontaneously remarked, “Peter, you are not the farmer. Jesus is the Farmer. You are the clay pot, and the water is the Living Water of the Holy Spirit.”

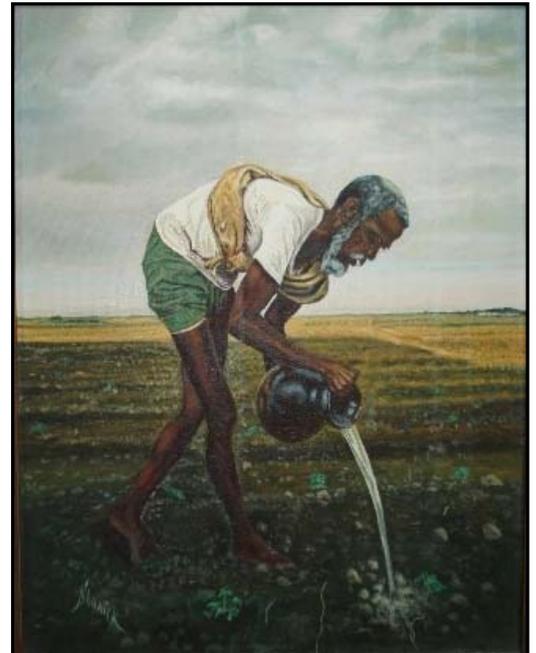
I immediately knew that Rebekah was right, and once again, I had to surrender my exalted position.

Those words, however, complicated my search for my identity. How could I be a horse carrying Jesus into battle and a clay pot for the Living Water of the Holy Spirit at the same time? One identity is so contrary to the other! This produced a great amount of conflict, a split within my soul, because for a time I felt the need to choose one identity or the other.

Eventually, by the Grace of God, I was able to resolve this apparent dichotomy. Our earthen vessels are not only to express both His majesty and authority, but also His mercy and His long-suffering. There is a time and season for each to be expressed. Through Jesus, God the Father expressed both the Lion of Judah and the Lamb of God, and we are to be conformed to His image.

It all seems so very clear to me today, some twenty years later, who I am. I am a clay pot, a house for the King and a horse for the King. I am the land, and He is my Landlord. He has the option to use me as a hospital, a playground, a temple, a school, a stretcher-bearer, or an invincible tank. I now have the confidence that in whatever way He chooses to use this vessel, it is always best and always right. I have relinquished the control over my life to the only Someone who is capable of directing its course.

Until my spiritual eyes were opened to these truths, my identity – who I am – depended upon where I was born, who my parents were, where I live, how old I was, where I went to school, the profession I followed, my church or political affiliation, and so on. My wardrobe determined my identity. It was extensive and changed as frequently as the seasons. At one time, I was a student, then a soldier, then a systems analyst, then married, then divorced, then a schizophrenic. I searched for identities that would flatter my ego, but I was not always successful. There were those times that identities were forced upon me by circumstances beyond my control. Such identities were very difficult and painful to wear.



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But today, “who I am” no longer depends upon my profession, where I live, how much money I have accumulated, whether I am single or married, or how old I am. I wake up in the morning with joy and gratitude. There is that tingle of anticipation as I wonder if I will carry my Lord into battle, be used as a clay pot to water a thirsty soul, or if I will get to kick up my heels in a lush meadow. Every day is new, different, and exciting.

The transition from trying to be perfect to allowing the “PERFECT ONE,” the LORD of lords, to indwell me was, and still is, a gradual process. We are all “in process.” It seems so logical now, and so right, to allow someone with superior love, wisdom, and strength to be in charge – to run the show, so to speak.

I attribute the insight I have received not to any superior intelligence with which I may have been endowed, but to God’s Grace. Walking into a Salvation Army thrift store many years ago, and finding the picture, was no more than a random act when viewed through my human intelligence. But in God’s master plan, there are no random acts. He knows when and how to draw us into the net of His unconditional love. He knows when to send His angels to minister to the heirs of salvation. I hope I get to meet my ministering angel face to face one day and be able to say, “Thank You.”

Gratitude is built whenever we receive anything from anyone for which we did not work, or which we do not deserve. In my case, I can clearly identify the giver of my good gift, the knowledge of who I am, as Father-God. My heart overflows with gratitude. Jesus, instead of self, is now the center of my life. I no longer have to accomplish something in order to be worth something. My worth is defined by the fact that today I am a child of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. P.T.L.!

When I began to unravel my thoughts for this story, I focused on the question, “Who am I?” Maybe I should also ask, “Whose am I?” Whom do I rely upon for support, protection, strength, comfort, and inspiration? Do I primarily rely upon my own abilities? Am I an island or a kingdom unto myself with its own set of rules, laws, and entertainment centers? Or have I pledged my allegiance to a King and country whose power and wisdom I recognize as superior to my own?

Our destiny is determined by whom we pledge allegiance. If I bend my knees to no one but my “self,” I am flirting with Satan himself, the prince of all pride. If I bend my knees to Jesus, I belong to God. He is the only one who truly cares for us, and He is the only one who is able to care for us.

How is it that so few settle these life and death questions that so profoundly shape our lives and destiny? One reason is that we have never asked the questions, “Who am I?” and “Whose am I?” We are just too busy with other pursuits that seem more urgent or more fascinating. The second reason is that we may be digging in the wrong soil for answers. We might be compared to prospectors searching for precious metals, but unsure where to sink our shafts. I sank many a worthless shaft before I hit my first bonanza. When I finally humbled myself and asked Jesus to help me, He told me to dig in the rich soil of His Word.

Compared to those days when I thought I was to be the hero on the white horse, I am very whole and very new. The “PERFECT ONE” was nailed to a tree 2000 years ago for the healing of my tormented soul. That act of love does not have to be repeated and cannot be repeated. Trying to be the hero on the horse – and the sacrifice on the cross – only guaranteed space for me in a mental ward, giving me a foretaste of hell on earth. Jesus is the only “PERFECT ONE.” He can occupy the human heart only when the ego, the self, voluntarily gives up its place of preeminence.

Only Jesus can give substance to the words of the song, “The Impossible Dream.” And He can give substance to the words over and over again through you and me when our ego surrenders to Him.

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The last verse of the song reads:

*And the world will be better for this,
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove with His last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star.*

Jesus has reached the unreachable star. It is called planet earth. Take the “h” from the word earth, and place it at the beginning of the word, and Jesus has reached the unreachable heart – mine. He came to earth to build a launching pad to heaven. It is called – The Cross. Walk humbly and expectantly! Don’t miss the launching pad. I had to get down from my high horse and onto my hands and knees to find it. Who am I without Jesus? Not much to brag about.

A bird has a song to sing. I had a story to tell. God bless you for listening. God bless you for taking the time to read these words.

Serving Jesus as Stretcher-Bearer,
Peter D. Laue

PETER ELABORATES ON “SEARCHING FOR WHOLENESS”

Not everyone confined to a mental institution belongs there. I believe that some of the patients had prayed the same prayer I did: “Lord, let my life be Your glorious contradiction to the world’s definition of normal.”

If we are too different, this world says we are not normal, and we risk being put into an institution. It’s our modern alternative to being stoned or crucified.

The label of “mentally ill” invalidates what a person says or writes, silencing his or her voice. It robs a person of the freedom to cast a vote. Dead men can’t speak. People imprisoned in institutions can be likened to the dead. They can speak, but no one listens. I am a voice for those who have been silenced by the system.

I have a victorious report for all who might be languishing in an institution or who have been compelled to take drugs they hate to take. If you really don’t want to be there, there is a way out. Caretakers of the so-called mentally ill take note: a mental hospital does not have to be a cul-de-sac or dead-end experience. It is to be viewed as a fiery furnace or a lion’s den where Jesus can become exceedingly real. He is real to me, and now I would like to make Him “real” to others. We have a few booklets left titled, “In Search of Sanity.” They are yours for the asking, as long as the supply lasts. Here is the introduction to the article. It may whet your appetite.

(Written November 28, 2001)

Introduction to “In Search of Sanity

Recently I received 50 empty prescription bottles. I am not a doctor or a pharmacist. I cannot readily tell you the specific purpose for each prescription or how much each one costs. I do know that some of the empty bottles contained anti-depressants, muscle relaxers, tranquilizers, pain relievers, and sleeping pills.

I had asked a few friends who regularly take medication to send me their empty prescription bottles. They have, and I am currently overstocked. I recycle them and use them in my heavenly pharmacy. I remove the labels, wash the bottles, affix new labels and fill the bottles with m&m’s. The labels read:

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

Rx: Prescription for Healing

M & M'S: Mercy & Miracles

Take as often as needed.

For unlimited refills, see Dr. Jesus.

Each package of empty prescription bottles reminds me of my own quest for wellness and sanity. It breaks my heart to see all those prescription bottles coming from the same addresses again and again.

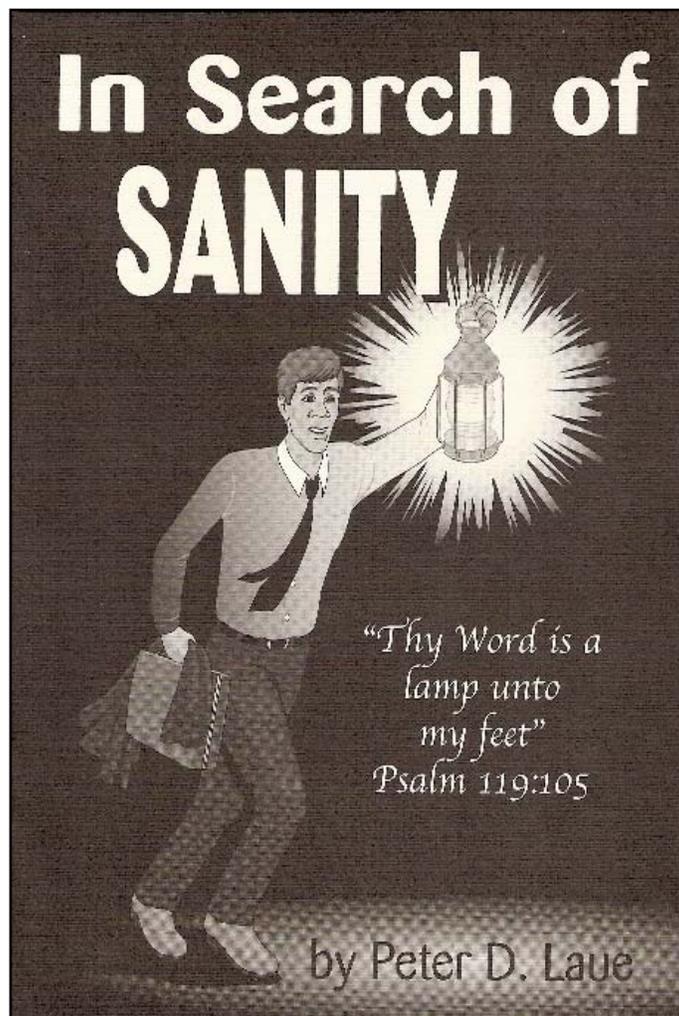
There is a big controversy about the best way to help the mentally ill. One of these deals with the use of medication. After reading "Toxic Psychiatry" by Peter R. Breggin, MD, I realized it was not just a controversy; it was more like a war.

When employed as an industrial engineer, my boss rebuked me for being critical of certain methods used in the factory, which I thought to be inefficient. He said, "Peter, unless you have a better idea, I don't want you to criticize the way things are being done." Those words have stayed with me for the past 40 years. Please read on; I do believe I have a better idea.

Peter D. Laue

I love to broadcast hope to those who are without hope. On the other hand, I have also been called to challenge those who have become self-serving and self-satisfied. Jesus is very alive today. He is using His servant Peter and others to speak to a world that calls black "white," and white "black." Homosexuality used to be called a deviant, unacceptable lifestyle. God sees it that way. Today it is called an alternative lifestyle.

We are continuously being brainwashed by a media that wants to please and entertain the largest possible audience. Its main motivation is to have a high audience rating. It is willing to sell its soul for a pot of porridge. Jesus attacked the establishment. I can do no less. You have heard it said, but I will say it again: "God comforts the afflicted, and afflicts those who have become too comfortable." That is my reason for being.



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SNAIL MAIL LOVE LETTERS

Are you ready to go to “The Stone Table at Maagan?” We only have another twenty miles to go. That does not necessarily mean we will get there really fast. I may have a few more cargo bays to unload. I don’t remember what’s in my ship unless I keep on digging and the Holy Spirit reminds me of what is there. He promised He would.

Our very good friends, Stan and Linda Jones of Odessa, Texas, played a significant part in directing our steps to the Maagan Holiday Village and “The Stone Table.” Their contribution must be woven into the fabric of this story.

Stan and Linda love the Jewish people. They have helped raise thousands of dollars to help bring Russian Jews to Israel. They have been in Israel many times. A very orthodox Jewish rabbi from Israel has received the most loving hospitality in their home in Odessa, Texas. They have gone the extra mile in treating every Jew with the greatest respect and have provided Kosher meals for those who are orthodox in their beliefs.

About a year ago Stan and Linda visited us, and we quickly became very close. When they left, they wrote these words on a yellow tablet: “Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.” They also wrote those same words in Hebrew, “Baruch Ha Ba B’Shem Adonai.”

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They told me that Jesus spoke those words and that I could read them for myself in the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Matthew, the last verse. I read them and underlined them in red. I used them as a part of my closing salutation when I wrote letters. I was frequently visited by the presence of the Holy Spirit when I spoke or wrote those words. Eventually, I was curious about the rest of chapter twenty-three. Circumstances were set into motion for me to go to Israel. You already know the rest of that part of the story and why that chapter as well as subsequent chapters played such a pivotal part in my Jerusalem experience.

I cannot recall specific dates anymore, but one day Stan and Linda announced that they were planning to go to Israel again, but this time with a tour group. I asked them to bring me a few rocks from Israel. My most specific request was to have a rock from the area where Gideon’s men drank out of the brook and also a rock from the Negev.

One day I received a package containing those rocks. Included in the package was their tour book, which explained where they had traveled and where they had lodged.

It also included a series of detailed



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maps. Believe it or not, Stan and Linda had spent two nights at the Maagan Holiday Village. We had their tour book on our coffee table for many months. I was never motivated to read all of it or study it with a lot of enthusiasm.

When I am not aware of the leading of the Holy Spirit, the Lord often uses Rebekah and others to get my attention. Rebekah studied the tour book and brought it along to California. She showed it to John Reed, my traveling companion, who stashed it in his suitcase. I do not know when or where the Holy Spirit highlighted “The Magaan Village Resort” on the Sea of Galilee. But at some point as John was leafing through the tour guide book, he noticed the resort; that’s where we finally spent two of our best days in Israel.

I recall our driving around the Sea of Galilee for a while scouting out places where we might stay for two nights. We were traveling north and had gone about five miles past Tiberias before John suddenly turned the car around. Instead of continuing to go north, we went south. It was one of those “suddenlies” that Joyce Meyers likes to talk about. About twenty minutes later, we pulled into the resort village. John had pointed the car, like a pistol, in the right direction. It was as if he had been there a dozen times before. A little later I asked him, “Where did you learn about the resort?”

He replied, “I happened to see it in Stan and Linda’s tour book.”

Amazing, absolutely amazing! We went on a tour guided by the best tour guide of them all, the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit can even use an unsolicited tour book to get our attention. I am wondering just now how often the Holy Spirit has tried to get my attention, by putting something unsolicited in front of me?

Still Another Small Detour

Please forgive me if I take another small detour on the way to the Stone Table at Maagan. I really did not plan to, but I believe it is too valuable a message to be omitted. Should you be in a hurry, though, to get to the Stone Table, you can skip this part and return to it later. These next few pages are about writing personal, and intimate letters.

I was minding my own business, focusing on getting to the Sea of Galilee as quickly as possible when my day was interrupted by mail from four prisoners. They had responded to an epistle I wrote over 15 years ago that suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in a Christian newspaper called “The Testimony.” I had totally forgotten that I had submitted the article until I began receiving mail in direct response to “The Forgotten Language of Letters.” I want to include the article here and the responses because it might resurrect the dying art of writing letters, especially hand-written letters.

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE OF LETTERS

I go to the mailbox. It is bulging with catalogues, magazines, solicitations for money, bank statements, and bills. I go on a treasure hunt. Maybe hidden amongst the deluge of printed matter is a personal letter. I ignore all the other mail in favor of a note from friends. Should I find such, I often rip open the envelope on my way back to the house. My day has suddenly become extra special because someone took the time to write. Christmas has come early for me when someone writes.

This scene repeats itself daily at mailboxes and post offices across America, even across the whole world. People are hungry, often desperate for that personal touch of intimacy conveyed through a letter. There are many letters that attempt to mimic a personal letter, but they fall short of accomplishing their objective. No computer, regardless of its sophistication, can or should attempt to write a generic letter and then pass it off as a heart to heart communication. This should be viewed as no less than a hoax. It violates the dignity of the individual.

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Many have asked the question, “What can I do? What can I give that will express the heart of God to a friend or a lonely stranger?” We don’t have to look far or long for an answer if we are willing to include the writing of a letter in our repertoire of ideas. The cost of a letter is minimal—the price of a first-class stamp. Few people, therefore, will be able to squirm out of such a suggestion, especially since most of us have learned to read and write.

There is something special, something very unique about a letter that sets this gift apart from similar gifts such as phone calls, e-mail, faxes or letters via audiocassettes. It takes time, lots of quality time, for a heart-to-heart dialogue. And time seems to be a vanishing resource in our frenzied world.

Letters, but especially those written by hand, are the unique and personal expression of the writer. They are a blueprint of who we are and can reflect the many moods of the human heart. A handwritten letter allows us to get close to each other, close to the real you and me in each one of us.

A letter can be read over and over again and shared with others, whereas the essence of a phone call quickly evaporates into thin air. A letter does not violate our space or interrupt the conversation around the dining room table. It can be read after everyone else has gone to bed, or it can be shared with the rest of the family, like a good dessert served after the main meal. It can also be easily copied and shared with others. A good letter has a way of growing wings.

My sister has carried with her for sixty plus years the last postcard she received from her husband. He was reported missing in action during World War II. She sometimes retraces his few handwritten words and draws comfort from being able to touch something he touched.

The world would be different today – it would be spiritually impoverished – had the apostle Paul and some of the other disciples of Jesus not penned their God-inspired thoughts for us. They recorded the words in the form of letters to both individuals and churches.

The world is racing forward at break-neck speed. Speed in its many configurations has been chosen as one of the many “gods” this world worships. The world today has little patience, demanding everything instantly. There is little time left to just sit down and write a letter, especially since our entertainment- crazed culture demands that we stay glued to the television set, selecting our meals from its tantalizing menu. And so we have sacrificed some very valuable activities, such as writing letters, playing with our children, and visiting with one another around a beautifully set dining room table.



Satan is a thief. In spite of a multitude of labor-saving devices, we are still running out of time most of the time. Being too “busy” or not having enough money becomes an excuse we use to avoid doing what God says is important. And if Satan can steal our time and money, he will eventually be able to steal our souls.

Most of us have learned to read and write. However, we are rarely encouraged to practice or to use these talents after we leave school. We have few role models today who inspire or challenge us to write through personal example. In other words, we have hidden our light under a bushel basket; we have buried the talents we don’t use.

I would like to blow new life into the dying embers of the art of writing letters, this forgotten language of love. My desire to see this form of communication resurrected is the main purpose of this epistle. The fragmented Body of Christ can never and will never be joined, will never be knit together, unless we reach

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out to one another in a loving, caring, intimate, and consistent manner. It can never happen in front of the television or computer, the greatest thieves of our time today. We just sit in front of screens and gorge ourselves with junk food. We do not give. We only take to satisfy our insatiable appetite for more bizarre and perverted entertainment and “bad news.”

In writing a letter, we have unlimited opportunities to give, to bless, to comfort, to encourage, to confess our sins privately, and exhort one another. Let God have a portion of your day so that He can write more epistles through you and me. One day, when you are no longer in this physical garment, your children and grandchildren may lovingly retrace your words with their eyes and fingers.

Writing letters is a time-consuming activity. It should not be rushed and cannot be rushed if we want to write a quality letter. I attempt to write in a manner that blesses and doesn't require a reply. Trading letters back and forth to keep the score even is no fun. In fact, it is more bondage. A letter is to be a gift with no strings attached. We are to write out of the abundance of a caring, compassionate, enthusiastic heart. Many of my relationships have begun with a letter, a few caring lines—a gentle outpouring of my heart through my pen. Some of these relationships have eventually blossomed. I have received the most beautiful bouquet of flowers—a bouquet of words, a letter.

There are many lonely and lost hearts in this world. Some are so lonely that they write letters to themselves so that their letterbox is not only filled with junk mail day after day. I wished I could touch all these lonely hearts and gently weave them into the tapestry called “The Body of Christ.” I can't, but maybe we can do it together. Through a letter we can make the Scripture, “God is Love,” tangible and visible to one another.

I thoroughly dislike chain letters. But I do hope that these words will arouse and challenge “The Body of Christ” – the family of God – to the point that it will start a chain reaction and give birth to many letters that express the heart of God. We cannot be knit together unless we reach out to each other. Our pens can serve as His knitting needles. Pick up your pen today, and write something nice to someone who least expects to hear from you. In fact, I would not mind hearing from you if this epistle touched your heart.

Peter

RESPONSES WE'VE RECEIVED

November 27, 2005

Dear Peter,

I just wanted to write to tell you I really enjoyed your article about letter-writing in “The Testimony.” I agree that letters are something tangible that we can save & reread. I have a box full of old letters from 20 years ago.

When I go through this box I see God's hand in my life through the lives of dear people He put in my path & I am comforted with His faithful, enduring love. It's a great feeling! Kind of like singing hymns of people from all ages.

So now I am writing you to thank you for taking the time to encourage people to continue putting pen to paper amidst this technology oriented society.

Am I being just old-fashioned? I think some things shouldn't be thrown out, & I think personal handwritten letters is one of them. If that's “old-fashioned,” so be it!

By the way, I have heard about you from two different couples: Tom & Tina Shiflett and Peter & Jeanie Outwaite. Tom & Tina told me how you are really into swords. That's very meaningful to

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me because when I was in Pagosa Springs at a Parelli training with my daughter two years ago, I found myself put into a very strong temptation. I remember fighting hard, spiritually picking up the sword of the Spirit which divides the soul and spirit. I fought hard & gained the victory of the war over my soul.

That same night one of the other attendees at the training was at a Laundromat when a boy came in & shared his excitement about Samurai swords. Then I recalled one of your cards with a sword on it & it so fit how I was feeling!

So, thank you for that card, & thanks to your talented, sensitive wife for her artwork!

God bless you & keep you!

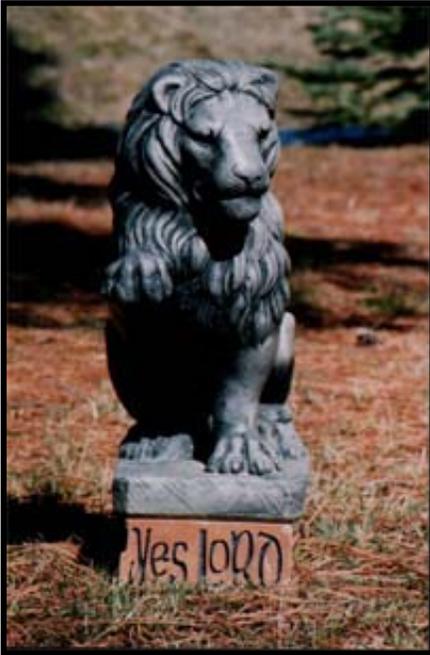
Love, Paulette B

“The Sword of the Lord – Strongholds are Coming Down” by Rebekah Laue



Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord

Explanation of Painting



We are told in the book of Acts, chapter 2, verse 17, that “... your old men shall dream dreams.” The painting by the artist Rebekah Laue is a portrayal of her husband’s prophetic dream. She pondered the dream for many years before she was able to capture it’s essence on canvas.

In his dream, Peter saw a rock wall with an ordinary stick lying nearby. He was prompted to pick it up and beat vigorously on the wall. Nothing happened! Then he saw a lion’s paw at his feet. He dropped the stick, picked up the paw and barely touched the wall. As he did, the wall began to crumble.

Peter awoke weeping and trembling as he experienced new authority, purpose, power, and confidence streaming into every fiber of his being. In lieu of a lion’s paw he has acquired a real sword, which he now uses in spiritual combat.

The stick is symbolic of man using his own strength and wisdom to tear down strongholds. The rock wall is symbolic of those walls around our hearts that imprison us and cause us to be isolated from God and one another. The Hebrew letters on the rocks represent strongholds such as

hate, anger, revenge, rebellion, witchcraft, bitterness, pride, fear, unbelief, unforgiveness, lust, idolatry, greed, gluttony, jealousy, self-pity, legalism, and man’s traditions.

The sword issuing from the lion’s mouth is the Sword of the Lord, which is the Word of God. The lion portrays Jesus Christ as revealed in the book of Revelation, chapter 5: “... Behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has prevailed...”

The truth in the painting shall march throughout the land like a banner and confront the strongholds that imprison us. Has God singled you out to carry that banner and address those strongholds? Before saying YES or NO, count the cost or the opportunity lost! TAKE A STAND! TAKE BACK THE LAND!

September 10, 2005

Dear Peter,

I read your inspiring letter about letters in the Testimony newsletter of September/October 2005.

It did my heart good to read your letter and I would like to thank you. I’m in jail and perhaps on my way to prison and would like to say that letters are a way for Christians to visit a person in prison or in jail. I know it is the Word of God that we should help widows & visit people in prison. I agree with you, brother, letters can be a beautiful way to unite loved ones, fellowship with another and even to spread the gospel.

I do a weekly fellowship with my children and wife from my cell all on paper. And no, it’s not the same as being there for them, but instead of looking back on past failures, I try and look forward and up to God’s calling, dig?

Well, I just wanted you to know that your letter was well received and much appreciated. It will undoubtedly help me to be more edifying and less demanding, for I have been frustrated by my loved ones not answering the letters like I would like.

But your letter has refreshed me and pointed out with true conviction that I should keep my letters more edifying and trust in the Lord to bless them. For really, that is all that I hope for—is that my letters to family and friends would be a blessing to them to strengthen them.

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Sometimes I fellowship through letters; and I want to share with you or anyone that reads this, we can share the Word of God with others through letters. And the awesome thing is -- God's Word never goes out and come back empty or void. I know when I honestly send His Word out in "Agape Love," it always blesses others and myself and has never come back empty or void.

Peter, and all you Testimony people and people at Jesus Stretcher Bearers, please know your ministry makes a big difference to us in jail. And your words will trickle down into my letters in the form of love. Thank you, and may God bless all of you.

Respectfully,
Robert Peterson

October 19, 2005

Peter,

Hello dear brother in Christ. I write from a jail cell that is cold at times but mostly warm because I have two new brothers in Christ to sit with and encourage each other. We are a struggling group that seeks the hope of God to keep us strong.

But mostly I'm writing to let you know that God blessed us all, no matter how foolish or how wise we are. The only thing that justifies us is the love of Christ and the grace of God. So, I thank you for your article in this month's Testimony.

My prayers and many blessings to you as long as God keeps you on my heart. But please pray for us also.

Your Brother-in-Christ. Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!
Abraham E. Ybarra !

October 19, 2005

Dear Peter,

I hope this reaches you in the best of health and spirits. I found your article in "The Testimony" very touching because most people, people like me take a lot for granted, especially little things like letters. It's not until I was taken away from everything, my family and society, that I realized how much a few lines on a piece of paper can really mean. Please say a prayer for me and my brothers here as we will do the same for you. Thank you again for your article.

God bless you,
Sidney Mannon

October 19, 2005

Dear Peter,

I was recently read your article in Mesa County Jail by my new-found brother Abraham. Up until October 2, 2005, I was a skeptic of the Lord and of reading the Bible. Then God united me with Himself through Abraham, and I accepted the Lord into my heart.

Your article touched me in a way I was never touched before. It gave me inspiration and hope that I will always remain with God. I pray the Lord blesses you as your article has blessed me.

Sincerely,
Michael Wilson

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If there is someone who would like to correspond with people living behind bars, let me know. Yes, when our fingers touch the keyboard (I am including musical keyboards) or the shaft of a pen or pencil, love and life can flow like a river.

My own joy of writing and the gift of writing was cultivated early in my life. I was drafted into the US Army during the Korean conflict. During my whole tour of duty a steady stream of letters flowed back and forth between family, friends, and myself. My parents saved these letters. They are an interesting snapshot of who I was 50 years ago. Maybe there will be someone, someday besides our children who would like to read them.

I make a concerted effort to allow the Holy Spirit to direct all my correspondence. I do not want to crowd anyone by who I am, what I say, or what I write. But there are times my cargo bays are so full, I have to unload them or I will simply bust. Some people play the piano, the guitar, sing or dance to unload their hearts; I write.

I personalize the majority of my letters. My extra gift is a first-class stamp which we all look for when we go the mailbox. The thought of my personal letters or epistles being discarded before they are read, grieves my heart. I try to prevent that from happening by being intimate and sensitive to the other persons needs. I inquired at the post office about getting a bulk mailing permit for our newsletters, but opted not to get one. At this point, we are no longer publishing a periodic newsletter which actually said, "Published once in a while and sometimes a little sooner."

For twenty years, I mailed out a newsletter once or twice a year. Every letter was hand-addressed, was sent first class, and often accompanied by a personal note. This lets folks know they are more than a number in our address book. Most of the people in our address file had been in our home at one time or another and had requested copies of our occasional literary offering.

When I sent out my trip report about Israel via e-mail and regular mail, I sent it to about 200 people. I did not personalize each letter. I was just too eager, even impetuous, like the apostle Peter. I wanted everyone to know as quickly as possible what had happened and what I planned to do next. Within one week we received thirty personal and heart-warming replies as you may recall from the letters I included in chapter 6. I consider that a very good batting average and thank all who encouraged my literary efforts. Most of those who responded asked me to send them a finished copy of the manuscript.

Oh, what joy when I receive a personal letter! Thirty people may not seem like many people. It's not about numbers, it's about people. When the Holy Spirit is directing traffic, God can multiply those thirty manuscripts like He multiplied the loaves and the fishes. In fact, I am stopping right now and am asking my heavenly Father to favor these manuscripts so that many souls, far and wide, will be blessed and encouraged. In fact, I'll be more specific. "May each one of these manuscripts serve as a personal invitation to the Lord's banqueting table. "Lord, I ask that many fish in the sea of humanity be fed by the words that flow out of my heart and fingertips. Thank you, Lord." It is done!



More angels are being dispatched to direct and supervise this prayer. I know it, and I feel it in my heart. God has many messenger angels to deliver His Word to the heirs of salvation. He also has the Holy Spirit, who puts us in remembrance of the words His Son Jesus spoke while He lived amongst us. Wow, what a God!

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WE HAVE FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE SEA OF GALILEE

It was about 6:00 PM when we arrived at our destination. An employee at the resort village showed us one of the available bungalows. The minute we saw it, we knew we were in the right place. It was the place John had pictured in his mind, a place that bordered the Sea of Galilee. John filled out the paperwork and showed his passport. We stopped at the small resort store and purchased a few snacks and a bottle of red wine.

We brought our suitcases and backpacks to the bungalow, opened the bottle of wine, got a few snacks and found two comfortable lawn chairs at the edge of the lake. We watched the sun go down and the lights go on around the lake and in Tiberias and Capernaum—just like a necklace of lights. We did not say much to one another. We just drank in the silence and the beauty of the surroundings. We both felt safe, and knew we were at the exact spot God wanted us to be, where He could speak to us through His still, small voice. That's the greatest feeling in the world, knowing that you are where God wants you. It's much more than a feeling; it's a "knowing." There is a difference!

I bet there were a few exhausted angels around us who wiped the sweat of their brow. "These humans are really hard of hearing," they said to one another. "We needed to use some extreme measures to get them to the right location at the right time." I am using poetic license to describe what I am not able to see or hear.

It's now time to connect all the dots. It is time to put the last pieces of the jigsaw puzzle into place.

The following day was celebrated with a cup of coffee early in the morning at the edge of the lake. A few tourists were swimming in the lake. The whole day was full of "perks." The breakfast was sumptuous. It was included in the price of our stay – everything the most pampered person might enjoy eating was spread out before us.

The view from the dining room was exquisite. The way the bungalows had been built into the hillside, your eyes only met beautiful foliage and palm trees before they came to rest on a shimmering lake. Our table was right next to a large window. There was no need for words between John and myself.

We marveled, we marveled, we marveled as we ate and drank in the beauty with our eyes. We were being blessed and rewarded for a job well done, or so it seemed to us. We felt the love of our Creator mending our souls and bodies. The wonderful memories are now permanently etched into my soul. Thank you, Stan and Linda, for sending us the tour book. Thank you for being able to hear God and for obeying Him. I can easily and quickly recall the memories and enjoy them over and over again as I am writing these words. Pictures on a movie or television screen evaporate quickly and are gone forever, but not these impressions and memories.

I had another experience that somewhat duplicated the experience with the eighteen-year-old waitress in Afula. The only thing that was different was that the person was a little older, had a few teeth missing, and kissed me on the cheek when I hugged her. I have compassion for anyone who has dental problems and does not have the money, nerve or both to take care of them. I, too, have a few teeth missing.

John and I swam and lounged in a large, uniquely engineered pool. Unique engineering catches my attention because of some of my secular employment. Water poured out of a number of places with gusto, massaging your body if you stood close to those aggressive waterspouts. Everything was designed to keep the water sparkling clean. I stayed in the pool a little too long and paid for it with a shiny red face. My bald head scolded me for several days for being so inconsiderate.

I also swam and soaked in the lake – a pampering experience, both physically and spiritually. I picked up two small rocks to remind me that Galilee was not just another dream. I selected a few dates that had fallen

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from the date palms, some of which had lodged in the trunk of the tree. Ants had not discovered any of them. In fact, I did not see any ants anywhere. I ate some dates and brought a few of them home. I wrestled with myself about declaring the dates, but neither the Canadian nor U.S. customs officials seemed to object that I had them in my backpack.

Meanwhile, John found a comfortable lawn chair and a secluded spot to read a book he had brought along. We both like the same author, Paul Tournier, a Swiss medical doctor, now deceased. He was reading a book that I had already read, *To Understand Each Other*. A year ago, I spent the time and copied each word and put it in the hard drive of my computer. Since then I have been able to share it with a few grateful friends. One of them responded with these words: “Peter, I don’t have to do premarital counseling anymore. I can just hand the book to those who are intending to get married.” Here is one of the provocative chapters from the book:

My Husband Is a Mysterious Island!

For many couples it is almost with pain that they recall the days of courtship. At that time they appeared to understand each other! Why is that? Because they talked to each other, they opened up to one another, they found great pleasure in understanding and in being understood. The frankness of one evoked the openness of the other. The man was discovering the real person of his fiancée. She felt understood by him, and he by her.

Now they no longer really talk to each other. Oh, they talk about many secondary matters, trivial and external to themselves, but the matters that are really essential, intimate, personal—these they no longer mention. The dialogue has been broken off. There is only a superficial exchange of information.

Some couples no longer talk together at all. I have known some who could go for weeks without saying a word! It engenders a horrible atmosphere in the home. Just think how children must grow up where at the meal table one of the parents never speaks, whereas the other, in an attempt to fill the atrocious vacuum, never ceases babbling on!

Courtship’s beautiful curiosity has been lost. The thirst for discovery and for understanding has been dried up. The husband believes that now he does understand his wife. At the first word from her lips he makes a little sign of exasperation which means, “You’re still telling me the same old story!” In the face of such a reaction how can the other dare to express herself? Yet, the less she expresses herself, the less she will be understood; the less she feels understood, the more she will withdraw into herself. The thrill of discovery has been lost. If you think that you know your wife or your husband, it is because you have given up the real attempt to discover him. The difference between the image you have made of him, and what he really is, will ever grow deeper.

The discovery of the real person is never easy. I remember a woman who had come to speak to me of her very serious worries. At the end of our interview I asked her, “What does your husband think of all that?” “Oh,” she blurted out, “my husband is a mysterious island. I am forever circling around it but never finding a beach where I may land.” I understood her, for it is true. There are men who are like mysterious islands. They protect themselves against any approach. They no longer express themselves, nor do they take a stand on anything. When their wife consults them on something important, they hide themselves behind their paper. They

look deeply absorbed. They answer without even looking up, in a tone impersonal, anonymous, and vague, which excludes all argument. Or else they escape by making a joke of it.

Paul Tournier has written nearly twenty books. We have most of them in our library. The first one I read, *The Healing of Persons*, was a real lifesaver. I hardly need to do any more counseling or offer advice; I just recommend Paul Tournier and the Word of God.

Paul has written on just about every subject that troubles the human heart. Paul Tournier writes in French. His books have been translated into most well-known languages. Let me give you a tiny taste of Paul Tournier by quoting a few paragraphs from his first book, *The Healing of Persons*.¹⁰

From the chapter, “Medicine and Life”:

There are personal problems in every life. There are secret tragedies in every heart. “‘Man does not die,’ a doctor has remarked. ‘He kills himself.’ If we talk so little about the problems which trouble us most, it is usually because we have lost hope of ever finding a solution to them.” Tournier continues,

‘Treat the patient, not the disease.’ Such is the precept our masters teach us, and which we are reminded of every day by medical practice. Take two patients suffering from the same disease: One makes a rapid recovery, while the other is handicapped by some secret worry which has destroyed his will to live.

But to treat the patient and not the disease means penetrating into these personal problems, which our patients often hide from us in order to keep them hidden from themselves. (6-7)

From the chapter, “The Knowledge of Man”:

Man is not just a body and a mind. He is a spiritual being. It is impossible to know him if one disregards his deepest reality. This is indeed the daily experience of the doctor. No physiological or psychological analysis is sufficient to unravel the infinitely complex skein of a human life. He sees how little his patients understand themselves, as long as they do not examine themselves before God; how apt they are to close their eyes to their own faults; how their good will is held back by circumstances, discouragement, and habit; how little effect his advice can have in reforming a person’s life when the patient’s mind is torn by inner conflict.

From the chapter, “Temperaments”:

Creative imagination, calm thought, artistic production, the gentle things of life, things of the heart and the soul have been strangled in this race to achieve and produce more and more. And humanity has no idea what to do with all its material wealth and all the products of its activity. It suffers from sterility amidst its granaries. It has looked for profits and can no longer even sell. For in a civilization in which action and technical progress have become the norm, money is king, and material return the only criterion of value.

And our mental hospitals are filled with people whose natures are artistic, gentle, and intuitive, crushed by the struggle to live, incapable of keeping up with the speed of the men of action, incapable of earning their living, defeated by the wounds inflicted on their sensitivity, stultified by their feelings of inferiority and social uselessness, discouraged and lacking faith in themselves.

From the chapter, “Conflicts”:

It is clear that what I have just said about matrimonial conflicts could also be said about all the other conflicts which divide individuals and groups. There are first the conflicts between parents and children. In a considerable number of clinical observations it is noticeable what a lasting effect such childhood conflicts can have on a person’s life. This is true not only from a psychological point of view. The need to defend their independence against very authoritarian parents, to assert their liberty beneath the weight of convention imposed on them by parents who are too bourgeois, or the need to evade their vigilance if they are too jealous, leads children into the worst kinds of alimentary, moral, and social faults. Others are the victims of

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the unorthodox ideas of their parents in regard to food and to abstinence. The reader will find in this book several cases in which a parent-child conflict has dominated a person's whole life. It is almost always the consequence of the parents' own personal problems. (92 -3)

From the chapter, "Overwork and Idleness":

There are more intellectual and spiritual gluttons than one might think—that is to say, people who make excessive and undisciplined use even of the best things. I am thinking at the moment of a friend with whom I had conversations over a period of several months. He was a Jew. He was seeking Christ. But our long discussions were getting us nowhere. One day he came back to see me and told me he had found Christ. He had met a Christian who had simply told him that he was an intellectual glutton. Examining his conscience, he had suddenly seen that his inexhaustible religious discussions, however interesting they might be, were nothing but a kind intemperance and they were blocking the road to his conversion. (114)

From the chapter, "Synthesis in Medicine":

Endocrinology has rendered the greatest service to us. It has revealed the connection that exists between psychic tendencies and the secretions of the ductless glands. But it would be wrong to think of this connection as working in one direction only, that is to say, to look upon the glandular disorder as the organic cause, and disorder in the character as the psychic consequence. It is in this way that many people draw from science the reassuring thought that they cannot help this or that fault of character, since it originates in a defect of the thyroid or ovary.

It is an unscientific assumption of materialist philosophy which supposes that material facts—*anatomical and physiological*—are the cause, and that moral (psychological and spiritual) facts are the consequences, and not the other way about. (132)

From the chapter, "Suffering":

To fight against suffering is to be on God's side.

On the other hand, as I have shown in Part One, suffering is often bound up with our disobedience and our wrong modes of life, so that in order to strive effectively against suffering we must bring souls to Christ, who delivers them from their faults, who in order to heal the paralytic said to him: "Your sins are forgiven" (Matt. 9:2)

Despite his best efforts, however, the doctor does not cure all suffering. Despite most telling spiritual experiences, there subsist in every man's life sufferings which God does not relieve. So to St. Paul, who thrice asked God to remove his "thorn in the flesh," God answered: "My grace is sufficient for you" (II Cor. 12:9). And Christ himself, without sin as he was, was not spared suffering. In the Garden of Gethsemane he accepted the supreme suffering when he said to his Father: "Not my will, but thine, be done." (Luke 22:42).

So the Christian answer to suffering is acceptance. Through acceptance, suffering bears spiritual fruit – and even psychic and physical fruit as well. Resignation is passive. Acceptance is active. Resignation abandons the struggle against suffering. Acceptance strives without backsliding, but also without rebellion. There is no greater testimony to the power of Christ than that which shines from the bed of a sick person who miraculously accepts suffering. There is no attitude more impossible for man—without the miraculous intervention of Christ – than the acceptance of suffering. (142 – 3)

Rebellion against our lot always separates us from God, and thus deprives us of his help, which is the only thing that can accomplish the miracle of making us accept our suffering. (149)

Accepting suffering, bereavement, and disease does not mean taking pleasure in them, steeling oneself against them, or hoping that distractions or the passage of time will make us forget them. It means offering

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them to God so that he can make them bring forth fruit. One does not arrive at this through reasoning, nor is it to be understood through logic; it is the experience of the grace of God. (155)

From the chapter, “Positive Health”:

The biblical message of acceptance is the only possible answer to the great problem of suffering. From the miracles that are wrought through acceptance, it can be seen that spiritual strength is the greatest strength in the world. It can transform both peoples and individuals. It alone can ensure victory over the negative forces of selfishness, hate, fear, and disorder, which destroy peoples and undermine the health of individuals. It alone gives them the joy, energy, and zeal needed in the daily battle for life and for the defense of health.

There are three suicides a day in Switzerland. Putting men’s lives in order, helping them to win victories over themselves, to control their passions, to refresh their strength through daily contact with God – all this does not only mean reducing the risk of their falling ill, it also means helping them to find the source of “positive health.”

Health is not the mere absence of disease. It is a quality of life, a physical, psychical, and spiritual unfolding, and exaltation of personal dynamism. (185)

From the chapter, “The Laws of Life”:

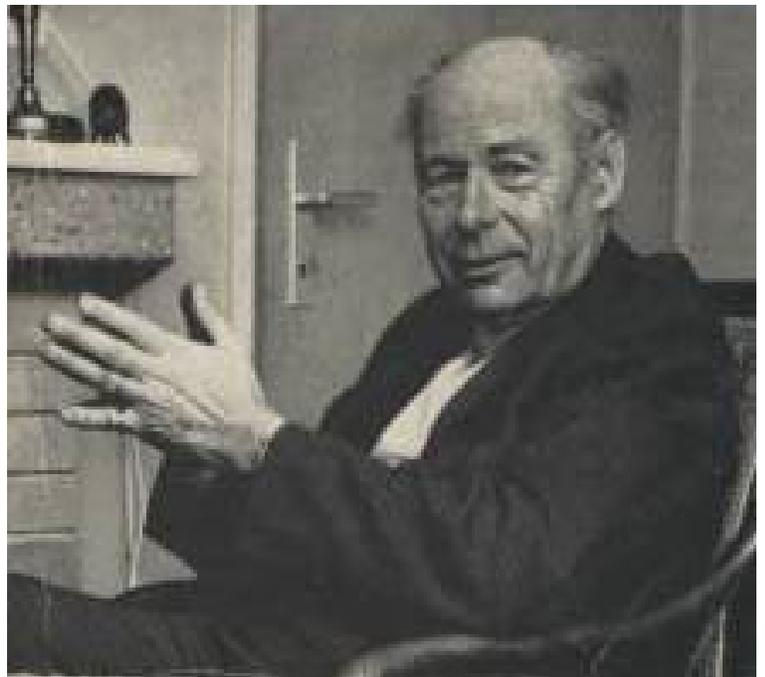
“Medicine is the art of giving advice on how to live.””(203)

From the chapter, “Confession”:

If I look honestly into my own heart, and into the tragic situation of humanity, which my vocation as a doctor allows me to do day after day; I see that behind all “personal problems” there lies, quite simply, sin. (225)

It is a fact that hypersensitive people I have seen have had a negative attitude toward their sensitiveness, the source of so much suffering for them. They cannot accept it until they see it as a talent which God is commanding them to put to use, so that it may bring a return in the form of tact, kindness, understanding, sympathy, artistic creation, and intuition.

One of my teachers used to say, “Nervous people have to put up with extra suffering in life, but they also get more out of life.” As soon as a hypersensitive person becomes aware of the special vocation in the world of people such as he, he is enabled to accept his nerves. And even if he is not understood by those around him, he feels that he is understood by God. (241 – 2)



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“LITTLE FAITH”-- A BROKEN CHAIR AND TRADITION

I had an idea and shared it with John. I said, “John, I recall that you left your yarmulke in Jerusalem; but I still have mine. I now know what I am to do with mine. I am to give it a decent and respectful burial in the Sea of Galilee.”

The Holy Spirit had reminded me of an incident connected with my favorite chair that I had salvaged from my home on Wheatland Avenue. The chair and the yarmulke had something in common. Let me explain. Maybe you will be able to bring closure to something that has troubled you for a long time.

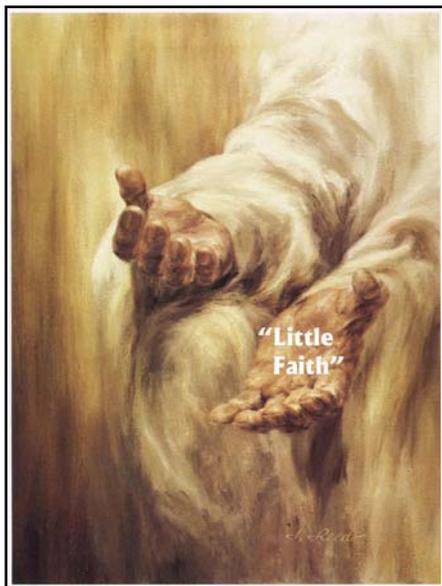
October 27, 2003

LITTLE FAITH

This is a story that needs to be told and shared more than once. It’s about a little baby named “Faith.” She was born prematurely two weeks ago, weighing only one pound and fifteen ounces. Here is what happened last Saturday.

I went to town to mail a package and then stopped by Hi-Mesa Truck & Auto Center. My friend of twenty-seven years, Ben Johnson, manages the company. We like each other a lot. Our common denominator is Jesus, and we seldom leave Him out of our conversation.

On this particular visit, Ben wasted no time showing me a picture of his granddaughter – just a tiny little thing in an incubator. On her left wrist she was wearing the wedding ring of her father. Her tiny hands were so small that the ring easily fit over her hand and onto her wrist.



I know Ben was concerned about every breath that his granddaughter was taking, but at the same time, he also demonstrated a faith I rarely see firsthand. Ben knew that Jesus was holding “Little Faith” securely in His hands. It was an inspiration to see Ben’s countenance. He trusted Jesus like I have seldom witnessed.

After showing me the picture, he placed it back on the wall by his desk. Then I noticed that he also had a picture of the hands of Jesus on the wall. I said, “Ben, why don’t you write the name of your grandchild into the palm of Jesus’ hands?” And that’s what he did. He took a pen and wrote “Faith” into Jesus’ hands, just like I have done on the front of this card.

A few weeks ago, I was able to do something like Ben did. I placed my broken chair into the hands of The Master Carpenter from Nazareth. I had the chair for some forty years. It had been like a faithful servant. Without realizing it, the chair had become a part of me. In fact, you might say that I had a “soul tie” with the chair. The chair broke when I used it in place of a ladder. I am very grateful that the chair broke and not my back.

I put the chair and the broken pieces in the garage waiting for an inspiration. I was unable to part with it. I even became depressed, confused and angry about the whole thing. What should I do?

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One day, in conversation with my friend, Millie Dall, I realized that the chair represented an “Isaac” in my life. The dump or stove, would and probably should, be its funeral pyre. So, I decided to release the chair when the garbage truck came around the next time. The decision made, I felt a lot better. But that never happened!

Suddenly, in my mind’s eye, I saw the face of Clyde Ketchum, a special friend and also a master carpenter. I saw the heart and face of Jesus in this man. And as I did, the Holy Spirit urged me to call him, show him the chair, tell him the story, and then release the chair into his hands. The chair is now in his hands and in His hands. I am at peace. Whatever he and He decide will be the very best for the chair and for me.



One idea leads to another idea. In my mind’s eye I see a journal. On the cover of the journal are the hands of Jesus. On each journal page, the hands of Jesus are lightly screened in the background. As the journal is being used, the writer will be placing his or her heart and heartaches into the hands of our Great Physician & Master Carpenter. WOW!

Soon, very soon, the journal will be reality. I am so excited. God did it again – turning tragedy into triumph!

In the name of Jesus - Our Great Physician & Master Carpenter,
Peter

(Because this “Epistle” was penned years ago, these journals are available today.)

PETER WRESTLES WITH PHARISAICAL TRADITIONS

How does my yarmulke fit into the above story? Traditions can become like threadbare garments or broken chairs. Since I did not grow up with the tradition of wearing a yarmulke, to me a yarmulke represented bondage. I was not willing to adopt a tradition that was meaningless to me, even if it was very meaningful to someone else. Parenthetically, I would like to say that I am glad that Gentile Christians were not required to be circumcised. On the other hand, I also knew I had to respect the traditions that were sacred to others. What is a man to do? What was I to do with my yarmulke?

Traditions may have been useful at one time, but do not necessarily play a meaningful part in our lives today or the culture in which we live. We often can’t remember how, when or why the traditions were birthed, yet we keep passing them on from one generation to another. We venerate them like they were birthed out of the heart of God, and they very well might have been.

Many traditions isolate us from our brothers and sisters who did not grow up with the same traditions. They are not celebrating the same holidays; they may have adopted Sunday instead of Saturday as their day of rest; they don’t make a pilgrimage to the same places we consider holy; they eat food we may consider unholy or unwholesome; they may wear clothes that we view as strange. And on and on it goes.



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I decided to allow the yarmulke to represent every tradition in the world that might have become threadbare or had become bondage to those who had innocently adopted it. When I entertained that thought, I saw the men with black hats wearing black suits. I saw my own meticulous suits, ties, and shoes that I used to wear to work each day. Suddenly, I saw every tie as a potential choke collar. I asked God to expose every tradition that spelled bondage. And I give you, the reader of these words, the permission to question the traditions that don't make sense to you. If the Word of God does not legitimize a tradition, you have the perfect right to question, challenge, oppose it or dispose of it. But don't attempt to oppose it or dispose of it in your own strength; you must first have heaven's strength and permission. When we step onto someone else's turf, we must respect the way they do things. When someone steps onto our turf, they must respect the way we do things.

I asked John to get his camcorder and follow me to the edge of the lake. I looked for a secluded spot and discovered an ancient, submerged urn with a broken lip. I asked John to turn on the camcorder and record what happened next. I took my yarmulke out of my pocket, placed it on my head, removed it, and then deposited it in the submerged urn. John suggested I place a rock on top of the yarmulke so that it could not float to the top, and I did.

While doing so, I prayed for EVERY tradition that had turned into bondage to be exposed and broken. I prayed that every "sacred cow" be butchered. A sacred cow is something we do or own that is sacred to us but worthless as far as God is concerned. John recorded the transaction on his camcorder. This prayer ought to keep lots of angels busy for a very long time.

I am telling you what happened at the Sea of Galilee on September 26, 2005. This is real. This actually happened. I did it. I did it with every fiber of my being. I followed the orders of my Commander-in-Chief. I have the confidence and joy that my heavenly Father bent down to hear my prayer and has dispatched mighty angels to translate my prayer into reality. Archangel Michael may very well be leading this crusade.

After completing the transaction, I turned to John and said, "I hope no one ever finds my yarmulke."

He replied, "By the time someone does, it will have become an indivisible part of the Sea of Galilee."

It is possible, even likely, that my prayer will provoke the war of all wars. If so, let it rip! My Commander-in-Chief can handle it.

That evening we had a sumptuous meal in the dining room of the resort. It was necessary to make reservations beforehand. We enjoyed a private table. The dining room was nearly full. Tour buses bringing guests from as far away as Singapore and Japan were filling most of the seats. We could not understand a word anyone was saying, but everyone seemed to be enjoying the food and one another.

We concluded the evening by sitting on the edge of the lake, watching the twinkling lights in Tiberias, Capernaum, and the northern-most point of the lake some fifteen miles away.

Finally, it was time to get some sleep. The next day would be a long day as we had to "break camp," drive to Tel Aviv, turn in the rental car, and get situated at the Sheraton-Tel Aviv. By the way, can you imagine a Sheraton where employees are not uniformed in suits and ties? That'll be the day! The world as we know it will be a "has-been."

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I slept, but not very well. In fact, there was not a single night in Israel that I slept well. This time, a very noisy refrigerator woke us up every time it cycled off. It sounded like a cement mixer. John occasionally sawed wood during the night, and I found myself stacking it. Get the message? (He snored.) I finally found the key that temporarily stopped the snoring. I would cough lightly, and he would stop long enough for me to go to sleep. I don't think this is a universal key, but you might like to try it.

On our last day there, I got my left, middle fingernail caught in the wardrobe sliding door. It really hurt for awhile. The fingernail now has a crescent of black at the quick of the nail, but it does not hurt anymore. Every time I see it, I am reminded of two very beautiful days at the Sea of Galilee. If the nail stays black forever, I would not mind because it is associated with such beautiful memories.

Before taking you to "The Stone Table," let me warn you that there have been a few people who have scratched their heads when they met me or read my first book. Most of these people were very smart people who had college degrees or doctor of divinity degrees. They had published books and were admired by large congregations. They worked for weekly paychecks and had fancy offices.

I have never been impressed by titles at the end of someone's name. To me, it looked like they were pulling a trailer everywhere they went. One day Rebekah jokingly remarked,



"The letters that belong at the end of your name are: **CWC**."

I said, "What does that mean?"

She smiled and said, "Crucified with Christ."

We have had lots of fun asking visitors by asking them to assign their own words to the acronym - **CWC**.

I have etched those words into a piece of marble in the form of a fish. I love to quiz visitors. I like to ask them if they can figure out what those letters stand for. Very few have come up with Rebekah's words. But here are a few alternatives to **CWC**: Complete with Christ, Conquering with Christ, Christ will come, Christ will Conquer, etc. I invite you to add a few more to the list.

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THE PROPHETIC SAVANT

Our friend, Tara Dorroh, knows me better than most. She likes me even though the world and the church often do not know what to do with me. One day she e-mailed us an article by Chip Brogan that fits me and my closest friends to a “T.” If you like the article, you will probably like my manuscript and my friends; if you don’t like the article, we are not on the same page at the moment. Please note that I said, “at the moment.”

THE PROPHETIC SAVANT¹¹

sa-vant' (n.): 1. a mentally defective person who exhibits exceptional skill or brilliance in some limited field; 2. a person who is highly knowledgeable about one subject but knows little about anything else. "...the prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad..." (Hosea 9:7)."What then is genius? Could it be that a genius is a man haunted by the speaking Voice [of God], laboring and striving like one possessed to achieve ends which he only vaguely understands?" A. W. Tozer

The prophetic savant is a person afflicted with a heavenly autism, making him nearly incapable of normal relations with those around him. Accused of being aloof, cold, and distant, he is apt to hide himself from people, withdrawing into a world of his own. He never seems to be all “there”. Even if he forces himself to come down to Earth for a moment, those around him may have the sense that there is an unspoken dialogue going on somewhere inside of him, a secret communion carried on beneath the surface that never allows him to be fully “in the moment”. How do we explain this? As a prophetic savant he sees, hears, and relates to the world differently than the rest of the population. The world has not seen what he has seen; they have not heard what he has heard. And so he finds very little camaraderie, very little sympathy or understanding, no one with whom he can open his heart and share his soul, because he no longer speaks the same language, and they have never spoken his. Of course, he may have surface-level exchanges with anyone: he is approachable, not haughty, or high-minded. He may even be personable and likeable. Yet there is something so otherworldly in his demeanor that he is more often frightening than friendly, in spite of his best efforts. He is a spiritual autistic, and no matter how hard you try to know him, he is generally unknowable, and to a certain degree, he resists all attempts to know him.

If a prophet is anything, he is extra-terrestrial -- above the Earth. He walks the Earth with others, but he is not of the Earth. He is from beyond; he is from above. If we trace his history we will find that he may or may not have had a normal childhood. He may or may not have come through extraordinary experiences. But at some point in his life, either as a child, or as a young adult, or as an old man, something from another realm broke through the thin membrane between Heaven and Earth and took hold of him. It may have been a burning bush, or a Voice crying out to him from beyond the veil, or a Heavenly Vision which brought him briefly into contact with something and Someone that he could not completely fathom.

However it happened, for one moment at least, the clouds parted and the veil was rent, and he saw something that is unseeable; he heard something that is unhearable; Heaven itself was opened up to him, and he saw into another world. The thing he saw and heard now burdens him like a mantle that has been draped over his shoulders. He feels its weight, for it is with him day and night, whether he is eating or drinking, working or resting. It is the impression that everything around him is a lie, and what he has seen and heard is the Truth, and this Truth is not static, but it is living, growing, and increasing within him from the day it comes to him in the form of a seed.

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For a long time he struggles to find words and vocabulary to express the inexpressible. He cannot explain why he feels the need to try and express it, but for some inexplicable reason something drives him to open his mouth, or take up his pen, and make it known. Whatever it is, it will not permit him to savor it or keep it to himself, and it seems intent on coming to the surface and interrupting the normal course of his life. This process can be frustrating and painful, so much so that he may give up several times, content to simply walk in what he has seen and heard and leave it at that.

But try as he might, he cannot run away from what he has seen and heard, and he cannot deny the compulsion to bring it forth. On the one hand he cries out for a “normal” life, while on the other hand he knows he cannot deny what has been revealed to him. When he does achieve some modest success in articulating something of Heaven he is pleased for a time, but soon grows impatient with it, and eventually is dissatisfied with it altogether, because it cannot do justice to what he has seen and heard. And so the process begins again, the continual search for words to more perfectly express what he is trying to communicate (and a subtle fear in the back of his mind that he may never be able to adequately express it), which leads him to invent words which may have never before existed, or to look for Spirit-inspired words in some unknown tongue that can be translated into something others can understand.

The prophets of old correctly called it the “burden of the Lord”, for it is like a woman who must live the rest of her life being in perpetual labor, delivering the same child over and over again. What relief there is only comes in discharging the burden, but that is not to say it ever really leaves: it merely allows the prophet time to catch his breath until the next contraction doubles him over again. The burden is with him the rest of his life, and he never fully discharges it.

Even when he tries to be disobedient to the Heavenly Vision and flees from the presence of the Lord he is pursued and hunted down like some kind of a wild animal who has gotten loose, knowing it is only a matter of time before he is captured again. The Voice never leaves him, the Vision never lets him go. When he refuses to speak then the fire which is already kindled only burns hotter, until he ends up doing what he has resisted doing all along, just to relieve himself of the unbearable tension and inward pressure. He cannot extinguish or quench the fire no matter what he does, he can only be obedient and find temporary relief, until the next word comes, and then off he goes. He may beg God to send someone else, and may protest his inability to speak, or to write. But he is already ruined for anything else, and even when he denies the Lord Who called him and returns to his former occupation, it is all dull and lifeless, and he meets with nothing but frustration and failure. There is no way to escape it. He knows he is called to something Higher, even when he is clinging with everything he has to something Lower.

Like a wild horse, he resists the dealings of the Lord and must be broken before he will obey. Eventually he learns not to resist the Lord, but to cooperate with Him. He becomes pliable and bendable in order to survive. His very life now is bound up with what he has seen and heard. He cannot be disobedient to the Heavenly Vision, and if it means he dies, then he dies. If it means a renunciation of everything he once believed, then he renounces it -- reluctantly at first, then cheerfully. If it means suffering the loss of all things, then he lets them go.

Over time the one who has seen and heard becomes the very essence of what he has seen and heard. The Man becomes the Message. He bears the Testimony in himself, and becomes one with it. He needs no preparation to speak; indeed, preparation does nothing to help the message he brings, and it often gets in the way. His whole life is the preparation, and since he is the Message, it is with him constantly. He can no more separate himself from the Message than he can separate his head from his body. If there is an “On/Off” switch then it was long ago turned on and then disabled so that it can never be turned off again. After many seasons of God’s dealings he finally perceives that this is what the Lord has sought for all along, not just to

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GIVE him a Message, but to MAKE him a Message; to gain for Himself a Messenger and capture him completely, embossing the Message into his very being.

And so he goes about his daily business, constantly haunted by that Voice, torn between the menial task at hand which calls for his physical and mental exertion, and the Higher Calling which seeks his undivided attention. He knows he should do all things, great and small, as “unto the Lord”. But he also knows that Heaven and Earth are locked in mortal combat over him while he stands there in the middle, torn between the two, desiring to depart the Earth altogether and be with Christ, but knowing that it is more profitable for his brethren if he remains. Heaven calls him to rise up, but Earth tells him to keep his feet firmly planted. His heart is constantly breaking and longing to go, to ascend, to rise up, to stop seeing through a dark glass, and see face to face, without the distraction of the natural, the fleshly, the temporal, because he knows the Earth is not his home. Yet he struggles with the fact that Earth is where he must live and work. This accounts for why he may sometimes seem difficult to be around.

As a savant he possesses insight and skill which others do not possess. But it is a gift, not anything of himself, nothing of which he could boast of. If you were to ask him if he considers this to be a blessing, he would probably say it is more like a curse, because it sets him apart from others even when he tries his best to be hidden and to blend in. He cannot read the Scriptures as others do, for after only a few verses the Heavens are opened up to him again and he is lost in its depths. A single passage may keep him occupied for months as Heaven unfolds it to him, and he cannot tear himself away from it.

His preaching is affected, because he cannot decide in advance what he will say, and even when he would like to bring forth something new and exciting, he usually ends up saying the same thing, like, “Repent!” He often does not say what he wants to say, and does not say it in the way he would like to say it. If he wants to be serious, he finds himself laughing. And when he wishes to be friendly, he finds himself screaming at the top of his voice to a startled congregation of people, who wonder how this fellow was ever allowed access to their inner sanctum in the first place. When he leaves a place he almost never sees the result of his labor, and only eternity can reveal the true significance of what was said. For now, it is all hidden, and he has to live with the fact that his fruitfulness will never be measured in terms that human beings, including himself, can see and appreciate.

He cannot go through the motions of religion like most mortals. It is a dead, shallow thing to him because it cannot compare to the reality of what he has already experienced. He finds it difficult to listen to another person preach when he knows they have not yet ascended to the heights nor plumbed the depths that he has already navigated. And when he tries to lead them into these heights and depths himself he is often misunderstood or rejected altogether. So either he attends the meeting and suffers in silence, or stays home and suffers in solitude; but either way, he suffers.

His seeing is affected by a sort of “spiritual dyslexia”. While others view things from a one or two dimensional viewpoint, he sees them through several dimensions at once -- forward, backward, reverse, upside-down, right-side up: life and death, light and dark, Spirit and flesh, Heavenly and Earthly -- which often puts him at odds with his more pragmatic and doctrinally-correct brethren. He is so at one with what he has seen that he speaks of it as having already happened, because he has, in essence, already experienced it and lived it. It is the Prophetic Tense, which calls those things that be not as though they were. In his world, the world of the Spirit, they exist already. We call it “prediction” because we cannot yet see it with our natural eyes, but he simply stands outside of Time and views Past and Future as one unbroken and continuous Present.

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His hearing is affected so that he is increasingly sensitive to his surroundings, even though it seems as if he is not paying attention. He is listening, but he is listening inwardly. He no longer trusts his natural ears, because the Heavenly Voice and the inner witness are more reliable. Thus, he is able to hear God speaking, while the rest of the crowd says, "It thundered!" or "It was an angel!" He is also able to hear when God is not speaking, and does not get carried away with the multitudes who claim to speak, see, and hear things from God when they have not heard or seen anything from Heaven. He cannot bear to listen to them.

His concentration is affected in such a way as to make him appear obstinate and unyielding to others. The truth is that he is actually quite flexible and pliable before the Lord, but before man he is as solid and impenetrable as a rock. No amount of persuasion or argument from man will move him -- but the slightest touch from the Lord will bring him to his knees. Having discovered the One Thing that is needed, he will tenaciously and ruthlessly shun the "many things" which crowd in to seek his attention, for he sees everything else as a distraction. Indeed, he is quite willing to sacrifice the good in favor of the holy. And when the Lord has him focused on a particular thing he is as a beam of light fastened upon a singular point until everything melts before it.

Even his praying is affected, for he can no longer pray as he wills and for what he wants. He seemingly has no will of his own. Instead the Heavenly Voice bids him to pray with a Heavenly perspective, and all too often the Heavenly perspective is at odds with the Earthly perspective. So when his brothers and sisters pray for blessing and increase, he finds himself praying for destruction and decrease; and when they are resisting and praying against something, he finds himself asking God to perform the very thing the rest of the world is against.

To the rest of the world, the autistic savant is a bit of a retarded genius, an unfortunate mixture of idiocy and brilliance, caught up in a world of its own. The prophetic savant bears a similar stigma. But if you engage him at all, you soon discover that he sees all of this as absolutely normal; the way it is supposed to be. He no longer wishes for a normal life, because the life he has now IS normal: he has lost his own life in exchange for a new life. He lives in the Heavenlies while he walks on the Earth. He does not think of himself as special, as anything other than a regular person, but often wonders aloud why others cannot see what he has seen when it is all so self-evident and plain. To him, maybe; but the rest of us are blinded by the Light he exudes without knowing it.

**LORD, let my life be Your
glorious contradiction to the
world's definition of normal.**

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HEAVENLY DIALOGUE AT THE STONE TABLE



I woke up very early on Tuesday morning, September 27th. John was still asleep when I slipped out of the bungalow. I took along a small cup of wine and a roll that I had saved from the meal the night before. I wanted to take communion at the Sea of Galilee. I waited a while and let the lights in Tiberius grow dim. Inevitably, the sun conquered the night, and another day was born. I had a conversation with Jesus somewhat along these lines.

I said, “Lord, you know my heart. You know that I have never been able to touch the hem of your garment during communion. Is there something wrong with me? You have told us to take communion, but to me it has always been a sterile and formal act. I really need some understanding and help.” Nevertheless, I took communion by myself, hoping something would happen. I waited and listened. Nothing happened.

I had a little bit of wine left and most of the roll. I looked at both and pondered what to do next. I was prompted to get out of my chair and pour the rest of the wine on the stone table. It discolored the stone. I was reminded of how Jesus poured out His blood for me, and I felt this incredible relief and completion that I had done something similar by coming to Israel and experiencing Jerusalem, the way my Savior had.

I felt like a heavy load was removed from my shoulders. I was poured out. I love the idea of being poured out. My whole life since I became one with Jesus has been one of being poured out. Instead of serving self, I have looked for ways of serving Him and others. If I could not be poured out, I felt stifled. If I was not poured out, new wine, new life could not be poured into me. I experience the presence of the Holy Spirit when I am poured out. I sense rivers of Living Water coursing into and through me. It is a matter of life and death that I am poured out. I am frustrated when I cannot give. I must give, but I also must first acquire wisdom before I can give like Jesus gave.

Open your eyes, oh body of Christ. Jesus is pouring His life out through many saints. Oh, what pain, for both the Giver and the delivery agent when someone discredits or dishonors a gift from the heart!

One of our proofreaders of this manuscript was deeply stirred by the last two paragraphs. I therefore felt directed to make an addition to the manuscript by sharing her words.

“As Jesus pours this living water through our new wineskin we are transformed into His image. Our fleshly body remains our only attachment to this world. We are led away, by His Spirit to a new place. We operate in our bodies, but are not of this world. As Jesus pours more and more of His nature into us, we are transported into the realm of the Holy Spirit. As we are led by the Holy Spirit to allow rivers of living water to flow through us in ministry, our hearts become tender, almost too tender for the touch of human hands.”

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“As His gift is poured from us, our spirits, bonded with His, become increasingly sensitive to the coarseness of the world around us. Jesus himself wept over Jerusalem, his home. Oh the pain when someone discredits or dishonors a gift from the heart. The gifts that flow from our heart, when anointed by Him, are His gifts to the body of humanity.

“As we step with uncertain boldness into this arena, our spirit girded with hope and faith, pushes us onward. We do things that our flesh would have shied away from, we venture out into the unknown, coached by our heavenly brother, Jesus. ‘You can do it, I have placed My Spirit within you.’ Our spirit man relies on only the Spirit of God -- “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”

“Forgive me brothers and sisters, when my life becomes too fragile for even the touch from those I love dearly. Pray for me to be strengthened to dwell in your world again. For now, I do not know if that is possible. For today, I am comforted only by God’s peace, only by His spirit, and only by His loving arms.”

His Fragile Handmaiden

PETER IS REMINDED

And just now I am reminded of these encouraging and prophetic words, spoken over Rebekah and myself in Austin, Texas, on February 8, 1981. The only reason I can quote these words verbatim is that they were recorded in our first book, *The Wood Blossom* ¹²

Peter & Rebekah

My dear children—Yes, I have overflowed your cup. I have filled and overfilled my work in the cup of your lives. The flow of my Spirit shall continue to run over in your lives so that other cups may also be filled. As my Spirit flows out of you, it shall flow into the hearts of many of my children who are holding out their cups in expectancy. Many are waiting for their filling; and I shall use you as a deep well of my living water. The water is sweetened to perfection by the sweetness of my Spirit in you. You are one cup—given for many.



There it is. I have connected all the dots. The Lord used the stone table to show me the purpose of my life—to be poured out for the sake of others. We all must find our own stone table. We must find that place and way of giving that satisfies the deepest longings in our soul. We must all be willing to go to “Jerusalem,” our place of pain and sacrifice when He calls us to go there. I am bonded with Jesus more intimately because I was willing to taste His pain in Jerusalem.

We cannot live without giving ourselves away. In order to live, we must give and be poured out for the benefit of those who are hungry, thirsty, and hopeless. Many are waiting with empty cups. Their needs will not be obvious to us unless our own vessels have been bruised and broken. Brokenness causes the veil between heaven and earth, between your heart and my heart and the heart of Jesus to melt away. The veneer of civilization is very thin – brokenness removes that veneer. Brokenness and pain remove the masks we wear.

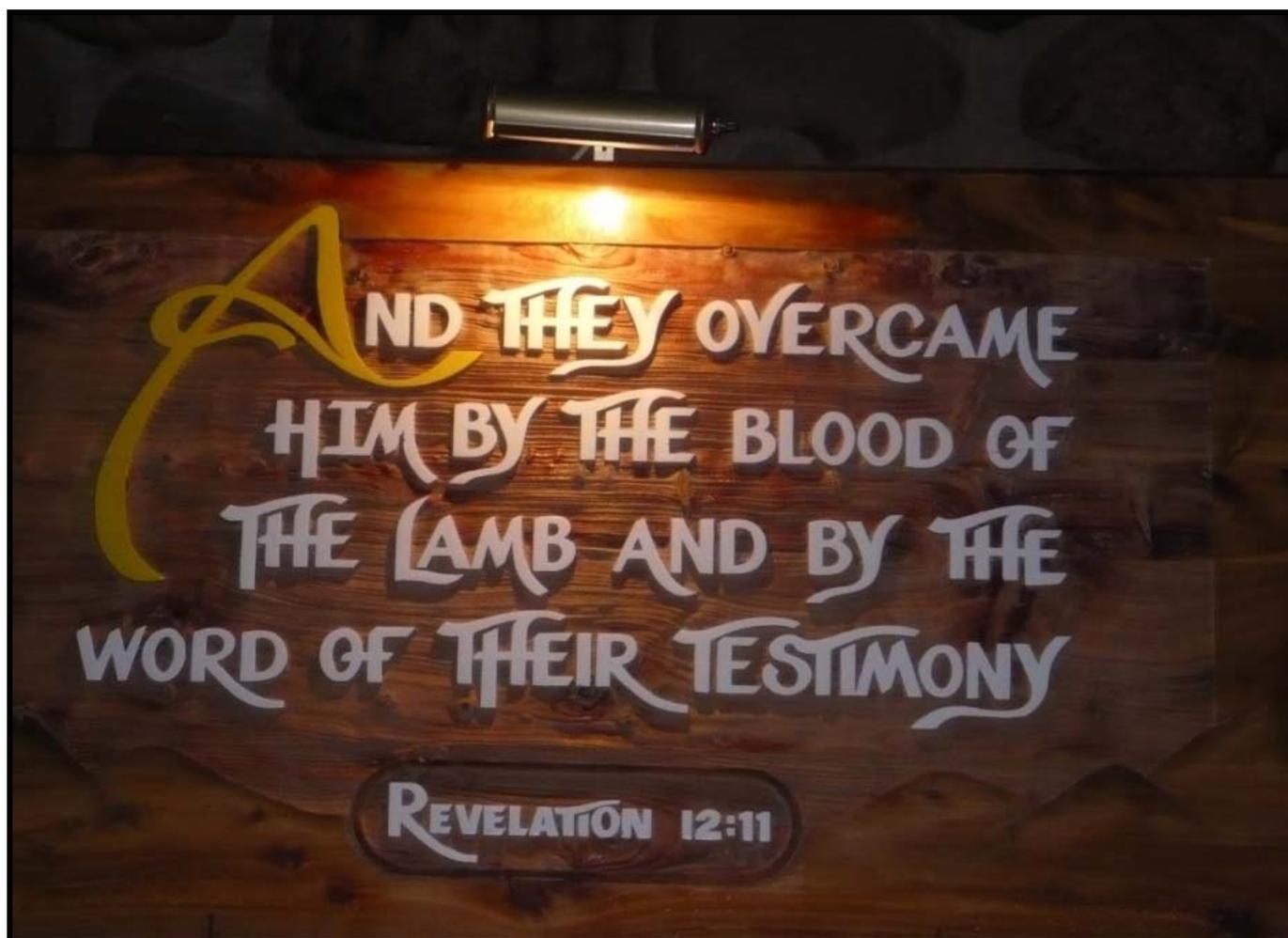
We are all given a choice; we can embrace suffering or drown out our pain. Without having suffered, we have no compassion for others.

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Compassion puts us in touch with God, with Jesus, and with those who are silently screaming for help. Jesus was touched by our infirmities and healed many. That's how God works – compassion is the key that causes the River of Life to flow into us and through us to others. We are not to give in the name of the Red Cross, the government, our church or some philanthropist, but in the name of Jesus. Nothing is lost if the world forgets this author or the name of some “do-gooder;” but everything is lost if it forgets the name of Jesus.

We will not receive a heavenly reward unless we come and give in the name of heaven, in the name of Jesus. If we come in our own name, in the name of some world leader, in the name of the CEO of a “Fortune 500” company, or even in the name of a celebrated personality like the Pope, doors may open for us, but those doors may not be the right doors. We are to come in the name of the Lord, in the mighty name of Jesus or not come at all. If He does not send us, there is no reason to go because we will have nothing of worth to deliver or we will make our deliveries to the wrong address or at the wrong moment.

We must not see ourselves as deliverers, rescuers, or the bright morning star, but merely as delivery agents for God. Moses was not the deliverer; he was God's delivery boy – God's instrument. We must be willing to touch the sick and needy and then quickly disappear before reporters come to scoop up the big story and splash our names across the front page of a tabloid type newspaper or magazine. We must be willing to let Jesus pour us out completely just as He allowed Himself to be poured out on our behalf. We only get to keep what we give away freely; and that includes our life.



Sandblasted sign on cedar wood by Brian Burnett

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE STRONG ALL THE TIME!

American Indians from Dulce, New Mexico, love us and often visit us. They belong to the Jicarilla-Apache tribe. Dulce is fifty miles south of where we live. In fact, one of our favorite Indian families, the Vigils, are on their way just now to bring us a load of firewood. These wonderful people seldom let us know when they are coming. They rely on the Holy Spirit to let them know when it's time for a visit, and they are rarely wrong.

On one occasion, there was a knock on the door, and Karla and her daughter were waiting for me to open it. I reluctantly opened the door because I was very exhausted; I could hardly speak I was so totally spent. Nevertheless, I invited them to come in. After we hugged one another, they found their favorite place on the couch and waited for me to open my treasure chest of stories. I did not even have the strength to open the lid. They sat there in confused silence, wondering what might be wrong. In the past I had always entertained them with the latest stories from my treasure chest.

They never came for a handout, but were always ready to give a hand-up; they came to hear what God had been doing in our lives since their last visit. And I loved telling them; but this time I was running on fumes and didn't have anything for anyone.

Finally, I told them, saying, "I have nothing to give or tell you today. I am totally spent. I am like a piece of fine china that is ready to shatter if someone just says 'boo.' Here is your chance to minister to me. I am very weak and needy."

The two looked at each other. They could hardly believe what they heard. Peter had always been the strong one in the past, like an Ever-Ready battery. Slowly and with a bit of hesitation, they got up from the couch and stood in front of me. They asked Rebekah for some anointing oil and anointed my forehead. Then they began to pray, to praise, to sing in the Spirit, to dance around me, to clap their hands, etc. and etc. They had great freedom in the Spirit in our home to let their gifts minister to me and to Jesus in me.

For the longest time nothing happened. It seemed that all my spiritual veins had collapsed. The angels with their syringes could not find any place to give me an infusion of Life. (Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the LIFE.")

The two women continued to pray and praise God while I sat there like a bump on a log. My internal dialogue went something like this: "Lord, as long as they are willing to keep this up, I'll just sit here and see what happens." Nothing happened for the longest time, but suddenly, something did happen.



Way in the distance, I heard these words: "Peter, you don't have to be strong all the time. Peter, you don't have to be strong all the time. Peter, you don't have to be strong all the time."

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I may have heard those same words ten or twenty times. Each time I heard them, a little more LIFE came into me. Finally, I said to Karla and her daughter, “You can stop praying. I am healed.”

Yes, indeed, I was healed. And for the next few months, I nestled and did not wrestle. I rationed my phone calls and let the answering machine pinch-hit for me. I wrote a minimum number of letters, and curtailed my visits with favorite friends at Wolf Tracks Bookstore & Coffee Company. I was not going to allow such complete exhaustion to happen again if I could help it.

The Holy Spirit kept reminding me that exhaustion is the enemy of every good soldier. Even Jesus had to go off by Himself at times to be alone with His Father. The Holy Spirit also showed me another reason He had permitted me to experience such deep exhaustion. He said two things: “Peter, others cannot give to you or minister to you when you are strong. It is their pleasure to be asked to pour the gift of LIFE into you.”

He also reminded me of the words of the apostle Paul from the Second Book of Corinthians: “The Lord spoke and said, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.’ Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me” (II Corinthians 12:9). WOW!

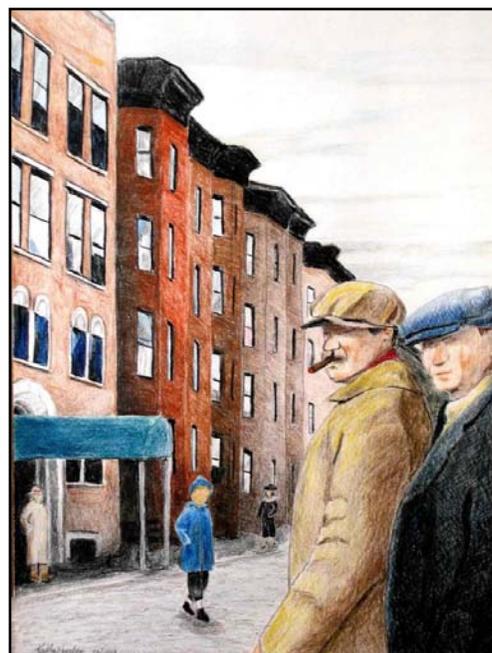
There is a little addendum to the story, so just bear with me. Before departing Meadow Vista for our trip back to Pagosa Springs, John and Henrietta had a housewarming celebration. They had just finished building their new home and had invited a number of guests to help them dedicate the home unto the Lord. I had a strong desire to meet one of the guests but never found the right moment to be alone with him.

The day after the celebration, a Sunday, John called this man and told him that there might be some unfinished business. He told him that I had a real need to get better acquainted with him. Well, Dennis – that’s his name – felt the same way. He was able to rearrange his Sunday afternoon and come for another visit, minus the other guests being present..

Dennis and I went into John’s prayer room and spent several uninterrupted hours together. The presence of the Holy Spirit did not arrive until I told him what happened to me when the two Indian women came. As soon as I began telling him the story, his ears – or I should say, his heart – perked up. Then I was prompted to say, “Dennis, you don’t have to be strong all the time; Dennis you don’t have to be strong all the time; Dennis you do not have to be strong all the time.”

After I had repeated those words a number of times, the Holy Spirit fell upon both of us. Dennis began to weep and weep as he lifted his hands to heaven in grateful praise. He had gotten “the goods,” a phrase I love to use and use often. Dennis left refreshed.

All of you in reader-land, please know that these same words are also for you: “You don’t have to be strong all the time! You don’t have to be strong all the time! YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE STRONG ALL THE TIME!”



By sharing the story about the two Indian women, I wanted to remind everyone that the gift of God is most securely hidden in plain, ordinary human vessels.

I recall the time I was hired to deliver cut and polished diamonds all over New York City. I was fourteen and had only been in America for one year. I carried large amounts of worldly treasures in my pockets. I went on subways and buses and took elevators and walked many blocks before I found the right door. On occasion, I

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received a tip after I delivered the diamonds. No one ever stopped me or suspected that I was loaded like a Brinks truck. And why not? I did not flaunt my treasures. They were hidden. I was an unknown, non-descript immigrant boy in very ordinary street clothes.

The picture of “*The Diamond Courier*” shown on the previous page was lovingly drawn for this manuscript by Kathy Hooper.

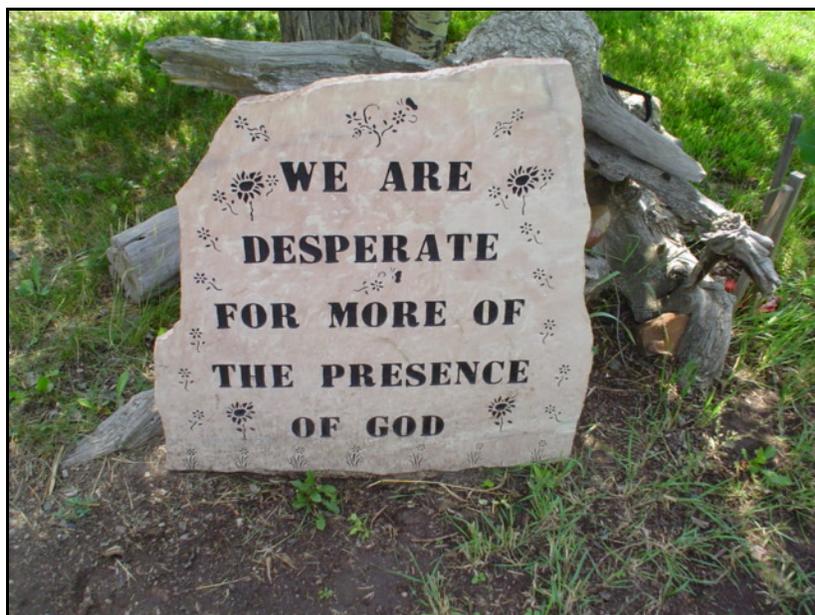
Jesus did not reveal Himself to everyone. Only a very few recognized who He was, the Son of the Most High God. Today, many are walking about in ordinary street clothes who have great treasures hidden in their hearts, not their pockets. They have ordinary jobs or no jobs at all. Their names are not in some “Who’s Who in America?” catalogue. They have never been on television or published a book. They have no titles or degrees. They don’t get fat paychecks every week, yet they are richer than the little fourteen-year-old immigrant boy with diamonds in his pockets. Why? Jesus Christ, the Hope of Glory, is a permanent resident in their hearts. That is what makes them so special.

The Spirit of the Living God of Israel inside of us bears witness to one another as we walk about. As we pass one another on the street or stand in line at the post office or supermarket, or just hear one another’s voices on the telephone, our spirit bears witness that we are a part of the Bride of Christ. We recognize Christ in one another. And we treat one another with great respect, as if royalty Himself were present. **HE IS PRESENT!**

*God has a name;
God has a face;
God has a voice.*

*His name is Jesus;
His face is Jesus;
His voice is Jesus.*

If your spirit does not bear witness to what I have written, if what you read sounds more like a foreign language you have never learned, seek God while He may be found; seek Him with all your heart. Seeking Him must be our highest priority, even a matter of life and death. A beautiful sign in our front yard, made by our friend Troy Davis, bears witness to this fact:

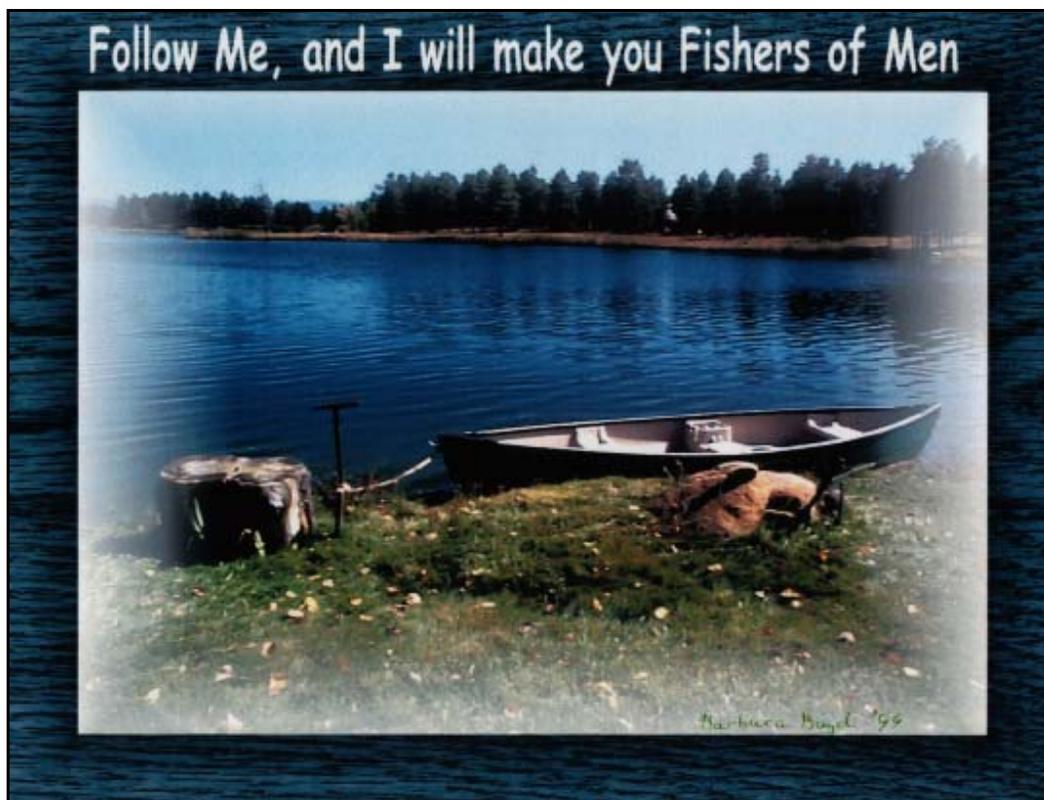


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MORE ABOUT COMMUNION

But what about the roll? I still had most of the roll left. I stepped to the edge of the lake, tore off a piece and threw it into the lake. It landed amongst the rocks. The next piece I tore off was a little larger. I put more oomph into my toss and got the piece into the lake. Before long, the whole roll was floating in the lake and little fish came and sampled my offering. More fish came, and within ten minutes, every piece of bread was gone. Quite unexpectedly, I found myself praying along these lines:



Lord, let my life, the stories I have written, the revelations you have granted me, the adventures, the trials and tribulations be summed up in a book that will feed many fish in the sea of humanity. Scatter my life far and wide, and let it feed and bring in a rich harvest of souls. Use me to be a fisher of men.

A little while later, John came with two cups of coffee. Israel serves coffee in cups, not mugs. Most restaurants don't have waitresses hovering over you, asking if you want a refill. Refills are generally not free. I told him about the way the little fish came out of nowhere and ate the little pieces of my roll. Then I added, "No one in Jerusalem liked what I brought along. No one in Jerusalem seemed to care if I came or not. No one in Jerusalem welcomed me."

John replied with a smile, "Peter, if you had stood in the temple courtyard and thrown shekels or 100-dollar bills on the ground, you would have had a lot of takers."

We both laughed. It was a great analogy. A lot of folks liked being fed by Jesus. A lot of folks liked the miracles He did, but that did not mean that they loved Him or believed that He was the Son of God, the long-awaited Messiah. We like gifts but don't necessarily care a hoot about the person who brings them. Shame on us!

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The story about communion is not finished. After we got through laughing about the fish story, we turned to weightier matters. I proceeded to tell John how I had tried to make communion a meaningful experience and had utterly failed. He had the just right words for me, words I could easily receive.

John said, “Peter, I took communion a few weeks ago and the Lord spoke to me and said, ‘John, whenever you take communion you bless, love, and honor me. Every time you put Me into remembrance, you bless Me. When you recall and thank Me for pouring my life out for you, you touch my heart and nourish your own.’”

That’s the piece of the puzzle that had been missing. Communion is no longer just a word for me; in fact, it is not even for me. It is for Jesus in me. Jesus in me is nourished when I take communion. Every time I take communion, I am cultivating my relationship with the Son of God. Jesus has a huge nursery, a huge flock of little lambs. When we take communion, the newborn lambs are being breast-fed.

Yes, the Kingdom of God is within us. I see it now. Jesus enlarges my heart with Himself every time I take communion. In so doing, I honor Him and acknowledge Him as the sacrificial Lamb of God who came to take away my sins. Only His sacrifice can make us squeaky clean. But pride never likes to hear those words. Pride always says, “I can do it myself,” or “My self can do it!” or “I have never sinned; I don’t need a Savior.”

I hope this will help those who have struggled like I have. Whether child or adult, we all like to be remembered on our birthdays. What woman does not like to be surprised with a bouquet of flowers or be invited to her favorite restaurant? Yes, “Love Remembers”; that’s the title of Rebekah’s painting of Mary kneeling at Jesus’ feet, wiping them with her hair.

A Little More About “The Stone Table” and Some Lovely Gifts

I have been compelled to unload the stories in the cargo bays of my ship as quickly as possible. It almost seemed as if they were like perishable goods that needed to get onto the shelves of our spiritual supermarkets quickly. I have gotten up early in the morning – at 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 and 7:00 AM – and headed straight for my computer.

I asked for a laptop computer so that I could seclude myself in our Upper Room and write without interruptions. Well, by the time the promised laptop arrived, I had already unloaded the bulk of my cargo.. But be assured, my generous friend, your laptop will find many meaningful applications.

I was ill and exhausted when I began writing, but I wrote anyway. Each day that I unloaded more of the treasures from my “see-going” cargo ship, my health improved. Now that I am almost done, I am almost well.



“Love Remembers” by Rebekah Laue

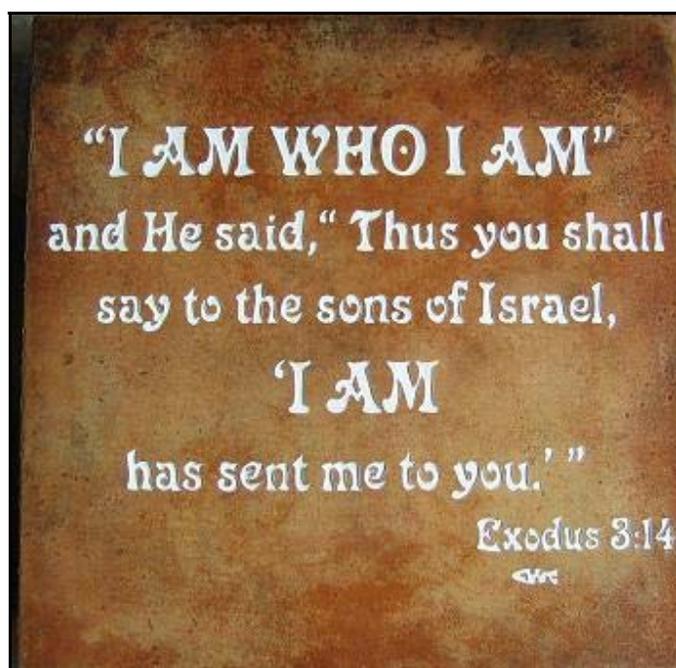
The stone table – what about the stone table? You can see it pictured on the cover of this book. On the top of it is a small sandblasted sign that is 3” by 8”. The name of Jesus is written in the Hebrew alphabet and in its equivalent English alphabet. The sign was lovingly made by Michael and Jeanna Miller of Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA. In fact, they made a number of them to be given as gifts to my Jewish brothers and

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sisters in Israel. No one wanted them, and I wound up taking them back to America, with the exception of the one pictured on the cover of the book.



After John took the picture with his digital camera, I slid the sign between two rocks. The Millers also made a larger sign for me that we brought back. A verse from the Book of Exodus was engraved on it. I asked Michael to seek God about just the right verse to present to my Jewish family, and here are the words he engraved (sandblasted) for me on a beautiful sixteen-inch, square stone:



I had a chance to show the beautifully etched stone to only one person. The response was pathetic. "I don't think anyone will like the gift. It's not in Hebrew, and the Torah translates those words differently. There is a Christian ministry near the YMCA; maybe you ought to show it to them." I never had the heart to show the gift to anyone else while in Israel.

Well, here is my chance to redeem what was quite a put-down. I am telling everyone who reads this manuscript about the sign. Maybe someone would be blessed to have it. It has been all the way to Israel and back. If you would like to receive this gift, a trip to Pagosa Springs is the price you will have to pay. After the world-traveling sign has found the right owner and home, we will direct you to Michael and Jeanna Miller, who will be happy to make another one for you. Their web address is www.blastedtruth.com. As they say, "There is more than one way to skin a cat." If the front door is locked, try the backdoor.

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I am the Lord's scribe and storyteller. I love my job. There are many more stories waiting to be told. I am just waiting for the right audience to invite me, whether here or "over there." I am a kid at heart. I have always loved "Show and Tell," and I always will.

God bless all of you who have turned the pages of this manuscript and read all of it. I thank you for inviting me into the living room of your lives. I think we are on the same page. We will recognize one another, whether we are wearing our earthly or heavenly garment because Jesus is the common denominator of our lives.

Good-bye.

Thank you, Jesus, for living Your life in us and through us.

It was midnight when "Dawn" our publishing expert said, "No more stories. You will have to include the next story in another book." But she backtracked when we received this letter from our friend Darcy:

I have been thinking about you so much. Tuesday I went to the shoe store to put some boots on lay-a-way for Sean and there before me was the anointed seal of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. Even now I tear up thinking about him. I love the Lion, and now with C.S. Lewis's book coming to theaters the Lion of God is on the prowl. I see him everywhere and I worship Him. I love Him so desperately.

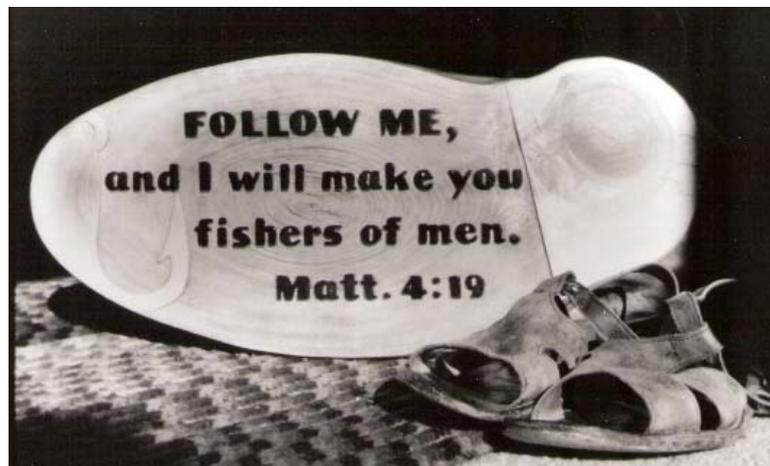
It was all I could do to stand under that anointing. Now, I feel it on my spirit, growing like a roar that longs to be released. God has asked much of me lately. But today all I can do is sit in his presence and do nothing but worship him. I just want to tell the world how much I worship Him, instead of hearing about the worship of gifts and stores and malls and songs and churches and "busy!" – I say WORSHIP HIM! HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST! HE LIVES! THE GOD MOST HIGH IS MY DWELLING!...

. . . and then I noticed yet again, the meaningless angel on the top of my tree. I kept thinking about what I could make. . . a cross made from sticks wrapped in twine? No, not right, not right. A different angel? No, I don't want an angel, I want a Lion. What about a slice of a tree, not perfect but round and that Lion seal burned into the wood or painted to rest on the top of a tree. How glorious! If I can get someone to cut me the right kind of tree (so it's not too heavy) I am going to try and paint that lion. . . . or even burn it. Sean might have a wood burning kit.

I love you Peter and I miss you. I truly am busy with both hands and I am asking the Lord for time to sit with you and Rebekah . . . my friends. God bless you.

His song,

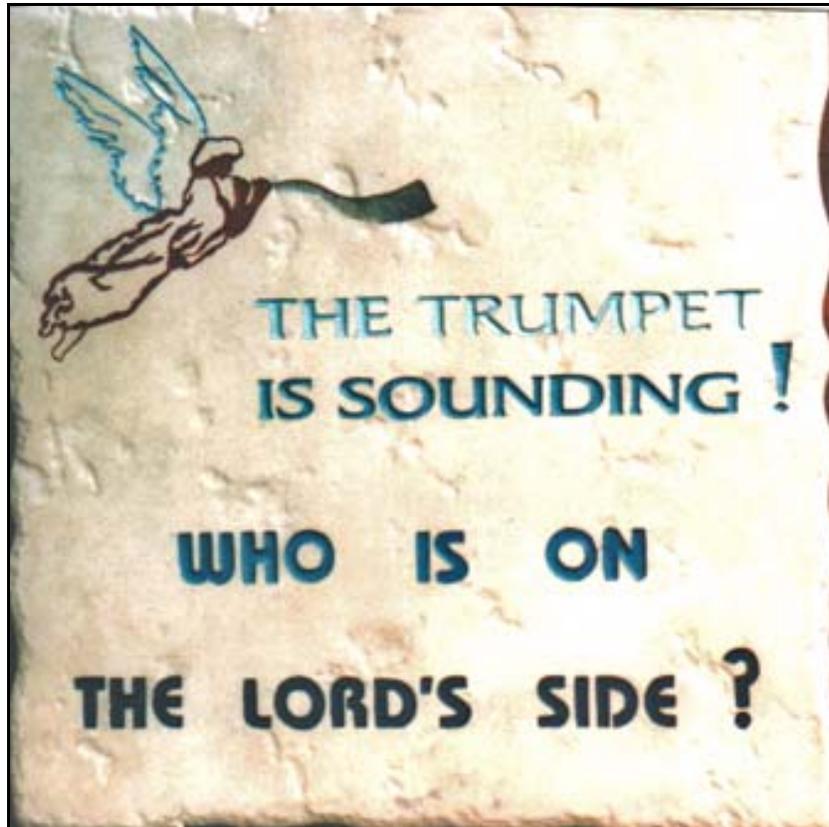
Darcy



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EPILOGUE

That's just about the end of my report. My cargo bays are empty. My "see-going vessel" has been unloaded and is ready to go back to "see." But there is one more thing that comes to mind. While waiting for the boarding call at the San Francisco airport, I had a vision. It was not a vision in the true sense of the word; it was more like a word picture. In fact, that's how I see and know things that belong to the spirit realm; I get word pictures and words that are illuminated by the presence of the Holy Spirit.



I saw the world as a giant chessboard. With few exceptions, all the inhabitants in the world were playing on one or the other team. There were the good guys, who were moved by the hand of heaven, and there were the bad guys, who were moved by the hand of hell. The bad guys had lots of smarts but no heart. The good guys had both. The bad guys didn't play fair. They wanted to win at any cost. Many of them had learned how to masquerade as the good guys. Some took ego- and body-building drugs. The bad guys often fought with each other because everyone wanted to be "top dog." It was all about "self" preservation, not "soul" preservation. Some of the players were disoriented and didn't know whose side they were playing on. That created a lot of turmoil. One moment they played on one side, the next moment they played on the other side.

It was a very tense game, like that between two rival football or soccer teams. There were people in the stands cheering and booing. If the bad guys did not like the way the referee called a play, they beat him up. Each team had its own cheerleading squad. The

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bad guys kept score differently than the good guys. The winning combination was sales – not souls.

Players were allowed to switch sides any time they wanted to, but the longer they played on one team or the other, the harder it became for them to switch sides. The good guys were wined, dined and flattered by scouts who tried to get them to switch.

Trophies were awarded to scouts who were able to get a good guy to switch to the other side, and vice versa. There were halls of fame for the bad guys and halls of faith for the good guys. There were casualties on both sides. The people in the stands loved the game. The stands were jam-packed with spectators. They were the disembodied souls the world could not see and the angels from both realms.

The people off to the side were playing their own game with their own set of rules. They were ruled by tradition, not truth; self, not service. They were addicted to applause and sold their birthright to get it. Sooner or later, they were recruited and required to play in the real game.

I switched sides when I was thirty-seven. I had played my own game off to the side most of my life. Switching sides cost me everything that was near and dear to me. Someone had wept over my soul. I believe it was Jesus or my mother or someone who really loved me and was willing to risk his life to find this lost sheep.

The moment I said, “YES, LORD,” the good guys let me play on their team. I fumbled the ball a lot of times at first, but the team was very patient and forgiving and encouraged me to try again and again.

The moment I switched sides, the world, and the devil rejected and hated me. It still does and always will. The world does not crucify the good guys today; it has more scientific and politically correct ways of silencing their voices. Jesus warned us and told us that this would happen. The more we look and act like Jesus, the more the world and the devil will hate us. Yes, there is a real devil. The more real, Jesus becomes to us and in us, the more real the devil will become, and the more subtle his voice and devices.

Switching sides does not come cheap! Switching sides takes courage. Switching sides takes humility. Switching sides makes the devil and the organized “anything” in this world really mad. Yes, the world organizes itself into different camps to give itself more power and more prestige. It believes and teaches that “bigger is better.” Monopoly is its favorite game. Jesus does not do it that way. With Christ in us, the hope of Glory, every person is like an army that can’t lose.

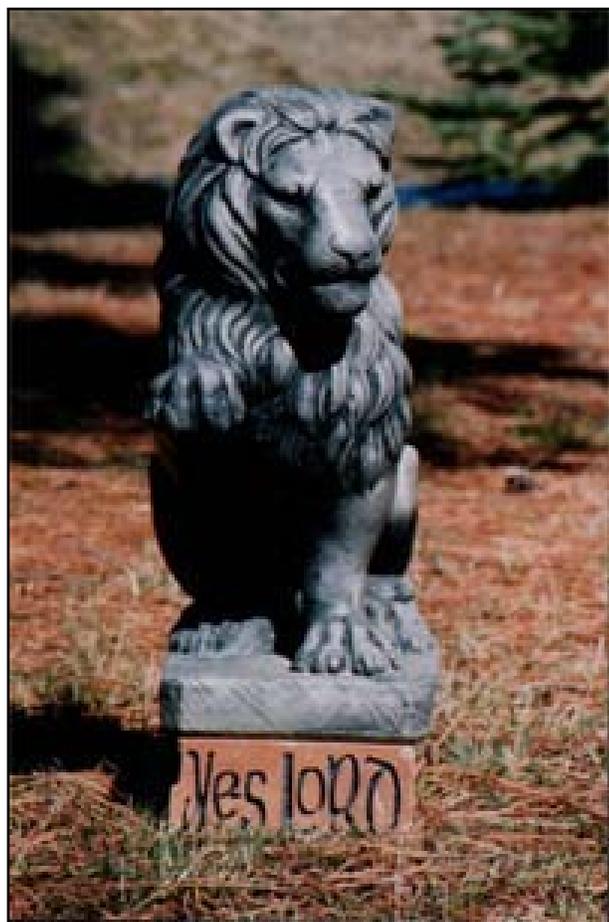
We might not realize it, but an organization, which is a collection of like-minded people, whether it be the government, the church, or a business, is like an army. The larger it is, the more clout it has and the greater its lobbying influence over others. It can twist The Ten Commandments and the Word of God to look like a pretzel. What is straight and true is made to look crooked; and what is crooked is made to look straight. It can and does mock the Word of God by making it into just another consumer friendly story. Yes, as long as sales motivate the CEO (Chief Executive Officer), church attendance signals success for the clergy, or votes drive politicians, the truth – His name is Jesus – will be ruthlessly mocked and compromised.

No one can switch sides all by himself. The Holy Spirit has to help us. He is near to all who are the heirs of salvation. He is as near to us as our next breath. He is wooing those who are reading these words. He is gentle, not demanding; entreating not commanding. It is not by accident you are reading these words. It’s Jesus’ love for you made visible and personal.

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If the words you just read ring true, you are chosen and blessed and so am I, the scribe of this manuscript. If the world hates you like it hated Jesus, consider it a compliment. If the words you just read made you mad, you need to consider switching sides. It's as simple as that. Whether you have been comforted or afflicted by my report, know that Jesus is "nuts" about you and invites you to be a part of His family.

IT'S HIGH NOON!



It is high noon! Talking about strategies in war rooms does not win wars. We must come out of the huddle and take the offensive. I speak to all of you "Good Guys" who have been trained for war. You all know that the Word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword. You know that Jesus defeated Satan by declaring, "It is written, 'That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.' It is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' It is written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'" You all know that the Word of God is more powerful than any earthquake, hurricane, tornado, man-made weapon of destruction or disease. You know that the name of Jesus is above every name. You know that these words are true.

I now challenge you to "do" them. Don't let your fearful hearts or the fear of man stop you. Warrior Bride of Jesus, put on your combat boots and do the Word of God! Jesus proclaimed them in the temple courtyard to the religious establishment of His day. I traveled to Jerusalem and spoke the same words over Jerusalem and am now proclaiming them via this manuscript. He commands you to do the same. Do not count the cost, even if He asks you to travel halfway around the world.

Identify every stronghold of Satan near and far – every religious, corporate, and governmental empire – and proclaim judgment. It may be the New York Stock Exchange; it may be the corporate offices of a movie, television, publishing, pharmaceutical, sports or entertainment empire. If the bottom line for any of these empires is sales, glory and power, not souls, they are ruled by Satan, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life.

I was instructed to travel 8,000 miles and read chapters twenty-three to twenty-five of the Book of Matthew over Jerusalem. Ask Jesus to show you the words you are to resurrect, when, where, and in what language you are to proclaim them. Your obedience is your sacrifice offering to God. Do not delay. The launch window of opportunity will not always be open. Soon it will be night and no one will be able to work.

King David said, "Yes, even when I am old and gray-headed, O' God, forsake me not, but keep me alive until I have declared Your mighty strength to this generation, and Your might and power to all that are to come" (Psalm 71:18). I am declaring His might and invincible power and strength to this generation and ask you to do the same.

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END NOTES

Chapter 8, page 55

¹ The verses quoted in this chapter are taken from the paraphrased version of the **Word of God –The New Living Bible**. The complete text can be accessed on line at www.BibleGateway.com. Most of the well-known translations are available on this site free of charge.

Chapter 9, page 50

² The verses quoted in this chapter are taken from the paraphrased version of the **Word of God –The New Living Bible**. The complete text can be accessed on line at www.BibleGateway.com. Most of the well-known translations are available on this site free of charge.

Chapter 11, page 60

³ The verses quoted in this chapter are taken from the paraphrased version of the **Word of God –The New Living Bible**. The complete text can be accessed on line at www.BibleGateway.com. Most of the well-known translations are available on this site free of charge.

Chapter 12, pages 66, 67, 68, 69

^{4,5,6,7} Inman, Nick and Ferdie McDons, eds. DK. *Eyewitness Travel Guides: JERUSALEM & The Holy Land*. New York: DK Publishing, Inc. 2000

Chapter 13, page 88

⁸ Roberts, Frances J. *On the high Road of Surrender*. A sequel to *Come Away My Beloved*. Ojai, CA: King's Farspan, Inc. 19773

Chapter 15, page 77

⁹ *Stretcher Bearers for Christ* Newsletter, Spring 1995

Chapter 15, page 92

¹⁰ Tournier, Paul. *The Healing of Persons*. New York: Harper & Row Publishers, Inc., 1965

Chapter 17, page 99

¹¹ See <http://www.watchman.net/articles/servant.html>. (no longer available)

Chapter 18, page 104

¹² Laue, Peter and Rebekah. *The Wood Blossom*, Rebekah House Publishers, 1983, Pagosa Springs, Colorado. The book was updated in 2008 and printed under the new title: *To Hell and Back*. It is available as an electronic book or printed copy. Contact Peter & Rebekah Laue at 965 Cloud Cap Ave., Pagosa Springs, Colorado 81147 USA; or via: www.stretcherbearers.com.

For additional more current writings, videos and paintings please use these key words in your internet search engine: *Peter Laue* (for writings and videos); *Rebekah Laue* (for art).

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The Prophecy
The Prayer
The Vision
2001
[Signature]

Yeshua Messiah
Revelation 5:20
Yeshu' (Yahu) (Yah) 53
[Hebrew]

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A seemingly irreconcilable conflict was resolved for the author during his trip to Israel. The Jew and the Gentile within his heart were reconciled. Both were grafted into the heart of Jesus and finally found peace. It happened at a restaurant in Afula named “The Duck.” The author chronicles his search for sanity and direction in story-like fashion.

The picture shows the author, Peter Laue, reaching for a date at the Maagan Holiday Village on the Sea of Galilee. The date palm is just a few feet from “The Stone Table” where many fragmented parts of his life came together and into focus. The author, Peter Laue, can be contacted: 965 Cloud Cap Ave., Pagosa Springs, Colorado 81147, USA or via this web address: www.stretcherbearers.com

