

MESSENGER



PREFACE

This is a journey for those who are believers, let the HOLY SPIRIT lead and teach you along the way and when you finely reach the mountain top your heart will know. In this journal you will see yourself as a wide-eyed child of GOD. You will find your place to be used for HIM, along the way you will see angels, demons, and miracles. There will be tests, tears and a love greater than all of mankind.

JD

His Blood

For

Your Sins



Where does one start? Maybe it's as simple as thinking out loud. I thought I knew Jesus. I can remember when I was a little boy only five years old. I loved Him and knew He was the son of God, but I did not put him in my heart. I can remember all my life telling people how important Jesus was. I probably looked like a big walking hypocrite, because I was. The older I became, I began to see others believing in Him in ways I did not think of. It became more than just going to church, living an honest life, giving to the poor, and believing just didn't seem to satisfy me. I became like someone searching for a hidden secret. I wasn't sure if anyone had really found the answer to the question.

So my quest began to find the real answer. Was Jesus the Messiah for the world? Or was it all a big game that many people were playing? Could I really find peace? I had tried everything that a grown man could try, but it was all fleeting, even though I started to hear that the peace of Jesus gives you peace that will last forever. It was time for the search to begin. I thought I was in charge, but I soon found out He was in charge from the very beginning of my life, for he is the Alpha and Omega of the universe and all that is in it. If I look back at when he started calling me, there would probably be hundreds of stories that I could tell you, but I would like to start this story with this question: Are you looking for Jesus?

Things were going very well in my life at this time. I thought I was making a lot of money, having the time of my life, without worries, and having a lot of pleasure and good times. I had just started my new business, called Fire Chief Company, selling and servicing fire equipment.

One day started like any other day. I was servicing the fire extinguishers at the main building of the Xerox Corporation. As I walked down a very long hallway, my first thought was I'm going to make a lot of money here, but then I noticed this long hallway was empty. There were no people in it except one young man at the very end. We started walking toward one another, but it seemed as though we were never going to meet. Finally he walked by me, looked right at me and said, "Are you looking for Jesus?" At that moment I was thinking about Jesus. Why? I had no clue since I was in a long hallway, not in church. I turned to him and said "Yes, I am." Then he told me the Lord had told him to ask that question. I didn't believe him, but I was curious. He invited me to a home Bible study, and I told him I would be there. I was thinking that this could not hurt, so I went.

I had never been to a home Bible study before. There were about six people in the room, and one other person was also there for the first time. During the meeting, somebody started speaking in tongues, I had never heard this before, and I thought this could get interesting. The new person started screaming, "This is crazy!" She ran out the door screaming at the top of her lungs, "Get me out of here now!" They grabbed her, sat her down, and tried to calm her, but it didn't seem to work. So I told the girl, "This is my first time also. I'm not afraid. They can't hurt us anyway. "Let's listen to what they have to say." The meeting went on, and when it was over, I was not impressed, I didn't see any answers that I was looking for so I never went back. They were just another group of people thinking and acting like they had all the answers.

During this time I met another individual who was the head maintenance at the Chrysler parts distribution center for 13 Western states. One day I was servicing his fire equipment when he

approached me. I thought he was going to ask me about servicing his equipment, but he asked me about my relationship with Jesus. I told him I was a Catholic, and that I love the Lord. He told me he was a Chris Mattick Catholic and invited me to one of his meetings. We met at a Catholic school in one of the classrooms. They begin to describe what a Chris Mattick Catholic was. At the same time in another room, I could hear a woman crying out, people yelling and screaming in the name of Jesus, "I rebuke you, leave her now." I could hear that strange language again that they used tongues. The person in front of us said, "Don't worry about it. We will explain more about it next week."

Then someone got up and shut the door so we could not hear what was going on in the other room anymore. Needless to say, I did not go back the following week, but my time with this individual was not over. I saw him again three months later. This time when he approached me he started talking about the Holy Spirit. I remember I spoke in my mind thinking ok, if you're right, have the Holy Spirit touch me in some way that I cannot deny. Have me drop to my knees right here and now, so I can embrace all that you're saying and all that I've seen. However, that did not happen, but that day he gave me a Bible, called the good news Bible (fourth grade Reading level), and that's what I needed.

I remember when I started to read it, many times I would get to some certain passages and say no man can be this way, no man can do what Christ wants him to do. I must've thrown that Bible against the wall many times because I was struggling to find the truth. The next four or five years seem to be more about money and having fun. During this time I ordered a book called Power for Living. When I saw it on TV, there was some sports guy telling me to order it. That it was free, and they said it'll change your life. When I received it, I looked through it quickly. People like Julius Erring and Roger Staubbach was saying how Jesus changed their lives. I have heard this all before so it was nothing new. I put the book in the bookcase not knowing God had already planned a perfect time for me to read it. I went back to making more money and having more fun.

Then came the time to move, I sold my business and thought I was wealthy enough to live the next 10 years and does nothing even though I was only 35 years old. Shortly after moving to our new home, we received a letter stating we were being sued by the relatives that we sold the business to. We were in a great deal of shock, asking ourselves "How could they do this?" Some weeks later, we were also notified that the person handling our investments was cheating us, and things start to go downhill very quickly. Every day seemed to be worse than the day before. It started to tear apart our marriage, and everything that we had worked for our lives was falling apart. I started reading my Bible again, the one that the young man from the Chrysler corporation warehouse gave me. We even joined a Bible study in our neighborhood, which was more Terry's doing than mine since I was quite skeptical at this time. In the Bible study, they talked about being born again, the experience that changes your life.

Then one Sunday morning when I was in church, I had an unusual experience. I was kneeling during the service, and I started weeping uncontrollably. I was experiencing feelings of great joy, and thought this must be the moment that all these people were telling me about, being born again. Was this my moment? Was I now born again? As time passed, nothing much changed.

When I look back at this moment, I realized it was evil trying to imitate good. You will soon read that I'm telling you how the spiritual world works. During this time when we were losing all our savings and the lawsuit was tearing us apart our family and I had an experience one night. I went to bed one night, and I could not sleep. After tossing and turning for hours, I suddenly felt a presence in the room. It seemed eerie, because I couldn't hear a voice but it seemed to be speaking to me. It said, "Bow down to me, and I will make you a millionaire." I just knew this was not right, that something was wrong. This is scary I thought. Needless to say, I did not sleep the rest of the night. Morning came, and for a short period of time I felt ok. When it was time to get ready and go to work, I got dressed went to my truck, and everything came at me at once. I began to think of the lawsuit, losing all our investments, and I just knew that we were going to lose the house.

I started remembering what happened last night, I knew it was Satan, and I cried uncontrollably. Within minutes, my shirt was drenched with tears, and I couldn't seem to move. I had never been so scared. I don't know how long I sat there. Finally Terri came out of the house and asked me what was wrong. I told her we are about to lose everything and what had happened last night. Her response was the most beautiful thing that anyone to this point has ever done for me. She told me that losing the house didn't matter as long as we have each other, that was all that counted.

During this time we had been going to that neighborhood Bible study, I was seeing hypocrites while Terry was seeing nice people, because we are opposites. At one of those studies, they were claiming how good they were. It was like something exploded inside me, I told them all that they were all nothing but a bunch of hypocrites thinking they were better than the rest of the world when it was easy to see that they weren't. Then one of them told me, "Who do you think you are that you won't let Jesus Christ die for you?" I began to cry, and nobody said a word to me the rest of the night.

The words "Who do you think you are?" kept repeating over and over in my mind. The next day I was going through my top dresser drawer, and I found a book that I had owned for years and only glanced at it once a long time ago. It was the Power of Living book that I received many years ago. This time however, I flipped through the pages and came across easy to understand diagrams about God, the sinful man, and about Jesus being a go-between. I read how He was the only way to heaven and that book showed me a diagram that was so simple. There was a circle and in that circle with the throne that circle represented me, and I was sitting on my throne. There was a bunch of little dots scattered all over the place in a circle. I read that these were my interests, directed by me, which often resulting in discord and frustration in my life, and how they really controlled me. The book also showed me another circle which represented a life with Christ on the throne. A person was at His feet, and the little dots were in harmony with God's plan, making the person content with true happiness. Yes! I said this is what I've been looking for. The book had me read a simple prayer at that moment, and I gave my life to Christ, putting Him in charge.

As I lay there in my bed reading, something went through my whole body. I don't have words to explain it, but I knew I felt it. I knew something had happened, but I didn't know what it was.

At that moment, Terri came through the door. I quickly put away the book and said nothing. Things happened over the next few weeks and months, and my life would never be the same. I can remember just waking up in the morning feeling different about Jesus. One day I went over to a friend's house. He had gotten new playboy magazine and wanted to show me the centerfold. I told him, "No, that's ok, I don't need to see that." He went on about it, and in that living room, I got a small picture of what my life was going to be from that point on came to me, a war, spiritual war.

I started telling him about Jesus, and he would put the picture right in front of my face. I would close my eyes and say, "Please don't." This scene went on over and over again until I had to walk out of his house. I started losing my friends because they were not Christians. I remember telling my priest and the people that I was going to Bible study with. They seemed happy, but not like how I felt. I'm an emotional person, but I did not know I could have emotions like this. I wanted to tell everybody that they must be saved. I wanted to tell them it was easy. I did just a simple prayer. However, as hard as I tried, I seemed to be scaring people away, but that didn't stop me. I told everybody I met and was like a bull in a China shop - nothing was going to get in my way. I found the truth of life, and I knew everyone could receive it. The old cliché "Get out of my way world; here I come ready or not" became a part of my life.

I want to share with you a few things that kept driving this joy. Up until this point in my life, I had my down moments on a regular basis. Of course, I would usually come to the conclusion that my problems stemmed from others, rather than me, and had to bring others into the situation on this horrible roller coaster ride of my life. Many times I would include my wife, and Terry would argue that was not true. Of course, I would go too far with my words, and she would respond with her logic. This would cause me to feel guilty, and we would make up. Of course, this would happen over and over again. If what I just said sounds crazy, this is how an emotional person causing their own depression can think in their mind. Now that I have the Holy Spirit living within me, I remember lying in my bed trying to bring this depression on, but my mind, full of the Holy Spirit, would not let me go there. No matter that I tried, all I could do was think of Jesus.

When I came out of my bedroom, my whole family was sitting around the table. I remember I looked at all of them, and I said, "Jesus is real! He is changing me. What's happening to me lately is real. He is alive, and the Holy Spirit dwells within me." At that moment, I think I scared them all, but they begin to see a real change in me. Yes, I was becoming a religious freak as that's how the world looks at you. The people at the church I was attending are used to just coming and going on Sunday. I started saying and doing things and being bold. I remember father Kernan telling people, "Jim is in a different place." I knew that he believed that God had touched me, and wasn't sure how to use me, but he cared for me. I remembered they started a Catholic Bible study. They were saying some good things, but one evening they got into how to pray. Of course, I went off, and things started to go wrong right away. I asked him, "Why pray to anyone else when you can go to God without having to pray through some saint to reach Him?" Well, the nuns went ballistic. I told them Mary has no more influence with God than I do. Boy, the room erupted! I thought they were yelling on both sides. Father Kernan calmed the situation by simply saying, "Jim is in a different place. Let us pray for understanding." When the meeting

was over the room divided into two groups, and it seemed just as loud as it was before. That night the charismatic encouraged me to come back. I saw at that moment a great place to work, but God put it on my heart this was not the place for my family, This would be too confusing for my children, and that's when we decided moving to a new church would be a good thing.

After being in the Catholic Church for 35 years, this was a big step, but that's what God wanted and that's what we did. In the next few weeks things really started to happen. One evening while Terri and I were sleeping, suddenly I woke up. I'm about to tell you what happened several times a year for at least 10 years. What I used to see was a man walking into our bedroom standing over Terri with a knife in his hand and looking like he was trying to stab her. I would wake up, shout, and it was gone. It was a horrible nightmare! Or was it? After becoming born-again, I woke up to see this man again, but now I see him through different eyes. The Holy Spirit allowed me to see the truth that this was no nightmare, but something spiritual. I sat up in my bed and as I looked at him, it was hideous. I was looking at a demon, but I was not afraid. In fact I was in control of the situation, although at that time I did not know much about demons. I can remember saying, "In the name of Jesus, I rebuke you. Be gone." At that moment it was over, and Terry woke up. We talked about it, and there was peace in both of us. We went back to sleep. For you skeptics, this nightmare happened to me for 10 years, until I rebuked the demon. Now I am writing this 30 years later, and it has not happened once since. Praise you, Jesus!

"The Spirit who is in you, if you are born again is more powerful than any other spirit in the whole universe! What a gift from God! There is no fear in love because his perfect love drives out fear." There were so many things happening that it's hard to tell them all. I remember I was on my new job driving down the road, and smoke started coming from under my hood. At first I just thought the car was overheating so I took my time pulled over and got out of my car. Before I could open the hood, the doors of the car locked automatically. Then I thought this could be electrical problem, but in a split second heavy black smoke filled the car. Someone called the fire department, but by the time they got there, my car was destroyed. I learned that it was an electrical fire.

When all the panic was over, I got a ride home. When I had time to think about what happened, I believed that God just saved my life. I began to think back in my life before I gave my life to Him, how many situations arose where I could've been killed. Three times guns were put to my head, the drugs I took, cars and motorcycles, and all the near death experiences I had, but I always thought I was lucky. Now I know better, God is in charge here on earth of your life from the beginning to the end.

My new job (the last of 35 jobs I had) had requirements from the company before I could become an agent. I had to sell a certain number of home, car and life policies. I began to question God. I would sit in my office all alone, nobody coming to the door, and sometimes I would cry. It got so bad that I took a huge spike nail and hammered it into the wall next to my desk to put the goal numbers that I needed to achieve. Then I slammed them onto the nail and cried out "I cannot do this. You do it!" This went on for several months till one day I looked at my progress report, and God had given me just what I needed that month (every month). I looked at the paper on the wall and the nail, and I began to weep because I thought of the cross and the nails used to hang him

there. When my probation period was over, I had the exact number I needed to become an agent. Oh yes, now I see them ALL as miracles.

These moments, and so many others, happen to all of us. I believe God uses these moments to shape our lives, the closer we pay attention to them, the more we will understand our direction and purpose in life. This is how we know the will of God, and when you're working with Him instead of against Him, it's easier to understand. Its purpose rings loud in our minds and in our hearts. Those of us who have the Holy Spirit in us recognize this and embrace it.

During the probationary period, I had to sell some life policies, and it was easiest to sell to my family. There were four policies that added up to \$1 million. First I'll tell you the story of Jason. Shortly after these policies were put in effect, Jason and I went on a horseback ride. During the ride, I decide to gallop, and I told Jason to hang on for life. At a full gallop, the saddle came loose and slid to the point of almost being under the horse. I was holding on to Jason for dear life, and as hard as I tried to put everything back up on top of the horse, I could not. I gave up and started thinking, "When we fall off, who is going to be trampled first." Before my thoughts went any further, it was like this hand pushed us both back up on top of the horse, bringing the saddle with us! Yes, that's called a miracle! Thank you Lord!

Then came Chris. A 100 year old live oak tree fell on our property, and it took several days to cut it up. When we got to the largest part of the tree, I was cutting off one of the limbs. I told the boys to stand back not realizing that Chris was standing by the biggest part of the tree. When I finished cutting the limb, the tree started to roll. As I was watching, I realized that a tree weighing more than 2,000 pounds was rolling over Chris. We turned around to watch the tree hit Chris, knocking him to the ground and rolling over him. At that moment, I was terrified and knew he was either dead or his legs were crushed. Where Chris had been standing there was an old tire track where somebody had driven through the property, and it had made a deep trench. The tree hit Chris and pushed him right into the tire track. He fit perfectly, and the tree rolled over him but not on him. He was safe, but I was so freaked out. It felt like I took one step back and was thinking what I might see, that I had just crushed my son to death. I yelled out, "Chris! Are you ok?" He looked up at me and said, "Sure I am, Dad." I pulled him out from under the tree and started crying. I told the boys that work was done for the day, and they could not have been happier. I just walked around the yard crying like a baby, thinking what just happened. Oh yes, another miracle. Thank you Lord!

Terry was next. While she was driving on Gas Point Road, somebody ran a stop sign hitting her car and causing her vehicle to spin out of control. The vehicle did not flip over, though at 50 mph, it should have tumbled like a weed in the desert storm. However there was not a scratch on Terri and that's all that counts. When the vehicle came to a stop, she was shaking and crying. We know the angels were there that day and kept her safe. Thank you Lord, another miracle! The only insurance money spent on this date was to repair the vehicle.

Now it was Lisa's turn. She was coming home after trying to help a young girl from having an abortion. Her mind must have been on other things (instead of driving). She was on a curvy road and went into the first curve too fast. She tried to correct on the second curve and off the road

she went, down into a gorge at least 150 feet deep with a 70% decline. Later I went back and look at what could have happened, hearing her details. Let me tell you about this miracle. First of all, the huge oak tree that she missed would have killed her. Next the car started to tumble down the gorge when Lisa was not buckled in. The car rolled over, and had she been thrown through the windshield or out the door that had opened, the car would've rolled over her. She said it was like she felt a hand pushing her back against the seat very hard while the car had rolled over twice with another hundred feet to the bottom of the gorge. Then another miracle, there was a small manzanita bush that stopped the car from going any further. I don't know if my words describe this properly, but this had death written all over it to me. Oh yes, another miracle. Thank you Lord!

If you remember before I knew the Lord, I told you about the evil in my room that said, "Bow down and I will make you a millionaire." Evil has never changed. Satan told Eve, "If you eat this fruit, you will not die like God says. Eve ate the fruit, and while she did not die physically on the spot, she did die spiritually. As part of her consequences, physical pain and suffering came shortly after that, and then physical death came later. So yes, I could have become a millionaire if my relatives died, and if I had cashed the insurance checks. On the day that I cashed the last insurance check, my eyes would've been opened, and I would've seen whom I bowed down to at that moment, to Satan.

We decide that we needed to move to a new church. Since we were having a Bible study with a group of people, we thought we would try their church. We thought it would be exciting for the kids. Terry was looking forward to meeting new people, and I thought I would meet people like minded, (the way I thought) with my same excitement about Christ. At first, it was all new and exciting for all of us, but it didn't take long to find out wherever you go that God is your leader. He is the one that directs us, not man.

We were having financial problems because of the lawsuit, and it was tearing apart our marriage. Someone at church said, "Ask one of the elders for advice," and so we asked. One of the elders came to our house, but at first, everything he said did not help. Then he looked at me and said, "What would Jesus do?" I said "Jesus did not care about money. He would say "the father will give you what you need." So we came to the conclusion that whatever they offered us as a settlement, even if it was a dollar, we would accept it. I couldn't believe what I just said at the time. We were so deep in debt, but was time for me to grow and to give more to my Lord. I remember I had an illustration of Him in my new life. He is sitting on the throne, because I put Him in charge of all the things in my life. Then I would be in harmony with Him and have peace beyond understanding. The next morning, I called my lawyer to tell him to settle the case. He couldn't believe his ears when I said, "If they offer a dollar, take it." He told me that we had a good case, that this is dumb, and I told him, "The Lord is in charge of my life now." When he hung up the phone, he was not happy, but I was. The pressure was off. He called back the next day and said they settled. The amount was right to the penny of what we needed to get out of debt, and I could see a pattern from the Lord. If we give it to Him all that we are, all that we own, all that you will ever be, and keep giving yourself, He will make you strong. In about a month I had another meeting with this elder. This time I wanted to learn why I could not get rid of my X-rated dreams. He told me these are just dreams, all people have them, and there's

nothing you can do about it. With a wink and a nod, he said, “Don’t worry about it.” I left him and was very upset, I thought these were the men in charge of me. They were the wise ones. They were the ones with all the answers. When I got home, I went to God in prayer, and in my prayer I got mad at Him and said “Are you only the God of my day light hours and not my sleeping hours? I thought you were the 24/7 God.” That night before I went to sleep, I prayed, “Please Lord, help me. Show me how I can be yours 24/7.” In the next few months, when I would have an X-rated dream, I began to take control in my dream. I started witnessing to the people in my dream. Instead of being seduced, I was telling the seducer, “You need to know Jesus. He will change your life. He died for all of our sins, yours and mine.” What started to happen was amazing. All these people in my dreams started leaving, and within two months it was over. I was living day and night for Jesus. He does have all the right answers. “The Spirit who is in you is more powerful than spirits of those belonging to the world. Those false prophets speak about manners of the world, and the world listens to them because they belong to the world.

In the years to come, there would be many more spiritual attacks in many different forms from the spiritual world. It never stops, but now I have a weapon to fight the enemy, and some of it seems so simple. I will give you an example. During this time, I started reading the Bible every night, and for a year, it seemed like I kept hearing a voice in my mind asking me, “Are you sure this is the Son of God?” One evening when I heard this question again, I yelled out, “I don’t care who this Jesus is in the Bible that I’m reading, I will follow him for the rest of my life!” That night, and for all the years since, I never heard that question again in my mind.

About a year after giving my life to the Lord I started telling the Lord in prayer that I wanted to reach 100,000 people for him. Koinonia soon came to my house, and I joined the Gideons during the same time. Let’s start with the Gideon story.

I started telling people about wanting to reach 100,000 people, and someone told me to go join the Gideons. They reach millions of people every year. So after joining, I soon found out I had restrictions from this organization which has been around for very long time. I was upset at first, but the leaders told me that the restrictions are necessary to keep order in what they do. For example, I went and bought 400 Gideon pocket Bibles. The reason I like them so much is that on the very back page of their Bible a prayer is printed and a place to sign your name when you give your life to the Lord. I took 300 of the Bibles and convinced three schoolteachers to put them in their classrooms with a sign attached saying “Free take one.” The teachers had never done anything like this, but I showed them the law which said they had every right to do this. What happened next was amazing! The children took them, and they started asking questions about what was said in the Bible. Again by law, teachers have every right to answer the questions. The next few days were also amazing. I took 100 Bibles to the Catholic high school where I spoke to the priest first, and then to the nun who was the principal of the school. I told her I wanted to get these Bibles to the graduating class, but I only brought 100. She told me that she had 98 seniors graduating this year. I told her this would be a very nice gift for graduation, and she agreed. Do you see the power of the Holy Spirit walking before me touching people and opening doors? It only takes a little faith to move mountains. Of course when the Gideons heard about this, they told me I had to stop. I told them I love them and that they’re doing great work, but God showed me that I could move mountains.

I went to God in prayer, asking “Where can I get Bibles cheap?” I found out wherever I went, they were expensive because I wanted to buy thousands. Then I found the American Bible Society prints Bibles that are half the cost of the Gideon Bibles. How do I pass all these Bibles out Lord? Just like I did in the public school, I made up a container with a cross on the front of the box and the words: “Take, pray, give away.” God directed me to the churches. Someone said I should go to the elders of my church and have them pray for me. I had already ordered 2,000 Bibles in the version the Lord gave me, the Good News Bible. It has simple language, and is at the sixth grade reading level. The first thing the elders said was, “Many churches in the area will not accept this version, so it will never happen; but we will pray for you.” When I left that meeting, I was not encouraged. I got on the phone the next day, and the pastors I called did not know who I was. However, out of the 14 church pastors I called, only one refused me. If you ask God, and it is His will, it will be done, and you will have the courage to complete the task. I met with each of them separately asking them if I could speak in front of their congregation and to encourage them to take these Bibles and pass them out to their neighbors. My presentation showed the examples of how I prayed for three of my neighbors to receive this Bible. My story talked about how I thought there was no way, this is crazy. After praying for a few days, one of the neighbors knocked on my door. I have lived there for two years, and he has never knocked on my door. I ended up giving him a Bible, and he took it and said, “Thank you.” Next I went and knocked on the door of the lady’s house nearby. She opened the door, and I presented her the Bible. She started to tell me about all the tragedy that was going on in their family, and then she said, “Thank you,” and took the Bible. The third neighbor was a man who had several times made fun of my Christianity and called me some very bad names. I didn’t want to go knock on this man’s door, but I did. He answered, and I quickly told him, “God told me to give you this.” He took it and began to cry like a baby. He asked me why, and I told him, “God loves you!” This man died a few months later. We never talked after that moment, but his family talked to me several months after his death and told me how he had changed at the end of his life. When I was done telling these stories to the people at the church, I would encourage them on their way out to take some Bibles and pass them out to their neighbors. This mission for the Lord was done in a town with a road sign said population 15,000 people, and we ended up passing out 10,000 Bibles.

The Lord sent this out like sheep to a pack of wolves. We must be cautious and gentle, but still there will be those who hate us. We must declare publicly that we belong to the Lord, not to any denomination or anyone except to the Lord Jesus Christ. Even knowing we have the Lord and the pastors on our side, attacks still occurred. This even happened a few times at the churches we visited. Here’s another quick story about the Good News Bible. Since it is in simple English and not the King James Version, some people called us evil, saying we belong to the devil. At one church, a family actually sat in the front row after telling us this. As I spoke, they were doing the thumbs down gestures. When I was done and back in my seat, the gentleman behind me grabbed my shoulder and said, “I’ve been reading the Bible you brought. This is perfect for my son. He will understand it maybe for the first time in his life.” I began to weep. Thank you Lord for using me.

Back to Koinonia. For me, it started when Steve Hammond, who I attended church with, told me about a high school club where Christian kids meet at the school and sometimes at his home,

which was up in the hills. It was a very long drive to get there, and not a lot of kids want to travel that far. Steve had been to my house several times and always complimented me on the size of it. He asked me if I would be willing to have a Christmas party dinner at our house for the Koinonia kids. He said, "Don't worry. We will bring all the food." I agreed, and that evening the young people acted very mature for being teenagers. I was impressed as I sat there and watched them enjoy themselves at my home. Our home was set up to handle 18 people with a 1908 Brunswick pool table in the middle of our living room. That evening I watched and enjoyed their company and conversation. I also got introduced to Christian rock music. Wow! One of the things I realized when I gave my life to the Lord is that I also dedicated and gave Him (many times) all that I own, all that I do, and all that I am is for Him. This house that I live in is His. I turned to Steve and said, "You can have this home for the next 10 years." He could not believe what I had just said. I told him I could do no less for the Lord.

It was time to get started. I knew instantly this was what God wanted because the date we decided for the meetings on a weekly basis was Monday. My first thought was that I had never missed a Monday night football game for the last 10 years, how would I survive? Well I did. He made it easy, Koinonia became more enjoyable than Monday night football ever was. We started off with a Bible study, and then we socialized. As the weeks went by, we brought in our topics to things that touch teenagers and their struggles in the world that they lived in, nothing was left on the table.

By this time we had people from half a dozen different denominations coming. We were not afraid to ask why they believed this way and why others believe in another way. By the end of the evening, we would find common ground and other questions about temptation, sex, broken homes, homosexuality, abortions, child abuse, anything and everything was allowed to be talked about. Living in a small community, all these thoughts and ideas were getting back to the pastors, but nobody complained. All we did was welcome numbers of believers and nonbelievers, and this was exciting. The church that Steve and I were attending told us the community is getting a little worried that maybe I was getting to be too much in charge. So at that point I went to our community and to the surrounding communities inviting youth pastors to speak to the group. Different speakers would come, up to three times a month. But I told each and everyone of them that they must have an altar call at the end of their teachings. These youth pastors would bring their best material. Every one of them that showed up would tell me this is the best thing going in Northern California, but as usual something ugly raised it's head again. This time it was the church that I attended.

Before I continue, I'd like to add that the heads of this church, or the intellectuals, never had an altar call during the two years that I attended. I could go on, but I hope this statement sums it up. The youth pastor of this church came to my house and told me that we must turn this over to Youth for Christ, a nationwide organization. They would still want to use my house, of course, but I would have no say in the program. I asked one simple question, "Will they have an altar call every meeting?" He replied, "They feel it's important to have friendship first, to know the young people before the altar call is made, they want to show Jesus as a friend." I told him in the past two years, we have seen people show up for one night only, maybe two, or three weeks in a row, and then never see them again. What a missed opportunity that would be not to give them

the salvation message. He wrote off this answer and said, "How can I question a national organization?" I told him it's easy, but he left my house never to return again. He told members of the church that I was the devil himself, and he told all of his youth group never to come to Koinonia again. This was the biggest church youth group in the community, but Koinonia had grown and doubled in size those 10 years. We touched over 1,000 youth, had used pastors and teachers of the word which would come from 40 miles away, had a priest speak the message of salvation to the youth, and we ended up with students from five high schools all from different communities. This was God's blessing on our house, or should I say, His house.

One quick example of an altar call is this. One night I invited a radical Pentecostal-type youth pastor. His message was fiery, hell fire and brimstone, and he told them all you will go to hell unless you accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior. That evening when people started to leave, I had a young girl come up to me and say, "Mr. Dell it was too much. I brought two people here tonight who are not believers, and they said they will never come back." I told her that someday when these people are facing the certainty of death, God will put this moment in their mind, and they will have a choice. They may never hear this anywhere else. She left with no response.

Jesus said there are two great Commandments (and these are all we need), "Love the Lord our God with all our heart with all of our soul with all of our mind, and with all of our strength. The second is like the first, love your neighbor as yourself. Everything is summed up in these two Commandments." He said "The second is like the first." With the first commandment, when we are born again, the act of giving oneself over to Got, this is true love. We know true love is the cross. No greater love has ever been given by anyone in the whole universe. So it is not hard to understand the second commandment, loving your neighbor as yourself is also giving them the meaning of true love that you gave yourself when you were born again. There is no greater love to give to mankind than the love that you have received from Christ.

So Koinonia was not only for the young people, it was for me to grow and learn in ways that became teachable moments in my life. He showed me organized religion was not important, and that it was the heart that counted. Not just saying you'll do this, it is actually doing something. It was not important where you found Jesus, or how you found Jesus, it was important that you found Jesus, and made Him the Lord of your life. This means He's in charge of your life and where He will take you may not be where you want to go, but the reward will be there forever. You shall walk through the valley of death and fear no evil.

During the time of Koinonia, Christian rock music with lyrics became a great instrument to reach teenagers that came to our house. Music has always played a part in the way we think. It touches our emotional side which drives us to making decisions in our lives, sometimes good decisions, and sometimes bad. But the more I would listen to the lyrics of the songs, the more I thought God used these for His good. So with that in mind, we started to do lip-synch. The rules were that you must perform a skit that gives the message of the song, that way hearts and minds could be touched for God to use. This was such a great hit with the kids that we decided to do it at least twice a year. The next few years I looked forward to Monday night, and it was not for football

anymore. It was the joy of the Lord filling my house, spilling over to my family and friends, and loved ones. We were using music seven days a week to help us get through living in this world. One evening a friend told me about Jesus Northwest, where thousands of Christian teenagers gathered to hear their favorite bands and great speakers. I couldn't wait to go try this out! Our first trip, we took along two Koinonia leaders and my two sons. The trip was about a nine hour drive. We packed up the old station wagon with their tents and sleeping bags ready to go. About halfway there, the car started to overheat. We stopped several times to add water, but finally it did not seem to have any power left. We pulled into a gas station, and the hours went by. They said they could not fix it. One of the young men working there told me that there was a great mechanic in town that can fix anything. It was late, and I told him I would have to find a hotel for us to stay in. He said, "No way. Sleep in my backyard. You have all your camping equipment." We agreed, and the next morning he took us to the garage where they had already figured out the problem. They told me that I had to grind the head which had become warped, or go to the junk yard and buy an old engine to use as parts. Since the cost would be the same, I chose grinding the heads. It took another day to do this, and the boys and I were a little down because we were not at Jesus Northwest.

The young man at whose house that we were staying could see that the boys were a little antsy. He told them he would take them to the river for an afternoon of swimming, and it seemed to take their mind off being bored. Of course, we had to spend another evening in their backyard, and they even had a sit down dinner for us at their table. During the day I began to have deep conversations about the Lord with this particular young man who seemed to be a good person, but had trouble with religion. I understood then that God was in charge of this breakdown. I told him that I agreed with his thoughts on religion, and our conversation went deeper. I opened up and he opened up. He told me all about his wife's family and his family, and where he stood with God. I told him I gave my life to the Lord in my bedroom and that religion or church has nothing to do with your relationship with God. In fact the more religious you become, the more attached to a church building, you begin to drift farther away from God. I told him all of the bells and whistles of church will cause more confusion than clarity. I told him to find a place where he can talk to God, ask him into your heart, soul and mind, He will make this clear to you like nobody else can.

The next morning we got up early, packed our bags, and picked up the car. After I let the car idle for a half an hour, everything seemed fine. Before we left, I gave my business card to James, the young man who let us spend the night at his house. I told him if you are ever going through Cottonwood and need a place to stay, give me a call. Then off we went! The excitement was back! I told the boys we can still make a couple of the concerts, let's go! After about an hour of driving, the car began to overheat again. We pulled into a couple of gas stations, but the mechanics would tell that me they couldn't see us until tomorrow. At this point I was begging them, but the response was the same, come back tomorrow, I can't deal with you today. I sat there and prayed. I told the boys God wants us to keep driving in the same direction. We went another 20 miles, and the car began to really overheat. I looked up, and there was a giant truck at the stop sign. I told the boys this is where he wants us. We pulled up to the mechanics shop, and they did a couple of quick tests. The engine was fried, but they gave me some options. I only had \$100 left on me, and I told them I needed a moment. I walked away still in the middle of the

parking lot and began to cry. I can hear myself weeping and crying out loud to the Lord for help. When I raised my head, there was this beautiful white cargo carrier for vehicles, completely empty, I wiped my tears away, walked over to the boys, and said, "I see an angel," They looked at me like I had finally lost it, that I was talking crazily. I told them to stay right here by the car and I'd be back in a few minutes.

The man driving the car carrier had pulled in and started pumping gas. I walked up and started to tell him my circumstances. I told him I only had \$100 left, and he looked at me and said, "Just buy me a meal and give me company while I drive." I asked him, "What are we going to do with the boys? He said, "No problem" and pulled the rig around to the back of the yard. He asked, "Can you drive the car back here?" I told him I would give it a try, and by the time I got to the car to the big rig, the car sounded like a Sherman tank with white smoke pouring out the back. He told me, "I'll take over from here," and he drove the car up on top of the car carrier and locked it down. Then he told us to go in the restaurant, and he would meet us there. While we sat there waiting for him, I told the boys what had happened between me and the truck driver at the pump. As usual when I am excited, I was getting very loud, and the restaurant was full. The waitress came by and asked, "Can I take your order and bring some water?" I told her, "I don't need any water since I've been drinking from the well. The Lord has touched us, and He is filling our cups." At that point, the boys said, "Calm down. Everybody's looking." I told them, "Let them look. This is too exciting not to share with the world."

After we finished eating, we started walking to the vehicle, and I asked the truck driver, "Where are the boys sitting?" He pointed to the car on top of the rig! I thought, no way! My first question is how to get up there. He showed me the small ladder attached to the vehicle. Then I asked, "What if we have to stop for any emergencies, or to go potty?" His reply was, "I saw some old soda cups on the floor of the vehicle that will do." The next few hours were interesting, and when we finally stopped for our first break, boys came down from the car. The truck driver went in the coffee shop, and the boys couldn't wait to tell me their experience. Before I let them talk, I told them I had been witnessing to this man for two hours straight, and I knew that God was in charge of this whole thing!

Then the boys started telling me what they experienced. The first thing they described was their first overpass sitting at about 18 feet above the road at 60 miles an hour. They were looking right at the overpass, and at any moment they were going to hit it and take the top right off the car. They told me everyone of them thought they were going to die. The next thing was when somebody in the front seat had to go potty. I will mention no names to protect the innocent here. After the person filled the cup, he threw the liquid out the window, and, you guessed it, the person in the back seat had his window down! It went out the front window and came in the back! Despite that, the boys were having an experience of a lifetime. This will never happen again to any of them. I told them about 30 miles up the road, we have to go through the truck Inspection station which is run by the state, we could be there 15 minutes or if something is wrong, two to three hours. I told the boys that as soon as you see that we are pulling in, you must get on the floor of the car and be completely silent, because if you're caught up there, the man driving will be fined more than \$5000. We all looked at one another in disbelief, and I said, "We are strangers to this man, and he's taking this kind of chance. This is God in control. Please pray

for me, because God wants me to witness to this man. There's no other explanation. Why would anyone do this and put himself in this kind of risk?" After leaving the truck inspection site, we made one more pit stop. This time the driver said he needed to close his eyes for a while. I left him alone, and this time I had an opportunity to climb to the top of the vehicle and sit in our car to see what the boys were seeing. When I sat in the front seat, I felt like I was in a two-story building looking down. They were telling me that from here everything looks so different, looking down on cars and every scary overpass. They said they never got used to it, because of the car being strapped down and having no control. On every curve, they thought the car would fall off the big rig, and on every bump, they felt like they were bottoming out. But most of all, they couldn't wait to tell me how it was when we went through the inspection station. They describe it as feeling they were like illegals sneaking across the border. They said they could hear their hearts pounding, and their breathing sounded amplified to the point that it could be heard outside the car. What an experience! I told them you will never experience anything like this for the rest of your life and only a small handful of people will ever experience it. When the driver was done with his little nap, we were on our way again. On the last two hours of the drive, I gave him both barrels of the gospel. I went over everything that I had said two to three times. I told the Lord, "I hope I did my best for you." We pulled into the Holiday Market parking lot and took pictures of the boys on top of the big rig next to the old station wagon. We said our good byes knowing we had enjoyed the experience of a lifetime. Before we left the parking lot, the boys and I prayed for the truck driver to find the Lord, and then we thanked God for using us.

A quick note here, James, the young man who let us camp in his yard, called my house five years later. He told me that he had given his life to the Lord and wanted to thank me for that day. I was used by God in his decision! Praise the Lord!

We went to Jesus Northwest six more times, sometimes with as many as twenty kids. Each time there seemed to be a story to tell, but I only want to tell you one more. It happened the following year. We still had the big, old blue station wagon. This time we had a friend follow us in the big passenger van loaded with kids and food. We didn't get very far when the oil light went on. We pulled off the road, added a quart of oil, and were on our way. Determined that we were going to get there this time. We ended up stopping five more times just to add a quart of oil. We know that we were blowing oil out of the engine, because the vehicle that was following us was full of oil from our exhaust pipes. When we arrived, there was joy in our hearts to see thousands of believers there for the same thing that we came for. We did not want to think about how we were going to get back. We just wanted to enjoy it and have fun.

The evening before we left, I found a fast food place, and after receiving my meal, I sat down at a table. The people sitting across from me started a conversation that led to some interesting facts. I am a realist, and things that happened to me have a great impact in my life. My faith is strong because of what my Lord has done and shown me in my life. This is one such time. I noticed that the man I was talking to had four children that were all mentally handicapped. Of course, the conversation was about Jesus. At times, I am either bold or very stupid. I asked the man, "Could they give their life to Christ and understand what they did?" He turned to them and asked them, "Do you understand what the man just said?" Three of them smiled with joy on their faces. The fourth one bowed his head and would not look at me. The man said, "We're still working on him. Maybe someday he too will have joy in his heart."

Then the conversation moved to my vehicle, and I told him my problem. He said, "Where are you parked?" When I told him, he said they would be there tomorrow morning, before we left. When I walked away, I thought No way. We were camped out in a 200 acre field with rolling hills. This man is not going to find us. He's not going to show up. This is a mechanical problem, not a people problem. I told you I was either bold or stupid many times in my life. This time I was stupid. He showed up with all the kids and made us circle the car. He told us to put our hands on the vehicle, and he began to pray for a healing on our car. We drove all the way home and did not lose one drop of oil. My God is 24/7, and there is nothing He can't do if it is His will.

There seems to be stories popping in my head all the time. I believe if I told them all to you, I would have 1,000 pages or more for the greatness of God never ends. I'm sitting here thinking how we started a food kitchen funded by the government, how everyone who showed up got a Bible, and while they ate, I would sit at their table and tell them about Jesus.

Or the time at Koinonia one night, when one of my favorite thing to do was called Question and Answer. Ask any question about the Lord and His power, we would answer it. One evening after passing around the question box, the first question we pulled out of the box read: "Tomorrow I'm having an abortion. Is it a sin? Signed, Scared" Answers were coming from everyone, all of them trying to resolve the situation. I could not believe what I was hearing, from it's ok to have an abortion - God will forgive you to this is a living human being - you'd be killing your own baby. The room noise was chaotic and confusing. Then the young lady who wrote the question spoke up and admitted it. Her tears filled the room with compassion and a lot of love. We heard that she did not have the abortion. When I look back, all I had to do was open my house to these young people.

What a blessing!

Only time will tell how we are used in God's great plan. I know that if you do not make yourself available to Him, you are the big loser, because He will find others who are willing to sacrifice their lives for him. There was an old man who loved the Lord very much. I will share with you his quote "I'd rather be working at the gates of hell, then next to the sound of the church bell. If you really want to find peace beyond understanding, get out of the pew, get off that seat, and ask God to use you in the world."

The circuit rider ministry for me started long before I thought about it. I asked the Lord soon after I became born again. I wanted to touch hundreds of thousands of people for Him. I gave my life to the Lord in 1982, and a lot of things that I did for Him came from prayer and His direction. One of the things I'm doing now is being a circuit rider which started in 1994.

That year I had two visions from the Lord, and I have never had any before, or any since then. The first vision occurred when I was sitting in my bathroom looking at my shower door. It lite up like a giant TV screen. The first thing that I noticed was a huge, white luxury ocean liner. It seemed to be in trouble. The next thing I noticed were three life boats. The next thing that happened was that I was in one of the life boats going out to the ocean liner. I was sitting in the front of the boat. I could see that the lifeboat was made of wood and could hold at least 1,000 people. The next thing was that we were along side of the ocean liner. I noticed a huge hole in which the water was rushing in, but the boat was still afloat. I stood up lifting my hands telling the people about the hole in the boat. Many of them would not listen and walked away. Only a few jumped in the water and made it to the lifeboat. Then the vision ended. I sat there with my mind racing very fast. I went to prayer, and a calming effect came right away. Then I asked the Lord, "What was that? And what do these things mean?" He said, "The ship represents the United States." I asked, "Why the ship isn't sinking?" He said that He was holding it up, and that if He would let go, it would sink very fast. I was about to ask about the life boat, but before I could finish the thought, the answer came. The wood is the cross, and its message is what people need. I knew in that moment that I had to tell the United States the great commission that Jesus gave all of us as a command - the message of the cross and of His resurrection.

The second vision happened a few months later. I was sitting on my couch when all of a sudden the picture window turned into a big, giant TV screen. This vision started with me warning a beautiful train. It was covered in chrome and so shiny and sleek looking. I had to stop it, because a few miles further on the tracks a bridge was no longer there. The train would fall into the gorge, causing certain death for everybody on the train. I tried to stop the train several times by standing on the track in front of it waving my arms. It just kept running over me. I was dressed all in black. I tried one more time before the train ran over me again. I heard a voice that said, "Get off the tracks." I paid no attention. Then I heard the second time, very loud and clear, "Get off the tracks." At that moment, I jumped away from the train. The voice said, "Walk up the mountain." I looked across the tracks, and there it was. I started walking up the mountain. It did not seem very hard. I got to the top of the mountain, and there was a fire in the middle of the mountain. I noticed the flame seemed to be about six foot tall. I seemed to be there for a long time, moving all the time, but keeping the fire in the center. I would pass by others who seemed to be very busy. But when we

would pass one another, we would acknowledge each other. There was no time to talk as we had things to do and were very busy. The longer I was there, the happier I seemed to be, and because of that, I started to dance. I felt the joy in my step. I looked up, and the flame was now at least 40 feet tall. It was an awesome thing to see. Then I walked over to the edge of the cliff. I could see the whole valley, and there was the train heading for the gorge. It was such a far distance from me that I could not warn them from the top of the mountain. Suddenly I could see people on the train, and before I knew it, I was on the train. There were two people there who seemed very young, but I noticed that they acted like they knew me. I noticed their eyes were wide open. I looked at them and told them, "Don't worry. I am here for a reason." So we opened a side door on the train. At that moment, we could see that the train was moving at a high rate of speed. If we would jump off, we would be hurt. So I told them, "Let's hold hands, and we will step off together." We did just that, and it felt like we had just stepped on an escalator. We touched the ground with a soft landing. I told them that we must now climb the mountain. As we started to climb, I became very tired. I told them, "You go ahead. Follow the path to the top." I rested for a while, and then I finished the climb. When I got to the top, I could see them. They were already busy doing something. I was still a little tired so I walked over to the edge of the cliff. I looked down and could see the train falling in to the gorge. I could see the people screaming, and their faces showed fear to me, that they knew they were going to die. So I started to cry, and at that moment I heard the voice again very loud, "IT IS MY WILL!" I stopped crying, and a peace came over me. The vision was over. I instantly went to pray and asked God what it meant. He spoke to my mind explaining that the train is a church building, the flame is the Holy Spirit, and the wide eyed children could see the truth, but were afraid to act on it. I felt so unworthy to see these things. I thanked the Lord and told Him I would serve Him all the days of my life.

Now that I've told you these two visions, you will see them come to life in my journal as a circuit rider. At first I thought these visions were for the world, but as you'll see, they were for me. I am weak and need to look back at these visions to see my direction, to not get lost in the world, and to keep my eyes on Him all the days of my life. HE must become more important as I must become less.

For me, becoming a modern day circuit rider started in 1996 when I was at my friend Joe's house. He loves horses and is a bit of a cowboy. He had a cowboy magazine he was looking at and noticed an article about a man dressed up in an 1860s outfit looking like a circuit rider. He was a pastor of a cowboy church. He said he would perform weddings and give sermons at rodeo events. Joe said he would like to something like that, and as we talked, we began to formulate an idea. Joe wanted to ride horses, so we would do parades. I wanted to pass out tracts, so I would walk along the parade route and pass out tracts. Joe had a friend named Steve who liked horses and wanted to do something for the Lord. So we started down the path of being modern day circuit riders. Joe is a saddle maker. He made a couple of old looking type saddles. He also made chaps and saddlebags. We went to a costume shop and bought hats, jackets and vests. When we were done, we looked like we were right out of the 1860s. We looked so good, that in our first parade in Red Bluff, we won first place in our category.

We decided to have a revival meeting after the parade was over. We put an invitation in each one of those tracts that I passed out. Well, there were only a handful of people who showed up, but that didn't stop us. Joe played the guitar and sang with his great voice. I preached hellfire and brimstone just like the original circuit riders would have done. It was a good day.

The next parade was in our downtown Cottonwood. By then, I had started reading more about the old circuit riders. There were not all Methodist. Many of them were men that found the Lord and started their own circuits. Some of them were given titles like Holy Knock Them Down Preachers. Some were outlaws, and others were murderers. It seemed to make no difference. They had given their lives to the Lord, and they had become born again, new creatures in Christ. They too wanted to tell the world about Jesus, and hellfire and brimstone was their calling card. So that day on the parade route, Joe and Steve were riding their horses and throwing candy out of their saddlebags. I was walking, giving tracts to as many people as I could. I was also preaching hellfire and brimstone. I would tell people as I walked by, "Men, women, and children, you are going to hell unless you accept Jesus as your Lord and Savior." Some people along the route started throwing things at me, walking up with their beers and tossing them at me. It got crazy, but I seemed to grow in strength. We were the first ones in the parade. When we finished, Joe said he wanted to pass out some tracts, so we had Steve put away the horses. Joe and I walked back the same route, passing out a few more tracts. What was amazing was the same people who threw things at me, who yelled at me, who gave dirty gestures when I looked at them this time they all bowed their heads and would not look at me. God showed me it was not about me it was all about HIM. It was God by the power of the Holy Spirit that convicted their spirit. I had never seen anything like this before. I knew what I was doing was the right thing, and God showed me that I must continue. We passed out invitations again in this parade for a time of revival. This time no one showed up, but from what I had seen that day, I knew I was headed in the right direction.



We decided to have a revival meeting after the parade was over. We put an invitation in each one of those tracts that I passed out. Well, there were only a handful of people who showed up, but that didn't stop us. Joe played the guitar and sang with his great voice. I preached hellfire and brimstone just like the original circuit riders would have done. It was a good day.

Later on that year I started going to rest homes. That was ok, but what really got me excited is when I called a teacher who works at a local school, teaching fifth grade. I was hearing that they have American Indians who give a show and tell, talking about their great spirit. Well, since we have the greatest Spirit, I asked, "Can we give them a little history lesson on American circuit riders?" Not only did he say yes, but he invited all the other fifth grade classes about 120 kids in all. The three of us would showed up in costume. Joe started us off with a song that everybody thought they knew, The Battle Hymn of the Republic. When we got to the verse that mentions Christ, that He died to make man holy, and words like His judgment seat, the other teachers at this point gave us some strange looks.

When it was Steve's turn, he spoke about the great revival camps in Kentucky and Tennessee where people showed up by the tens of thousands. This was in the early 1800s, and people came from hundreds of miles away for this great event. There were great miracles that took place during this time. It was something that this country has never seen before or since. It was pretty exciting sharing this with the kids. We told them that one of the first acts of the U. S. Congress around 1777 was to purchase 20,00 Bibles and passed them out to the people of the United States. We gave them quotes from the Supreme Court from around the 1850s. Our laws and institutions must be based upon the teachings of the Redeemer of mankind as this is a Christian nation. John Quincy Adams said, "The first and almost the only book deserving of universal attention is the Bible." Abraham Lincoln said, "All the good from Savior of the world is communicated through the Bible." Woodrow Wilson said, "The Bible is the one supreme source of the meaning of life. It is the only guide of life which really leads the spirit in the way of peace and salvation."

When it was my turn, I asked them the question, "How many of you have heard about the Pony Express riders?" All the hands went up. Then I asked, "Before today, how many of you heard about circuit riders?" No hands went up. I told them that the Pony Express was only around for about 18 months, but that the circuit riders have been hear for 150 years. I told them about how they created a circuit in a certain place, during the same time each month. The people counted on that and would show up with some traveling ten to fifteen miles to hear them speak. These men received very low pay with a lot of free meals along the way, but they were not in it for the money since they loved God. On most days, they would preach the morning to farmers and ranchers, and that evening they would go to the trading post where there was lots of drinking by a different kind of hardcore people. This is where the circuit rider got the name Holy Knock-em Down Preachers, because sometimes that's the only way these men would listen and respect the circuit rider. I told them several stories, some sad, some funny that made them laugh, and one story of a local circuit rider. They loved all of them.

Joe finished it up with another song. By this time, the other teachers were really uncomfortable, but who cares? We're there for the Lord, so Joe sang Washed in the Blood. The kids were appalling. We told them that when the circuit riders left a place, they would always give candy to the children and Bibles for the home, and that's what we gave them on their way out.

The next year Steve became very ill and died from cancer. Joe seemed to be losing interest in what we were doing. I did not want to give up, so I started praying to the Father. He started revealing

things to me, putting it on my heart to research more about the old circuit riders. In my research, I found a group of them that appealed to my interest. They seemed to be tough guys where the toughness that does not give up. They seemed to be individuals who let nobody get in their way of the salvation message.

At the same time, we started a new Bible study, and an interesting young man showed up. I found out he was an artist. Also during this time, I was trying to put a billboard on the freeway that would give a strong salvation message. I was trying and praying to put together a new tract. During one of the Bible studies, I asked this young man to draw me a painting that would show the agony of the cross without the cross itself. He drew a painting that reached out and touched people in a very, very strong way. I took that picture to my office to get opinions. Some people became very angry, and others thought it was the greatest thing that they had ever seen. This was a painting that spoke to your heart, soul, and mind. It was worth 10,000 words, all glorious, all giving, and left no doubt in your mind what it was trying to say.

So this painting would now be at the center of my tract. I began to gather all the information about old circuit riders and what their calling was. It seemed to be very black and white, heaven or hell, and no in between. I knew I needed to be like them old circuit riders giving that message to as many people as I could, making it very clear that if you do not choose heaven, then you have chosen hell, and that the only way to heaven is making the Lord Jesus your Savior. At the same time, the Lord put on my heart when He spoke to me very clearly in my mind the exact words “let them hate Me, not you.” This is oh so simple, but I knew this came from Him. I can see the unfolding from my mind’s eye of my new direction. I know what His will is, and nothing is going to get in my way.

The next few years, I was trying to reach more and more people for the Lord. That beautiful drawing of the Lord’s hand on the cross was not only on the tracts, but on a trailer parked along the side of the freeway where millions of people can see it every year.

The story of the trailer started when I went looking for a billboard along the freeway. I couldn’t get anybody to help me pay for it, to build one, or to rent one. So God gave me the idea to buy a trailer and paint the hand of the Lord with the words “THIS BLOOD WAS SHED FOR YOUR SINS.” I got it, and there it sat in my front yard, a 50 foot trailer. I needed to get it to the freeway, but I could not get anybody to help me. I advertised for three months in the local Christian newspaper which up to 50 churches received, and still got no response. I called on churches along the freeway and received a very polite “No way.” After four months and lots of prayer, the decision was made to get in the car and drive 20 miles north on the freeway. Nothing happened, so the next day I drove 20 miles south. During this time, I knocked on doors where people’s property touched the freeway. When I was almost done for the day, there was a huge ranch. As I drove on the property, I talked to a ranch hand. He told me down the road there is a church that meets in a garage. Sure enough a sign said the church meets here. I knocked on the door and asked to speak to the pastor. He told me that the property I was asking about did not belong to him. He told me that the man in the mobile home knows the owner. I found out the owners lives in the bay area, and I was given his phone number.

When I called the owner, he told me to send him a photo of the trailer. I waited a few weeks and then called him again. His answer was very clear and loud. He did not miss one four letter word,



During the time we were putting the trailer next to the freeway which took a couple of hours to set up, several big rigs kept honking their horns. When I would look up, I would see their thumbs up and a big wave. They seemed very happy. At that moment, I realized what Christ was trying to say to me through scripture.

and he told me to never call him back again. So I sat there wondering what to do next. Praying and thinking, maybe 40 miles down the road. Before I started that journey, I received a phone call from the same man who had just called me every four letter word he could think of. He said, "My wife said that you could put the trailer on our property." I started by saying "\$600 a year." He replied saying, "\$900 a year." I said, "That's a deal." I knew this was all coming out of my pocket. All the estimates for signs on the freeway were \$1200 a month. The Lord just gave me two signs for \$900 a year, and all I can say is what a deal.

Before placing the trailer next to the freeway, someone told us that the trailer had to be within 1,000 feet from the place of business it was advertising for. God is in charge of everything, and that church that meets in the garage is now 1,000 feet away. I went back to the pastor, and told him that the trailer is my gift to you. I will pay for the upkeep and the rent, and that takes care of Caltrans.

During the time we were putting the trailer next to the freeway which took a couple of hours to set up, several big rigs kept honking their horns. When I would look up, I would see their thumbs up and a big wave. They seemed very happy. At that moment, I realized what Christ was trying to say to me through scripture. When Jesus was talking to His disciples telling them to love one another, He said that if you have a love for one another, then everyone will know that you are My disciples. The older I get, the more I realize that Christ was not talking about feeding the poor or clothing the naked or giving free housing. There are many who do those things, even the government, but they are not His disciples. One needs to analyze the love Christ is talking about. When you look at Christ's love, all the things He ever did, and the most meaningful of all, is His love for the Father and for the people who brought Him to the death on the cross, not only for me, but for the whole world. When Christ tells, us to love one another, He is telling us to never grow tired of the crucifixion story. Those men who were honking their horns were thanking us for the message which lifted them up. We who fight the daily battles that the world brings, sometimes forget who we are, why we are here, and the strength that we possess comes from Him dying on the cross. We all need to be reminded over and over again with this simple truth. When doing this, the impact on other believers is a Holy Spirit moment, and it binds us together. This simple message to the world is the love of Christ, and that we believe in Him.

I started doing more parades, and the response was overwhelming. I began to think about my vision from Him about the giant cruise liner which represented the United States. My question was how can I do this. I thought I needed to get others involved.

In the spring of 2000, a reporter for a Christian newspaper called the Times had seen the hand of the Lord trailer and somehow found out that I had put it there. He called my house to set up an appointment for an interview. He asked me questions, and from the way he responded to my answers, he loved them all. I wondered if this was the way my vision was going to come true. I did not receive one call or response of any kind that year about the interview. I just kept going to parades and events, passing out as many tracts as I could, and I never stopped praying. The answer seemed to be the same, don't worry, and enjoy what you're doing. It could be in the second vision when I was on the mountain top with the growing fire, and I was dancing for joy.

In the following year, that same young man invited me to speak at a Promise Keepers meeting in

Red Bluff, and over 300 men showed up. I wondered, is this the place where I fulfill the vision and preach to the United States. This is a nationwide organization. I thought, give them the plan, and they will fulfill it. That evening I took Marcel, and when I spoke, he filmed the whole thing. I spoke about the vision I called the rowboats and the giant cruise liner. I told them some powerful stories about the parades and the miracles on the parade route. When I finished, I sat down, and the young men from the band came over and shook my hand. They told me they loved what I had to say. However the seven pastors sitting behind me had brought a young man, and he told them we need people like that at our meetings. Their response was overwhelming disappointing. In unison, they said we need nothing like that, and it broke my heart. I went to the back of the hall telling everyone that I would take names and telephone numbers if you are interested in helping passing out the salvation message. Out of 300 men, only two gave me a name and a number. The following week I called them both, and both gave me the exact same answer, "I'd need more time to pray about this, and I would have to do this in my hometown? I never heard from them again.

The next few years, I did not give up. One day someone told me to go online and put an ad on line with the computer. I told him I did not even own a computer. This was the spring of 2002, and I had no idea what it would cost. I told Terry, "Whatever it costs, this is for the Lord. I believe this is what He wants." So when we found out it did not cost too much, we were happy about that. I had already put ads in the Jesus People magazine in Sacramento and in nationwide Christian Motorcycle Group based in Tennessee with 50,000 subscribers, but received no response. The internet page seemed to be working since about 20 people responded from all over the United States. I was getting excited again. I did not have a computer, but my daughter Lisa did. I went over there about once a week to get the names and phone numbers of those responding to the internet ad. I called them and had some very interesting conversations. A few of the responders were ex-pastors who seemed unhappy at their jobs, but still wanted to serve the Lord. What they had read sounded like an exciting street ministry. There were others who were already passing out tracts, but they seemed to like the circuit rider outfit which put people at ease. I told them that I belong to no church or denomination. I told them that I would send them some tracts, and if they would like to be a part of this work, just get back to me. I would put them on the map, and 300 miles in any direction from their location would be their circuit territory did not receive any call backs.

As all of this was taking place, I went to a Christian lawyer who had a symbol of a fish on his sign and on his yellow page ad. At that time I had a van, and it was painted just like the trailer on the freeway. When I went into his office, I told him I was there to find out if I needed to make a contract with these people to avoid being sued for anything. Instead of answering my question, he started telling me a whole list of things that I was doing to drive people away from Christ. He told me that my van, my trailer, and my tracts were not a message of love, and he wasn't the only one who thought this. The lawyer advised many church boards in the community. I sat there for a few minutes not saying a word, but praying for the words to say. I told him I have seen the fish on signs and in many yellow page ads, but when I could call or walk into these places of business, nobody talked to me about Jesus Christ, that He shed His blood and died for my sins, and rose from the grave so that I too may have eternal life. I would walk out of the business, not knowing any more about Jesus. Then I told him what I believed the fish was used for, and how we abuse it today. We seem to use it to bring Christian people into our business, instead of going somewhere else and spending their money somewhere else. I came in here today, but he had not told me one thing about

Jesus. The sayings on my truck, the pictures of the cross, the bleeding hand with a spike running through it, and the blood dripping from it tells the truth, but he was condemning it. The fish was used by the first Christians as a way to communicate to one another because if they had talked openly, they may would have been put to death. That is not the case here in the United States, and we should be as open as we can be telling the world that we are Christians. I asked him if he had ever been driving down the road and have someone flip him off, or if someone had mooned him because of the sign on your vehicle. I asked him if a vehicle had swerved to get in front of him and at a stop sign showing a drawing of an upside down cross on a piece of paper and having everyone in the vehicle give him the devil sign, trying to stick their tongues out as long as they can. When I stopped talking, he asked, "Would you please pray for me?" I know then and there it was God speaking through me convicting him. I left the meeting, and prayed for him all the way home. The following week I received a bill in the mail from him for \$100 dollars. I paid it since there is no price tag in witnessing for my Lord Jesus Christ. O yes, by the way, he did not give me any advice.

As the years passed by, I began to understand that the Lord had given me my heart's desire. I had said, "I want to tell 100,000 people about the Lord" and He gave me so much more than I could have ever hoped for. The visions were for me, not for the world, because I am weak and needed all the help I can get. You know, so when I look back at them, they let me know that I'm going in the right direction. Even today, looking back to when I was trying to get others involved in this ministry He gave me, I see now that He used me in touching them, that it was His will. I will continue working for the Lord to the day I die. I love working at the gates of hell more than next to the sound of the church bell.

My Journal for Circuit Rider Events by JD

My first circuit rider parade was on April 15, 1995 in Red Bluff, California where I passed out 400 tracts. After the parade, we did a circuit rider revival. Not many people showed up, but we gave the gospel message and sang some old time gospel songs.

On May 9, 1995 at the parade in Cottonwood, California, I passed out 400 tracts. In this parade, I felt I needed to do more, so I started preaching as I was walking along the parade route. I told people they were all going to hell unless they accepted Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. People threw things at me and called me names, but I just wanted to preach louder. We were one of the first entries in the parade so when we finished, Joe who had ridden a horse in the parade, wanted to walk back along the parade route and pass out tracts like I had. I was a little reluctant after what had just happened. I told him to be alert, because there were some nasty guys here. We started walking back, passing out a few tracts here and there. Every time we came to the areas where they had yelled, screamed, thrown things at me and had vulgar gestures, the same men started bowing their heads. They looked like humble men at a prayer service. I knew then and there that the Holy Spirit was convicting these men, and there was no doubt in my mind that this is what the Lord wanted me to do.

April 15th, 1997 was the date of the parade in Red Bluff, California. I seemed to be on my own now, and with a whole year of prayer, on a new track with the Lord putting on my heart that I was to let them hate Him, and not me. So I did no more preaching out loud about hell fire and brimstone. I let the tracts do the talking about hell fire and brimstone. I began to disarm people, putting them at ease by yelling out, "Howdy you all" or "Top of the morning!" During that parade I passed out over 1,000 tracts. The year before I only passed out 400. Of course, the Lord is always right, and we just need to obey. At this point, I starting having a lot of fun.

On May 1, 1997 in Shasta Lake City, California, I passed out 1,000 tracts as I was walking the parade route. There were some notable Christians bunched together, and I heard one say, "There goes that nut." I started noticing more and more of the organized leaders in the area were shunning me, but I knew I was doing the right thing.

On May 16, 1997 in Redding, California, I passed out over 2,000 tracts. Near the end of the parade, I had one tract left in my hand. I looked up and saw almost 200 people ahead of me to the end of the parade route. I started praying "Dear Lord, show me the one" over and over out loud. After going past about 100 people, I looked up the street and about 75 feet ahead of me, a man shot his hand up like a child saying "Pick me, pick me." I could not wait to give him the last tract, and my prayer was answered.

In May 1997, during the Memorial Day parade in Hayward, California, I thought there would be tens of thousands of people. However, only a handful of people showed up, and I passed out 100 tracts. While I was driving downtown that day there seemed to be more people shopping than on the parade route, so I parked my vehicle. I wanted to try something. I stood on a street corner,



No-one knew I was coming to there town,
but when I left, Thousands Knew I had been there

dressed in my circuit rider outfit for parades and tried to pass out tracts. I found out that people wanted no part of what I was passing out. I stood there an hour and passed out zero tracts. At this point, I decided, “ok Lord, parades and events.”

On July 3, 1997, in Burney, California, I passed out 1,000 tracts. The scripture I used that day was “You should each judge your own conduct. If it is a good thing, you can be proud of what you yourself have done without having to compare it with what someone else had done, for each of you must carry your own load.”

On July 4, 1997, I went to Mount Shasta, California and passed out 800 tracts. There are a lot of cults in this city. The scripture for the day was “The Spirit who is in you is more powerful than the spirit in those who belong to the world. Those false prophets speak about manners of the world and the world listens to them because they belong to the world.”

In the fall of 1997, I met a group of Christians who carry banners and preach hell fire and brimstone, and they asked me to go along with them. I thought this would be interesting, putting what the Lord has been showing me to a test. The first place we went was to a Billy Graham concert. There we witnessed to the people who were waiting in line, and I passed out about 400 tracts that day. We went over to San Francisco to an event called EROTICA which was an evil event. There were over 5,000 people dressed in the most sinful costumes you can imagine, The group I came with they were all yelling and preaching, calling them all sinners which they were. These people yelled back up at them, saying filthy things. It was crazy!. There were about 100 policemen there keeping order. While this was happening, I walked around silently passing out around 800 tracts. I watched the people I gave the tracts to, and they read them. Many threw the tracts on the ground, but a few put them in their pockets. I felt like I was in a spiritual war that I had never been in before. I was drained and never want to go back, though I will if the Lord wants me to.

In November of 1997, I went to two Veteran’s Day parades, one in Shasta Lake City, California and the other in Anderson, California. I passed out 800 tracts in Shasta Lake City and 50 in Anderson. On December 31, 1997, I went to a New Year’s Eve parade in Santa Cruz, California which is a very liberal town with lots of strange people. There they have a celebration on all the streets downtown with a lot of venues. I spend the whole day there and was exhausted when it was over. I did pass out 4,800 tracts so becoming exhausted for the Lord is a good thing.

In February 1998 at the Chinese New Year parade in San Francisco I passed out 800 tracts. After the parade, I walked up to Broadway and passed out another 100 tracts. I was harassed and heckled all evening, but it was worth it. On February 22nd I went to Nevada City, California with Marcel. He took one side of the street, and I took the other side. He is good company, and we passed out 1,000 tracts at the parade.

On March 14, 1998, the Saint Patrick’s Day was held in Murphy, California. My new approach worked well here. “Top of the morning” is a good Irish saying. Everything was going quite well till I met one of the officials. She started yelling at me, telling me that I had no business passing

out this literature. The louder she would yell, the more hands came out for me to give them a tract. I told the lady, "This is the Saint Patrick's Day parade. Saint Patrick preached Jesus. This tract is what he preached. We do live in an upside down world."

On April 4, 1998, I went to a motorcycle parade for police units in Monterey, California and passed out 1,400 tracts. As I was passing out my tracts, I talked to several policemen. They told me that I had every right to pass out literature on the streets of California. This is a first amendment right and a good thing to hear. That afternoon we went to the wharf, and as I stood there in my circuit rider outfit, I passed out another 250 tracts. I was found by people who were not even looking for me. Later I went to Coati, California and passed out another 100 tracts.

On April 15, 1998, I went again to the Rodeo parade in Red Bluff, California. I passed out 1,400 tracts in several bars along the route. I call the bars watering holes. Many were dressed in their cowboy outfits. At each bar at least 100 so-called cowboys with alcohol in their hands at 10:00 am. I seem to love this part. I get to walk right in their midst, disrupt their conversation and give them hell fire and brimstone. I'm not received in a loving embrace; they wish I would not be there. I'd rather be working at the gates of hell than next to the sound of the church bell.

April of 1998, I went to the Japanese Cherry Blossom parade in San Francisco and passed out 700 tracts. I was learning that I could pass out tracts to people who probably would not accept a tract from me unless I was dressed in this circuit rider outfit. For example, in this parade they all seemed curious, because they were Japanese while I was dressed like an American cowboy. I introduced myself by saying howdy in Japanese. On the parade route, there was a Buddhist temple, and all the monks took a tract from me. Terry was following me that day and saw that everybody who took a tract either read it or put it in their pocket; not one was thrown away. The more I do this, the more I know this venue of parades or events is a way people will take this tract, and I could not approach them any other way. By reading the tract, it goes into their minds and hearts.

On April 25, 1998, I went to Sebastopol, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. There were certain pockets of people along the parade route that gave me a bad time, but they were not really picking on me. They were making fun of my Lord Jesus. They were saying they would rather serve Satan than give their life to Christ, that they could not wait to go to hell, and have a good time. I prayed for them as I was walking away from them. How sad they are. This is why we need to be on the streets. Jesus went out where the people were gathered on the streets.

I went to Los Banos, California on May 2, 1998 and passed out 2,000 tracts. When I finished, I asked the Lord, if I should have been passing out tracts in the Spanish language because there were too many Mexican people here. He put in my mind and heart instantly that the tract is at a 4th grade reading level. Most can read that, and if they can't read it, then someone in their household can read to them. His answers are always peaceful. I know I need not ask that question again.

On May 9, 1998, I went to the parade in Cottonwood, Ca. and passed out 2,000 more tracts. I remember the first time I passed out only 400, but then I was yelling and screaming. I have

changed my approach like He told me to do. The cross He gives us is much easier than if we were to put the burden on our shoulders. He will always give you strength, wisdom, and knowledge to do His will.

On May 16, in Redding, California, the Lord gave me Marcel, and we passed out 3,400 tracts. We did a great job for the Lord. Marcel loves the Lord as much as me. Thank you for Marcel, Lord. One June 5th we went to Crescent City, California and passed out 300 tracts.

On June 13, 1998, we went to a parade in Winnemucca, Nevada, and we passed out 1,000 tracts. This is another casino town, and as I was walking the parade route, there was a car that had broken down. They had two flat tires which seemed odd, but not really. God wanted them not to go through town without receiving His message from this tract. So many odd things do happen when I'm passing out tracts, but I see the hand of God in charge.

On July the fourth in 1998, I went to Weaverville, California with Jason and Marcel. We passed out 2,500 tracts. One of the ladies who received a tract, opened it up and saw the picture of the Lord's hand with the blood. She instantly started screaming and yelling, "I see this picture every day on the freeway! I hate it! I hate it!" She repeated this several times. At that moment, I knew our trailer on the freeway was doing the job of convicting people. Thank you Lord for using us. That evening Jason and Marcel went to the Redding fireworks and passed out over 3,000 tracts. We gave the day to you Lord.

On July 7, 1998, I went to Westwood, California and passed out 600 tracts before the parade started. I walked among the people who were going to be in the parade. There were about 50 motorcycle gang members, and they each got a tract. I do love this job.

On July 18, 1998, I went to Salinas, California and passed out 1,600 tracts. The parade route was very long, and it was a very hot day. I could not finish so I did not reach all the people. When it was over, I sat by my vehicle and became very sad and mad at God. What I was doing was making it my responsibility. I was convicted instantly on how wrong I was to be mad at God. He showed me that I was His servant, and I was to carry out His will. He was responsible, not me. I grew a lot that day. The cross he gave me to bear was much lighter than the one I was trying to put upon my shoulders. What a caring and loving Savior I serve.

On July 25, 1998, I was able to go to Susanville, California and pass out 2,500 tracts. Thank you Lord for the opportunity to serve. On August 1, 1998, I went to Veneta, Oregon parade and passed out 800 tracts. The parade route went right across the highway. As I was walking and got to the highway, traffic was stopped on the highway. There was a girl in a Jeep, and I looked right her and told her, "God stopped you here today for this" and gave her a tract. It was worth the drive. Thank you Lord for letting me serve.

In Quincy, California on August 15, 1998, I passed out 1,600 tracts. This was a good town, and I could disarm them, set them at ease with humor. I'm beginning to be as gentle as a dove in my routine. I am a talker, and yet I know that when they read this tract, it's hell fire and brimstone.

On August 21st I passed out 2,000 tracts in Corning, California, and in September when I was in Eureka, California, I passed out 50 tracts.

On September 5, 1998, I passed out 2,000 tracts in Fort Bragg, California. This is an interesting parade in an interesting town. Half the parade route seemed to be tourists with upper and middle class type people. When I turned the corner, this half of the town had gangs and poor people. As I walked through this parade, the Lord laid on my heart that He came for everybody, and in a few hours I reached everybody. Later in Nevada City, California at a constitutional parade, I passed out 1,000 tracts. My costume fit right in with this parade. There were people dressed up as all the signers of the Declaration of Independence with great patriotic songs. On September 11th, I went to Yuba City, California for an evening parade. This meant it was not so hot. Thank you Lord!

On the 20th of September, I went to Plymouth, California with Marcel to do two parades. The first parade was in Plymouth, and 50 tracts were passed out. Marcel the mailman was even putting them in mailboxes (don't tell anyone). We went on to the next town, Lodi, California, and passed out 5,000 tracts. We were exhausted when it was over. It was a very long day, but a great day.

In October 1998, I went to Paso Robles, California with my son Chris to his first parade. It was a long drive for him coming from the Los Angeles area, and for us coming from Cottonwood, but it was worth it. He also brought his wife-to-be Christie, and we shared a motel room. What a place to meet your future daughter-in-law. We learned she is very charming and nice to be with. Chris seemed to have made a good choice. The next morning, we got started by putting on our costumes. The jacket I had for Chris was three times bigger than him as was the hat. He looked pathetic from a worldly perspective, but when God looked at him, He saw His man, a worker in Christ. Before the parade started, we began passing out tracts to people who were to participate in the parade. When I gave one to a young man, he became irate, began following me, yelling at me. He told me to stop, that I had no right to pass these out. We came to a spot where no other people were around, and he pushed me very hard up against the fence. At that point I lost it and swung back at him. I yelled out, "I rebuke you in the name of Jesus!" When I turned around after hitting the fence, he was gone. On the other side of the street was Chris, but he did not see what just happened to me. At the same time, Chris had to young men following him and harassing him. Christ told me later that he paid no attention to them and kept passing out tracts. That day we passed out 5,000 tracts. Thank you lord, for letting us serve You.

In October of 1998, I went to Carson City, Nevada to another parade. This is a huge parade in a gambling town. The casinos set up bars on the sidewalks, and it seemed like all of Nevada was there. Marcel and I passed out over 5,000 tracts, and we didn't even finish the parade route. It was an easy ride home, feeling satisfied all the way. Later I went to Half Moon Bay and passed out 2,000 tracts. I didn't go for a parade, but for an event with lots of booths. I found a place to stand where people would walk past me and began to pass out tracts. The lady in charge came and told me that I had no right to stand there. I told her, "This is my First Amendment right,

Ma'am." She then told me she was going to get a policeman, but I stood my ground. She never came back. A policeman probably told her I had every right to do this.

In the fall of 1998, I went to a Rolling Stones concert for two nights. I walked the parking lot at the Oakland Coliseum. There were tens of thousands of people showing up for a tailgate party two hours before the concert. They were all getting high on drugs and drinking a lot of alcohol. Dressed in my circuit rider outfit, I would walk into a circle of people getting high. Many of them would have cocaine dripping from the nose. When I would walk into the circle and say "Howdy," they all stood there looking dumfounded. I would pass out tracts to each and every one. Many times I was offered drugs or alcohol. I would tell them, "I'm on a greater high than any of you, and my high has no come down. It lasts forever." That evening a young girl came to tell me she was a Christian and that what I was doing was a great thing. I told her immediately, "What are you doing going to a concert of the Rolling Stones? Do you understand they worship the devil? The lyrics in their songs glorify the devil." I told her that if she wanted to do a great thing she should rip up her ticket and go home. At that moment, she became very sad, and she walked into the concert. I prayed for her eyes to be open, we must defeat the world by our actions.

In November of 1998, I went to the Veteran's Day parade in Shasta Lake City. Marcel who was born and raised in this town when it was called Central Valley, helped me again. He saw a lot of people that he knew, and he was proud to share Jesus with them. He really enjoyed that day. He was a great witness for the Lord. If I'm allowed to be prideful, I was very proud of him today. Thank you, dear Lord, for giving me Marcel.

Later in November of 1998, I went to the Thanksgiving Day parade in Yreka, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. Sometimes before going to a parade, I start to find excuses that I don't need to go. I believe it is because I am very lazy, but when I get there and start passing out the tracts, all the excuses don't matter or apply. They are totally a waste of time because when I hand someone a tract, the joy I feel overwhelms me. I don't want to stop until I run out of tracts.

On December 6, 1998, I went to San Jose and passed out 900 tracts. Later I went to Woodland and passed out 2,000 tracts. I was learning how to deal with Mexican gangs. You spot the leader who is generally in the back of the group. You walk right up to him and give him a tract. Then on your way back to the street, everyone else takes one. What happened in this parade? I worked my way to the leader, and he instantly told me, "I can't read." Everyone laughed. I told him, That's why there's a picture in here for you. You don't have to read it. Just look at the picture. It answers all your questions." He took the tract. The rest stopped laughing, and then of course, they all took one. Later I went to Ashland, Oregon and passed out 200 tracts. Then I went to Benica, California and passed out 600 tracts. In Santa Cruz, I passed out 2,400 tracts. 1998 was a great year!

In February of 1999, I went to Nevada City, California with Marcel and we passed out 1,600 tracts. We had a great time together again. In March, I went to Virginia City, Nevada with Jason and we passed out 700 tracts. This is another casino town high up in the mountains. It is a

city with a lot of history of silver mining bringing people to the city. Men and women dress up in costume resembling the 1880s which attracts tourists. That day when Jason and I started to walk up and down the sidewalks, in and out of buildings to pass out tracts, the people dressed in costumes started giving us a really bad time and threatened us to get out of town. If they were role playing, I will never know. I did try to talk to them, but they would have no part of me and kept harassing us until we left town.

I went with Terry to Lindsay, California, and we passed out 2,000 tracts. On the way there and back in that part of the valley, I never saw so many oranges in my whole life! Terry and I had a great time. Being a circuit rider can be a lot of fun!

I went to Davis, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. This is a college town, and this parade was put on by the alumni at Davis College. As I was passing out tracts in front of a fraternity house, a float came by exalting gays and lesbians. I was appalled, but they seemed amused. As I was handing out tracts, I gave one to a child about 12 years old. The other men surrounding him looked at it and yelled to the father of the young man, "You had better take that away from your son right now! It's horrible! You don't want to see this!" These were the same men who thought the float was amusing. Jesus said that some would have their eyes blinded that they would not see the truth.

I went to Paradise, California and passed out 2,000 tracts at the parade. Before the parade started, I parked my vehicle where people could walk by and see the painting of the Lord's hand with the spike going through it. Yes, the picture is graphic, but it's worth 10,000 words. Some people would walk by with their children telling them this is a lie. This is a crazy man van.. Others would ask their children, "Who is that a painting of?" The children would respond, "That's Jesus. He died for our sins." The Lord said that some will see this as a stench, but others would see a beautiful fragrance.

In May, I went to Elk Grove, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. Then I went to Orville, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. I was passing out tracts when a float came by with a rock band playing some evil songs with bad lyrics. There was a group of ladies dancing to the music, there may have been ten in all, and they were having a good time. At that moment two things happened. I looked up the street and about 100 yards away I saw this balloon, floating at my eye level. Then I turned to the girls. I wanted to start yelling at them to tell them about Jesus, how we are all sinners, but Jesus saved us. Right away I remembered how the Lord told me to be as gentle as a dove, let them hate Me, not you. I paused and prayed as the float went by. I walked over and started passing out tracts. All ten girls took a tract. As I turned back to the street, the balloon that I had seen was still at my eye level. It came right up to my face and turned, and on the other side was written Jesus loves you. I said, "Wow!" I was stunned and started looking around to see where the balloon was, but I could not find it anywhere. The Lord had angels working today to tell me job well done. I am not worthy of this, but He has made me worthy.

In Gridley California, we passed out 1,000 tracts. Every time I go to a different town, I see and feel things that represent the town. For instance, Terry went with me to this parade, and when

she had to use the restroom, she went to the port-a-potties in the park about 200 yards from the grandstand. She told me that while she was standing there, they started the national anthem. Every body waiting in line put their hand over their heart, took off their hats, and started singing the national anthem. Of course, they did not lose their place in line to the restroom. Terry said it gave her chills how patriotic she thought this community is. There are other communities where the people won't even stand up when the flag comes by along the parade route.

In Vacaville, California, I passed out 2,400 tracts. This should have been a Memorial Day parade, but the city council changed the name to the Fiesta Day parade. In June, I went to Tuolumne, California and passed out 200 tracts. Later I went to Weed, California and passed out 100 tracts.

Terry and I went to Minden-Gardnerville, Nevada and passed out 2,400 tracts. Minden and Garnerville are two small cities connected by a very short highway. During the parade when the flag came by, I stepped aside and took my hat off at the same time. I passed tracts to everyone around me. The man next to me opened it up, saw the picture of the Lord, and crumpled the tract up in his hand. Then while smiling at me, he stuck out his hand to drop the tract back in my hand. I took my hand back quickly, and he dropped the tract on the ground. By this time, everyone was watching. I told him, "You need to pick that up off the ground. You don't want to be a litter bug." Everyone around us started laughing and staring at the man. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, and I went on my way, passing out the message from the Lord. This may be the longest parade route I have ever walked. It was over seven miles long, and it was hot. When I finished, Terry made me sit on a chair and take my shirt off. Then she gave me two bottles of Gatorade and started placing cold towels on me. I need to slow down and not try to kill myself. I need to finish this ministry the Lord has given me. I still have a few more years before it is over.

I also went to Reno, Nevada in June and passed out 2,400 tracts. There were two things that I remember most about this parade. First was that the group that I met in the Bay area, the ones that carried banners and yelled out to crowds that they were perverts, liars, cheaters, gamblers, and prostitutes were there. As this group came down Reno's main street, the people who were waiting for the parade became very angry. I'm not sure I see any good in this, so I stopped and waited till they were done. Then I walked up to the same people on the street, doing what God has shown me to do. I started by saying "Howdy" and then handing them a tract, which had more hell fire and brimstone than what they had just heard, only in a different way. They took it gladly. Some read it; some put it in their pocket, but there was no yelling at me. He showed me once and for all, the way I was doing it was a good thing. The second thing I noticed that day was the people lining the streets for the parade. A lot of them came out of the casinos, and they all had name tags on that showed they were from different states. There must have been two or three different conventions there. I must have counted twenty - some different states. At that moment, I realized that I was reaching the United States for my Lord.

On July 4, 1999, I went to Auburn, California and passed out 1,200 tracts. Next, I went to Greenville, California and passed out 600 tracts. Then I went to a Shriner's parade in Pollock

Pines and passed out 300 tracts.

In August, I went to Livingston, California and passed out 300 tracts. Then I went to Forbes Town to a festival. It is located in the Sierra Mountains with no shopping centers within 100 miles. I went from booth to booth passing out tracts. There were strange looks, but no one asked any questions.

While traveling in the beautiful Sierras, I went to Downieville, California with Terry and passed out 50 tracts. We spent the night in Downieville in a bed and breakfast. That evening we decided to go to town for dinner. On our way we were driving on a narrow mountain road on the outside when all of a sudden on a curve, a big semi-truck decided to pass a vehicle coming our way. We looked up at that moment, and both of us thought we were going to die. There seemed to be no room to move over without going over a cliff. It was like holding your breath, trying to make yourself skinny at the same time. When the truck passed, we both looked at each other, and said, "Thank you Lord." We continued to town and had dinner and returned to the inn. We stopped on the way back where the incident happened, and we could not believe that there was room for two cars and a semi to get through that space at the same time. Again we thanked the Lord. The next morning at breakfast, we shared who we were and what had happened the night before. Maybe that's why we went through it.

I went to Hayfork, California and passed out 600 tracts. It's a dying town, thanks to the spotted owl. I went to Willow Creek, California in September and passed out 500 tracts. Later, I went to Happy Camp, California and passed out 300 tracts.

We went to Albany, California later in September. This was an event, and booths lined the street for several blocks. At one time, marching bands would go down the middle of the huge crowd. This is a very liberal town. Marcel was with me this time. He went one way and I went the other way down the street. Of course, I was followed. I started passing out tracts and received along the way lots of rejections, lots of New Age, astrology, and palm reading. The place seemed totally evil. Two volunteers wearing yellow armbands came up to me and told me that I could not pass anything out if I did not have a booth, and only if I was standing in front of it. I told them that it is my First Amendment right. They hounded me relentlessly for three more blocks. As I was coming to the end of the parade route, I looked up to see over 30 policemen. Why so many I will never know. The closer I got, they seemed to be in groups of five or six. I got there just before the two who were following me giving me a bad time. I walked up to the first group of policemen and started giving them tracts, and they all took one. By the time I was on my third group, I could see the two volunteers complaining about me. The policemen already had a tract in their hand. I could hear them and the police telling them that I had every right to do this. As I started back up the other side of the street, I continued to pass out tracts. The two volunteers yelled out, "You be hearing from us. You are in big trouble!" Of course, we never heard from anybody. Marcel and I passed out 1,600 tracts. Oh, yes, Marcel's story was how many girls thought he was so cute. The Lord uses us in different ways, and we just need to be available. That's all He asks.

In September of 1900, I went to Berkeley, California with Marcel and we passed out 2,000 tracts. We are becoming a good team. Berkeley is a very liberal town, but we had a good day with a lot of witnessing. Thank you Lord, for using us. Later, I went to Reedley, California and handed out 2,400 tracts. If you plant in a field of natural desires, from that (field) you will gather the harvest of death. If you plant in a field of the Holy Spirit, you will gather the harvest of eternal life.

I went to Danville, California with Marcel for the Halloween festival. We walked up and down the main street with booths on both sides. We had many conversations and lots of witnessing moments. The circuit rider outfits attract people so that we can give them the message of the cross. As Paul said, "I will boast only about the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. By His means and accepting the cross, the world is dead to me." In November, we went to the Christmas parade in Sacramento. Marcel and I passed out 4,800 tracts, and it was a great day. The Lord said, "You have received without paying so give without being paid. Go tell the world."

In December of 1999, I went to Morgan Hill, California and passed out 600 tracts. As I was passing out the tracts, some volunteers tried to stop me. Of course, that was not going to happen. Then they called the man in charge of the volunteers. He must have been the leader who could solve all the problems. By this time there was a good crowd around. As the leader approached me, he got right in my face, acting like a Marine drill sergeant. He could see that his threatening posture was getting him no where. He then asked me, "Please, Sir, stop this." Again I said my favorite line, "This is my first amendment right." By this time his people were on all sides of me. He looked straight into my eyes and said, "You're not going anywhere. You are to continue what you're doing." I replied, "You got that right" and went on my way. Just think about this, it was a Christmas parade celebrating the birth of Christ. We live in an upside down world today. Our Lord told us it would always be this way, "Happy are you when people hate you, reject you, insult you, and say that you are evil because of the Son of Man. Be glad when that happens and dance for joy because a great reward is kept for you in heaven." I think back to that second vision when the flame was growing higher and higher, and I seemed to be dancing for joy. Thank you Lord, for keeping me humble and allowing me to serve you.

In March of 2000, I went to Dublin, California for the Saint Patrick's Day parade and passed out 2,000 tracts. Today I started noticing that liberal towns do not even stand up when the flag goes by, which showed their true colors. In April, We went to Oakdale, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. We drove three hours to get there and it rained all the way. When we arrived, we sat in the car for a while and prayed for the rain to stop. Fifteen minutes before the parade started, of course, the rain stopped, and people came out of their cars. The street was jammed packed in few minutes with thousands of people. As I passed out tracts that day, one of my lines was "it doesn't rain on the Lord's parade." We need to remember that. Perfect love is the cross, true worship is in serving Him, and true giving is action. We have been given one great commission: the story of the cross and the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I went to Red Bluff, California for the parade and passed out 2,000 tracts. Today when I went to give a tract to a man, he told me that he has one already in the top drawer of his dresser, and

when it is time to use it, it will be there for him. When I walked away from him, I began to think of all the tracts that people have taken and put away in a safe place for them to use some day. I was happy and sad at the same time. Happy that they have a tool in their home to come to the Lord, but sad because they are waiting. A few more steps later, I gave it to the Lord, because it is all His timing. He knows who will be His and who will not be His. He's in charge, not me. Thank you Lord.

I went to Clovis, California and passed out 2,400 tracts. It was a long ride, but it was worth it. The Lord said, "Those who come to me cannot be My disciples unless they love me more than their selves." He must become more important, and I must become less. We must all carry our own cross to be His servant.


In May of 2000, I went to Willows, California and passed out 1,500 tracts. In the crowd was a 12 year old boy, and I gave him a tract. When he opened it up, he saw the picture of the Lords hand nailed to the cross and the blood of our Savior dripping from His precious body. The young man said, "Oh! How disgusting!" I then said, "That is a picture of Jesus," and he replied, "Who is He?" When people tell me there is no need to do what I am doing on the streets because everybody knows about Jesus, that is a lie from Satan being spread everywhere.

I went to Redding, California and passed out 2,000 tracts on a very hot day. One of my lines on hot days, when the sweat is rolling off me due to all the circuit rider clothing and gear, I tell people, "I am a giant swamp cooler." It disarms them (puts them at ease), they begin to laugh, and of course, they take a tract. Later in the month, I went to Healdsburg, California and passed out 50 tracts. I went to Lakeport, California for the Memorial Day parade and passed out 2,000 tracts. As soon as I started passing them out, a group of people began yelling at me to get out of their town, that I didn't belong there. Of course, that didn't stop me. It just made me stronger. I knew I was in God's hands, and I could feel the strength because I was doing His will.

In June, I went to Dunsmuir, California with Terry and passed out 500 tracts. Just before the parade started, I was sitting on the steps of the church. (I can't believe I want to tell you this story!) I had a little gas problems that day, and when I tried to relieve the little pain in my stomach, I didn't pass gas! Oops! It was the real thing! There was no time to do anything about it. The parade had started, and I had to be there. I kept thinking all the time that I was walking and passing out tracts, if only they knew. I laughed at myself many times during this parade. When the parade was over, I went back to my vehicle. Terry was waiting, and I told her, "We have to go to a gas station right now." On our way to the station, I told her the story. She laughed for a long time, and I couldn't blame her. After I cleaned myself up and put on new underwear, I asked her if we could keep this as our little secret. It was a little embarrassing, but anything for the Lord.

I went to San Leandro, California later in June and passed out 1,200 tracts. It was a long walk, but a good one. Thank you Lord. Later I went to Fremont, California where I passed out 200 tracts, and then Placerville, California where I passed out 2,400 tracts. There were a lot of

1



The Circuit Riders

Who were they? Starting back in 1763 in Baltimore, Maryland, the Circuit Riders were a familiar feature of our American heritage, although today few know about this important and colorful chapter in the history of God's work in our country.

2

These traveling preachers had a simple plan, to bring the good news of the gospel out to the people. This took them into the streets of America. The message of the Circuit Riders of old is the same now as it was then. They knew where their final destination would be. Do you know? Will it be heaven or hell?

Hell

Webster defines hell as the place where unbelievers go after death for torment and eternal punishment.


The Bible describes hell as a place of consuming fire that burns forever and where there is no good, only evil; where God does not exist. It's a place of disorder, with no hope and total despair for all eternity.

Many people today do not believe that hell exists. These same people say Jesus was just a good man. But Jesus spoke of hell many times. Jesus described hell as a very real place, where real people go when they die. His whole mission in life was to help us to avoid this awful place.

Because he was the only man without sin, he became the perfect sacrifice for our sins.

Jesus says, "I tell you the truth, whoever hears my words and believes in me, and The One who sent me has eternal life in heaven and will not suffer the pains of hell."

3



Heaven

Webster defines heaven as the place where God lives; where the saved live after death.

Heaven, like hell, is an actual place. God says when we get there we will be given a perfect, glorious body! No sickness. No disease. It will be a place of rest from all worries. No more tears. We will have complete knowledge and wisdom beyond anything known to earthly man. We will want to serve and worship the Lord forever.

4

No matter what anyone says, you know in your heart and mind there are only two eternal places, heaven and hell. You may think this is unfair, but God made it so simple because He wishes none should go to hell. God has given you free will so you must decide where you will end up. If you are not willing to make the choice of heaven, then you have chosen hell.

But if you want eternal life in heaven you must choose Jesus, for He is the only way. To choose now, say the following from your heart, soul, and mind,

Jesus, I know that I deserve hell because of all of my sins, but I believe you died for my sins. Lead me and teach me now - and for all eternity. I put you in charge of my life..

And now that you have chosen Jesus, God's only Son, whose death on the cross and resurrection from the grave, made it possible for you to have been given the Holy Spirit, which is a guarantee that will last forever.

For you shall walk through the valley of death and fear no evil.

Your Circuit Rider From
Cottonwood, California

In November, we went to the Christmas parade in Sacramento. Marcel and I passed out 4,800 tracts, and it was a great day, The Lord said, "you have received without paying so give without being paid. Go tell the world."

verbal remarks said there, some good, some bad. This was a parade with a western theme. They even had a wagon train that had driven 1,000 miles to get there. A lot of people walking in the streets were dressed in costumes of the early 1800s. Maybe that's why so much conversation was going on between me and them. But I had a remark for everything that was said. It was pretty exhilarating, a lot of fun.

I went to Chico, California and passed out 2,400 tracts in this college town. There was a lot of drinking and a lot of nasty remarks, but that only makes me want to try harder. I went to Willits, California on the Fourth of July and passed out 2,000 tracts. I seem to have met a lot of nice people along this whole parade route. I went to McCloud, California later, and passed out 300 tracts in their very nice parade.

I went to Fortuna, California and passed out 2,500 tracts. Sometimes you don't have the time or energy to finish a parade. You look up the street and see hundreds of people that you will not be able to touch, but I'm never there alone. He instantly comforts me, telling me He is in charge, and when it's time to touch those people, He will do so. He usually gives me a verse. This one was 'Jesus said, "Take My yoke and put it on you and learn from Me. I am gentle and humble in spirit, and you will find rest. For the yoke I give you is easy and the load I put on you is light."

Later in July, I went to Susanville, California and passed out 2,000 tracts with Marcel. We split up the parade route. He went one way, and I went the other. The parade had not started, but as I was walking up the street, I noticed in one of the back parking lots about 30 motorcycles. Of course, I went right to them. Entering the group, I noticed a huge man standing in the midst of the others. I walked right up to him, and he asked, "What are you doing here?" I told him that I was here for him and handed him a tract. At that moment, I got everybody's attention. He hesitated, so I asked him, "Are you afraid of a piece of paper?" The tension grew, and I looked him in the eye. He tried to stare me down, but by this time, everybody was mumbling. You could hear the crowd noise getting louder, and he took the tract. At that moment, I know the time was now, so I didn't hesitate, I walked up to every one of them and gave them a tract. Not one tract hit the ground before they put them in their pockets. They all noticed the hand of the Lord, the spike of pain, and the blood dripping from it. I do not know what the conversation was after I left. Later, as I was walking the parade route passing out tracts, and it was their turn in the parade, something happened. I was facing them as they came down the street revving their bikes, making a lot of noise. The majority of them were looking over at me, staring and revving their engines at the same time. When they passed me, they decided to do a big circle in the street, and they came close to me. I had my back to them and could feel the wind coming from their bikes. At the very moment that they came next to me, they would rev their engines. I was scared, but didn't flinch or turn around. I acted like they weren't even there. I guess in my small mind I was trying to show them that people who belong to the Lord have courage because that is what they respect.

Marcel and I went to MacArthur, California in 2000 and passed out 1,000 tracts. On the parade route, there was a church. All the people in the church seemed excited because we were passing out tracts to their community, but instead of taking the praise, I told them. "I will not be here next year. You need to do this." Some mumbled and did not want to talk anymore. But a few said that they would. I told them, "I will not be here to check on you, but the Lord heard your promise. It will be between you and Him now." Before the parade, I had parked my van on the parade route. The painting on the back of my van is the same one that's on the tract. A woman came up and said, "You have put too much muscle on this painting. You made Christ look like a muscleman. This is wrong. I told her, "The Christ I serve is mighty." Then I asked her. "Wasn't Jesus a carpenter? Of course, He would have muscles." There are Christians who want to keep Jesus in the crib so that they can control him when it serves their purpose. But the Jesus I know is all man and all God. I want to follow, not lead. He must become more important, and I must become less.

Marcel and I went to Nevada City in September and passed out 1,800 tracts. This time we took his family, and they enjoyed the constitutional parade with all its meaning and costumes. On the way home, we visited the largest covered bridge this side of the Mississippi. We stopped at a coffee shop, and I said that I'd buy. Wow! Am I getting old! Four coffees and two hot chocolates cost \$34.00. It's a new world, but it was worth having the family do this together.

I went to Yuba City in September, and passed out 1,400 tracts. In Kelseyville California, I passed out 800 tracts, and in San Anselmo, California, I passed out 600 tracts. I went to Dinuba, California and passed out 2,500 tracts with Sharon. We had great talks there and back, and Sharon got to witness as she was watching the parade. She loved the opportunity that the tract gave her. In Crockett, California I passed out 200 tracts, and in Ukiah, California I passed out 500 tracts. There was very little response from anybody in this very quiet town. I went to Exeter, California and passed out 2,200 tracts.

In Shasta Lake City in 2000 during the Veteran's Day parade, I passed out 800 tracts. I walked by a group of men, and as I was passing one of them whom I recognized as a church leader in the community told the others that were standing by him, "This is the crazy man from Cottonwood that causes more harm than good." As I moved on, my thoughts went to "I'm so glad I stand before God to be judged, not these men."

I went to Yreka, California for the Thanksgiving Day parade and passed out 1,800 tracts. Before the parade started, I was sitting in the parking lot having all kinds of thoughts like should I be doing this? And am I really doing any good? Then as I walked up to the beginning of the parade route, I met an old friend, a Christian brother in Christ. Our conversation turned into encouragement, and I was on my way with joy in my heart. Of course, when I look back at this the Lord's timing is always perfect. Thank you so much, Lord, for being in my life. You provide everything that I need. You mean so much to me, and I am so glad that I will never live without You.

I went to Woodland, California and passed out 2,200 tracts with joy in my heart. I went to Santa

Cruz, California for the last parade of 2000. This is one of the most liberal towns I visit, and I passed out 2,000 tracts.

I went to Davis, California in April 2001. It is a college town, and the parade is put on by the college. They start on the college campus and go through the city. This time I went on the college campus, and nobody stopped me. As I started passing out tracts to a large group of people, this lady started yelling at me that I had no business being on this campus passing out literature. Again when somebody's yelling against me, I seem to pass out more tracts to the people around me. She followed me as I was passing tracts to security policeman. She started talking to them telling them I had no business being there, but they seem to ignore her with all this commotion going on. I walked past two more security people, and it was like they didn't even notice me. Then I walked up to two young ladies who were dressed like they were from the Middle East with their faces were covered, and I told them howdy. They laughed, but they took a tract. I thought how awesome that I could give to Muslim women a tract about Jesus. I finished the parade back in town. I had passed out 1,400 tracts. Thank you Lord, for using me.

I went to Petaluma, California and passed out 2,000 tracts, and to Los Banos, California for a Cinco de Mayo parade where I passed out another 2,000 tracts. At the Cottonwood, California rodeo parade, I passed out 1,400 tracts. I enjoy this parade as this is where I live. I don't mind looking like a fool for my Jesus, and many in this town think just that. But when you have His love in your heart beyond any understanding, you have to share with others.

I went to Santa Rosa, California which seemed to be a liberal town. There were lots of remarks that poked fun at me. However, I know the Spirit who is in me is more powerful than the spirit of those who belong to the world and God's Spirit will always win. I passed out 2,000 tracts. I went to Vacaville, California and passed out 2,400 tracts. Then I went to Williams, California and passed out 400 tracts.

I went again to Minden-Garderville Nevada, my longest parade route. It is over 7 miles long, and I'm getting too old for this. I passed out 2,400 tracts and had a great day. After the last parade here, I didn't think I'd come back, but He wanted me here one more time. How could I refuse Him? I went to a big rodeo parade in Reno, Nevada. All the floats are drawn by horses. No motorized vehicles are in this parade. My costume fits right in, and I get to pass out a lot of tracts to people who come from all over United States to gamble in this city. I like the Isaiah quote "I was found by those who were not looking for me," so on the streets of Reno, I give them Jesus.

In Chico, California, I passed out 2,400 tracts. This is a college town with a lot wisecracks from the young people, but the Lord said, "Declare publicly that you belong to me, and I will do the same for you before my Father in heaven." I went to Greenville, a small town in the Sierras and passed out 600 tracts. I went to Vallejo, California for the 4th of July. I arrived early so I had time to sit before the parade started. I saw the Methodist church across the street and went and sat down on the church steps. I noticed the members seem to be busy setting up a table for coffee and doughnuts and cookies to sell. It's strange to sit there in my outfit and have nobody

asking why I was dressed that way. One member finally came over and said, “What are you doing here?” I told her I was going to pass out some tracts on the parade route which is why I'm dressed like a 1860s circuit rider. She asked, “Do mind if I have one?” I gave her one. She walked away, and the next thing I knew the pastor is standing in front of me. He begins to yell at me, in front of his congregation, that they don't teach that anymore. I asked him what he was talking about, and he said, “What you have on that paper causes people to walk away from the church. It's too demanding, and it scares people. It's filled with hatred, and here we teach love.” I told him, “The cross is love.” We argued back and forth, and then he grabbed and twisted my shirt and told me I could not go out there. We really had a crowd around us then, and I looked right in his eyes. I said, “You take your hands off me now, or I will punch your lights out in front of your congregation.” He let go, and I walked to the street right in front of his church and started passing out tracts. I passed out 2,400 tracts that day. From the beginning of this ministry of being a circuit rider, I have seen so many so-called Christians trying to stop me. All I want to do is to obey the Holy Spirit by telling everyone I can the great commission that He has given us. It saddens my heart to see this, but over and over He gives me peace by telling me it's His problem, not mine.

In Corning, California, Marcel took one side of the street, and I took the other. We passed out over 2,000 tracts. As I came to a group of young people, I noticed they were all dressed in gothic clothing with makeup to match. As I started to pass out tracts among them, one spoke up. He said, “We all worship the devil.” I guess that was to scare me. I responded with a question, “How many people can the devil possess at one time?” They were confused by the question so I answered for them. I told them, “He can only enter into one person at a time.” Then I told them, “The Holy Spirit is in me, and He can enter into to every man, woman, and child on the face of the planet at one time. It is sad to serve such a pitiful spirit as you do. If I were you, I would think twice about who I wanted to serve for all eternity.” I then continued to give a tract to every one of them.

I went to Shasta Lake City for the Veterans Day parade in 2001 and passed out 1,400 tracts. I went to Dublin, California in 2002, and passed out 2,000 tracts. I went to the rodeo parade in Oakdale, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. With this parade, my costume fits right in.

I went to the parade in Red bluff, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. This is the fifth time I've been at this parade, and I think I like it because of all the bars on the parade route. All those who have come to this big rodeo event congregate at these bars drinking and having a good old' time. I disrupt them by giving them Jesus, and oh, how the conversation changes. My favorite quote is “I was found by those who were not looking for me.”

I went to Paradise, California and passed out 750 tracts. It was a really nasty day, with the wind gusting at 20 mph and the rain coming in buckets. Of course, the wind diminished and the rain stopped when the parade started. Thank you Lord. Those few that showed up received the message.

In Bishop, California I passed out 4,000 tracts. I have never passed out this many at one time by

myself. The streets were full of people an hour and a half before the parade started. I learned that the population of the town is about 2,000 people. This event called Mule Days brings 40,000 to 50,000 to the town. When we got to the hotel that evening, we found out our room was four times its normal cost, but it was worth it. I noticed in the parking lot all the different license plates. There were cars and trucks from at least 20 different states. I found out this event brings people from all over the United States. When they register with their animals, one man told me as many as 45 states are represented. I thought of my vision and the luxury ocean liner which represented the United States. I definitely must come back here someday. During the course of the parade route as I was passing out tracts, one lady opened her tract and started yelling and screaming. She walked up to me, and threw it in my face. I picked it up, and when I lifted my head, I saw hundreds of people raising their hands asking for me to give them this great message. I couldn't pass them out fast enough. What a great, great day! Thank you, Lord.

I went to Elk Grove, California in 2002 and passed out 2,000 tracts. I enjoyed the day very much. Before I went on the parade route and when I was putting on my outfit in a parking lot, two men approached me wearing varying colorful outfits. I thought at first they were going to be in the parade, but when they started talking to me their accent was South African. Of course, when I handed them a tract, they read it quickly, and then they told me they were missionaries from South Africa coming here to this country to preach the gospel. A conversation went to a lot of different areas quickly even though I did not have much time. The parade was starting in five minutes. I told them many of the Christian churches in this country have become dead, and they told me that's why they're here. God had put it on their hearts that we needed a rebirth of the gospel message in this country. They asked if they could pray for me, and of course, I said. "Yes." When the prayer was over, they gave me a big hug, and I felt the embrace was not superficial. They really meant it as encouragement. It was we are working together, and God loves you. Someone asked me the other day, "How do you explain not needing to go to a church every Sunday?" I knew the intent of his question was the verse in the bible that says do not give up meeting together. For me the answer is simple, and I believe it's for the few and not the many. In my second vision I was told to get away from the church building and to walk up the mountain. So the reason I'm not attending a church at this moment is I believe I'm obeying God. When I was walking around on top of the mountain, I was next to the flame that was getting taller.

In Lodi, California I passed out 4,000 tracts with Marcel. In one part of the town there are lots of different gangs. By now they are easy to handle, and every one of them received a tract. The Bible urges us to preach the message, and to insist upon proclaiming it whether the time is right or not. In Reedley, California in October 2002, I passed out 2,600 tracts. In all the towns that I go to, this town probably has the nicest and polite people I meet. I went to Sequoia National Park and passed out 50 tracts in the parking lot wearing my outfit. We went there because Reedley was only a few miles away. In Sacramento at the Christmas parade, I passed out 2,500 tracts. I also went to San Ramon in December 2002 and passed out 500 tracts. Later I went to Pleasant, California and passed out 1,500 tracts. This was a really liberal town, and several people along the parade route yelled and screamed that I had no business in their town doing this.

Early in 2003, I went to Clovis, California for my first parade of the year. It was a very long drive but it was worth it. I passed out 2,400 tracts. I just wish I was not so lazy. Many times the Lord gives me the destination, a place to go, and then my mind starts to look for excuses not to go. I do eventually go, and when I arrive and start passing out tracts, that peace that is beyond understands overwhelms me. I find I love being in that place. I went to Sonora, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. Thank you Lord! I pray to the Lord to make me worthy of the life He has called me to live and to complete what He has given me. In this way the name of the Lord Jesus Christ will receive the glory.

I went to Fairfield, California on the 4th of July and passed out 2,000 tracts. In Fortuna, California I passed out 2,000 tracts. I never seem to have enough time to finish this parade, but I try my best. I know whoever God wanted me to touch today stood in front of me with their hands reaching out to grab the truth. In Portola, California I passed out 500 tracts. This is another town where several people told me to get out of their town. I guess it will never change. We are like a sweet smelling fragrance to those who were saved, but awful stench (stink) to those who are lost and will never be found.

I went to Arcata, California in 2003, and thousands of people were at this parade and in the town square. It was an event with many booths and a festive atmosphere., and I passed out 300 tracts. This is a college town on the coast that is very, very liberal, and I soon found out how evil it was. As I was walking to the town square, a lady who was passing by looked up at me. She was all bent over, and she said. "You, holy man. Why you come here?" I looked down at her, and she looked scary to me. I said. "You are demon possessed, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I rebuke you." She cringed and walked away. When I arrived at the town square, the parade had not started yet. I noticed a group of young man on the other side of the street and walked over to them. They were all smoking marijuana and drinking. I walked up and started passing out tracts, but not many would take one. Then they all looked up at the same time at me, but I soon realized that it wasn't me that they were looking at. There were about 10 policemen coming right at us, and yes, I was standing in the middle of them. The police went right by me and started talking to those who were smoking the dope. The police told them today because of the festival you must take your beer and drink it in the square today. I could not believe what I was hearing. They all started going back to the square peacefully. At that point I thought I was in another world. I stopped one of the policemen and asked him, "Do you know what they're doing?" He said. "Yes, but in this town we do not arrest anybody smoking marijuana, Captain's orders." He said. I knew this town may be the worst town I'd ever been in. As the afternoon went by, I continued to try to pass tracts out, but had many refusals. I kept hearing over and over, "We can't take that paper from you. Someone cut down a tree to make that paper." I was losing patience, so my reply started to be, "When you go to the bathroom, what do you use, an old corncob?" At that point I needed to pray so I did. Then I tried to relax, and do what I can for the lord. Before I left that day, someone told me that once a year all the witches in the town gather at the town square offering up this town to their god Satan. I didn't know that places like this existed in. the United States. As a circuit rider, I have grown in so many ways. My eyes are open, and my heart belongs to Jesus. I can't wait to go home to be with Him forever.

I went to Palo Cedro, California and passed out 50 tracts. Later I went to Montague, California and passed out 300 tracts. Montague is such very small town that everybody took a tract. I went to Carson City, Nevada in 2003 and passed out 5,000 tracts. My son Jason came along and helped me that day. On the way there, we went through a snowstorm. It was quite a ride! A few times, we could not see the road, but we got there safely. The people love this parade, and they come out by the tens of thousands no matter what the conditions are.

In March of 2004, I went to Dublin, California for Saint Patrick's Day and passed out 2,000 tracts during the parade. True and perfect love is the cross. In Colusa, California there was a small parade, and I passed out 300 tracts. I went to Davis, California and passed out 1,000 tracts. After the parade, I was in an area where there were frat houses and sorority houses. I crashed all the parties, passed out tracts, and witnessed to a lot of young people. The bad part was that it was only 11:00 A.M., and they were all drinking pretty heavy. I got in and out quickly, knowing my conversation will not be remembered. I was able to put tracts in their hands, and when they put it in their pocket, I knew they would read it in the next few days. I prayed it would touch their hearts and minds.

Paradise, California had a good parade, and I passed out 2,000 tracts. Sometimes I think how I'm giving these people a fiery message with the option that if you do not choose Jesus, then you've chosen hell. This message that God has given me is the truth. It is a message that people don't want to hear but they read it. 80% of the people that receive this tract, read it. I've had several people at different times, follow me and that's what they tell me, and less than 1% of these tracts end up on the ground. Thank you, Lord, for allowing me to be a messenger.

In Shasta Lake City, I passed out 600 tracts. A lot of good ole boys live in this town, and I like its character. Cottonwood, California is where I live and have my business. I passed out 1,200 tracts even though many in this town think I'm a little crazy. If they only knew I was offering them the gift of life through my Lord Jesus Christ.

In 2004, I went to Gridley California, a great little town, and passed out 1,000 tracts. Vacaville, California had a big parade and I passed out 2,000 tracts. In Shingle town, California I passed out 400 tracts. This was a festival with booths lining a side street. As I was walking from booth to booth, one of the organizers came up and told me I had no business being there. She started screaming and telling me to leave. I was not in the mood to argue with her at that point since I had given everybody that was there a tract. I looked up right behind where she was standing, and there was a 60 foot totem pole. Talk about false gods, there it was. I walked back to the main road where the street ends passed out tracts for the next hour. This is a very small community, and not a lot of people showed up.

In Chico California, I passed out 2,400 tracts. As I was passing out them out, I found myself in a large group of people that were heckling me, but that didn't bother me. I was finished with that area so I wanted to walk through them to get to the street on the other side of the parking lot. At the very moment a young man crumbled up his tract and threw it in my face. Then he thought I was coming after him, so he started running away from me. I was just taking a shortcut through

the parking lot. I kind of laughed inside thinking he was running away from this old man, and I do mean old. I got to the other street enjoying every moment of this experience.

I went to Chester, California for the 4th of July parade in 2004. This is a huge area for outdoor recreation, and people from all over California come here on vacation. It was a good day. I went to Gold Beach, Oregon on a family vacation. One morning, I put on my outfit walked through town and passed out 50 tracts. I went to Quincy, California where I had a good time. There are a lot of nice people in this town, and I passed out 1,200 tracts.

I went to the parade in Carson, City Nevada. There were huge numbers of people lining the streets. Someday I would like to do this parade with four people so that He can touch everyone. I passed out 2,400 tracts. I went to the big parade in Woodland, California and passed out 2,400 tracts. This town is growing every year. This is my last parade of 2004, but I'll be back if the Lord wants me to.

I went to the Red Bluff Round Up parade in 2005. It was rodeo time again, and I passed out 2,000 tracts. Who says you can't have fun doing the Lord's work? I went to Elk Grove, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. Paul urges us to preach the message whether the time is right or not. He says all of us who are Christians are to proclaim this message that Jesus died for our sins. I went to Orville, California and passed out 2,100 tracts. In Redding, California I went to the cowboy parade. It was rodeo time, and I passed out 2,200 tracts. I went to Lakeport, California for the Memorial Day parade. Lakeport is a liberal town, but that doesn't bother me. They need to hear the message. The Lord is sending us out like sheep among the pack wolves.

I went to Sparks, Nevada with Jason and Marcel, and we passed out 2,300 tracts. They told me they were watching me walk through the crowd like I belong there. They could see how God has His hand on me. They said people in the crowd act like they can't wait to get what you're passing out. Thank you for blessing me, Lord. I told the boys, "It's prayer. I pray, dear Lord. Show me the people You want to touch today, put them in front of me, and have them raise their hands to receive the words You want to give them. That's why it looks so easy. He has already prepared the path I'm walking. The Holy Spirit leads. And I follow. If I stumble, He always picks me up." If I have not said it before every parade and every event, I pray days, sometimes weeks before the event, I go humbly and finish with victory, and the victory is completely His. I must become less, and He must become more.

I went to Willows, California and passed out 100 tracts. I went with my sister Sharon to Dinuba, California and we passed out 2,100 tracts and had great conversation. In Selma, California I passed out 1,500 tracts. I went to Sacramento with Jason and Chris and Marcel, and we passed out 4,000 tracts. In Manteca, California I passed out 2,000 tracts, and in Lodi, California at the Christmas parade, I passed out 2,400 tracts.

I went to Livermore, California for another Christmas parade and passed out 1,000 tracts. This was a light parade, and on the parade route, I got to an area where there were no people. I was trying to get more tracts out of my saddle bags, and they flipped upside down. About 700 tracts fell on the ground. It was very windy that night, and as soon as the tract's hit the ground, I just

knew what a mess it would be and that I was going to lose most of the tracts. I remember calling out to the Lord for help, and when I looked down and saw that the tracts hadn't blown away yet, I bent down to pick them up as fast as I could. Then I noticed there were six more hands helping me pick up the tracts as fast as we could. Not one tract blew away, and when I stood up, the three young men who helped me pick up the tracts handed the rest of them to me. I grabbed all the tracts they gave me, and put them back into the saddle bags. When I lifted my head to say, thank you to the three young men, they were gone. Just before this happened, there seemed to be nobody within 100 feet, and afterwards, there was nobody within 100 feet of me in either direction. Could they have been? I will never know for sure, but I think they were angels from the Lord. He has taken care of me so many times. I pray Lord, make me worthy of this life that You have called me to live, to be filled by His power to do what He has given me to do. In this way the name of the Lord Jesus Christ will receive glory, and it's because of the grace You have given me. 2005 was a good year, and I can't wait for spring to arrive.

In 2006, at Oakdale, California I passed out 2,100 tracts. I always enjoy this parade. I went to Sonora, California with my sister and we passed out 2,500 tracts. I had a great time, but it was a very warm day. I was about 2/3 of the way through the parade when my body felt like it was falling apart although my mind and heart wanted to push on. When I finished passing out all the tracts that I carried, I made my way back to the vehicle. My sister Sharon was there, and I almost collapsed from heat exhaustion. When we took off my shirt, you could ring it out and fill a water glass. I knew that what I had done today, and so many times before. I was trying to save the world which has already been done. My cross is to finish the job He gave to me, because my cross is much easier to bear. I pray, Lord, that I finally learn to listen to you, and not to me. Jesus says, "Take my yoke and put it on you. Learn from me. I am gentle and humble in spirit, and you will find rest. The yoke I will give you is easy, and the load I will put on you is light."

I went to Reno, Nevada with Chris, and we had a good time. When I go to this town, I always feel like I'm touching people throughout the United States. Carson City, Nevada has an amazing parade, and I passed out 2,000 tracts. Every casino on the strip brings out their portable bars, and many people say a lot of nasty remarks to me. One that kept coming up here was, "Don't bother giving me that. I can't read." Everyone around that individual would laugh, and I would return their comment with one of my own saying, "God loves people who can't read or write. That's why there's a picture in here just for you, unless you're afraid to take this little piece of paper." At that point all eyes are on this individual, and nobody has ever refused taking a tract at this moment. Of course, when the one who 'can't read' takes one, everyone around him takes one because their lead man failed in the war of words. In November, I went to Sacramento, California for the Thanksgiving Day parade with Chris and Jason, and we passed out 4,000 tracts.

I started off the new year of 2007 in Red Bluff, California. I enjoyed this cowboy parade and passed out 1,400 tracts. I went to Paradise, California where there was a large crowd. It was a beautiful day, and I passed out 2,100 tracts.

In Cottonwood, California, my hometown, I passed out 1,200 tracts. Someone in the crowd said

that I must be on fire for the Lord. It made me think about an old pastor in the 1800s who once said, "The definition of fire is love. It is faith. It is hope. It is passion, purpose, determination. It is utter devotion. It is divine discontent with formality, ceremonialism, lukewarmness, indifference. It is God, the Holy Spirit burning in and through a humble, holy, faithful person, a risk taker." He went on to say, "Isn't that the normal Christian life? Haven't we been deceived thinking that anyone like this is a religious relic and will not be at home in the average church or community? Haven't we been deceived into thinking that the individual who's filled with love of God and is on fire for God, is really a bit odd, and that the rest of us are normal Christians? This deception spread by the evil one, which has led thousands into lukewarmness must bring grief to the heart of God. It is my conviction that the spirit filled life that a man or woman on fire should be a normal Christian life." When I think back in the 1800s when this man said this, what would he say today instead of thousands, the word may be millions. The Lord has always had His remnant choosing to do his will. So I will continue my service as a worship song to the Lord.

In Gridley, California I passed out 1,100 tracts. The Spirit that is in me is more powerful than the spirit of this world. That is why I must obey Him because He will win the battle of good and evil. In Chester, California at the 4th of July parade I passed out 2,100 tracts. In Woodland, California, I went with my friend Jim to the Christmas parade, and we passed out 3,200 tracts. He loves doing this, and I hope he can help me more often.

In 2008, I began getting ready to go back to Ohio to start my 1,000 cities for the Lord, but first we made a family trip to Petaluma, California. Chris, Jason, and Marcel all helped me that day, and we passed out 3,100 tracts. In May of 2008, my friend Jim and I went to Redding California, and we passed out 3,000 tracts. I am so glad he was there that day, because the temperature was 108 degrees. When we got back in the vehicle, we took cold towels, put them on our heads, and turned on the air conditioner. Thank the Lord for using us.

In the winter of 2007, I began thinking about a gift I could present to the Lord. I had a routine every evening where I would go to the sauna, read scripture, and then take a cold bath. During this time in my life I had more problems in my marriage which made me need His help even more, and I know He's always there when we need Him. I see Him as Lord of lords, Head of the church, and the Rock. He is the Alpha and Omega, the great Teacher, Light of the world, and my Redeemer.

But at this time, I needed a comforter, someone to give me direction and to give me that inner peace and strength to go forward, and over the next few weeks, He began to give me just that. I was looking forward each and every day to enter that place with him. I can remember closing the door of the sauna, and He was there for me. No one on this earth has ever loved me as much as He has, and I just wanted to give him something back. I know He is God, the Creator of all things, so how can you give Him something? Then my mind lit up, and I knew I could give him obedience.

At that moment, my mind went back to four months ago when I was talking to my friend Jim. He was telling me that I was a great guy for being a circuit rider, going to these parades and events. I remember at that moment I told him I'm not that great if the Lord would ask me to go to the coast, driving three and a half hours, to give somebody a tract, I probably wouldn't go take that trip. I'd want to pass out at least 1,000 tracts if I went, but then my mind went back to giving Him obedience. My next thought I said out loud, "I will give you 1,000 cities, Lord." My heart at that moment said yes, but my mind was questioning what I just said.

For the next few weeks I began to research where could I find 1,000 cities in a 300 mile radius, and I started looking at the map. Before I knew it, I was mentally traveling all the way back to the Midwest, back to Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan to find the number of cities I needed. I remember drawing a circle on the map, and there they were. Then there came a peace over me. I can remember saying this is crazy, but if this is what. You want, Lord, I will do it. Then I started thinking about quitting my job. I was an insurance agent, a one man office with fantastic hours and weekends off. I made good money so why would I quit? I was 60 years old and thinking maybe in two years I could retire, but that thought did not bring me any peace. After praying, and I mean a lot of prayer, I remember saying out loud, "For you Lord, I will obey, and You will provide what I need. It was now January 2008, and I had made a commitment to retire in June. I told the Lord, if this is not what You wanted; please stop me at any time. Of course, He did not stop me, so I knew I could give this gift to the Lord.

I started making a list, and at times, it seemed overwhelming. However, I would remember I can give Him a gift, and nothing is going to get in my way. I bought an RV and painted it like my van. The first time I drove it after it was painted, I felt like I was driving around with a giant billboard honoring the Lord. On one side you would see the words "Heaven or hell your choice," and a giant cross from top to bottom. On the cross was written words that said "Messiah, Savior." The front of the RV said "JESUS IS LORD" in big letters, and the whole back of the RV had the picture of the hand of the Lord with the spike going through it and the blood dripping from it and the words "He poured out His blood for your sins." All the lettering



I bought an RV
The first time I drove it after it was painted,
I felt like I was driving around
with a giant billboard honoring the Lord.

on the vehicle could be seen 200 feet away. Then I ordered 40,000 tracts just to take on this trip. Everyone thought I was crazy, but I found this little saying, “Becoming a child of God will cost you nothing, but becoming a disciple will cost you everything. I had doubts in what I was doing, things like spending money that I normally don’t spend, but the more I prepared for this event, the more peace beyond understanding. He gave to me. There seemed to be a war going on in my brain: was I a man controlled by the world, or when I surrendered my life to Him, could I be truly His servant bowing to His commands?

My new direction was becoming complicated, but I knew God could help me. When I looked again at the map, I tried putting routes together that would cover all the cities in that 300 mile radius. This seemed impossible and way too hard to figure out. Then I remembered when you give your life to Christ, the cross you bear will be easy compared to the world's cross. In prayer, He gave me an idea that a county fair would be something to look at, yes, every city in that county will end up going to the county fair, and that's where I needed to be. I will be there in my outfit passing out tracts, but that put another question on my list is this illegal? So I called the Alliance Defense Fund, a Christian group of lawyers. The answer I received from the phone call was yes, it is legal. It's a first amendment right to pass out literature. This mapping now became very easy, and I found out all the dates of the county fairs and what cities they were held in. This took a couple weeks, and I was ready to go. I quit my job, with my notes, it was full steam ahead.

Two weeks before I left to go back to Ohio, my county had a fair. What a great place to start! I dressed up in my outfit and was raring to go. After arriving at the fair, I found a place to pass out tracts, and was there for about an hour with lots of conversation about the Lord. I passed out a 400 tracts. Then the manager of the fair came up to me and told me I had to leave the premises. Of course, I told her no I don't have to, because I have a first amendment right to do this. My lawyers had assured me that what I was doing was legal. She turned around and brought back three police officers. They told me you can go quietly and we will escort you out, or we can take you to jail. Faced with that alternative, I left, and they escorted me all the way to my car. As soon as I got home, I called ADF they asked questions about what had happened. Did I block anybody's right away? How loud was I? They asked me to draw a map where I was standing on and off the sidewalk, with a diagram giving them the dimensions in feet. Just before I hung up, they said they would get back to me, and I was under the impression that there was going to be a lawsuit.

It was time to go, but I hadn't heard back from the lawyers. I trusted my God and said “Here we come, Ohio. Ready or not.” I was pretty excited on my first day on the road. I had planned to spend the nights in Walmart parking lots to keep my costs down for the trip. It only took two nights to realize there were so many people driving by, yelling out obscenities and honking their horns. I even had firecrackers thrown under my RV, and it was getting to be a bit much. I wasn't getting very much sleep that way so I decided to start to spend my nights in the church's parking lot most nights. It worked out fine with just a few incidents that made for long nights. By the fourth night, I was in Illinois where I received a phone call from ADF. They told in their research, they learned that you could not pass out literature at a state fair unless you had a booth and stayed within 10 feet of it. This law was passed by Congress, and it covers the whole United

States. My emotions at this moment were all over the place, mad, angry and upset. Here I am without a job, sitting in a parking lot over 1,000 miles from home. Boy, did I go to prayer. After all the tears, words came, "God is in this from the beginning to the end. You've come this far, you can't quit."

The next day He did not take long to show me that He was still with me in this mission that He had sent me out to do. When I was driving through the Chicago area, I was on a freeway in six lanes of traffic. I noticed on my right hand side there seem to be toll booths, but there were no signs showing me to go through the toll booths. I was in the far left lane going about 70 miles an hour at this point, and I couldn't get across four lanes to get to the toll booths. At this point I was confused, but straight ahead seem to be the direction that I needed to go. All of a sudden, my GPS starting telling me that I needed to make a left turn. I said "No way! I'm on a freeway!" The freeway signs were pointing straight ahead for my destination, but the GPS kept repeating turn left (around). I finally gave in and exited the freeway. The next thing I know, the GPS got me back on the freeway heading in the direction I just came from with same scenario, six lanes of traffic. I was in one of the far left lanes, so there was no way I could get over in time for the toll booth on that side, which again had no warning, no signs about the toll booth. Everybody was going 70 miles an hour, and I'm beginning to think something's wrong. As soon as I could, I got off the freeway, got back on, and started going back in the direction of Ohio. This time I stayed in the far right lane, but there were still no signs for the toll booth. This time when I got to that first toll booth I had passed earlier, I pulled into the toll booth and told the man what I had done. He told me that I needed to get on the Internet and send them the money. I asked him, "Can I give it to you," but he said, "No," recommending that I do this soon. After leaving him, I got back on the freeway. When I came to the place where the GPS had told me to turn left, it never said a word this time. It just pointed me in the direction of Ohio. That evening I called Chris and told him to get on the Internet and help me out of this jam. He went to the site that the man recommended and told me, "Dad, you're on here twice in violations. If you pay now, it will cost you \$2.40, and the violations will be cleared. If you wait 48 hours, your fine will be \$240." At that moment, I knew God used the GPS to show me He is still in charge no matter what this world throws at you. God's will be done on earth or in heaven. Nothing can stop my God. P. S. If anyone would look into this toll situation, they would see the millions of dollars Chicago makes off of tourist every year. The way it's set up, first time people going through, I would say 80%, will miss the tollbooth.

Well, I finally made it to Ohio and my first county fair. I found a place between two exhibit buildings, and I sat there for two days passed out 500 tracts and trying to keep a low profile. For two days I talked to a lot of people about the Lord and encouraged others to be bold for Christ. One of the buildings I was near was a 4H center. God kept putting thoughts in my mind about these young Future Farmers of America and 4H members, and when I walked through their center, I noticed that every city in the county was represented. This is who I needed to give the tracts to. This way I knew I would touch all the cities and towns in the county. Thank you, Lord, for making my job easier. So for the next fair I got dressed up and went through all of the 4H buildings, passing out tracts to everyone, even judges. There went my low profile. When I had finished the last building, I had six fair security guards surrounding me, looking at me like I was

some kind of freak. When I told them I was from California, that's all it took, and they escorted me out, telling me if I came back, they would call the police. As I drove down the road, I was overwhelmed with despair. I stopped the vehicle and went to prayer. The Lord gave me my answer right there, He was saying in my mind, "Takeoff your hat, take off the coat; get rid of the saddlebags and the leggings" I did so, and as I sat there, I realized He did not tell me to take off my vest. As I began looking at myself, I realized that I looked like one of the 4H or FFA judges. At that moment, I remembered it wasn't about me and my ability to talk to anyone, or to be bold, or even to stand out in a crowd in my outfit. It was all about Him, about His message, and how they would receive it from a circuit rider from Cottonwood, California. It was written at the end of the tract the impact would be there for these young 4H and FFA members.

Many times I would leave the tract on or in their equipment box where they stored all their gear, or on the chairs where they would sit by their animals. I started doing one fair after another with no hassle from anyone. I finally caught up to God's plan for His 1,000 cities and knew now what I must do. I had seen the light at the end of the tunnel. I was going to be able to give Him His gift.

During the next few months, I began to have a routine. I would get up about 6:00 a.m., go to the county fair go through the 4H / FFA entrance, and pass out all my tracts for the day. When I was done, I would go on to the next city where the county fair was held. About 90% of the time, I would be able to find a Wal-Mart to park in a place where the traffic came in and out. This way they could read and see my RV. I knew as I sat there for about five hours a day I was touching a great number of people in that town since this was the hub of the town. Some people would ride by yell and scream obscenities, while others would stop take pictures of the RV. I knew that in my downtime, God was using the RV to spread His message of salvation. Then about 3:00 p.m., I would find a church close to the county fair and knock on the door to ask permission to spend the evening in their parking lot. Most would say yes, although a few would say no. What was amazing was that only a few asked me what I was doing. It was though they were too busy with what they had to do instead of talking to an old man from California with an RV looking like a billboard for the glory of God. I realized that this was the Lord's way to keep me humble and to keep my focus on Him because this gift was for Him. He must become more important, and I must become less. Giving must come from a servant's heart.

I could tell you many stories that happened to me. One in particular I would like to share with you happened at night. Most of the evenings and nights I would spend in a church parking lot. It was a free place to stay, and I would feel secure. One night after I had fallen asleep, loud music woke me up I looked out and there was this individual pacing back and forth, not coming toward me, but pacing like a madman. He had opened both doors on his car, and his stereo was so loud it felt like my RV was shaking. I started listening to the lyrics of the song. I would not want to repeat them, because these lyrics were like a satanic rap. It said horrible things about the cross, sticking it in places too horrible to mention. It was like the ugliness of Satan himself, and I thought any minute now something horrible was about to happen. Then I realized he was not walking toward me, back and forth. It was like something was keeping him away, and he couldn't cross a line. My Lord God was there with His mighty angels, protecting me. "We do not

war against flesh and blood, but against principalities and spirits” In Him, there is victory. He will defeat his enemies and the victory shall be His.

After months away from home, I was losing my drive to finish my mission. I wanted to get home to renew my strength and come back next year to finish. I looked at my schedule and saw that there were 10 more county fairs back to back. I wanted to do this before I left, and one of them was in my old hometown where I was born Monroe, Michigan. I spent two days there before doing the fair and stayed with my cousin Linda. This seemed to give me a new energy to finish my job. As we drove around, I saw many things I remembered which seemed to surprise Linda. I realized some things never change, and other things don't last forever. After this, I was refreshed and was anxious to go and finish my job. Off I went to finish the remaining county fairs.

When I finished the last county fair in Ohio, I added up the number of cities I'd given to the Lord on this trip. It was 664, and I began thinking 2/3 completed. This is good, it was a good start, and it was time to go home.

I started the trip home, but on the second day I had trouble with my transmission and pulled into a gas station. The town I was in had no repair shop for my vehicle. Somehow I managed to get back on the freeway, and it didn't take long before I was going the speed limit. I really wanted to get home, and I had 1500 miles to go. I started praying, “Dear Lord, take me as far as You can. I put you in charge Lord, and when I can't go any further, it will be a place where you can use me and fix my vehicle.” That day the Lord guided me all the way, driving 14 hours with no reverse and very slow going up and over the Rockies. I felt like a miracle on wheels. I pulled into a huge truck stop where they had mechanics, plus food and lodging. When I turned off the vehicle, I said to myself, if it does not start tomorrow morning, I'm in the right place. I had a small dinner and fell right to sleep. I was exhausted, and before I knew it, it was 4 a.m. All I could think about was getting home. I thought maybe I can drive another 14 hours and sleep in my bed tonight. I prayed, and the vehicle started up. I put in the drive, and away we went.

About 50 miles before Salt Lake City, there's a huge mountain pass to go over. To make a long story short, by the time I got to the top of the mountain, I was going only 10 miles an hour, and I had it floored with the emergency lights flashing. Big rigs drove by me like I was standing still. I got to the top of the pass, and it was all downhill all the way to Salt Lake City. I kept thinking that the way this RV is painted, it's gonna be a great witness in Mormon country. I stopped for gas, and the vehicle still wanted to go forward. I said, “Ok, Lord, let's get home.” I am now about three-quarters of the way through the salt flats. I knew there was another mountain pass coming up. I pulled over to the side of the road, kept the engine running, and went to the bathroom. I got back in the driver's seat, put it into drive, and for the next 5 miles I couldn't go more than 20 miles an hour. I prayed all the way, “Dear Lord, is this where I stop?” Of course, for some reason I kept thinking, keep going, but then I looked at my rearview mirror and saw black smoke was pouring out of the RV. He put no doubt in my mind that this is the town, the place I was to stop. I pulled into a gas station and asked them, “Is there a transmission shop in town,” and their reply was, “Only one.”

When I arrived at the shop, the building next to it was a strip club, and there's no need to tell you I was now in constant prayer, looking for direction on what to do next. I learned that because it was Saturday morning the mechanic didn't show up till 10:00 a.m. I parked my vehicle in front of the strip club, causing a contrast in views, posters for the strippers and the hand of the Lord. You've got to love it. When the transmission shop opened, the transmission mechanic started up the vehicle, and the first thing out of his mouth was, "How did you even get here? The transmission is fried!" Then the boss showed up, and when he saw the vehicle, the first thing out his mouth was, "What in the hell is this?" He was reading and looking at all the painting on the RV. I began to think this must be the place, Lord. The mechanic said they couldn't get to it till Monday, so they took me to the nearest hotel which normally would cost \$30.00 a night. Since this was speed week at the Bonnie View Salt Flats, it was \$100 a night, and it was the only room left in town.

Well, Monday rolled around, and they started to get into the transmission thinking they can change some parts, fix it for me to get me on my way. When they opened it up, there was nothing left to salvage, because it was completely destroyed. Who's in charge? I just drove over 1,000 miles through Wyoming and over the Rockies with the transmission completely destroyed. We got on the phone, made some calls, and the bad news started to come in. It was going to cost \$7,000! I thought I was going to go crazy, but God controlled my anger. The RV was a VW with the special type of transmission. When I said ok, they told me it would be another three to four days for delivery, and another three or four days before they could fix it. Plus, I was staying in a \$100 a day hotel room. They pulled the RV into one of their stalls, and they had to look at all the sayings of heaven and hell and the beautiful picture of the Lord dying on the cross for our sins every day. I tried to think, "Ok, this is it," but I did not have that peace. After I had been there six days, He told me to give Him one more day, and I was going crazy. The next morning, I got up and gathered my tracts. Everyone in front of me that day received the message. When I was done, the peace overwhelmed me. When I pulled out of that town, I knew God had chosen it, and in spite of me, He used it for His glory.

After getting home, I went to the Thanksgiving parade in Yreka, California with Chris. We passed out 1,000 tracts. Instead of going straight home after the parade, we stopped on a country road next to Mount Shasta, and when looking up at the mountain, we felt we could almost reach out and touch it. I surprised Chris by bringing a bottle of wine and some good food. We had a really nice afternoon, and it's a great feeling to share the Lord with your son. I enjoyed the day completely.

In 2009, I went to Oakdale, California in and passed out 2,200 tracts. This is always a big parade. Jesus said, "Take my yoke and put it on. You will learn from me because I am gentle and humble in spirit. You will find rest, for the yoke I will give you is easy and the load I put on you is light." From the very beginning when I gave my life to him, and I look back at all the things He had me do I know now this is a true statement.

I went to Oroville, California, and passed out 1,500 tracts. When I walk the parade route in this

town, I noticed the majority of people here seem to be in my eyes the hardcore type of people, but Jesus died for everybody. My judgment means nothing while His love means everything. Even though they may look hard core, I am always treated with respect in this town. I went to Vacaville, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. Thank you, Lord, for allowing me to be used by you.

In June of 2009 it was time for me to finish my 1,000 cities, a gift for Him. Again I mapped out an easy route. This time I was going to go to Iowa, and after making a big loop in Iowa, I was going to hit some fairs in Nebraska on my way home. I only needed 336 cities. On the way to Iowa, I had just come through Salt Lake City and had started to look at the mountains I came across before. I wondered, "How did I ever get from Nebraska to Nevada with the transmission in the shape it was in?" When I crossed the Rockies, I knew how big this miracle was. So many times when God does his miracles, we all remember them for a short period of time. We must always remember there are no boundaries for God. He is the Creator of all things, and if it's His will, nothing in the whole universe can get in His way.

When I arrived in Iowa, the fairs that I have lined up seem to fall apart more often than not. I would arrive at fair, only to hear the manager tell me they postponed for another week. Other fairs when I arrived they started a week early, and they were already done. After this happened several times, I began to see I wasn't going to get my cities, but I did the best I could. When I finished my trip, I only got to 171 cities. I knew God was in charge, and that He had something else in store for me. My gift to Him was not over.

I went to Willits, California for the 4th of July parade. It was the weekend, and we stayed at Terry's brother's house for a family reunion. Marcel and Luke were there, and we dressed up in our circuit rider outfits. What a way to witness to your in-laws! It was a short drive from Clear Lake to Willits. This was Luke's first parade as a circuit rider. He is a young man who is not afraid to tell the world that Jesus is his Lord, and his actions performed that day spoke very loudly as a witness. Oh yes, we passed out 2,400 tracts.

In August of 2009, the Holy Spirit started guiding my thoughts to finishing the 1,000 cities. I did not know if I had enough energy to go back east again, so I started looking to nearby Oregon. When I gathered the information on county fairs, the idea jumped out and seemed like a piece of cake, that this was going to be easy. I thought I would circle the whole state in three days, getting to 165 cities which is all I needed, and away I went. I thought back then that I didn't have enough energy to go back east, but 1,700 miles and three days? I got to be crazy, but you know what He gave me? He gave me the energy, and this old man did it for Him and because of Him. After three days I arrived home exhausted, and I felt like I had accomplished my mission.

However, when I sat down and started adding up my cities, I was one short. What does this mean? Instantly I thought back to my friend Jim and when I told him that I would not go to the coast for God just to pass out a few tracts. I went to prayer, and it didn't take long for Him to give me an answer. He gave me the numbers 3 and 33. I started to realize that this gift would not be complete until I went to the coast for God to pass out only a few tracts. I couldn't wait to get

started, not only was I going to be able to give my Lord a gift, He was going to teach me a valuable lesson in loving Jesus.

The Lord wants us to love him each and every day like a first love. A first love in a worldly sense is when you meet that someone, and he or she is always on your mind day and night. When you are pulled by passion and desire to be with that person, nothing seems to get in the way, not even the world around you can distract your thoughts from this person. You want to spend the rest of your life with them. That's what Jesus wants. He wants us to love him in that way. Most of us had that same feeling the moment the Holy Spirit entered into us, and over a period of time, our love for Him becomes lukewarm. When the passion turned into a long-term commitment, no longer did we sit at His feet to listen to every word He had to say, but started our own agendas with all the right intentions. We give Him things that He wasn't even asking for. All He wanted from me was to go to the coast and pass out a few tracts. I began remembering the scripture that says the yoke He gives us is easier than the yoke we would get from the world. His path has always been simple, not complex: the choice of heaven or hell, good or evil. The beauty of God is that He gives us a choice. There is a simple way to make these choices. Jesus must become more, and we must become less.

So off to the coast we went. My wife Terry came with me, and she is good company on a long drive. We found our city on the map, and upon arriving, we saw the town very small. We drove up and down the streets, giving a tract to anyone we saw. We drove through the city, down every street three times. We spent about three hours, and we passed out 28 tracts. This felt so good, and when we were done, we went to the ocean to have our lunch and to give Him thanks and praise. As for the lesson, I learned that whatever He wants I must do, anything less will not honor Him.

After the 1,000th city, I went to the big parade in Carson City Nevada with my son Chris, and this time we passed out over 4,000 tracts. I went to Manteca, California in December for the Christmas parade with Luck and Marcel. This was a nice way to finish the year, even though one of the buildings on the parade route caught on fire during the parade. That didn't stop the parade. They changed the route in the middle of the parade with thousands of people moving from one location to the other. We were working for God, and since nothing is going to get in His way, we passed out over 2,000 tracts that evening. This is the line I said to most of the people that received a tract that night, "Nothing gets in God's way, if you're looking for Him."

In February 2010, the Lord put on my heart that He wanted 100 cities in California to receive 10 tracts. I got out my map, and my eyes went right to the Fresno area. After drawing a circle in that area, there were 60 cities that I had never been to before. This looked like a good place to start. In April, I gathered my tracts and the Lord gave me the go ahead to wear my outfit in each of these cities. I left home in my giant billboard of an RV for the Lord with excitement in my heart. The first town on the map that I visited had a post office, general store, and a bar, but it was on the map as a town. For over a third of all the cities I visited, this was typical. These were farm communities. So that afternoon, I parked my RV next to the general store waiting for 10 people to show up and take a tract. A person can be standing there, waiting, all dressed up trying

to be a good soldier for God, but doubt starts creeping into your mind so you go right to prayer looking for peace. Then the first person showed up and got out of his pickup truck. He was about 6 foot four with huge Mexican muscles everywhere. I walked right up to him and gave the tract. He stood there and read the whole thing then in a deep loud voice. Then he told me, "Get over here." I became a little nervous, but I was not ashamed of what I was doing. When I walked right up to him, he said, "Here," and he presented me with a \$10.00 bill. I told him, "I do not take donations." He said, "That's nice, but God told me to give this to you. So take it." He went on to ask, "What are your plans?" When I told him, he said, "This is a good thing. You will touch many people, and I will pray for you." It did not take long to finish passing out my tracts, and then on I went to the next town. I was in the area for three days passing out tracts in 60 towns.

About halfway through the 100 cities, another incident happened which showed God wanted me to do this. I was standing on a sidewalk in front of a grocery store where people are coming in and out, making it an easy place to pass out tracts. Then I looked up and noticed at the stoplight a big rig making a turn and coming toward me. The driver pulled over, got out of his rig, walked up to me, and said, "I need that." I handed him a tract, and he got back in his rig and drove off. My mind started to analyze this. The man stops, climbs down, and climbs back up just to take a tract, and he had no idea what I was passing out. Again and again in my life, God shows me when I'm doing what he wants me to do. He will always give me a sign that doesn't add up for worldly standards, but it will add up to Godly standards. These are beyond normal so that your heart and mind will know they are from him. Some people call them miracles.

I went in May 2010 to the rodeo parade in Cottonwood California, my home town. I have a little pride in this parade. Luke my grandson dressed up as a circuit rider and took one side of the street while I took the other. We passed out 1,400 tracts this day. My grandson is definitely a circuit rider, and there is no doubt that he loves the Lord. In the following week, we went to Gridley, California. You guessed it. Luke and I passed out 1,500 tracts. He has this personality that draws people to him. I love him, because he's not afraid to tell the world about Jesus. I know that God even loves him more, and that's what really counts.

I went to the Memorial Day parade in Lakeport, California with Terry. On the way there, we mapped out a route to add to my hundred cities for the Lord. After a day of driving, we ended up with 20 more cities. After a lovely evening with Terry, we got up the next morning, and I passed out 1,500 tracts. Thank you for the nice weekend, Lord. In June, I went to Livermore, California. The town is changing and getting away from the good ole boy to the yuppies, but I still passed out 1,500 tracts.

Woodland, California was next in December 2010. We mapped out a long day, and this time I went with Marcel and Luke. On the parade route, we passed out over 3,000 tracts. From there, we went to Old Sacramento. This is an area that has been designed to draw people to the city of Sacramento. They've taken several city blocks next to the river turned many of the old buildings into shops, museums, and restaurants. It's a good place to go and walk all the streets and have a good time. All the streets are paved with solid bricks. There are horse drawn carriages and

people dressed up, in costumes representing the 1860s. We fit right in with our costumes. When we arrived, we each took a corner, dressed in our outfits, and passed out tracts on each corner. The one I picked seemed to be the busiest of them all. After being there for about half hour, a street person showed up, was selling his street news. He told me this was his corner, and I had to leave at once. With my personality, that wasn't going to happen. "I was there first," I thought. In no time at all, things got really interesting. Every time I would try to pass a tract to somebody, he would step right in front of me and start his dialogue. A few times he even pushed me away. The third time he tried, I pushed back, got in his face, and told him, "If you do that one, more time I will punch your lights out." Then we got into a running argument. He told me, "I thought you were Christian." I told him, "Christians are not wimps." I told him, "When Jesus turned over the tables and pushed the moneylenders out of the temple, He was angry and mad, because they were hypocrites, just like you are Sir." This went on for about another half hour. This man was not poor or stupid. He was a con and good at it.

Next thing that happened was one of his girlfriends showed up. She was drunk as could be, and every time I would try to pass out a tract, she got in my way. She seemed to be running interference for him. It was not hard to figure out. At one point, she was standing on my feet with her hands all over me. I pushed her hard, and she went flying and almost fell down. I realized at that moment, I should not have done that, because I could have hurt her. She turned around, and it all got worse. She ran at me now, yelling, screaming, and asking questions about Jesus that made no sense. At this point, everybody could hear us, and the crowd grew very large. At that very moment she looked up over my shoulder, and her eyes got really big. I heard a voice, "Mam! You must leave now and don't come back for the rest of the day. You are bothering this man." In less than a minute, not only she was gone, but so was my little con friend. Now the crowd of people were coming up to me with their hands out, and I could not pass tracts out fast enough! This was exciting! When everything settled down and got back to normal, I started looking around for that man, but I could not find him. I thanked God for him, and I prayed for those two people who needed the Lord very much. When the three of us finally got back to the vehicle, we had passed out over 1,000 tracts. The day was not over, so I decided on the way to Stockton to see a hockey game with my Sister Sharon that we would do a few more cities for my gift of hundred cities for the Lord. We had fun all day. After the hockey game, the drive home was too much. I am getting old and could not finish the drive. I was exhausted, and I had Marcel drive me home. Thank you for Marcel, Lord.

The year ended with fun and excitement I know God has always used us to accomplish His goals. The great commission is to go tell the world about the good news which is the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. We as God's people must never stop going out to the streets of the world, and we should never count on somebody else to do the job. The great commission was not for just a few; it was for all of us. So I pray for a blessing on all those who leave the pew and go to the streets.

On April 16th, 2011, I went to my first parade of the year. Now that I know that I have Hepatitis C (which is not a good thing, since it makes me a little weak), I decided, with the Lord's permission of course, that since I have 28,000 more tracts in my possession, that I need to pass them out before I get too sick. I went to Davis, California and passed out 900 tracts. I did not have as much fun as usual due what they have done to all the sororities and the frat houses. They put yellow tape around them, so there's only one way in and then one way out and somebody is standing there at the entrance. I'm guessing that keeps some people away, like me. It's too bad they put up the tape. It was a lot of fun going in and passing out tracts.

On July 2, 2011 I went to Burney, California and passed out 1,000 tracts. When I looked Burney up on my schedule, I saw that I hadn't been there for 14 years. How time flies! On May 7, I went to Sonora, California and passed out 1,500 tracts. The last time I was here, I tried to pass out more which I did and I became very sick. I'm learning and growing as I get older. On May 21st, I went to Redding, California and passed out 1,500 tracts. The crowd was much smaller this year than in years past. On August 11th, I went to Quincy, California. I'm always accepted in this town. The people are very friendly, and I pray they all know the Lord someday.

On November the 11th, Jim and I went to Corning, California and passed out 1,500 tracts. I took Jim on this parade, because I needed a little help with the parade route being so very long. Jim's back was bothering him, and he wasn't sure if he could finish the parade. I told him, "Once you get started, the Lord will get you through it. You'll have energy and strength provided by the Holy Spirit to get you through the parade." Sure enough when we finished and met at the end of the parade route, Jim walked half a block and had to stop when his pain came back. We stood there for a while, before I asked him if he wanted me to go get the RV. He said, "No, I think I can make it," and he did. However, his pain came back and with the parade over, we gave the victory to the Lord.

In April of 2012, Red Bluff, California had their parade. I wasn't sure I could do this parade, because I'm beginning to fall apart. I have Diabetes, Hepatitis C, and Neuropathy, but my will to finish this mission is strong. All week long, it was in the seventies, and then on the day of the parade, the temperature was 95 Fahrenheit. Two days before the parade, my grandson Luke called me, and told me that he would help me. It was like a message from God somehow that in some way I was going to finish passing out these tracts. I have done this parade seven times before, but I have never passed out 2,500 tracts like we did that day. I have to watch out for parades that are very long, very hot, or that have a long distance in traveling time, but I will finish because of Him, my Lord. During the parade I usually say many things to get people's attention so that they will be ready to reach out and take a tract. About halfway through the parade, I started feeling exhausted, and the heat and my outfit overwhelmed me. I thought I was going to pass out, but I didn't that, which was a good thing. I started telling people along the route, if I pass out, I want you to grab ropes, tie them around a pair of mules, and drag me to the finish line where the Lord will take me home." It was a good line to pass a lot of tracts with it. When we finished, I was so exhausted that I sat in the car and drank as much water as I could. I was trying to look strong in front of Luke, but I was hurting, and it took me two days to recover. My Lord has made me smarter than I'd ever been in my whole life. I need to act wise in finishing this mission, and for Him, I will.

On May 11th, I went to the kiddie parade in Cottonwood, California. They call it a kiddie parade, because only children fifth grade and younger are in this parade. It was held at 6:00 p.m. so it wasn't that hot. It was just one block in downtown Cottonwood, and I passed out 400 tracts and had a lot of fun. I walked into the bar, and everybody there got a tract. They all know me in this town, and some were afraid to take it. Many of them would not even look at me, because they know what I stand for. Along the parade route, I started seeing people that have not supported me in my ministry from a long time ago. They took the side of some pastors who said I was the devil himself.

I began to reflect on the gift and mission He has given me. The Lord knows that I'm a lazy man. He has taught me that I must serve Him if I love Him, and I do love Him. The circuit rider ministry that He gave me comes from His love. Nobody has ever loved me like He has. He knows my weaknesses and my strengths. He would not have given me something to do that I could not accomplish. Some people think I do a lot for Him, but the truth is my cross is very easy. When I first started, I thought I can't do this on my own. I would pray for help, and every time, His answer was, "Not till you need it. If you love me, continue." It turned out to be not that hard. That's because the Lord knew it all along, in spite me and my laziness. I will finish what He has given me to do for it is the greatest thing I can do to serve Him. This is true worship.

What I do for the lord was written thousands of years ago. I am but a prisoner in the victory procession for Christ. When I pass out tracts or put signs on trailers and RV's, the words become a deadly stench that kills for the lost, but for those who are being saved, it is a fragrance that brings life. Who then is capable of such a task? We, the people, who love our God we shall be His instruments to touch all those He is calling. For gospel we preach MUST NOT BE hidden, the heaven and hell message, the salvation of His blood, the only way to heaven must never stop being told to the world. We who do this have no power, it all belongs to Him. To anyone who is saved, all glory and credit and honor belong to him. When I walk that parade route, He fills me with courage that makes me want to please Him with every step I take, and all fear and laziness disappears at that moment. I can conquer the world because I know He is with me and will never leave me or forsake me. I know there are many like me, and we will work for Him until the day He returns.

On November the 10th, I went to the Shasta Lake City Veterans' parade with Luke. I passed out tracts to all the people in the parade, and I gave Luke the whole parade route. This worked out great, and we passed out 1,500 tracts. God set in motion that I could have Luke to be on his own, passing out tracts on the parade route, but it even gets better. I asked Hannah if she would like to dress up in a costume that represented a 1860s lady passing out tracts with Luke on the parade routes. She responded with a great big yes. The reason this is so important to me is because I now have neuropathy. A disease which causes me great pain to walk. And now I believe I can finish passing out the rest of my tracts for the Lord, with a bonus of having a great time and a lot of fun with my grandkids. I look forward to the year 2013 with great joy in my heart. Thank you lord, there is no one in the entire universe like You.

The year 2013 began with the two great helpers that God gave me, Luke and Hannah. The sense of pride I felt having both of my grandchildren helping me to do the Lord's work. We started in Oakdale, California and passed out 3,500 tracts. These kids know how to pass out tracts. The evening before the parade we spent the night in the WalMart parking lot and had a great time with lots of laughs. We did not get a lot of sleep, but we started the morning with plenty of energy. Luke and Hannah let nothing get in their way from doing their job. We prayed, I gave them their instructions, and told them they had about an hour to pass out 2,000 tracts. I also told them, "People will try to distract you, but be polite. You will need to pass out as many tracts as we can with that in mind. Keep your eyes and mind on the finish line." They did just that and passed out all the tracts they were carrying. I passed out all of the tracts in my saddlebags. 3,500 tracts was the total for the day. What a great day for the Lord!

On April 27th, the next parade was in Paradise, California. Since Luke and I were the only two this time, the pace was a little too fast for me. Trying to keep up with a 17 year old can wear on an old man, but with the help of my Lord, we passed out 2,500 tracts and had a great day. On May 4th, we went to Elk Grove, California. I told the kids this was a big parade. Well, not everything stays the same, because the three of us passed out 1,750 tracts. We gave the day to the Lord and drove home happy.

May 11th was the parade in Orville, California. Before we started, we prayed, and then off we went. We passed out 3,500 tracts. After we finished passing out almost all our tracts, we met up on the parade route and started back to the vehicle. Still having a few tracts to pass out, we were now passing by some people that had already received a tract, and the reactions were so different. The majority of people would let you know they had received one and didn't need another. Some people would almost cross both their arms and shake their heads violently. They wanted nothing to do with another tract, but others would ask for several more so that they could pass them out for us. It reminded me of the parable of the Sower, only some of the seed produced fruit. The Lord just wants us to share the cross with as many people as possible. He will do the judging when the time comes. Thank you Lord for using us in this way.

This year ended by calling off the last parade because of the weather. This seemed to be a sad time, but it did not take long for the Lord to answer my prayers. Marcel called and said that next year, he would like to go to the Carson City parade. That phone call lifted me up, knowing that 2014 could be the year that I finish this chapter in my life. A note to all those who read this. GOD did not call us to belong to a church, He called us to be his church.

The year 2014 may have been the hardest in my life. The details are seen with eyes of prejudice, including my own, and so my prayer has been, "Your will be done, Father" every day for the last several months. For a long time, I could not see through the darkness that surrounded me. But I did not realize until later that the Father was holding me in his arms from the very beginning. This episode is not over, but every day I grow stronger. The more I surrender myself to Him, the easier it becomes. Dying to self is what He wants, and then I see His will.

In April of 2014, I went to Red bluff, California and passed out 2,000 tracts. I went to Manteca, California on December 6th, and this parade turned out to be a very memorable one. It started when I asked Chris and his son Samuel to do a parade in Woodland, California on the same date as Manteca. He told me that he would be in southern California for a meeting. He was sorry, but could not help. Then I began to look and talk to several churches, but could not find one person to help me. I became very sad, so I started to pray. We all know how this helps. The next time that Manteca popped into my mind, I thought of my sister Sharon and started to feel joy. When I called her and she agreed, the conversation became joyful and exhilarating all at the same time. I knew what we were about to do was God's will. A few days went past, and I got a call from Chris saying his trip to southern California was canceled and he could now do the parade. I told Chris that I didn't need him now. It confirmed that the parade in Manteca with Sharon was totally God's will, and she later told me she had been praying for something like this for nine years.

On the evening of the parade, we began dressing in our costumes. When we looked the part of circuit riders, we took a few pictures with a lot of laughter and joy. I kept thinking all along, "This is my sister." I became overwhelmed with joy, and tears of happiness began to flow. We walked up to the parade route, with a few minutes to spare before we started. I passed out a tract to a Sikh, and then Sharon passed out a tract to a lady sitting on a bench. She started to read the entire tract, and when she was done it appeared that she was going to hand it back to Sharon. Instead she told Sharon that it was a nice tract, and she then put it in her pocket. At that point Sharon's nervousness went away. It was time to start the parade, and away we went. As fast as our hands and feet would go, and oh yes, my mouth. We were moving right along trying not to miss any one. I could hear Sharon telling people, "That's my brother with a big mouth, but I am the pretty one so please take a tract from me." Halfway through Sharon and I had a chance for a few words. She told me that it's 50 outside, and she was sweating. Then she said, "I am not sure that I can finish." At the end of the parade, she told me that five times she did not think she could go any farther, but the instant that thought came and went, she would be filled with energy. Later that evening, we decided that every time we seemed to be running out energy, and then we felt that urge to keep going it was the Holy Spirit, of course.

I'm getting a little ahead of myself. I had one of those moments where you know God is in charge. I was walking along on the street passing out tracts as fast as I can. This being a night parade, I thought I was watching where I was going. But as you may have guessed it, down I went. I have never fallen in a parade before. I went down so fast! I hit my face on the pavement. As I started to get up, I noticed that all my tracts had fallen out of my saddlebags. All I could see was the water in the gutters up and down the street, but as you may have guessed, it was not where I fell. As I started to roll on my side, a little boy was picking up all my tracts and putting them back in my saddlebags. By this time, two men and Sharon were trying to help me get up. When Sharon bent down and saw my face, she said, "Your nose!" At that moment, I looked over, and there was a lady holding my glasses which seemed to be broken. I said to myself, "Did I pass out and break my nose?" When Sharon told me to grab my hanky and wipe the blood off my nose, I could see the blood dripping. When I started wiping the blood and touching my nose, I knew it wasn't broken. After they got me to my feet, I looked up, and Sharon was already



Sharon passed out a tract to a lady sitting on a bench. She started to read the entire tract, and when she was done it appeared that she was going to hand it back to Sharon. Instead she told Sharon that it was a nice tract, and she then put it in her pocket.

passing out her tracts, telling everyone in her path that she was just the messenger. At that moment, my mind went to the scriptures: “How can they call Him for help if they have not believed? How can they believe if they have not heard the message? How can they hear if the message is not proclaimed? How can the message be proclaimed if the messengers are not sent out.” As scripture says, “How wonderful is the coming of the messengers who bring the Good News. Then my thoughts went to “I was found by those who were not looking for me.” At that moment, I could move fast enough to pass out more tracts, and catch up to my sister the messenger.

When we finished the parade, we had passed out 2,800 tracts. I have done this parade four times before and never passed out more than 2,000 tracts. It was a night I will never forget. Thank you Lord, for using us as your messengers. This parade made a bad year good.

In 2015, I thought this year will be most likely my last year for circuit riding. However, my partner this year was the best, because it is my sister and my best friend. What happened this year is very sad. I lost my family, the most important part of my life, but I do believe that it is the Father’s will. As time goes on, I can see it very clearly. When the darkness surrounded me and Terry walked out on me, I was drawn closer to the Holy Spirit than ever before. I was in a state of confusion, depression took a hold on me, and nothing added up. All I wanted was respect from my children which seemed so simple. The Father allowed evil to become a player, the truth was distorted, sides were taken, and money and greed became a lie in the name of fairest.

When I broke through, my confusion, depression, and darkness, I knew what my direction was. The Father has given me love, pure love, and I will never have that with anyone else. Because of what my family has done to me, they broke the Father's law and shall receive a whipping, and I pray that it is not severe. I can forgive all that was done and said, but I will never be able to forget. I remember my first gift to the Father. It was my house. I also gave all my money, my children, my wife, and most of all, my heart and soul and mind. That is how I know He is in charge of all of this terrible tragedy. Because of Him I can survive anything. I will go through life with Him sitting on the throne in my life, and I shall be His servant for all eternity.

On April 11th, Sharon and I did another parade in Oakdale, California and passed out 2,700 tracts. I learned Sharon is a lot like me in that she knows how to say the right thing to pass out more tracts. I do the same all through the parade. Could it be that the Holy Spirit gives us the right words at the right time? Once again, I thank you Father, for both of us felt your touch during and after the parade. All glory and honor belongs to you, and we lay these gifts at your feet Lord.

On May 2nd, in Los Banos, California, Sharon and I passed out 1,700 tracts and had a great time. This is becoming a very pleasant habit, and I hope we have one more parade left in us. On May 9th, I went to Orville, California and passed out 1,700 tracts. When I was finished, I was completely exhausted, and walking has becoming much harder. I began to see I don't have many years left. Dear Lord, help me finish my vision for you.

On May 16th, I went to Redding, California and passed out 1,500 tracts. Two thoughts raced through my head. The first thought was: would I have the energy to finish the race? The second thought is more personal: what if I see my grandchildren? What would I say to their parents? Instead of focusing on being a circuit rider, my thoughts wandered about. That is the worst thing that is ever happened to me.

At times I wish it was over, but it is all in His timing. The one thing I know is that all the players in this horrible game have shown their hands. Which makes me not a winner, but I know who my friends are and who my enemies are. There is sadness in my heart because I have lost all my children, including their spouses and my two oldest grandchildren. When the Holy Spirit directs your life, you will not satisfy your human nature. That is why I am coming to that point of being his disciple. I know that the Holy Spirit is leading. The pain I felt at the beginning is almost gone and the strength I need to finish all comes from Him. When I look back in my life, it is easy to see I was hurt many times, but never destroyed, because even before I knew Him, I was guided by His will. Now that the Holy Spirit is using my being, I can go to Him with all my decisions and receive answers from Him which gives such peace. There are so many more trials to go through, and I know my suffering is not done. If you are suffering for the worldly desires, that suffering adds up to nothing. When you are His, it is like making the finest gold. The process is done with fire which it takes out all the impurities. Your faith which is much more precious than gold must also be tested so that it may endure when you climb up the mountain. It enables one to stay there till He calls you home.

I know now why the Lord showed to me Jeremiah chapter 12, verses 5&6. For many years all I saw was the picture in my mind of a man racing a black stallion. He was starting to win the race, but the stallion was showing fear in his eyes. I am beating that evil, now willing and ready for the jungle with the Lord's help. The Holy Spirit will show me all I need to know. I never paid much attention to verse 6, but I now know that these two verses were for me personally. The hurt is more painful than any physical torture. The Holy Spirit is healing me as only He can so that I may finish the race for Him.

My favorite prophet is Isaiah who showed me that there is a remnant in the church of no walls. Every time I went to an event to pass out tracts, I quoted a verse from him when he was speaking for the Lord. It says "I was found by those who were not looking for me." That's exactly what I was doing when I became a messenger for the good news. At times dressed up in my 1860s outfit, I felt like an old preacher who once said "I'd rather be preaching at the gates of hell the next to the sound of the church bell."

During this beautiful walk of mine as a circuit rider, I have visited over 1,300 cities, passing out over 350,000 tracts. And one can't forget the magnificent sign on the freeway, with an estimate of over 70,000,000 cars that pass by. How many read it? I have no idea, but God is using it every day. In my given title of keeper of the sign, as long as I'm alive, it will stay there for Him to use, till he sees fit to let it go. I can't believe the numbers that I have just given you. None of this was possible without Him. All these things that I have done for you, Lord, the reward will come in some form of fruit or jewels or crowns. I wait anxiously to lay these at your feet as I bow before you, the Holy One, Redeemer, Master, Messiah, Teacher, Light of the World, Savior, and Anchor

of my faith. You are truly the Giver of life, and you have made my life worth living.

On June 13th, I went to Livermore, California and passed out 1,400 tracts. This was my last parade, and in a way, I was sad. However, my sister helped me today which brings me great joy. You gave her to me, Father, when I needed comforting the most. You could not have picked anyone better. Thank you, Father, so much! During the parade, I could see the joy in Sharon, because she was being used by the Father to be a messenger for our Lord Jesus Christ. May You provide her with all that she needs to fulfill Your will in her life. My legacy will not be about my family, but about my servant-hood to the Lord, my GOD. I am still waiting for the wide eyed children.

At this time in my life, I questioned all that as happen to me. Do I love my neighbor as myself? Jesus said, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul and mind." We know the only way that this can happen, is that we must be born again. Before Christ was sent by the Father, this could not have happen. If any man had been able to do this, there would have been no need for Christ. If our spirit accepts the Holy Spirit, this is possible. Now we come to the second command that he gives us. Jesus says it is like the first: love your neighbor as yourself. I have read the Bible and studied it for many years with the help of the Holy Spirit, but the more I read, the more I began to see clearly that this love for my neighbor is not the world's love. For the world loves so many things in so many ways that I could never satisfy that kind of love. Now I know the world's love does not bring you peace or understanding. There is only one kind of love, the love of the cross, that brings peace and understanding. In 1 John 3:16, John says, "Love is that Christ gave His life for us, and we too ought to give our lives for others." In 1 John 4:10, John also said, "Love is not that we have loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the means by which our sins are forgiven." Accepting this is part of being born again. In 1 John 4:16 it says, "...God is love and those who live in love live in union with God and God lives in union with them." For this to happen, you must believe that Jesus is God's only Son whose death on the cross and resurrection from the grave made this love we are to have for our neighbor. I was beginning to see how I could do this.

That question was still there about my anger, and then my mind was opened to you, my Jesus. Jesus who was very angry many times at the Pharisees and Sadducees, and also that time against the money changers. He showed great passion in an angry way. If you would look deep into the scriptures, you will find anger without cause is wrong. The one who will judge this is the Father. He is the only one who can justify your anger. Righteous anger shall always be justified. Christ did not come to bring peace and love to the world. He brought division to the world, and the peace He brought was for his true believers.

Jesus said, "Love one another just as I have loved you," and "Take my yoke and put it on you and learn from me because I am gentle and humble in spirit and you will find rest. For the yoke I will give you is easy, and the load I will put on you is light." I asked the lord how I can obey this command. He told me to stop trying to please them in a worldly way, for this will never satisfy anyone. He said look at what you are. At once I knew what He meant I was born again for no greater love can I give my neighbor and to all my neighbors of the world. I will pray for their salvation that they can receive the greatest love I can give them. I know now my yoke from the

Lord is light. I may not like my neighbor, but I will love them in prayer like so many others did for me.

I want to add a few points to my last page. God's way of putting people right with Himself has been revealed. It has nothing to do with the law, even though the Law of Moses and the prophets gave their witness to it. God puts people right through their faith in Jesus Christ. God does this to all who believe in Christ. Everyone has sinned and is far away from God saving presence. But by the free gift of God's grace all are put right with Him through Jesus Christ who sets them free. For a person is put right with God only through faith, not by doing what the law commands. And so we can boast of this hope we have to the world in sharing God's glory. We also have troubles in this world and that glory sees us through them. As we grow, that produces endurance, and endurance brings with it God's approval which creates hope. This hope does not disappoint us for God has poured out His love into our hearts by means of the Holy Spirit, who is God's gift to us. This gift is free and will cost us nothing. However, being His disciple will cost us everything which I can now see in my life. I am heading in that direction.

We were chosen according to the purpose of God the Father and made holy by His Spirit and purified by the blood of Christ. Christ points the way that we should follow. The messengers of the good news should be done for Him and not a building. To be free is to be obedient to God and not allow your lives to be shaped by those who have a worldly interest. We need to come as living stones to be used in building the spiritual temple. If you plant in the field of the Spirit, from the Spirit you'll gather the harvest of eternal life. Paul said, "I will boast only about the cross for this means the world is dead to me. All that matters is being a new creature in Christ." So when the Spirit directs your life nothing else will satisfy. The Spirit has given us new life; and we must give Him complete control. I remember once when the Lord told me He would put me where I needed to be for Him, that nobody else could do that not even me. He said this would happen by His Holy Spirit working in me. He is able to do so much more than I could ever do or think of. I had thoughts of reaching 100,000 people for Him, but because of Him using me, He has touched millions.

After writing the last two pages, I realized that I could not stop being the man He wanted me to be. He is the one that molded me to be a circuit rider in spite all of my hardships with my family and being almost seventy years old. A good soldier can never leave his post. I went and ordered another 20,000 tracts to do my duty, because it is not over till He tells me that it's time. No matter how the divorce ends, I have the resources to buy another vehicle and paint it loud and clear for the entire world to see. So soon I will be able to tell you of all of parades and events and miracles to come.

In April of 2016 in Red Bluff, California, I was back on the circuit and couldn't be happier. I did put restrictions on myself. I carried only 1,000 tracts, because I didn't want to hurt myself with age becoming a factor. The parade went well, although when I finished passing out all the tracts, there were still people ahead of me. I felt satisfied, but I needed to know this to feel complete. It's important that my Lord is happy with the new set of rules. During the parade, I came across a group of slow people and I started passing each one of them a tract. A man standing beside them said to me, "They don't even understand what you're giving them." At that moment, I started thinking about a young man who was slow.

I called him The Can Man, and his story is a beautiful thing. I first saw him on his bicycle riding down the highway where cars had to swerve to miss him. He carried this bag over his shoulder, since I had seen him several times; my opinion was that he was homeless. A month had passed, until one day I was outside, off the main highway and about two miles from it. I saw him and started running to him. He seemed startled, so I motioned to him to follow me and come in my garage. There I showed him bags of cans, and tried to tell him take as many as you want. He became very happy. When I invited him into the house, the kids became all excited as well as Terry. We invited him to have a bowl of soup with us, but he seemed very uncomfortable. Maybe we all asking him questions at the same time, and it was too much for him. We sent him on his way and were all proud of ourselves.

Then like clockwork every two weeks, he would ride up on his bike, and we would give him more cans. I gave him my brass fire extinguisher tops, and his excitement was like I was giving him gold. One day I saw him walking down the road pushing his bike, because both tires were flat. Communicating with him was not easy, but in spite of all the groans, we loaded his bike and all the cans and brass that would fit in the car. I got him to sit in the front seat with me, and then I prayed. I told him I was going to drive, and he was to tell me when to turn and where to go. He ended up telling me when to turn with hand gestures and groans. The longer we kept driving, the more I knew this was a big mistake. We were almost at the Redding Airport before he pointed. I immediately turned, and he pointed again until we were in somebody's driveway. At that point, I knew he was not homeless. As we were unloading everything, a lady came out and told me who he was and that he had been this way since childbirth. I asked her if she was a Christian, and she said yes. I told her that we had been witnessing to him, giving him tracts, and a Bible. She told me, "Yes, he brings them home, but they will do no good. He doesn't understand it and never will."

I told her the story of what happened on my Jesus Northwest trip where we met a man in charge of five slow children. The man told us to ask each one, "Did you accept the Lord Jesus as your Savior," and when I did, the first four shook their heads up and down to say yes. However, the fifth one shook his head as to say no, and then he would not look at me anymore. This man told us never underestimate the power of God. I had also told the man that the car we drove here was blowing out oil, at least a quart of oil every hundred miles, and it had taken five quarts of oil to get where we were. He told us that will not be a problem going home. He asked us where we were camped and told us they would be there before we left the next tomorrow morning. He and the four children who knew the Lord laid their hands on that old car. I thanked them, although I doubted any good would come of it. However, we drove another 450 miles, and did not lose one drop of oil. The Holy Spirit keeps reminding me that a little faith moves mountains. I told her please don't stop telling him about Jesus.

Many months went by until it was Christmas time, and I wanted to see him again to give him a Christmas gift. I went to their house only to learn that they had moved. I learned where he was, in a trailer park in Redding. When I knocked on the door, they welcomed me in with enthusiasm. We sat and talked for a while, and she told me how their son, who owned the house, kicked them out of the house. Then she pointed to her son and asked me if I noticed anything

different about him, saying look really hard. I said, “His eyes. They seem different.” She said, “Yes, remember how gray and cloudy they looked, like a film over his eyes.” I looked at his eyes and saw that they were a beautiful brown and as clear as could be. She told me that a month ago a TV evangelist gave an alter call using pictures like the Stations of the Cross in the Catholic Church. “He followed it,” she said, “and when it was over, he had given his life to the Lord. She said, “At that very moment, the film all over his eyes disappeared, and he has not been unhappy about anything except that his brother had kicked them out of the house. I gave them all the money I had on me and told them I would be back in a month. However, when I returned, I learned that they had moved to somewhere in LA. I still pray for him, and I thank the LORD for using me. I want to write more if the Lord is willing.

I would like to try to explain what I have been going through the last two years. I've been reading my journal and all the trials I went through to get tracts in my Lord's one thousand cities. I now know if one chooses to be His disciple, they will face hardships their whole life, choosing to be used by Him no matter the cost. As I ponder what to say, maybe one thing at a time will do. At the beginning there was a situation where my daughter Lisa totally and completely told me she had no respect for me since she was 16 years old. She said this in front of Hanna and Luke, her children and my grandchildren. I asked my wife Terry numerous times to help resolve the situation, but she refused. As the father of this family, I thought I would punish them by not showing up to a family affair. Nothing was resolved except I became wrong in their eyes. What they were doing behind my back, I can only imagine.

When I inherited a lot of money from my mother, I did not know what to do with it. I tried to spend some of it by taking the boys (my son, son-in-law, and grandson) on a fishing trip to Canada, and some of it on a trip for my daughter where ever she wanted to go. Both the Canadian fishing trip and my daughter Lisa's trip fell apart. They would not go because Lisa refused to let them go. They began using my neuropathy against me, trying to justify their actions. (Neuropathy is a very painful condition that requires medication.) No sin can ever be justified, but anger against sin is justified. I was very angry because what they were doing was wrong. I asked God through His glory to give me a strong inner self, and I am blessed to have received it.

The Lord has shown me in His own time that He wants me to grow closer to him, and for my family to repent of their sins. I know God hates what is wrong and loves what is right. I know that Christ did not come to bring peace, but a sword, and it will set family members against one another. Those who try to gain their own life lose it, but those who lose their life for the sake of Christ, will gain it. As a Christian family, I thought we were to settle this dispute in front of God and in the presence of Christian believers.

However, the day came when I sat in the courtroom and saw my family all gathered together on their mother's side. I saw Marcel ready to protect his family, not knowing how they been deceived. When I looked at Lisa and Jason, God showed me they are both controllers, working out all the plans in this ugly divorce. Then there is Chris. God showed me through scripture that he is a lukewarm individual, which makes him a follower of the pack rather than a leader. I saw who people really were, and how selfcentered they became. I saw my family being devoured by this ugly darkness. We do not war against flesh and blood but against principalities and spirits.

Their made up stories and lies came out in the trial, putting shame on my wife Terry.

But the Holy Spirit was present at this trial. During the course of my testimony, my thoughts were that I was not going to say anything about circuit riding. Since I thought the judge, who had been appointed by Jerry Brown, had to be pretty liberal, I wanted the judge to be on my side, not against me. However, before I knew it, my lawyer was asking me all about my circuit riding, my trips back east, and passing out tracts. During the questioning about the tracts, Terry's lawyer asked what is a tract? I told them it is a way to find Christ, and before I knew it, my lawyer held up the tract that I gave him two years ago. Yes, the Holy Spirit gave me the words to say in a court of law. Amen!

I don't know if I can be a disciple of Christ, for it says in scripture to do your best to win full approval in God sight, as as a worker who is not ashamed of his work. I pray the Lord forgives me for not wanting to bring up my circuit riding for Christ. Once it was presented, I did not hold back. Thank you for that shot in the arm, because I must be ready for whatever comes, dressed for action with my faith and readiness to serve to the point of death.

I had prayed several times about this court decision, and my reply has been the same, whatever the judge decides will be my direction. Not will I win or lose, that makes no difference. The important point is direction. I have received direction many times, so I will be ready and willing to go forth, ready for action. In order to do this, I must leave my family behind in the care of my God. What they have done to me is against what God has taught us. They have not sinned against me, but they have sinned against God. With all my strength, I turn them over to the Almighty Father, and He will deal with their punishment. I pray that they will repent. When I take on this new direction, I need not look behind me at my family, because it will distract me from reaching what he has in store for me. I need peace of mind beyond understanding, and that will give me the strength to finish the race and to win the prize, so I may lay it at his feet.

10 years ago, Chris told me that no matter what happens, Jason and Lisa will take Terry's side. He also said he was too weak and would join them. This is called predestination, and the definition is that whatever comes to pass was ordained by God long in advance. But we humans must go through it to see, understand, and hopefully grab the truth to be set free from this world, knowing that God is in charge. God has shown me this family separation is not my fault, and I need not apologize to anyone.

In my second vision when God told me to stop crying over the people that had just fallen into the gorge, I could see the anguish of death on their faces. I stopped crying immediately, because I feared God more than man. He told me this was His will and that He could have stopped it at any time. This is just like my family separation. Although we are responsible for our actions, there's always a price to pay, if not here on earth, it will be at the judgment seat of God.

I went to Chester, California and passed out 1,000 tracts. In this parade, more people than usual said, "No thank you," but the parade ended at same time that I passed out my last tract. My thought is I only carry 1,000 tracts so I believe I will hear more no's then I did in the past. The Lord said, "Many are called, but few are chosen," and many are never called. So He knows the number I carry, and He will use it properly to achieve His will. Thank you for using me, Lord.

I had to wait a long time before the judge finally made his decision, and the Lord told me that this will be my new direction. I have received all that I need to finish this race for the Lord. Part of that direction is to leave my family behind, and this decision has been working its way through my prayers and my thoughts. To leave them behind creates a giant hole in my life, but the Holy Spirit allowed me to take the steps slowly, giving me two and a half years to wait. Every step I made toward this goal instead of emptiness, He filled it with His love. How I wish they could have this love, but you can't wish this kind of peace to anyone because this peace is a gift from God. The Lord has shown me from the beginning of this trial in my life that I was light, surrounded by darkness. I will not let anyone deceive me with lies and made up stories. Not only will they live in this lie, but they hate the one that the lie is about. You know I had to turn this over to God.

My wife and children have been consumed with self, calling it fairness. The hardest thing to watch is when believers choose to not see the truth, and if they do see it, they lack the courage to acknowledge the truth. It is because of these very things that God's anger will come upon those who do not obey him. He has shown me to have nothing at all to do with the darkness that has surrounded me and is still present. By doing this, God will give them the opportunity to repent and to acknowledge the truth. When they come to their senses, they will escape from the trap of the devil who had caught them and made them obey his will. It says in the last days, people will be selfish, greedy and be disobedient to their parents. They will hold to the outward form of religion, but reject its real power. That's why I must stay away, even though it pains me greatly. Not my will be done, but yours, my Lord.

Here is one more story. About twenty years ago, Marcel came to me. He was upset, because he understood that my children did not respect me, and he felt that I should make them respect me. I told him that respect is earned not demanded. Over the years I tried to do that, by offering advice and being there when they really needed me. Whether it was time or money, I tried to do for all of them the best I could. When Marcel's dad died, Lisa told me that I needed to be Marcel's dad, because she could not handle his depression. I tried, and it was very hard because Marcel was so moody. I can remember I even changed an engine with him, and I do not like even changing the oil. But over time, I was with him doing things, and just hanging out. He showed me more respect than I had ever received from my family. I can remember telling him that I think I loved him more than any of them. As the years passed by, Lisa took control of Marcel. We could tell whenever we would go on a trip with just the boys; Marcel would try to tell us what it means just to be there with us. We all knew how dominating Lisa was, and if you dared go against her, she would destroy you. Marcel now understands about respect, but he would not dare say it, for fear has overtaken him.

On November 5th, I went to Shasta Lake City, California and passed out 1,300 tracts. The parade route was about two miles long, which caused me to see why I need help. The pain was pretty bad today, and at about halfway through I didn't think I was going to finish. I started asking people, "If anybody here prays, please ask the Lord to help me finish this for Him." Then about three quarters of the way to the finish line, I started telling them that I had two angels pulling me and one angel holding me up. When I was done, I was exhausted, but full of joy. All

I know is that in one hour of walking two miles, where else could I have given message about heaven and hell to so many that were not looking for it. They get to put it in their pocket and take it home with them, and the Lord does the rest.

On December 3rd, in Redding, California, I passed out 1,200 tracts. This was a night parade, and I lost my balance at least 20 times. I hope I get help soon, but the Lord's in charge. He will get me what I need to finish this race. During this parade I noticed an old lady that reminded me of one I met years ago.

The lady's name was Betty, and she came to our house for bible study. The couple that brought her felt that we could answer her questions. Some people say looks can be deceiving. Well, Betty looked like a very old witch, and it did not take her long to act like one. She would question everything that was said and was rude and demanding. She would dare you to like her, and if you tried, she would almost snarl at you. They brought her to our house for about six weeks, and when she quit coming, she told the couple that she was mad at the world and that we said nothing that could help her. They told us she has no car and has to walk a couple miles to the store for groceries. That night we prayed for Betty, and the Lord laid it on my heart to go to her house with some groceries.

On my first visit, I brought food and two bibles. When I left I told her to write down any questions she had about the Bible that we did not seem to answer at our Bible study. When I came back the following week with more food, Betty was ready for me. Her questions were very thoughtful and demanding, and I would soon find out that Betty was a very smart lady. I learned she was shunned by her family, who claimed to be Christians, so at very young age, she had a child out of wedlock. She was a type of person who always did things her way, and that did not set well with her family. She was on her own, raising her child and the hatred of family and Christians grew with deep resentment in her. After several visits our relationship was growing stronger. One day I was driving to Betty's house, and just before I turned into the driveway, there were several kids throwing rocks at Betty's house. When I got out of my car, they stopped. I asked them, "What do you think you're doing?" They responded in unison. "She's a witch," and I told them if I ever caught them again doing this I would call the police on each and every one of them.

Betty felt hated by her family, Christians, and also from the world, but God was taking down the walls between Betty and me. During this time, every question that Betty asked, God would give me the answers she needed to hear. Then came the question, "How do I get to heaven?" I told her the same answer that I have been giving countless times: to make Jesus your Lord and Savior, you must believe in your heart and in your mind that He died for all your sins and rose from the dead. When you do this, God will look at your heart and soul, and He knows at that moment if you're telling him truth. If He chooses you, you'll receive the Holy Spirit and you'll begin to change how you think and act. You will then know without a doubt that you are His for all eternity.

When I came back the following week, I was met with a new Betty. She told me she found that prayer in the back of a Gideon Bible that I gave her. She said, "After praying, I went right to

sleep and when I woke up I knew I was different. I called my family to tell them I did not hate them anymore. We talked about all of the past hurts, and we cried, and we laughed.” “I was never so happy in all my life,” she said. When I was listening to Betty talk, I could not help, but notice her eyes were different. That gray film that was in her eyes was gone, just like the Can Man. We had a great conversation that day, but I did not know it would be our last conversation here on earth. Her son called a few days later to tell me Betty had passed away, or should I say she was in a better place, in her new home in heaven with the Lord.

The year 2016 ended with the judge giving his final decision. I did not receive everything I wanted, but that's not what I prayed for. I prayed for God's will to be done. My daughter Lisa, the controller, could only accuse me of being spiteful which is why the judge gave me the house. If I talk to her, I would tell her it was God's will, no matter how you think. God's will be done. She made a statement, saying now you can do your little dance of joy. I thought back about the dance. It was in my vision when I was dancing atop of the mountain, when I looked up and saw a towering, burning flame of fire; I assumed it represented the Holy Spirit.

I was outside the other day when my neighbor Don invited me to come over. He goes to Terry's and Lisa's church. Don asked me how I was doing and wanted to know about the divorce. I told him that it was the worst time in my whole life, but the Holy Spirit gave me something to hold onto. Through it all I have become so much closer to God that at times I feel exhilarated. The love I lost from my family has now been filled with His love. I was telling Don all of the great things that God did for me and all these horrible things that happened to me. When I told him Terry and Lisa had sinned not against me, but against God, he stopped me and asked how? I showed him in God's word it says, "To obey your parents and to respect them", and not to choose sides, not to run the whole show and be in charge, and not to control every aspect of this deception, and the lies. Terry broke God's laws by not allowing me to have authority in the household and the marriage. The divorce was based on a lie that I kicked her out of the house, and her greed is a form of idolatry.

Then Don said, “What about you, Jim, did you love her like Christ loves the church?” I replied, “I told Terry many times that I would take care of her till the day she died. I tried to handle this situation by getting the church involved. Jim Kelly asked me would I sit down and talk to Terry with the pastor. I said, ‘Yes,’ but Terry said, ‘No.’ she went to the world, not to God. Each time I'd ask her, ‘What is the Holy Spirit telling you?’ She never gave an answer to me that is an answer. You must know the Holy Spirit to hear him.”

I told Don, “The day she walked out on me, I had told her I was going to buy her a car, an expensive car, but she then told me she took my money. Now I am going to ask you a question, if your wife told you she had just taken all of your money, would you kick her out of your house, not knowing how much? Where is it? Would you kick your wife out?” When he said no, I then told him for 45 years I had never kicked Terry out of the house. Don was confused, because he had been told this lie about me kicking Terry out. This lie was spread by the deceitfulness of liars whose consciences are dead. My family are the ones who make themselves look right in other people's eyes. God knows their hearts, and God knows the truth. No lie comes from the truth. My God will give them the opportunity to repent and to come to know the truth. I pray this to be soon, because when a lie is part of your life, it will only get worse and take over the conscience

which will then deceive you till you die. You think you are right with God who will allow this to happen, because this is how the judgment works. Light has come into the world, but people love the darkness rather than the light. Their deeds are evil, and those who do evil things hate the light, because they do not want their evil deeds to be shown as disobedience to God.

Those who live as their human nature tells them to have their minds controlled by what human nature wants. Those who live as the Spirit tells them to have their minds controlled by what the Spirit wants. To be controlled by human nature results in death, and to be controlled by the Spirit results in life and peace. People become enemies of God when they are controlled by their human nature. They do not obey God's law, and in fact they cannot obey it. Those who obey their human nature cannot please God. If you live according to your human nature, you are going to die a spiritual death. The moment I was done writing this, I remembered the part of my vision where I watched the train falling into the gorge and saw anguish and torment on those peoples' faces. They knew it was a death for all eternity, and that's why I started to cry. Please, my family if you ever read this message, it is for you. I do love you all.

One day when I was playing cards with the guys. I told them I wanted my family to suffer like they have made me suffer. Art told me that was not the Christian way. I told him to read more of the Bible. At least twenty years ago, I wrote a short story to Billy Graham, and they told me that they did not need to publish a sermon. They missed the point I was trying to get across. I will try to get that point across to whoever reads this journal.

The heading of this story is the miracle of Ananias and Sapphira. They lied to the Holy Spirit, and the moment it was made public, God took their lives. The story that I gave them went like this. Today Billy Graham is coming to your church, and before going into the building, he wants everybody to meet outside in the parking lot. So that day everybody is gathered outside, and they are told Billy Graham has the gift of Ananias and Sapphira. When you walk through the doors of this building, if you are not born again, you instantly will die. At that moment 40% of the people started making excuses to the pastor. The excuses ranged from everything you can think of, so that they would not have to go through them doors, and that they would be back next week. When it came time to enter the building, the first one through the door was the elder, and he dropped dead on the spot. You can hear people started to say, "This was a man of God. He knew his Bible better than any of us." At that point there were more excuses from at least 50% of all the people who left. Then those who were remained were brave believers, and they started coming through the doors. Only a few died, but the others had a service of complete joy that they had not experienced in this building before.

The point is this, in 1 John; it talks about loving your fellow believers. John says if you do not, you're not saved. That first church was a place for only believers, and it says in the Bible that nobody outside of the group dared to join them. However, more and more were added to the group. It grew in great numbers as God himself added to His church.

To reply to Art, I only want my family to suffer in order for them to know the Lord. Suffering from God brings you to the point of repentance or salvation. That is the true love that I offer to my family, and with God's help, no matter how hard it becomes on them. I pray that God's will be done in their life. To answer the question more in depth, being a member of a Christian

church does not make you a Christian. Most of today's churches welcome all because it is centered on the physical building rather than centered on Christ. A person must look at each individual to see their actions (fruit), which is a very difficult thing to do. The evil has succeeded for over 2,000 years. It has made the building be the church where the wolves in sheep's clothing dominate the church building, and even God's own can be fooled. The wolf lives in the world of being fair, good, peaceful, and togetherness. He knows if you try to beat these, you will look foolish and uncaring. Satan knows the Bible and what verse to use to deceive most people. Those of us who have been chosen by God will recruit those who are on streets with the help of the Holy Spirit and his angels. The only pews that we're trying to fill are in His holy temple.

When you need the Holy Spirit, you must become silent in your thoughts. He is always there, just waiting for you. He wants to help you find your spiritual needs, because that's where you should always start. That's where you need to recognize His peace and understanding. Then He told me to wait and trust in Him and watch what He does, this would be action. In the Hebrew, the word for action is waiting. In waiting, I have learned that I am to pray and endure the hate coming from my family. This waiting, an enduring, makes God happy, and I have learned when He's happy, I'm happy. So I want to give this waiting time to Him. I now realize in my second vision when the flame grew to 40 feet, that I was attached to the Holy Spirit, and it was my growth in the Holy Spirit.

This is a spiritual war, and so many times, my human side is impatient. The easier my life is, the more impatient I become. That's why a relationship with God is hard, because it is His timing. That's why waiting is so important. If we can wait the answers, they will take place. The last three years have been like a bad dream, a nightmare. I am beginning to see all that has happened, and my growth in faith has grown strong so while I wait. I pray many times each and every day.

My family has decided to make their lies legal in the eyes of the world. They went and got a restraining order against me during the trial, and many lies were said. At the trial, nothing was added to their previous statements. The first judge denied the restraining order, and it was put into the record that I had not gone to any of their houses in three years. My final statement was that I would never go to their house, because they have shown nothing but hate toward me. Not only do they want to hurt me, they want to bury me, and they wanted me to suffer. Their final statement was that my Christianity is not true, that I manipulate the words of the Bible for my own thoughts. This is where the judge agreed with them. I am a child of God through the blood of Christ. The Holy Spirit is my teacher, and I am a disciple of Christ. They have now given me a clear picture of who they are, and what they are. Their paths will lead them to destruction, and I no longer can cry for them. In court under oath, they all agreed that I am a menace to society and mentally unstable. What these people think of me does not matter anymore; they have made me stronger in the Lord than I've ever been. So I will continue this lifestyle of being a fool for Christ till the day I die.

On April 29th, the day of the parade in Red Bluff, California, I woke up, and it was raining. I jumped back into bed and all I heard was, "I worked hard to bring you 1,000 people. So get out of bed and be my Man." So I got up, got dressed, and the rain stopped. The sun came out, and I passed out my 1,000 tracts. I gave Him the day. Praise the Lord.

God wanted my family and me to be on opposite sides. I did not have the strength to make this happen, but Lisa and Jason did so my family is living in God's will. I need to be glad about this, even though it may now be necessary for me to be sad for a while. There are many kinds of trials that I am suffering. These trials are to prove that my faith is genuine. I love my Lord and believe in Him, even though I have not seen Him. I rejoice with great love which words can't express.

In April, I passed out 2,000 tracts in Oroville, California. The Lord gave me two young men from West Valley High School from the football work detail. And after trying twenty different

churches with no success, I ended up with these two young men. Are they believers? At this point, it makes no difference. I just need help, and I am tired of begging these churches. Thank you, Father, for these young men.

I have now realized that my family has no idea what the Holy Spirit can do, how much wisdom and the power He possesses, and all the comfort He has given me. They thought I would fall apart without them. I don't believe they know the power of the Holy Spirit. I no longer need them; they would only hurt me instead of helping me.

With all that as happened to me, I'm beginning to look at my second vision, the very fast train with the shiny chrome. Could it be an angel of light which is evil, trying to look appealing to the eye? It is very deceiving, and that's what evil is.

In Redding, California, I passed out 1,000 tracts. At first I was disappointed with my two helpers, but the Holy Spirit reminded me, in my prayer that I asked to serve Him for the many and the chosen. He told me he brought 1,000 so the job was well done. Thank you, Lord. I will finish my circuit rider duties till the day I die.

In 2017, I went to the parade in Weaverville, California and passed out 2,000 tracts in 45 minutes! It's like we were flying with angels! During the parade, a couple of people asked one of the young men, "Are you a part of Jim Dell's crew." I have not done this parade for twenty years so somebody knows what I'm doing. Believe it or not, it felt good to hear that. I now believe these two young men will help me finish one of my circuit rider duties. Their names were Aston and Cade; Cade's dad came to Koinonia twenty years ago. It's a small world! Aston witnessed to a Muslim, telling him that he is a believer. The Lord showed that one of the boys is His.

August first was my miracle day. I was driving on 1-5 passing a big rig semi, when Bam! My right front tire blew out at 80 miles an hour. I gently touched the brakes, slowed down and stopped on the side of the freeway. I made an attempt to change the tire that failed. I was kneeling on pavement that was 150° Fahrenheit. I had no cell phone and had to go forward. I drove about 100 yards, and tried again to change the tire only to fail. By now, I realized I had to drive three more miles to fix the tire. As soon as I got on the off-ramp, I saw a vehicle parked alongside the freeway. I knew I was not going to make it, so I rolled down my window. I saw a lady in the ditch, picking up cans and putting in a bag. I yelled out to her, "Do you have a cell phone?" She replied, "Yes. Do you need to use it? I answered, "Yes. I'll be right over." I ran down in the ditch, and she asked me what was wrong. I told her I had a flat tire. Her reply was, "No problem. I am a country girl, and I can change that for you." She was right. She found the place where the jack needed to be attached to my car, and in ten minutes, she had changed my tire. I asked her, "Why were you parked there?" She said, "Gas money. I saw a bunch of cans in the ditch and stopped to pick them up." When I looked over at her and that's exactly what she was doing. When we were done, I said, "I'd like to pay you for your help." She said, "Ok, \$20." I gave her \$40 and then a tract also.

Why am I telling this story? I pass out lots of tracts, but when the Father arranges a moment like this you must tell the story. I have driven the same route before on the freeway at this place, and you cannot see down in that ditch. She claimed to see this cans there. This is all the Father's doing. I call it predestination I have already prayed several times for her. I know she will tell her friends about a man giving her \$40 for changing a tire and she will also show this tract to many people. Somebody, if not her, has been chosen by the Father, and now all they are looking for is Jesus. All things are done according to the Father's plans. The Holy Spirit has given us life, but we must control how we live. Those who are children of God do not continue to live in sin for God's very nature is in them. They cannot continue living in sin, because God is their Father. If they do, He will take them home. I do not fear dying and going to a better place, but I know I still have things to do. I will not give up being the hand of the Lord. I want to finish what He has started, because you do have only one life to give Him.

I went to Quincy, California on August 12th and passed out 1,100 tracts. Three times during the parade, I did not think I was going to make it. It is a five hour drive from my home to there. When I got home, I passed out on the couch, and this time I know this will be my last 20,000 tracts. Both of my legs cramped for two days. Thank you, Almighty Father, for the day, and now I pray for all those who received a tract, especially for the chosen. If my heart has love, it now belongs to You. If my heart has pain, it now belongs to You. If my heart has hope, it now belongs to You. If my heart has tears, they belong to You. I must go forward, because that is all I have left. For me, self-pity has no place in Your love. I need You to take care of me. If I find strength, it will be Yours. If I need You, grab me and shake me until I only see You. Then I know that Your joy will come like flowing water and with peace beyond understand. I offer myself as a living sacrifice to you, the Father, and dedicate my life to Your service, to be pleasing to You. You have brought me by faith into this experience, Lord. I boast of all my troubles, because now I know that trouble produces endurance, and this endurance makes, the Father happy. I live to serve You for now and all eternity.

I want to share how I have read my Bible every night for the last 30 years. It begins when I go into my sauna. It starts with prayer, and then I read and I underline what jumps off the pages. Then I gather all the underlined sentences. I do this over and over again till I am left with just a few pages, and then I start all over again I have gone through more than twenty Bibles, since the sauna is very hard on books. For the last thirty years, the pages I am left with always help me through whatever situation I am in. Usually when I'm done with a book I just start another, but this time I would like to put the thoughts I am left with on paper. So what I'm about to write comes from seven different books and are not in order, just at random.

As the wind blows, and we do not know where it comes from, but we must always be in prayer to keep us going in the right direction. Like the sailor on his ship, he can control his direction, but he must not allow his self to be carried away by human nature. We are often troubled, but never in despair. We are badly hurt at times, but never destroyed. Live for Christ by serving others.

I pray that my conscience is led by the Holy Spirit that I may serve the Father to help those who

have been chosen by Him to find Christ. This is how the new covenant is made. The Lord said I will put my laws into their spiritual heart, and write them on their spiritual mind. So now we may come with the blood of Christ covering us into the presence of the Father on His throne, because of a conscience that is purified. We were chosen by the Father for a purpose in His Spirit that will cause you to obey His will.

Trials in our life have a dual purpose. One purpose is for us, and the other purpose is for people that surround us. It may give growth in our faith. It may give us strength in our next trial so that we may endure and have so much more confidence, knowing that He will never abandon us no matter how much we abandon Him. For others, it could be a living witness, although you may not see Him or hear Him. Many things have happened to you since you put Him in your life. Once He starts you down the narrow path, as in the past, you'll begin to see more miracles. During the journey you must never stop praying, for prayer will be your communication with God by the power of the Holy Spirit. When you finish a trial, you will give all the credit and honor to Almighty God and to His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

So be a living stone that He may always use you. There is power in the name of Jesus, in His holy name. We are His body here on earth, and He wants us to complete all things for Him. Those who are not for Christ are controlled by evil. They are people who disobey God. God's anger will destroy them, but that does not mean we stop praying for them to receive His salvation.

In union with Him, we are being built together in a place where God Lives, through His Spirit who is in all who are His. Because of this, we have the boldness to go into God's presence with all the confidence to ask for an inner strength to make us strong in times of despair. No matter how big your problem is, He will bring you to know His love if you let Him into your secret place, to the deepest part of your mind and soul. Whatever you thought you could do on your own, He will do 1,000 times better for you. Then you'll have to realize who God really is, beyond any thought you could ever have.

So first, be always humble, gentle, and patient. Learn from the Holy Spirit. Know your place with The Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit. Always give Him everything and hold nothing back. Then thank the Father for using you every day. Now you are beginning to understand what a disciple is and what a prophet does to serve the Lord. There is no man between you and God. You hear His voice, and you must obey, no matter the cost. The reward will be His, because without Him, you could do nothing at all that would last forever. You must learn to be obedient like Christ, who loved the Father and showed His obedience all the way to the cross.

Under the Father's control, we the church all come together to glorify the Son. And the Father will put all of His enemies under the feet of Christ. Before that happens, we must all complete the good deeds that the Father gave us before we were born. We must go out into the world and tell them the only way to heaven is through Jesus Christ. We must tell them about the blood He shed for all our sins, how to make Him our Lord and Savior. He will then give the Holy Spirit

which is a guarantee for all eternity. This all sounds like a jumble, but this is one of the many ways that He speaks to me on a nightly basis in order for me to grow stronger and closer to Him.

“We do not war against flesh and blood, but against principalities and spirits.” The first demon that came into my life was sent by a witch so when I rebuked it. It left and never came back. When I started to be a circuit rider with success, before each parade I would see a demon. Sometimes they looked like a gnome that you have in your yard as a decoration. I was trying to understand why this was happening to me. All I wanted was to keep my LORD on the throne of my life. This means no more worry, and that enduring all this will make my Father happy. So I tried to overlook it and just live to serve him.

Then the demon attacks started to change. Every night there were the same three demons which would attack me. There was a woman dressed in black, a man always trying to be cool, and there were several little demons that were small and different looking. About two months went by, and each time they would appear, I would rebuke them in the name of Jesus. Sometimes it worked, but sometimes they just kept coming back. I had lots of sleepless nights. One night I got really mad and reached out to try to grab the lady by the neck. At that moment, her teeth became like pointed sharks’ teeth, and she came forward to bite my hand. When she disappeared, I went to prayer, of course. Then the cool looking guy stood there with a club in his hand. When I came at him, he disappeared. Then the little gnomes became eight men who were 7 feet tall and surrounding my bed. All I could do was rebuke them in the name of Jesus. I did not get much sleep that night. This scene played over and over for a month or more.

One day the Holy Spirit took me to prayer for the next three hours. I would pray and discern and pray again. I began to realize that these attacks began on the day the LORD gave me a prayer about my family. Then He gave me the scripture where Jesus told his disciples to deal with some demons with lots of prayer. So every night before I would go to bed, I would pray that He would surround my bed in my sleep state with His angels. I would ask for the angels who guard me to have all the weapons they would need to defeat these demons. He told me that I must be silent and not to be startled when I see a demon. I was to close my eyes, roll over, and go back to sleep. The angels would take care of the problem. I remembered the prayer the lord gave me, no more worries and to have endurance in all of this would make my Father happy. So I did just that, when I began to see the demons again and again, ignoring them each time and trusting in the Father for His will to be done.

On September the 17th, I started seeing the results. Some nights I would sleep all through the night without more demons. Then came a night when I saw the image of a demon in a wheelchair. The next night I saw the image of a demon on crutches with one of his legs missing. It was not hard to figure out that my Father's angels were winning this war. I will continue to pray this way every night until the LORD tells me to stop. All glory and honor to you, my Father, to the Lord Jesus for showing me the way, and the Holy Spirit who guides me through all of this Amen.

In September, I went to MacArthur, California for the parade and passed out 750 tracts. Before

the parade, I walked into a church service, dressed in my outfit. I got their attention, and they allowed me to make an announcement. I told them that the last time I was in their town was seventeen years ago. At that time, I told your church that I would not be back for a while and that they would have to be a little bolder to pass out a message of the Lord. I told them I was back, and that I was asking for their help. I have neuropathy, and needed their help to pass out the tracts to their community. However, not one hand went up to volunteer to help. I left their building and took a seat in front it, facing the highway on the parade route. The area was roped off and full of seats. I sat there and waited twenty minutes before the parade began. During that time I gave a tract to one man. He read it and said that for a tract, it was good. The church members began to come out of their church building and sit in their chairs. No one asked any questions. It was time to pass out my tracts, and only four people out of forty from the church building took a tract from me. One lady offered me money, but I told her, "What I pass out is a gift from God, freely given by the Lord Jesus Christ. There's no way I could charge for it." In one hour, I was able to give the gospel message to 750 people. When they read these words, it will stay with them for days which is enough time for God to convict them if they are chosen to be His. I pray that this tract will be an instrument to touch their heart.

Jesus said there will never be enough messengers. I pray for more messengers. Paul said we should all ask for the gift of proclaiming God's message of salvation. Without salvation we have nothing.

In Nevada City, California, I passed out 750 tracts. On my way back past the turnoff to a covered bridge, I began to remember Marcel and his family. I remembered when I asked Marcel why he turned against me, he said, "Because you divorced Terry." I did not get a chance to explain that I had every right. When your partner in marriage is unfaithful, this does not mean just adultery. It also means breaking the vow of marriage, being disloyal, not trustworthy, and dishonest. Peter said that a wife must accept the authority of her husband. Terry broke all of these rules and more. Poor Marcel knows the truth, but is so afraid of Lisa. I pray for him to break free of this evil that controls him.

I must learn to be stronger than my feelings. The next parade was coming up in Chico. Of course, on the night before, I knew the demons would come to upset my sleep. The first demon came and started looking at me over my headboard. I did what I was told not to do and reached out to grab him. This was a mistake, because the Lord told me not to be aggressive, but roll over and go back to sleep. They came, one after another; first a man standing in front of several huge apes, then came four horrible looking demons. One stood in front of me with several knife wounds in his body. Falling from these wounds was a reddish, sparkly substance that did not look like blood, because it was way too thick. I stopped looking and tried to go back to sleep. I wrote this before the parade, "For I shall walk through the valley of death and fear no evil." At the parade in Chico, California, I passed out 1,500 tracts. Thank you, Lord. .

In Corning, California, I passed out 1,000 tracts. I had two boys helping me again, Aston and a new man Jase. If your heart is not in it, then everybody doesn't get a tract, and you don't pass out as many. But I prayed that all the chosen in that town would come out and raise their hands so that they would receive the tract and that would lead them to Christ.

The next parade was in Woodland, California on December 9th. Everything that could go wrong seems to happen that Friday. First, I received a call from Aston telling me he couldn't be any help. Then the painter who was to decorate my vehicle with the paintings that represented the death of Christ on the cross was told by his Doctor to never be around his paint, that inhaling it would cause irreversible brain damage. I went right to prayer asking for the Lord's help. My answer was to do the parade on my own. I set the alarm for 6:30 a.m. and went to sleep. It did not take long, and a head appeared with large teeth covering most of the head with a huge smile. Without words, it was telling me we have permission so get ready. The next thing I saw was three men all were carrying large wooden sticks. I ignored them all and tried to go back to sleep, but all night long I would hear noises that sounded like my house was being torn apart. It sounded like the noises came from everywhere. The last time I looked at the clock, it was 1:30 a.m., so I decided to call out the name of Jesus over and over. It seemed like forever, but I know I went to sleep then I heard the alarm at 6:30 a.m.. All I wanted to do is go back to sleep, but as soon as I closed my eyes, my conscience was then spoken to, "So you're going to let them win." That's all I needed to hear, and I got right up.

In two and a half hours, I was in Woodland, California, and instead of taking 1,000 tracts, I took 2,000 of them. An hour and a half later, I had passed all of them out. The ride home was great. For the first half hour, all I could do was smile, and for the next two hours, all I could do was thank my Father for all He has done. So the following night after reading scripture, I fell asleep, and then wakened to see that same spirit from the night before all tied up with the smile turned into an ugly face with no teeth. My God is always in charge, and the night before was just a test. I believe I passed, for all these things that happened to me. For all the people who say these tracts mean nothing, they are so wrong. I believed from the day the Lord gave me this ministry, that the Lord and I will fill that wooden life boat. Evil has attacked me many times; I have 5,500 tracts left, so they will be passed out with prayer and the Lord in charge.

The Lord gave me a brother in Christ to decorate my van for my Lord. The painting of the hand of the Lord will be on all three sides of the van with 10 one liners inspired by scripture above and below the hand. These are some of the sayings:

Jesus God's Messiah, Fear God, not man, His blood, your sins, Jesus= no more worries, dead to sin alive in Christ, Jesus came for the outcasts, this is Love, be born again and live, Holy Spirit gives new life, fully God, yet fully man, and Jesus is alive. I am beginning to see things in different ways than when I first started this ministry. I read last night where God makes His servants flames of fire. Could that growth in the flame on top of the mountain be my spirit joined with the Holy Spirit which allows me to grow in the spiritual world? Thank you a million times, for there is no God like You in the whole universe, physically or spiritually.

On March 23, 2018, I decided it was time to reflect the last two and a half months. I experienced over 200 attacks from the spiritual world. When it started, it was night after night with three to four attacks a night. After a couple of weeks I asked the LORD what was this all about. I had no parades or events coming up, but I heard no answer. After another month, I was reading scripture



The Lord gave me a brother in Christ to decorate my van for my Lord. The painting of the hand of the Lord will be on all three sides of the van with 10 one liners inspired by scripture above and below the hand.

at least three times a day, and my prayers never seemed to stop. I was wearing down, and two thoughts came to the surface. The first thought was I going crazy, but the answer always came up just no! The other question was, is this a test? The more I read, the more I saw that the Lord power over evil, Yes, He did give Satan control over this earth for a short time till He comes back. In the meantime, He can use evil for His will to be done. The nights became a no ending spiritual attack, night after night. The routine was the same - fall asleep and within an hour, they would be there. I found out this is my weakest time in my 24 hour day. I would rebuke them in Jesus' name, and it was over for the night. This seemed to be never ending. They came in all different sizes and shapes. Some looked ridiculous while others were intimidating. I started to feel like I was being tortured. Then after two months, it seemed to stop, and I was never so happy. Then two days later, it started back up. This made me cry out loud to the Lord, "Please, please, help me!" There was no immediate answer, but then I had four nights that gave me my answers.

The first night I was attacked for at least three hours. They came in all shapes and sizes. Some looked friendly while others looked mean and nasty. I rebuked them all in the name of Jesus, and they all left. Then a light came that filled the whole place. It was not a spirit that I could see. It came as a light with paintings of great size that made no sense at all, but the light intimidated me. This went on and off for hours. I started to realize that whoever was sending these paintings and light was not in my room. It was being sent from some other place. All the evil that came before would leave when I rebuked them in Jesus' name, but this light was different. When a painting would appear, I would rebuke it, but then another painting would appear. It seemed I could rebuke the paintings, but the light would stay the same. The different paintings did not upset me. It was that light that made me feel uneasy. If I could see the source, then I could rebuke it. After hours of trying, I started to pray to the Father, "Please, I cannot take anymore," and at once it stopped. The place became silent and empty. I wanted no more! I gave up and just wanted to sleep.

The second night after falling asleep, I was in that place where I would meet evil. It was empty as far as I could see in any direction, so I spoke up loud and clear, "I am a disciple of Christ. I am here, come again, and I will be stronger! Double the attack, but you will be defeated." On the third night, the light came back, and the paintings were a fourth of their size. The light was less, but in less than an hour, I cried out, "Father, please help me," and it was over. I know I should say something, but whatever I said would be wrong, so I kept silent.

There was one more night to come. The paintings came first, and instantly the Holy Spirit said, "Wait!" I did just that, and then a light came. The picture vanished, but the light stayed. This was not the light that made me uneasy. This was a stronger light, I felt a great peace, and I knew this came from my Lord. Then over forty evil spirits came, and I could see all their faces. They did not look happy, instead they were scared! The Holy Spirit said, "Tell each one this, "Holy Father, Almighty God, Creator of all the seen and unseen and in the name of Jesus the Christ and by the power of the Holy Spirit, send them to a place where they can't come back from." Then they were all gone, and His light became even brighter. I looked up, and there was this huge face as big as a cloud. I became a little intimidated, but I knew what to do, to rebuke in the same way

as all the others. I did just that, and it started to move away. It did not vanish like the others, but moved slowly away. It turned its head to look at me, trying to intimidate me, but it left. Then I noticed the place was empty, and the light was gone.

During these last three nights, the Holy Spirit was showing how I failed each test. Every time I had a chance to make it right, I failed, but The Father loves us so much. After all the spankings and testing's, He is a great Father, and He gave me one more chance. He does want the best for us, and failing is not an option. My mind went back to my failures. On first night, I was weak and gave up. On the second night, I had too many I's which is the sin of pride. On the third night, my pitiful weakness of saying nothing was the sin of being lukewarm. In that moment of silence, I said, "Yes, Father, please forgive my sins that I have committed during all the testing's, and thank you, my Lord Christ Jesus, for your blood which covers me. Holy Spirit, there is no equal, I bow to all three of You so that this spiritual world will see I'm a living sacrifice to you, hopefully pleasing so I may come to You in true worship." I then yelled out, "Father God, I'm your servant, know and for all eternity!" Then I fell asleep without worries.

When I woke up, I went right to prayer to ask the LORD to tell me what happened. I heard the Holy Spirit speak to my conscience. I had that same feeling that went through my whole body like a tingle just like when I asked Christ into my life. He said that I would find my answer in scripture. It did not take me long, and what I found was this. In 2 Corinthians chapter 4 and verse 6, it says "For GOD who said, OUT of darkness the light shall shine is the same God who made his light shine in our hearts, to bring us the knowledge of God's glory shining in the face of Christ." I had read this many times, but now I have received the help I needed. Even though I am on the mountain top, one must always discern not others so much, but look at yourself on a daily basis.

I had lessons to learn, like the lesson of going wherever He wants me to go, to witness the good news no matter how many would be there, even just one. Part of this lesson was never to go up against evil on my own, with just my thoughts and words. This would be like punching at a light, no matter how many times you swing, you never hit the light. IT would only be giving the light the pleasure of laughing at you. You must always pray, asking the Lord to completely surround you and go ahead of you to defeat the enemy. Secondly, when I was in anguish, I should have realized and asked for knowledge that teaches us. There is only one you should fear and that is God the Father. For many, it is hell, but for us who are saved, it is knowledge. I know now it is kindness, knowledge, and self-control that I received as a gift. I must be humble in my knowledge to be used by Him. I must be self-controlled in my fire for the Lord, so as not to discourage anyone who is searching for the truth. This gift of kindness is for all, so that they may see Christ in me and my love for all is still the cross. There is no greater love in all of mankind. I have learned I can never get enough of His spiritual knowledge and self-control. With these gifts, I will become more humble and worry free. I must endure till my worldly end. I thank you for this testing lesson, Father. I pray I shall never forget it. On the mountain top, I have learned not to turn to the world for help or worldly churches, but turn only to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, They are the ones with true wisdom and knowledge, and my greatest gift in this lesson is reverence and awe for the LORD. For now and for always, my relationship is fear

mixed with the greatest love I will ever know.

I pray that I get lost in You, Lord, to find my way. As my human side is becoming weaker, my spiritual side is growing stronger because of your gifts. These will help me to fulfill your purpose for me in my life. I have learned from Your word, I can give you four things. I can fear you, obey you, repent of my sins, and humble myself before you. An easy way for me to remember is this” FOR HIM.” Red Bluff, California in 2018, I passed out 3,200 tracts. He gave me a verse for this parade: “You must shine among them like stars lighting up the sky as you offer them the message of life.” My two helpers this day were Janie and Patricia, and these two ladies were great. When I prayed for this parade, I asked the Father to bring all He had chosen so that this tract could be an instrument to find Jesus. That’s why we passed out more tracts at this parade than the last nine times I have been to this parade.

I went to Paradise, California and passed out 2,200 tracts. I had two nice ladies to help me at this parade. Janie came and helped with her friend Diane. They have a music ministry for the Lord, but are helping me with my last parade of this ministry. This phase of events is over, but the Lord is not done with me yet. I have my Circuit Rider van and a few hundred tracts and Bibles left, and it won’t be over until I die.

The Lord had me read this verse a long time ago: “The wind blows wherever it wishes; you hear the sound it makes, but you do not know where it comes from or where it is going.” It is like that with everyone who is born again. He told me that if I listen to Him, He will put me where He wants me to be. I can’t make it on my own; He must be more, and I must become less.

To the wide-eyed children of GOD our Father. I was told to climb, did just that, now it is your turn, so climb? On the top there is no walls so your work will be very different I seen you there, you were so happy and Christ-like. My best tool is prayer, I will pray for you all the days of my life. The reason this journal is in print is for you. Let no one stop you, See you there. Love always Jim.

I can say with all certainty that what you do for Him, that passes His test will bring you a reward in Heaven. The moment you receive it, lay it at His feet, even your crown. When you walk away you will be surrounded by countless numbers of His disciples in a fellowship that will last forever. I hope to see you There. In 2019 for a long time my purpose for being a disciple for Jesus was trying to help as many people come to Jesus as I could.

I am 72 years old, and dying has become a reality. and it brings my thoughts to this; can I still be a disciple of Christ in Heaven? What would my purpose be? The answer is yes, a disciple of Christ in Heaven, learning from Him for all eternity how to be obedient and to serve the HOLY FATHER ALMIGHTY GOD. I see this purpose will last forever, and this makes me very happy.

My circuit Rider duties have slowed down, and I average 5 tracts a week. I am His forever

P.S. Now that you have finished reading my journal and have no further use for it, please pass it on to those who lead with their heart. The Father knows how many Jews and how many Gentiles will be saved. When the last one is saved, He will come again.