

# *The Super Computer*

**S C**

# PART ONE

## *The Source*

## ***Chapter One***

There is a source of infinite intelligence and it is available to each of us equally. Unfortunately, most of us are unable to believe this is true. We accept the lie that because others have a better education or are smarter than we are, the Super Computer [from here on "SC"], the Source of all truth, is simply not available to us. The good news is that there really is an SC and it really is available to anyone.

In order to "tap into" or access SC, so that we have answers to every question, we have to just learn some simple secrets and follow them. For many of us we will have to change how we think and what we think. We will have to change what we say and how we say it, but that's all we have to do. It only becomes a monumental task if we lack the motivation, that is, the desire and decision sufficient enough to overcome old habits of thinking and speaking that keep us in relative slavery. Relative, that is, to our true potential.

The first step to being motivated enough to change – so that I can become what I want to become (not what somebody else wants me to be), is to believe that it is possible. Before I can believe in the possibility I have to have a fairly clear picture in my mind of what it is – *who it is* I want to become. SC has the answer as to how.

## ***Chapter Two***

*This is the first challenge and it is easy to rise to it. It is also the first step to changing how we think. Almost all of us lack a clear picture of whom and what we want to be. Some of us may say, “I want to be me,” but since we don’t yet know the kind of “me we want to be,” we settle for something far less than our potential. Why this is true is different for each individual, but nonetheless true.*

*So the first question we might want to ask SC is “what kind of me do I want to be?” SC has the answer to that question. The first secret of access, or being able to get the answer, therefore, is to believe that SC has the answer and that all we have to do to get the answer is to ask the question. It really is just that simple.*

## *Chapter Three*

Have you asked the question yet? If not, why not? Actually you have already asked the question, at least subconsciously, you simply have not been able to accept and fully understand the answer, because your mind is not yet adequately prepared to process information from SC.

Let's review **the first secret**. Believing SC has the answer and all we have to do to get the answer is to ask the question.

**The second secret** is equally important. Believing enough to keep asking and keep expecting the answer **UNTIL** we get the complete answer that satisfies us.

HINT: The answer is not complete until it is satisfactory – it must **feel** complete enough to begin acting on it – that is, moving toward making it a living reality by taking action. How do we do that? By asking SC how to, while employing the first two secrets.

The foregoing is sufficient, in and of itself, to live in wisdom and knowledge, if you believe it to be so. I offer what follows only as an aid to breaking into a belief that **nothing is impossible**.

## ***Chapter Four***

The foregoing is obviously a mere introduction – and that about the rudimentary aspects of accessing or asking questions of SC. That will be enough for some to take a “leap of faith” into the abyss of ignorance called “blind trust.” From the vantage point of one old man (in his seventies), this writer, “blind” trust would be a superior path to follow at this juncture. Why? Because any information would be obtained directly from SC instead of being filtered through the mind of a man tainted by his own peculiar set of experiences and knowledge.

I fully understand, however, that some will insist on more information before blindly deciding to ask anything of SC. For example, one bright young man, after reading the introduction, said to me:

“I asked you when you first started talking about this, just what *is* the Super Computer?”

After my initial defensiveness was past, I decided to treat the question as fully legitimate from an honest seeker after truth.

My honest answer is that I can only tell anyone what my own experiences have been, as a result of asking questions I have put to SC. My warning is that anyone wanting to know what SC is will discover the truth more quickly by going directly. But since you asked, here goes...

## ***Chapter Five***

My first memory of being aware that there was intelligence “outside,” or “beyond myself” was shortly after the fourth birthday of this body I occupy. I must now explain, at the risk of intellectual and emotional rejection by certain readers, that my time identity is not the name, occupation, or personality of this “body bag” birthed to its earthly parents almost three quarters of a century ago. If you cannot handle that bit of information we may as well deal with it now and say our goodbyes without you wasting time reading any farther.

For those of you remaining, I am not an “alien” from another planet. I am a spirit occupying a human “body bag” – this as opposed to the religious view of a human being “with a spirit.”

Lest you suspect that all this is written as fiction of a parapsychology or fantasy genre’ – I assure you that it is not. You may want to believe that this is the hen scratchings of a demented soul with a cheese omelet for a brain. That, of course, is your choice, however, the experiences I relate are verifiably factual. Furthermore, none of what is contained herein is intended to bring attention to this writer. I will remain anonymous for this reason, except to the few I choose for the purpose of initial reaction as a means to improve the final draft for publication. More importantly, the “supernatural” incidents I relate can be accomplished by anyone and are not unique to me.

## ***Chapter Six***

To those impatient for an answer to, “What is the SC?” I will share, now, the attributes I have tested to my own satisfaction, through experience. I believe the SC is far more – ***infinitely more*** than I or anyone else can experience or begin to explain or understand. One strong suggestion is that the quickest, most efficient way to get past my

explanations is to ask SC (by whatever other name), questions such as “Is this truth?” These questions should be asked at any and every point this old man makes.

**I have found that SC:**

- 1. Always provides the requested information without rebuke, criticism, or judgment.**
- 2. Has no needs of its own. All I do is persistently ask UNTIL I get the complete answer to my question.**
- 3. Is always accessible and does not recognize limitations. Nothing is impossible.**
- 4. Is all knowing from the vantage point of having existed from the very beginning and understands the purpose for which everything was brought into existence. Therefore it is the Source of perfect wisdom.**
- 5. Is a complete and perfect Parent – the perfect Mommy/Daddy, Mother/Father, Mama/Papa that I always longed for (at least subconsciously). Therefore, its wisdom transcends typical “male” and/or “female” limitations and prejudices. Its wisdom considers the needs of everything with which we interact. It, therefore, protects every component of every interaction from ultimate harm from its own perfect parental perspective, which we are not given to understand. It understands our deepest emotional needs so that the wisdom it dispenses takes each of these needs into consideration.**

***Chapter Seven***

*Before sharing some of my personal experiences, I want to make a point of something I believe (it doesn't make it true) about SC and how the human brain interacts with it. Current scientific thought generally considers the human brain to be the most complex, most dense organism in the known universe. The study of the human brain – by some estimates is more than ninety-five percent **in**complete. Experts in the latest computer design and programming field argue about whether computers can ever equal the capacity of the human brain to think. Many of those that do believe computers can someday equal the capability of the human brain estimate that it will take decades to do so.*

*The SC does not occupy part of the human brain. It interacts with the human brain in ways currently not understood in any substantive manner. The SC is not a computer in the sense of being manufactured or even created. The SC is part of the creative process, that is, it is and was from the “beginning.”*

## **Chapter Eight**

Some may wonder why I have chosen to use the impersonal term SC when I am obviously referring to some form of “deity.” Why not use “God,” “Allah,” or any number of terms that are considered sacred by various religions around the world? The reason is simple. It also has to do with an anti-religious bias, spawned by some study of original languages in the Bible. This study brought me to the conclusion that religious tradition is

often the result of **m**istranslation – some of it apparently deliberate – at least as an attempt to perpetuate such tradition. The primary reason, however, is that “God” (by whatever other name) simply means too many different things to too many different people. Consider the fact, just as one of a myriad of examples, is that an age-old argument exists about the “only” name acceptable for God is “Yahweh” (on one side of the argument) or “Jehovah” (on the other side). Now, consider that some Hebrew scholars insist that the Hebrew symbol translated as either “Yahweh” or “Jehovah:” was intended to be unpronounceable! Add to that rather amazing mix something recorded in Hebrew Scriptures:

***“God instructed Moses to go tell the Jewish nation that I AM has sent him to them and that the name I AM was to be memorialized from generation to generation forever!”***

(Exodus 3:14-16)

Now add the fact that some scholars suggest “I AM” would be more correctly translated as, “I will be what I will be.” Please remember that this “real name of God” argument doesn’t even scratch the surface of possibilities within the religious understanding of some Jews (and by extension most Christians), and this without beginning to consider Islam or the almost inexhaustible supply of “God-names” found in the sacred writings of Hindu and other major religions of the world. Finally we add the fact that almost all religions have the fascinating view that theirs uniquely expresses the ONLY true revelation of God’s (again, by whatever other name) will for mankind.

Now then, that’s my answer as to why I have chosen to use the impersonal “SC.”

## ***Chapter Nine***

We are almost to the point of sharing my own personal experiences as to how and what convinced me to take the leap of faith I am suggesting others may want to try. Don’t forget the shortcut. I am enjoying this process of clarifying my own thinking and sharing my own journey, but it isn’t really necessary. Anyone can begin interacting with SC NOW by going back and reviewing what I received from SC and begin writing their own odyssey from the access secrets they receive directly from SC. It will be far more (and

quickly) rewarding than wading through this one old man's journey. But you are most welcome to remain on board for as long as you enjoy the journey.

To tie up the loose ends of the next and final chapter in PART ONE, I think it only fair to explain the anti-religious bias to which I alluded back in Chapter Seven. In PART TWO I will introduce a close friend, a psychiatrist I drag out to hopefully convince anyone that I really am in my "right mind," whatever that means. I mention it now only because some may feel that what follows borders on being "crazy."

## *Chapter Ten*

The branch of Christianity that I embraced for over forty years, and have now left behind, states that the Bible is the only reliable source or confirmation of the truth. For the most part, the adherents of this particular group refer to themselves as "believers." My dissatisfaction and ultimate disassociation arose from my observation that this group ignored much of what the

Bible says and particularly what Jesus said about "faith" and "believing."

Let's consider the "Bible Character" Enoch. The Bible clearly declares that Enoch didn't die and provides the reason. Get this: "It was faith that kept Enoch from dying. "Consider that the Hebrew prophet Elijah also circumvented death. Body and all disappeared in a whirlwind. Consider that Jesus said anyone that truly believes in Him would never die. That particular quote is taken to mean, by the vast majority of Christians, that once these bodies we occupy have undergone a proper funeral and burial, "eternal life" begins. That concept is flawed on the basis that the term in the original language translated as, "eternal life," literally means "Life which has no beginning and no ending" and can simply and accurately be translated into the single English word **NOW**.

# PART TWO

## *The Breakthrough*

### *Chapter One*

Years ago a close friend, a psychiatrist, and I launched a program he dubbed, "Prayer/Faith

Workshops.” Jim was the Medical Director of a large private psychiatric hospital in the Pacific Northwest. I had shared a “secret of praying” with him that had a dramatic impact upon his private practice and his work at the hospital. The information had also provided a significant breakthrough in faith in his personal life; faith for healing physical and mental disease to such a degree that he wanted to see the information shared with others... hence, “Prayer/ Faith Workshops.” Jim had previously been involved in a business with me that revolved around a system of training seminars I had designed for teaching certain selling techniques that we marketed to companies for their employees. Jim had the idea of using that same basic format for helping others get to the same point of breakthrough he had experienced in “faith” and the “miraculous.”

## ***Chapter Two***

I had moved out of the area and had not seen Jim for nine years, though we had kept in touch by phone. I called to let him know I was back in town and to see if we could get together. I was happy that he enthusiastically suggested a late dinner after his final scheduled appointment for the night with a private patient. Over dinner, at a nearby restaurant, we

fell immediately back into the same easy, yet intense camaraderie that had marked our friendship of over twenty-five years. As old friends separated for several years tend to do, we brought each other up-to-date.

Shortly after I had moved away he had been made an offer he couldn't refuse, he told me. A large, new, mental health facility with sixty-six beds for in-patient treatment, plus a large capacity for a variety of out-patient counseling programs, had offered him the position of Medical Director on a half-time basis. It included the use of his expansive, well-appointed office for private patients, plus the use of the hospital staff for secretarial, reception, and other support services.

In one fell swoop, he told me, overhead had been eliminated. Office rent, phone, utilities, receptionist, etc., were all taken care of, plus a substantial salary, meant a huge increase in net annual income. He told me that he was thriving on the administrative responsibilities on a half-time basis. Since most of the details could be delegated among a large, professional staff, he was free to use his creativity to constantly strive toward improving the quality of patient care provided by the hospital staff. Jim told me that he was working twelve hours a day and "having a ball" is how he summed it up in that indomitable exuberance I remembered so well. It was good to be back.

### ***Chapter Three***

Jim flowed easily into an animated and interesting portrayal about the hospital's wide-spread reputation in three mental health specialties. The one currently exciting his main interest was Multiple Personality Disorder Syndrome (MPDS).

The hospital, he told me, was rapidly becoming the best-known and respected facility in the entire western U.S. for MPDS. Something in my expression apparently gave away my more than passing interest and he asked, "What do you know about MPD?" He asked this with an intensity displayed by a serious look, complete with eyes narrowed.

"Don't ask," I responded, as nonchalantly as possible, considering the intense feelings I had on the topic.

"C'mon, I know you." He said with his unique ability to mask a serious, implied question with a completely disarming grin.

I was able to shrug him off and keep him talking with a question, "What are your feelings about MPD?"

"Well, it's a highly controversial diagnosis," he began thoughtfully, "yet I've experienced and read enough to consider it a valid and very real disorder."

I interrupted him and asked if he had ever read the book *Three Faces of Eve* which had been written by a psychiatrist several years previously and had also been made into a movie. He admitted that he hadn't, but said that several people had recommended it to him.

He looked thoughtful and then said, "You know, some psychiatrists reject MPD almost violently. Among the other psychiatrists on staff at the hospital – most are skeptical. C'mon, tell me what you know about MPD," he insisted.

## ***Chapter Four***

"Okay, you asked for it," I replied with a feeling sigh, not really wanting to deal with what I anticipated would be his reaction, "So I'll give it to you straight up. You remember how we both used to feel about the so-called 'deliverance ministry?'" We had both believed in the existence of "demons" or "evil spirits," but we felt they were best left alone unless you knew what you were doing, so to speak. We had been highly critical of the methods of deliverance to which we had been exposed, at the time, as often causing more harm than good, and I reminded him.

"No question about it in my mind," he nodded, "I saw too many patients wind up in serious trouble because of it."

"Well, over the past nine years," I resumed, "I've learned how to deal with demons in the authority of Christ and I've come to the conclusion that every disease, including diabetes" [I knew I was on thin ice with him on this one; his brother had recently died in a diabetic coma and his youngest daughter, then in her late twenties, had the disease] "for which there is a medical treatment, but no known cure, I suspect demonic involvement." I rushed on before he could express any of the facial reactions I was seeing. "...And with regard to MPD, every time I have cast demons out of a person that has multiple personalities, the alternate personalities leave as well."

Under the circumstance of having mentioned diabetes, I was pleasantly surprised that he responded with light hearted, mock dismay, "Oh no, you've become one of those that look for a demon under every rock and behind every couch."

## ***Chapter Five***

"I told you not to ask," I said resignedly, certain that the defensiveness I was feeling was also clearly showing.

"I was only kidding," he said. "Seriously, five of the other seven psychiatrists on staff are Christians and so are several of the nurses. We all agree that we feel an evil presence around MPDs. One of the other psychiatrists is Jewish and he doesn't want any of his patients anywhere near an MPD. He flatly disagrees with the diagnosis, but has actually used the word 'evil' when

describing his feeling about MPDs. So, I want to hear more." Jim glanced at his watch and motioned to the waiter for the check. He then invited me to his place at the beach for the weekend.

"I've got the duty," he explained, "But we'll still have plenty of time to talk."

The "duty" meant he would be "on call" covering for the other psychiatrists all weekend. He had explained that all eight of them alternated each weekend so that each was on call only once every eight weeks.

## ***Chapter Six***

*I arrived to have dinner with Jim and his wife at their beach home at about eight Friday evening. Our conversation was continuously interrupted by phone calls from the hospital, which he would disappear into another room to answer. Each time he returned to the table, he would grumble:*

*"Dang MPDs!"*

*Having any meaningful conversation in a continuum proved to be impossible. We finally gave up for the night. Even though I had a bedroom and bath to myself, closed off from the*

*rest of the house, I could hear the phone ringing in the distance and was awakened by it several times during the night.*

*Over breakfast I asked Jim about all the phone calls. “Full moon and MPDs – always happens,” was his terse reply. We were having a repeat performance of dinner the night before. The phone rang incessantly and each time Jim returned with the same muttered, “Dang MPDs!”*

## ***Chapter Seven***

After the fifth or sixth interruption, punctuated with the same grumble, I asked Jim, “How would you like to learn to pray in a way that would eliminate all those calls?”

“Yeah, right!” was his irritated response.

I continued to sit at the table in companionable silence with his wife, as we shared the morning paper... interspersed by several more calls. Finally Jim returned from a long absence with a Bible in his left hand, tapping the front with his right forefinger. “Can you show me in here what you’re talking about?”

I assured him that I could.

“Hon, he said to his wife, “We’re going to take a walk on the beach. We’ll head north in case you need me. You know the drill,” he instructed, “Ask the nurse if she can handle it without my authorization for now – if not, come get me.”

It was state law that an M.D. had to authorize any change in medication orders or any decision to put a patient in "restraints," which basically meant into a padded cell or straight jacket to keep the patient from harming him or herself or others. Usually the call was routine and the nurse on duty would have already made the decision, and by Jim's wife asking the question, "Can you handle it without the doctor's authorization for right now," the nurse or attendant knew he or she was free to make the decision and the response would ordinarily be a simple, "Sure, just have him call me when he gets a chance." If the nurse was unsure, then state law required that the doctor respond within an hour.

## ***Chapter Eight***

We walked silently for several minutes and I knew from years of experience that Jim needed time to process whatever he was thinking and it was best that I just maintain silence. Finally he said loudly, over the sounds of the wind, surf and screeching gulls, "Show me," handing the Bible to me. It was my turn to be silent for several minutes. He finally broke the silence with a simple, "Well?"

"As Medical Director, don't you have legal authority over everything that goes on at the hospital that affects patients?" I asked.

"Yep, authority and complete responsibility," he said, emphatically. Then he added somewhat ruefully, "It's my neck and nobody else's if anything goes wrong. That's state law."

"Okay," I said, "Let me share what I've learned." I pointed to an old wooden bench somebody had placed in a small, sheltered cove. We sat. "Demons are very legalistic and will only respond to somebody with real authority. You not only have spiritual authority over all the works of the enemy, as a believer in Jesus Christ" (I pointed to the passage that revealed that), "but you also have authority, medically and legally in your position as a licensed physician, which the patient has given you and by full weight of state law as Medical Director of the hospital."

"Wait a minute!" Jim stood up as if prodded by electric shock. "I just now understand something I've never been able to figure out." He was now pacing and obviously greatly affected by what he was seeing. "I've got to tell you something," he continued, "When I'm dealing with an MPD and an alternate personality emerges, I will say something like, 'I want to relate only with the primary personality right now' and the patient will always

respond in his or her own voice and personality. The nurses can never figure out why they can't do it. They've tried, but I'm the only one that can do it – and you've just shown me why."

"Guess what," I said, "Now you can begin to take authority that will immobilize the demons when you're not present." I shared the basics of doing exactly that. Never again was Jim bothered by night and weekend phone calls due to MPDs acting out. There's far more to this story with even far more significant areas of breakthrough. In some respects, I suppose MPDS is far too bizarre and too remote for many to recognize as a breakthrough into the miraculous, but for one psychiatrist, it was a huge breakthrough into much, much more.

## PART THREE

### *Going Beyond*

## *Chapter One*

From then on Jim began introducing me to patients whom he felt were ready to move beyond traditional therapy, even through his brand of “therapy” could hardly be described as “traditional.” He would prepare a patient by telling him or her that he had this “kook friend” that believed that demons were the root cause of some emotional problems and asked if they would be interested in getting me involved in a session to see what happens. We'll take a look at one of these sessions, but first, let's take a step back and look at some dynamics of Jim's breakthrough.

First and foremost, it came as a result of understanding how he was already able to do something rather remarkable, from the standpoint of others (involved in the area of MPDS patients), who did not have the ability to do what he did. That ability appeared to be unique to him because of his position, professionally and legally. He was soon able to “deputize” nurses that had the requisite spiritual faith to be able to do the very same thing and have their own breakthrough and move beyond it with increased faith and power. There is a legal dynamic to be considered, nonetheless.

Second, we need to see that Jim was anchored in a strong value system that demanded to know what I suggested about a different “way of praying” that could be confirmed in the Bible. For all of my “anti-religious” bias I must admit to a strong leaning upon certain things I've learned in the Bible. Ironically, I've also learned how limited the Bible is – from the Bible! Two things in the Bible liberated me from what I refer to as “Bible Bondage.” Both are quotes of Jesus from the Gospel of John.

“You search and diligently study the Scriptures because you think that it is they that will lead you into eternal life, when all the time, they tell about and point to me, and yet you refuse to come to me so that you can receive that life.”

“I will send the “Holy Spirit”\* to you and He will guide you into all truth.”

The point is that a very large amount of people within Christianity insist that the Bible is the source of all truth when these and myriad other passages in the Bible make it clear that a "Person" is the Source of all truth – and for shock value and hopefully more than that, I have chosen the term SC as the place where this "Person" resides and reigns. Here's one more quote from the Bible: "Today if you will hear His voice and not harden your hearts..." In just a little bit I will demonstrate just how appropriate the term SC is – based on something the Bible clearly reveals. Finally, once we are free from "Bible bondage," the Spirit can lead us into truth in myriad other ways, including from the Koran (Qu'ran) and sacred writings of other religions. Why? If you have the ears to hear, He can even speak through these words about SC. And, don't forget the shortcut, *i.e.*, anytime you want you can do directly to SC for the truth designed specifically for you, **NOW!**

\* In the 14<sup>th</sup> through the 16<sup>th</sup> chapters of the 4<sup>th</sup> Gospel [John], Jesus used the terms "Spirit of Truth," "God's own Spirit," "Helper," "Counselor," "Spirit," Holy Spirit," alternately. He also went back and forth between saying, "I will send the Spirit" and "My Father will send the Spirit."

## ***Chapter Two***

I began to be able to "tap into" SC effectively only after certain things took place in my life. The primary catalyst was to firmly and categorically disassociate myself from the organized church. By the way, this is not written for those still inside "her." Very few within the organized church will be able to receive more than mere bits and pieces of what are transcribed herein. That statement doesn't come out of a position of spiritual elitism, but a spiritual, "legal" dynamic.

Remember that until Jim understood the authority of his position, legally, and delegated some of that authority to his nurses they were unable to control the demons masquerading as "alternate personalities." Once they (the nurses) understood their spiritual authority and once Jim introduced them to the MPDs as having the same "legal" authority, the nurses could take the same authority and get the same results.

Here is a startling fact that became increasingly evident to me. When I was still operating within the organized church, I discovered that when a church pastor invited me to speak at "his" church, very little would happen that could be construed as "miraculous" unless I received explicit permission to say and do whatever Spirit led me to do. The pastor had the legal authority as head of that church, in the same way that Jim had legal authority at the hospital and it needed to be delegated to me.

I had learned, by following Jesus' instructions, to do what he said any individual could do if he or she had sufficient faith and how to get and exercise that kind of faith for healing and getting rid of evil spirits causing all kinds of mischief. People would invite me to visit those suffering or dying because they had witnessed someone being healed or delivered when I had been involved. I would refuse to go unless invited by a person in authority. That person could be a physician, a parent, or a pastor, or if the one suffering or dying was not in a position of submission to a person or system in authority, then I would make the visit. Let's look at a rather bizarre example of how "legal dynamics" work in the spirit realm.

### *Chapter Three*

I had been invited to Tennessee to work among a group of independent churches. An elderly couple came to where I was staying. The woman had a 76 year old sister dying of cancer. She was in a hospital in Waynesboro, a small town in central Tennessee. There was no pastor involved and her doctor had pronounced her "terminal" with just a few hours to live. All medication and patient treatment had ended other than pills, to help her stand the pain, were given to her when she requested them. Otherwise she had been left to die. She was lying on her back. Her face had that pale gray pallor of death. The huge tumor in her abdomen made her look as though she was nine months pregnant. Lois introduced me to her after she had awakened her with some gentle shaking of her shoulder. Lois told her that she and her husband had invited me because they had witnessed several healings and other miracles in recent weeks. Her sister grunted and said, "I'm in too much pain. I just want to die."

"What if you got rid of the pain," I asked, "Would you want to live then?"

She opened her eyes and looked over to where I was standing, "Of course I want to live, you fool!" The glare she directed my way did, indeed make me feel foolish, but it was a question that needed to be asked. I laughed so hard I almost fell down. I touched her forehead and was amazed at how hot it felt. I knew something was wrong, that is, something was blocking going any farther. I prayed silently and got the answer. I motioned for Lois to come out into the corridor.

"Who would be praying that she die?" I asked abruptly.

Lois looked at me with amazement. "Nobody would do such a thing, surely," she stammered.

"Somebody is fervently praying she die so that she no longer has to suffer pain," I answered.

"Oh," she said, suddenly understanding, "That would be our brother Bill."

"Call him right now," I urged, "and ask him to pray only for God's perfect will. Just explain that you think God wants to heal her, but you are sensing that Bill's prayers for her death might be hindering it."

Lois walked off purposely to find a pay phone. I leaned against the wall to wait. She came back ten minutes later and told me, with an exasperated shake of her head, that she had been arguing with him, "but Bill finally agreed to pray specifically for God's will, whether death or life."

"That'll work," I said, "let's go back in."

Within minutes her sister's stomach was flat, her face was cool to the touch, and the gray pallor had been replaced by a healthy, deep pink glow. She was released from the hospital two days later. The last I heard, after several months had gone by, was that she was back living in her home, tending her garden, doing her own housekeeping, driving her car, going shopping and exclaiming she hadn't felt that good in years!

There are several things to be learned from this story...

## ***Chapter Four***

*You will soon be able to do the very same basic and simple things some folks refer to as "miracles." How? By simply choosing to do them. Once you choose to do so, you may want to remember a few principles.*

*Let's digress for just a minute. One advantage to having been on this planet for nearly three quarters of a century is that I can remember the way certain principles were misstated and thereby had created mistaken beliefs. I can still remember, just as one example, being introduced by a second grade teacher, to Newton's "law of gravity."*

*To help her class remember the basic premise, she had us all repeat this little expression. "Gravity means what goes up must come down."*

*I don't know how many other little minds were locked into misconception by this seemingly harmless "educational aid," but mine certainly was. Anyone that understands that this planet is round also understands that pointing "up" actually means pointing "away" from the earth. It also means that someone standing on the opposite side of the globe over in Asia, who is pointing "up" is pointing in the opposite direction and therefore pointing down, right? Or, is it left?*

*We begin to see just how our own language and thought patterns can get so convoluted. We can also see how difficult it is to convey the exact meaning from one language to another. Hopefully we see this. Otherwise, we get locked into believing certain principles that aren't really inviolate laws (principles), but traditions precipitated and*

*perpetuated by mistranslation. The “Bible bondage” we spoke of a few chapters back that could be more appropriately expressed as “being in bondage to religious tradition through mistranslation.”*

## ***Chapter Five***

Consider how difficult it is for a person to believe in the possibility of becoming a “miracle worker” if the religious tradition that molded his or her thinking in the formative years insisted that only Jesus could rightly perform miracles. Further, that such a “rule” was clearly stated in the Bible! This in spite of the fact that the original language in the Bible clearly reveals that Jesus said any individual that believes enough will not only perform the same miracles he performed, but even greater ones!

Let’s assume that you are not locked into religious misperceptions and that you want to be able to do the things Jesus said any individual will do if he or she believes enough. Any individual, that’s you, that’s me!

Let’s return to the few principles we can learn and remember from the true story about MPDS and the one about the 76 year old woman in Tennessee that had been given up for dead, but lived.

One reason these principles are so important is that once we get past the inertia of unbelief and decide to exercise our faith, we can so easily fall into the trap of thinking we don’t have the “gift of healing” or the ability

to cast out demons when our only problem is that of violating some REAL principles.

## *Chapter Six*

PRINCIPLE #1 **Belief is essential.** Very few people understand that even Jesus was not able to perform miracles in an atmosphere of unbelief. Until Jim came to the place of believing that it really was possible to “pray” in a way that would eliminate night and weekend calls, he couldn’t begin “praying” in such a manner.

PRINCIPLE #2 **Unbelief is a block.** Remember that Lois’ brother was asking God to let his sister die because he didn’t believe in supernatural healing. To remove the block we had him change his “prayer” to something he could believe.

PRINCIPLE #3 **Authority must be honored.** Most people fail at “faith healing” because they attempt to operate in a system within which they have no authority. Two simple examples: Remember, Jim tried to explain to the nurses how to deal with MPDS patients and they tried, but it didn’t work because they lacked the proper authority and the spirits would not obey them. As bizarre as that sounds it is true. Once Jim understood the authority he had within the system he operated, he extended that authority to his nurses – which he also had the authority to do.

Another example of this same thing is the 76 year old woman in the hospital in Waynesboro, Tennessee. The doctor and the hospital had already relinquished their authority. There was no church pastor to whom she had given spiritual authority by virtue of membership or other declaration. Another area of “authority” that is often overlooked is the authority of a person’s own choice. She had unwittingly insulated her desire to live by declaring that she wanted to die because the pain she was experiencing was so intense. You will remember that she said she wanted to live when the question was posed in a way to change her frame of reference. Bingo! Authority.

I still couldn’t get the “go ahead.” When I asked, I received the information of a hidden authority, a relative, Bill, her brother, praying for her death! When Lois and I went back into the ward, it was a simple matter to get her sister to say some words of declaration to remove the remaining authority of the spiritual enemies committed to her death. I was then free to

exercise the spiritual authority I have on her behalf and she was healed. Again, all quite bizarre sounding, but nonetheless true.

## *Chapter Seven*

As I have been saying throughout, this isn't about what I can do, but about what any individual can do with sufficient belief. How does one go about getting sufficient belief? You can go right now to SC directly, or you can read another one of my examples.

About thirty years ago, I began to seriously question the validity of the religious system in which I was involved. Every time I stumbled onto something Jesus said, I noticed that it was either ignored by or was in conflict with the doctrines of the church in which I had been comfortable. One such quote was about future believers. "They will have the power to perform miracles; they will cast out demons; they will speak in languages they have not learned by natural means..." I found that churches of the same ilk I was attending had relegated these things to the past, which in context made absolutely no sense. That particular passage troubled me. I met a man that moved in these phenomena and told him about being troubled.

"Don't let it bother you," he said, not unkindly. "Jesus said these signs will accompany those that believe. It's really simple, if you believe, the signs will follow; if you don't believe they won't. Don't worry about it."

As I began to allow myself to believe – I became more and more dissatisfied with my religious experience and lack of power. Then I stumbled onto another quote of Jesus. "Any individual that believes in me will perform the same miracles you have seen me do and even greater miracles." The more I believed this was true for this present day, the more I was exposed to people that not only believed, but were doing these things. As I began to "dabble" and more and more understood my "authority," the more aware I was of my limited "successes." I was able to cast out some demons, I saw some people receive healing, but often as not, nothing visible happened. Plus, what about walking on water, raising someone from the dead, turning water into wine, killing a fig tree by merely saying, "nobody will ever eat from you again" (?).

What about these things and so much more? "Why?" I asked, "What's missing?" The more I asked the more the doors to understanding began to open.

## *Chapter Eight*

One significant piece of information I had been missing came from reviewing the same passage in which I had found saying anyone that believes enough will perform the same miracles and even greater miracles than Jesus performed. How did Jesus perform miracles? The answer was astounding.

### **JESUS DID NOT PERFORM ANY MIRACLES!**

That is exactly what he said. Hear it! Read the following out loud and hear it.

***“It is not I that performed the miracles. It was the Father in me that did them.”***

From there it was a short trip to all kinds of understanding. Question: “Is a disciple above his master?” Answer: Of course not. If I were to do the things Jesus did I had to do them the same way. I had to be able to say the same thing Jesus said, that is, “I didn’t do it; the Father in me did it.” How do you get to that kind of consciousness? The answer came and it was so beautifully simple, but I saw something else first...

## *Chapter Nine*

A man brought his young son to Jesus saying, "Please help my boy. He has seizures and he falls in the water and even into fire. I brought him to your disciples, but they couldn't cure him."

Reading this passage in the original language is quite revealing. Jesus responded to what the man said by turning to his disciples and delivering a scathing blast. Literally, Jesus said to them, "You are a bunch of faithless perverts!" Then Jesus rebuked the demon causing the seizures and the boy was immediately cured.

The plot thickens. Later, after they were away from the crowd and alone with Jesus, the disciples asked, "How come we couldn't cast that demon out?"

"Because you don't have enough faith. If you did have enough faith nothing would be impossible to you, but you get this kind of faith only by preparing through much fasting and prayer."

Several things become readily apparent. It was evident by Jesus' frustration with them (to the point of calling his disciples "a bunch of faithless perverts"), that he clearly expected them to be able to do it. His frustration came from the fact that they should have known better and should have maintained the discipline of fasting and prayer. It is also obvious that the disciples clearly expected to be able to get rid of this demon, as well, or they wouldn't have asked, "How come we couldn't do it?"

Why is going without meals so important? I asked. The answer wasn't long in coming. Passage after passage came to my awareness that Satan was the "archangel" or "god" that controlled this planet. Jesus said that he gave us authority over all the works of Satan. If there is one thing that ties us to this "earth," it is our perceived "need" for food. Once I had gone without food for several days and then weeks, I began to understand that I, indeed, did not "need" food and I began to understand my "authority." I also began to meet others that had gone six months and longer ingesting nothing but water. No tea, coffee, juices, supplements, nothing but water. My faith soared. That took care of the much fasting, but what kind of "prayer?"

## **Chapter Ten**

*Indeed, what kind of prayer would prepare me for the really hard bit of understanding that would move me onto the next level? I was moving more and more into the ability to get rid of heavier and heavier demonic activity that caused cancer, diabetes, asthma, multiple sclerosis, scoliosis, etc. I had the assurance of having been “baptized in the Spirit,” with all the accompanying “signs” that had previously concerned me. I understood, conceptually, the need to, “in all things, give thanks” and the power resident in speaking praise toward God without understanding.*

*Something was still missing. Then I saw it. HOW Jesus “prayed,” WHAT he prayed and WHY. It was the catalyst for moving into the “next level” for which I had been searching. As I began practicing what Jesus prayed, I also began to be invited to churches in several different states to share what I had learned. Two of these experiences were what ultimately led me to see what was at the core of the failure of the organized church to do what Jesus said we would do and why I had to leave “her.”*

## *Chapter Eleven*

Anchorage, Alaska... I was staying with a husband and wife, a co-pastor team. We had initiated a daily time of prayer, seven days a week. We opened the church at 6:00 a.m. and invited the congregation to come and apply what they had been learning about how Jesus prayed. Each one of us praying separately as he did, but gathered together. We had encouraged them to come when they could and leave when they needed to. About three weeks into the practice, the church was experiencing significant growth.

One Sunday night after the service, the couple and I were sharing a late supper in their home. I was relating a true story that had happened a few weeks previously about my taking authority over a storm and causing the rain and wind to stop long enough for a mechanic to repair my car stalled by the side of the road. The clouds had been so dark that they were almost black for as far as I could see in all directions. There was no way to simply wait until the storm passed. The rain was coming down in torrential sheets of solid water all around the car except for a dry, calm circle about one hundred feet in diameter in which the car, replete with mechanic bent under the raised hood.

"That's ridiculous!" Don's wife, Kay, exploded. "The Bible says that God causes the rain to fall on the evil as well as the good. You can't stop the rain just because it happens to be inconvenient."

I was so amazed at her outburst that I didn't know what to say. Don was looking puzzled, and then he said, "What are you talking about Kay? You know Jesus stopped a storm by lifting his hand. We've seen these kinds of things. What's bothering you?"

"That's it, side with him!" She hollered as she pushed her chair back, red faced, and stormed out of the dining room. The whole house seemed to vibrate as she slammed the door into their bedroom. Don shook his head and said, "She'll get over it."

Don and Kay were close to seventy and she was quite overweight. I was concerned for her health and said so. Don was obviously embarrassed, but just sat there quietly. I apologized.

"Hey," he said, "she's the one that owes *you* an apology."

I didn't know how to respond. It was after ten and I had to be up no later than five a.m. in order to leave by 5:20 to make the two mile walk to open the church for prayer – as they always took Mondays off. I just said good night.

## *Chapter Twelve*

I woke up at 4:30 a.m., immediately aware of what had “set Kay off” last night. I had been there for several weeks and had been speaking and teaching each Wednesday and Sunday night at Don’s insistence. I had obviously become a threat to Kay’s position. It was time to move on, I thought sadly. I was ready to go. I just hated for it to be under a cloud of discontent. I determined to meet with Don later and tell him it was time. I quickly dressed and walked out of my room. They were already up and getting ready to make breakfast – all smiles and cheery “good mornings.”

I declined the offer of breakfast and said I was going to walk to church. They said they’d see me there and that they’d probably go for their customary Monday drive after all the members had left. As I walked toward the front door, Don called out that I’d better take an umbrella as it was supposed to rain. I declined as we said our goodbyes, maintaining the cheerful façade.

I walked briskly and had only gone about one hundred yards when it started raining. I decided to keep going and took authority over the “PRINCE OF THE AIR.” By the time I reached the church parking lot, it was raining hard. Just as I reached the side door, Don and Kay drove up.

I unlocked the door and was holding it open for them, standing under protection of the roof to the entrance. Water was dripping heavily off their plastic rain covering just from walking the short distance between the car and the entrance. Kay stopped in front of me, her face red with anger.

“Look at you! There’s not a drop of water on you. I think you are disgusting!”

Obviously not everyone is thrilled by our ability to mess with Mother Nature.

## ***Chapter Thirteen***

Lewiston, Idaho... I was one of the featured speakers at a missionary conference. I was invited by the president of the denomination, the same one that I had worked with among several affiliated, but independent churches in Tennessee. On Tuesday evening there was quite an exciting time of deliverance during which a woman suffering from a degenerative muscular disorder that caused slurred speech as well as crippling effects to her arms, legs, back and neck – was healed!

She had been barely able to walk and could not sit in one place for more than a few minutes, during which her head would lean to one side or another. Her neck was no longer able to provide any support. The onset of the disease had begun about three years before and had slowly developed until six months previously. Her condition had rapidly deteriorated during that period.

To everyone's amazement she was completely healed. She was there with several members of a church in Western Oregon that had invited her to come with them. Some of them were her neighbors and because they had heard there was going to be healing sessions at the conference had invited her and her husband.

The people that had brought her were, of course, excited and shared the news with the pastor of that church who arrived at the conference a day later. I had been careful to make sure that she, herself, had no affiliation with any church nor was there anyone whom she referred to as her "pastor" or spiritual leader.

Upon his arrival and hearing about the event the previous night, the pastor sought me out for a conversation. He then said he'd like to invite me to speak at his church, but he didn't think "his people" were ready to hear some of the things I had to say. I told him bluntly that as long as he referred to them as "his people" they'd never be ready to hear anything besides what he told them. I later realized that what I said hadn't offended him because he simply didn't "get it."

Later that morning I spoke to a group of about twenty pastors from around the Pacific Northwest. By then the news of the woman being healed had pretty much circulated among all the conference attendees, perhaps two hundred and fifty or so. The pastors weren't that delighted about the news. They seemed suspicious and asked questions such as what was the "scriptural basis" for doing what I had done.

I knew I had my hands full – I just had no idea *how* full. I told them I sensed a lot of hostility and asked why? Amazingly enough, about half of them admitted they sensed the same thing and I was able to sit back and watch an animated and open discussion take place. After about a half hour, one of the men that represented a church somewhere in British Columbia, Canada, diplomatically stated that he was enjoying the discussion, but he really wanted to hear about the healing from me and maybe learn something to take back and share with his church.

## ***Chapter Fourteen***

I now faced a group of which only about half acted as if they were at least willing to be convinced. I asked the one from Canada if he would read the passage about the young boy from whom Jesus had cast out the demon causing seizures. He read it from the King James Version (KJV) of the Bible. The first bit of trouble I ran into began when I shared that my study of the original language indicated that Jesus was calling his disciples a “bunch of faithless perverts.”

None of them had any problem with my interpretation except that the same half of the group that was openly hostile rejected that he was addressing the disciples with his “faithless perverts” remark.

Rather than arguing, I used a ploy I had learned many years before. I got them to discuss it among themselves and I merely played the role of moderator. The discussion became vigorous and at times even somewhat heated. I finally interrupted and said that I didn’t think we were getting anywhere. I told them the issues were parallel to the woman the night before. The disciples were unable to cast the demon out.

To make the point, I read the passage again, but out of a translation that used the term “epilepsy” to describe the boy’s condition. I reminded them that all Jesus did was to rebuke the demon and it was gone and so was the epilepsy. I pointed out that Jesus said this kind of demon would leave only at the command of a person that had been prepared through much fasting and prayer. I told them that until I had fasted for over three weeks, and learned to pray the way Jesus prayed, I did not have the breakthrough into the kind of faith it takes to get rid of the kinds of demons that cause epilepsy and the rare disease that afflicted the woman who was healed the previous night. It was just that simple, I concluded, and that passage was the scriptural basis for which they had asked.

The tension was noticeable. Only the man from Canada thanked me with any enthusiasm. The others that did thank me for my presentation did so with polite coolness and the meeting ended - -

**...so did my relationship with that denomination!**

## ***Chapter Fifteen***

What on earth had gone wrong? I asked. The answer came quickly. The president of the denomination found me about a half an hour later.

“Brother,” he began, “we have a big problem. Let’s take a ride.” He drove us in his rental car up to a bluff overlooking the city. Neither of us had

spoken another word since we had gotten into the car. "Can you tell me what happened at the pastors' meeting this morning?"

I went over everything referencing the dramatic deliverance of the woman the night before.

He interrupted me to say how much of an impact that miracle was having over the entire conference. He had seen her and spoken to her and her husband that morning, "Obviously the hand of God," he said, "But I want to hear the rest of what happened at the meeting."

I repeated everything as I remembered it.

"Did you tell them that epilepsy is caused by demons?"

"What on earth is this all about?" I asked, completely perplexed.

He told me that the pastors representing the three largest churches at this conference were threatening to pull out of the denomination if I was not asked to leave the conference immediately. These three churches had a combined membership of over five thousand. "They are very angry and I can't have that kind of a split. There's something I need to explain to you and this is entirely my fault." He paused as he continued to look straight ahead over the steering wheel. "I had no idea you would teach out of anything except the KJV. These people don't believe that any other translation is valid. The real problem is the issue over epilepsy. I'm sure that you are unaware that this is the only denomination that accepts and provides ministerial and missionary credentials to epileptics."

"Good grief, why don't we confront them with the fact that they could be delivered and demonstrate the power of God?" I responded.

He basically told me that he knew I wasn't that naïve and he had to deal with the political realities. He assured me that he knew I hadn't done anything wrong, but he had to be able to tell them that I would never again be invited to minister anywhere in the organization.

I was disappointed ("dismayed" would be a more apt word) at the implications of shutting out the power and work of the Spirit, but I did understand his position and told him so. I also told him I was glad I didn't have to be in his shoes. He looked devastated and I wondered what was next.

# PART FOUR

## *"Come Out of Her"*

### ***Chapter One***

For the third time in four years I was sitting in an airport in similar circumstances. My life, as I had known it, completely disrupted. Several hours to wait before the scheduled flight taking me to a place without any physical resources of my own; although in the previous two times God had worked a miracle, I had no doubt that it would work out, but I wondered how.

Going from a position of being respected as a teacher and worker of miracles, being sent to various places around the world by the leader of a large

denomination – to nothing. The next stop was to have been to work among over five hundred national missionaries scattered about the Philippines. I was scheduled to begin work in Cebu City with one of the denomination's churches there, working among the people, teaching them to pray as Jesus prayed and to be miracle workers, casting out evil spirits and healing. This had been the vision the president of the denomination had shared with me.

The missionary conference in Lewiston was to have been one of the final stepping stones for raising financial support for the trip and ongoing support for the mission in the Philippines. I was to be the man working in the trenches, facing the dangers with the nationals. Over the past year, five of them had been murdered by Communist rebels. I had some fears, but was undaunted by them. It was a heady feeling, capped only twenty-four hours earlier by a miracle of dramatic proportions! When the president told me the charges these three pastors had leveled at me (mainly using and teaching from spurious translations and other unscriptural materials; making remarks that were tantamount to being scandalous against members of the clergy within the denomination and resorting to sensationalism in trying to curry favor with certain lay members of various congregations as a means to undermine the pastoral authority within the denomination), I had wrongly assumed that the Philippines project would still move forward and I would be occupied for years to come doing missionary work there. When I broached the subject he dashed that idea.

"Oh no, brother, my hands are tied. They have made it clear that if I continued to employ you in any capacity" (at that time I was also the chief editor and a regular contributor of articles to the denomination's monthly magazine) "they would pull out of the denomination. I'm really sorry; this is devastating to our entire missionary program. I just don't know how I will be able to explain it, especially to the brothers in the Philippines. I just cannot afford to lose the support of these three churches, plus others, if they decided to force a split. Their demand is that I permanently sever all ties with you. I have no choice."

So, I'm sitting in an airport – it's now 6:30 p.m., waiting for my flight to "nowhere" that was scheduled to take off at 5:45 a.m. the next day.

## ***Chapter Two***

Now what? I asked, in silent repose. I had just graduated from seriously aggravating one woman co-pastor (in Alaska) to almost inciting a riot among twenty pastors (In Idaho) and being permanently thrown out of an entire denomination!

“Come out of her.” The words were so clear they seemed audible. John, the writer of the last book in the Bible, “The Revelation,” had heard these same words from a “voice in heaven.” Was I being melodramatic?

After the episode with Kay in Anchorage over stopping the rain, I had stumbled across a passage from Paul’s second letter to his young protégé, Timothy, “Keep away from people that practice a form of religion, but deny the power of God.” In the original language the words are more potent: “Turn your back on such people as if in hatred!” It was while contemplating the meaning of these words when I first “heard” the words, “Come out of her.” I knew what they meant then, almost a year earlier. I knew what they meant now.

It was a busy period for the airport. Travelers hurriedly walking by, the sounds of footsteps, bits and pieces of conversations overshadowed by the constant flight announcements and pages coming over the loudspeakers.

I got up to find a more deserted spot where I could listen in relative peace and quiet. I walked to the end of a long concourse in which all the shops and restaurants had been closed for the night. I settled in an empty airline waiting area where the next flight posted on the monitor was not until 7:00 a.m., ten hours later.

### *Chapter Three*

What could I, or should I have done that would have provided a different outcome?

**“What kind of outcome would you have preferred?”** The thought startled me.

Was it my choice to have a different outcome?

**“Of course, it is always your choice.”**

That made sense in a strange way. Just because I wanted God’s will did not take away my ability to choose from among many alternatives. All of a sudden, I understood. I knew I had chosen to listen and obey the

command to “come out” of the organized church. In a flash I saw just how seductive the “Whore of Babylon” actually was. If the Roman Catholic Church represented the “Whore” as many Evangelical theologians insist, then her many scattered “daughters” of Protestantism were even more seductive. The mother was easy to see for what she was. The daughters had dressed themselves in a religious respectability which was far more difficult to detect.

Let’s make this abundantly clear. Jesus said that we are not to refer to any human being by any title which would imply spiritual authority or superiority. He also clearly indicated that we’re not to allow ourselves to be referred to by any such title either.

“You are all to minister to one another in the same equality as brothers and sisters are equal,” is how he put it. Specifically we are not to call anyone, “Father,” as we have only ONE Father.

Of course the long fingers of Evangelicals point at their Catholic, Anglican and Eastern Orthodox brothers for their practice of calling their clergy “Fathers,” while Evangelicals refer to their leadership as “pastors.” A significant bit of blasphemy might be charged when we consider that the word “pastor” means “shepherd” and Jesus said that he was the *only* shepherd and all others were usurpers of the title.

Jesus also said that we were not to refer to anyone as a “leader” or a “teacher” because there was only one Leader and Teacher he referred to alternately as “Spirit,” “Holy Spirit,” “Spirit of Truth, etc. I saw clearly that my ambition to be known as a healer and teacher of spiritual things was no better. We are all brothers and sisters with One Father and ONE Leader/Teacher. By operating as I had been operating, I had unknowingly chosen to get kicked out of what I had previously decided to leave, but had put off ‘til later the decision to do so. I saw the failure of leaving voluntarily and instead had cloaked myself with the organization and that was what had caused the ignominy of being tossed out. Yikes, I couldn’t blame “them.” I was responsible for what had happened!

## ***Chapter Four***

I understood that at some subconscious level I had deliberately created the scenario that caused the failure of what I had considered was my mission perhaps even for the remainder of my years on this planet.

**“Examine your emotions,”** I heard.

I immediately knew what that meant. I felt no loss or sadness over not going to the Philippines. Obviously I hadn’t wanted to go as badly as I had thought, else where was the disappointment I should be feeling? Okay, so apparently I had engaged in some form or another of self-sabotage. Why?

**“Why isn’t important,” I heard immediately, “You should be asking what you should do at every instance. In that way you will be firm in your resolve to do whatever I show you to do without worrying about consequences. Knowing the following three things firmly will help you. You asked if you should go both to Alaska and Tennessee. You knew the answer was yes. You asked what to do before the woman in Waynesboro and the woman in Lewiston were healed. You received specific instruction. Did you ask about the Philippines?”**

I hadn’t even considered asking, I realized. I was working for the organization and the leader had a vision for the Philippines. It had sounded good to me and he wanted me to go. I needed to operate on the basis of a vision I received for myself, I thought.

**“Don’t lock yourself into that kind of box. Had you asked what to do about his vision, you would have received instructions what to do. Your apparent failure and embarrassment in both Alaska and Idaho were easy lessons. Going to the Philippines under the circumstances would have been a hard lesson.”**

What do I do now? I asked.

**“You just did it. Keep asking in the way you have been shown and do nothing until you have an answer you know is complete for you.”**

## *Chapter Five*

I sat there reflecting on what I had just been shown. I was trying to grasp with my intellect what I had been told. I saw the trap of asking. “Why?” I saw how “what” questions would take me quickly beyond my intellect and into the realm of the Source of all truth.

**“Again, you are locking yourself into a thinking pattern by making a principle when I was showing you something in particular for that moment. Asking Jesus “why’ they hadn’t been able to get rid of the spirit causing the little boy to have seizures was an honest question that provided them and you with the wherewithal to do, that is, much fasting and prayer. Asking why fasting was important brought you to the realization that the ‘god’ or ‘archangel,’ of the**

**physical plane, Satan, and his band of spirits or fallen angels could be overcome once you understood that you didn't 'need' food."**

"So then," I responded in a whisper, "You are saying that 'why' can be useful, in fact quite useful."

**"Of course."**

"And, if I direct the 'why' to You, You will guide me with the answer that is appropriate for the moment, is that correct?"

**"It is indeed. You now see why religion is a system of bondage. You are coming out of her, the great prostitute, and coming to Me."**

"Ah, the freedom from principles or laws governing me, to coming directly to YOU and not depending on what you said yesterday for a different set of circumstances today. Wow, I know this is true, isn't it?"

**"Exactly, and notice how the question at the end of your long recital of a principle brought a confirmation."**

"In other words, don't make a principle about not having principles because coming to You and trusting You is a principle, correct?"

**"There you have it."**

## *Chapter Six*

"Okay, so what do I do now?" I didn't get an answer. I understood, He had just given me the answer. That is, **"keep asking in the way you have been shown and do nothing until you have the answer that is complete for you."**

The way I had been shown to "ask" is both simple and at the same time complex. I cannot explain the contradiction other than to share the specifics of what I'd been shown about "asking" for direction and guidance and let each person determine for him or her whether it is simple or complex – or both.

Part of the complexity comes from the fact that there are volumes of religious books about the subject of "prayer" with no end of various rules about what you can and cannot ask for, depending upon the particular theology guiding any particular author of such a book.

The word "theology" itself may give us a clue. Theology = the study about God. "Theos," the Greek word for "God" and "logy" meaning organized study based on logic. Depending upon

an individual's concept of God (by whatever other name), the word "theology" can be a ludicrous contradiction in terms.

The point I came to was to see that what Jesus taught in the original language about "how to pray" was different than anything I had been taught or had read. What he taught was revolutionary in that it is:

***More about changing our own consciousness to whom and what we are, and what is available to us rather than petition-ing God to change our circumstances.***

### *Chapter Seven*

Let's stop here and digest this. "Praying" is about changing our own consciousness to whom and what we are and can become – and about what is available to us.

When I first discovered how distorted and diluted Jesus' instructions had become through religious tradition and mistranslation from the original languages to English, I went through several phases of emotion.

First I was amazed. Then I became baffled at how his words could be so misconstrued and buried in a muddy quagmire of religious nonsense; and further baffled by the resistance of the religious to receive what he actually said.

This resistance frustrated me because Jesus' words in the original language were so simple and

clear. I then became discouraged at how so few even cared what Jesus said. I was particularly discouraged by those that claimed to believe in Jesus Christ, but chose to ignore what he said. Finally I became determined to put his instructions into practice.

# I was in for a shock!

## *Chapter Eight*

*The shock came from seeing how Jesus came to explain not just how to pray, but how he, himself, prayed several times each day!*

*Grasping that fact changed my life profoundly. Think about it, my previous view of Jesus Christ had been derived through the prism of Evangelical Christianity, grounded in the concept of Jesus Christ being one third of a triune deity of “Father, Son and Spirit.”*

*The obvious question screamed at me for an answer. Why on earth would a part of the “Godhead” feel the need for a change in His consciousness? As with so many other questions, in a search for truth, it is impossible to get answers if we insist upon hanging onto our preconceived ideas. The willingness to give up my preconceptions didn’t come about until I began to commit myself to following Jesus’ instructions.*

***First the shock: I decided to examine his instructions as expressed in the original language of the version found in the 11<sup>th</sup> chapter of the Gospel according to Luke. The shock not only came from seeing what Jesus said and realizing how his words have been misconstrued as well as blurred by tradition and mistranslation, but what caused him to share them in the first place. All this reduced to a song or religious chant regurgitated in solemn assemblies and sonorous tones, missing the very essence of what he was saying.***

## ***Chapter Nine***

The cause was Jesus' disciples finding him praying as he did by himself several times each day and confronting him with:

"How come you don't teach us to pray the way you pray? After all, John [referring to Jesus' first cousin, John the Baptist] teaches *his* disciples how *he* prays."

So he begins to tell them what he does several times a day, every day. Here is the essence of what he said, step-by-step:

1. When you direct your words toward the unseen realm where God is;
2. Speak strongly and emphatically, as if commanding and demanding that what you say shall be brought into existence on the physical plane.
3. Acknowledge that God is the one and only perfect, loving parent – the word in the Aramaic language is so intimate that the only appropriate translation into English is Dad, Daddy or Papa. It is also genderless, so Mom, Mommy, or Mama is just as proper – for everyone!
4. State emphatically that what He/She has already decreed from His/Her realm in the spirit (unseen) as His/Her Will," *i.e.*, desires and purposes, you are speaking, that is, ordering or commanding into existence now in the physical realm.
5. Acknowledge that the true food, "bread," He/She has already provided meets all your needs, physically as well as spiritually – that "bread" is His/Her very own Spirit, presence and power in you!
6. State emphatically that you release and send away all judgmental and critical thoughts and feelings you have against any other person.

7. State emphatically that He/She is leading you away from and and all temptation to do anything self-destructive and delivering you from the clutches of the evil one.
8. State emphatically that everything and all power resides in Him/Her within you and it ever shall be!

The foregoing is the essence of just the introduction to what Jesus responded to their request to teach them how he prayed. Then Luke explains in the original language (again, lost in the maze of tradition and translation into archaic English) that he continued to teach them how to speak into or toward the realm of the one and only perfect Parent...

## ***Chapter Ten***

Why were the eight points in the foregoing "introduction" so shocking to me? For starters I had stood many, many times in a solemn assembly with other people reciting the "Lord's Prayer." You know, "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one, for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever, Amen."

To study the words in the original and realize what a pale shadow of reality the traditional version is – was what shocked me into questioning many religious practices to which I had not given any thought previously.

The real shock to me, however, came from the awareness that Jesus felt the need to speak these things several times a day as a discipline to go along with his frequent fasting. All of a sudden, several passages that had previously not made any particular sense to me now came to life. One example immediately comes to mind, "Why call me good?" Jesus asked, then stated, "Only one is good, God!"

Imagine the "Son of God" having to continually reinforce his consciousness of God by speaking these words several times every day. This awareness led me to another. The more I spoke these same words, the more I was able to do the same things Jesus did and for the same reason – "I" wasn't doing them; the Father in me did them.

Therefore, Just as Jesus said: Any individual that believed enough could do the same things and more! I didn't say that, Jesus said it.

The term "Christ-like" took on an entirely different meaning than what the religious made of it. In fact, in one way of looking at it, being like Jesus would mean expressing the same kind of frustration with the religious system that he expressed, calling religious leaders and teachers "Hypocrites, painted-over grave markers, snakes, blind leaders of the blind," etc.

## *Chapter Eleven*

Let's move on to the continuation of what Luke reported was the rest of Jesus' response to his disciples request, "teach us to pray the way you pray."

What followed the eight points listed back in Chapter Nine of this section were two allegories. The first was depicting God as a close friend – so close that we can go to Him/Her in the middle of the night and impudently and persistently demand that this close friend get out of bed and give us everything we need. The second depicted God as an overly indulgent parent, giving in to the small child that says, "I want, I want" (whatever) persistently until this perfect Daddy/Mommy gives in.

The original language reveals several misperceptions caused by religious tradition and mistranslation. One rather significant bit of mistranslation, and just one example, is the word *aiteo* (pronounced ah-ee-tay-o – more or less) also means demand, still used today in certain financial instruments in "due on demand" clauses, for example, in loan documents. The purpose of the clause is to indicate that the lender may "call" the loan making it due and payable within the time period, usually anywhere between 15 and 60 days – and if not paid accordingly all collateral is forfeited. What makes this so significant is that Jesus used this word (in the Aramaic equivalent) to express how he –and we- can approach God when we need something. What word did the Wycliffe translators use in the first major English translation of the Bible? What did the King James translators use several years later and thus establishing a religious tradition that affects all so called "modern" translations? The word "ask." There is a prevalent tradition today that we "cannot demand from God and expect to get anything." Yet that is exactly what Jesus did and said we were to do as well.

Another dilution (perhaps distortion" would be a better word) of the truth, due to religious tradition caused by muddy translation is the phrase "seek, ask and knock," when it is clear, in the original language, that the instructions are to knock and demand UNTIL we see on the physical plane what we've been demanding/commanding into the spiritual (unseen) realm. Why can we do this? Because it is due and God has promised to deliver!

## *Chapter Twelve*

To finish the theme of Part Four, that is, my feeling of the need to obey the command, "Come out of Her" (the organized church), I also feel the need to reiterate that I am not writing to the religious, but to encourage those that have already turned their backs on religion. In Part Five we are going to open the door to two of the most significant and mind boggling bits of mistranslation upon which many religious people base their "faith."

Anyone with an open mind will readily see why I have chosen to use the metaphor "Super Computer" to express the inexpressible. I am often called "rebellious" by the religious. My retort is, "rebellious against whom?" Why is it that those who call Jesus, "Lord," ignore so much of what he said? Jesus said, "What is the point of calling me, 'Lord,' if you don't do as I say? What is the point indeed? Particularly when he followed this question by saying that those who hear the things he says and do

them are building their lives on a solid foundation and nothing will shake them, but those that hear and don't do are headed for destruction. Nuff sed?

## PART FIVE

*Coming Full Circle*

## *Chapter One*

I hope the realization I'm about to share is as interesting to anyone else as it is to me. I have long recognized and railed about something that has seemed obvious to me about others. That is, people most given to wanting others to join their particular belief system have this desire because of their insecurity about their own beliefs. We could say that being in a minority gets lonely and the best way to overcome the sense of loneliness is to add to the numbers of those that believe the way they do. What is it said about those who point a finger at others? Three fingers point back to themselves.

Am I besieged by the same motive? Well, it is true that my particular slice of the truth has relatively few fellow adherents, but I honestly don't feel lonely and I am not aware of feeling insecure. The simple reason has to do with results. The more I have replaced old religious tradition with following the instructions of Jesus, from the original language, the more my practical (results-getting) faith has increased. What I'm sharing, therefore, is more like a fellow beggar telling others where he found bread. If you're not hungry, ignore the message.

Okay, I ended the preceding chapter with a promise to provide some "significant and mind-boggling bits" of evidence of mistranslation upon which some religious (non-results-getting) "faith" is predicated.

## *Chapter Two*

Let's give our minds some meaningful preparation. Back in Chapter eleven of the previous section (Part Four), the subject of the two allegories, hidden, but quite clear in the original language, is the thing promised by Jesus that would be acquired by persistent demanding and knocking: "How much more of His own Spirit will our Father give to those that demand it!"

Religion has made a mystery and a mockery of Spirit, *i.e.*, the presence and power of God. Here ends the mystery; How do we receive an ever-increasing amount of God's own Spirit? Jesus' answer was to knock on God's door and demand more until we see the difference in our lives.

I'm tempted to go through the litany of different ways religious leaders and teachers suggest, but I'm not going to. "Daddy" (or Mommy, or Beneficent, Radiant IS – whatever makes you comfortable) "I want more of Your own Spirit for Your purposes." Everyone I know that has followed this instruction (remember, not from me, but from Jesus) has been amazed by the results. Sometimes it takes days, weeks and even months, but if you will take the challenge and begin repeating this "demand" several times a day, from the time you get up until you go to sleep, you will see amazing results!

## *Chapter Three*

It is helpful to understand that religion has made Jesus into an object of worship. Jesus said we would be *who* he was as a man and *do* what he did as a man. Religion says he was unique. Jesus said the only requirement to be what he was and do what he did requires believing sufficiently. Here comes the promised mind-boggling. Are we ready?

Let's step back for just a brief moment. If we have a picture of Jesus whispering and lisping through life, about a foot off the ground, like some fairy with transparent wings beating, mouthing sweet and polite platitudes, we will miss our role model entirely.

Jesus cussed out the religious of his day, calling them all kinds of vile names. He drank alcohol (oh, gasp!) with the boys at the local taverns. He spent time with the disreputable, including known whores. Don't forget, the religious grumbled about all these things, calling him a "drunkard and a glutton" and saying that he healed by the power of the prince of devils!

In other words, don't look to the religious and expect to get an accurate picture of the Jesus we're supposed to be like. Now that we have a better understanding of what the *real* Jesus is, let's see just how effortless it is (some of us already have many of the traits the religious find so undesirable) to be NOT like him, but to actually *be* him. *Now* we come to the mis-translation.

#### ***Chapter Four***

"When Spirit is fully upon you, you will be able to perform miracles and you will take on an entirely new identity. Others will no longer see 'you,' for I will be in you and usher in the end of the age."

That's exactly what the original language reveals that Jesus said. Here is how it reads in a "modern" English Bible:

"But when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, you will be filled with power, and you will be witnesses for me in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria and to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Which does come a step closer than does the KJV, but why not all the way? Why did the KJV translators mistranslate this and other passages? One scholar told me that the KJV translators were literally in fear of having their heads ordered cut off by the good King James if their translating differed from his doctrinal positions. Imagine a translation authorized by a King of England who had some rather questionable and peculiar needs that differed from the Roman Church! The scholar pointed out that the English language has evolved in major ways over the three hundred and fifty plus years since the 1600s when the KJV or "authorized" translation was first published. He also told me that I was making a "mountain out of a molehill." I pressed and asked him if my translation (at the top of this page) was accurate – he finally admitted that it was.

I find the following two words quite significant. First, *dunamis* (pronounced doon-a-meese). This word literally means "the ability to perform miracles." *Dunamis* is the root word of the English "dynamite," but it is not the equivalent. As stated, it means the ability to perform miracles. The second word is *martus* (pronounced mar-toose). *Martus* means, literally, "taken over by another identity." *Martus* is the root word of the English word, "martyr," which we all know means to be so committed to a person or a cause to the point that one is willing to die. *Martus* is not the equivalent of martyr. Again, it means to be taken over by another power to the point an individual is no longer recognized as his former self.

An interesting sidelight to this is the different arguments that two rather large segments of Christianity have over this passage:

## ***Chapter Five***

Denominations that embrace "Pentecostalism" or "charismata" insist that this infusion, overtaking, or baptism of Spirit results in the ability to speak in different languages without going through any natural learning

process. Evangelical denominations that take a non-Pentecostal/charismatic position, insist that this baptism in, with or of the Holy Spirit results in the ability to “witness” (basically they mean “talk to others” *about* Jesus Christ. What is amazing to me is that both positions have an element of the truth, but both are mere shadows of the reality revealed in the original language, *i.e.*, that this overtaking by Spirit results in being no longer “you,” but Jesus Christ.

Again, if our perception of the man Jesus Christ is that of a blue-eyed, long-haired, bearded, prissy, pale face – unless we already resemble that image we will miss the destiny that Jesus clearly said was available to any individual that believes enough.

Just what is this promised destiny? That we can and will be “miracle workers” if we choose to take the path that will lead us to the point of breakthrough into believing enough. What is that path? According to Jesus it is changing our thought and speech habits from thinking and speaking thoughts and words of unbelief to thinking and speaking words of belief!

### ***Chapter Six***

**REMINDER:** Anytime you want to take my recommended shortcut, SC awaits you to go directly and you can circumvent all this old man’s palaver.

In the original language there is something totally amazing – especially when compared with the traditional interpretation by the religious. Jesus said, “The enemy comes with the sole purpose of killing you and destroying your faith. I have come so that you have complete life in abundance, both spiritually and physically.”

On one hand, I dislike relating the following episode because some might feel it is for the purpose of self-aggrandizement. Please remember it is not “I” that does these things; it is the Perfect Parent that resides in me that does these things. Please remember that this Perfect Parent is available to any individual, that’s you, that’s me.

What is the requirement? Believing enough! How do we get to the point of believing enough, or having enough faith? By following the instructions to change our thinking and speaking habits.

This story can be verified by the individual involved, in case you find it difficult to believe. The area is tropical. This individual continually jokes about the weather. It rains continually. He has spent much of his childhood living on the coast of northwest Washington State near Seattle. Actually nearer another smaller city that has the nickname of the “suicide capital of the U.S.” because of the depressing weather that apparently is the cause of so many deaths per annum to gain such a fitting title. At any rate, he HATES rain. He loves sunshine and blue sky. His joke stems from the weather fact of the area. It has two distinct “rainy seasons: separated by a rather brief (roughly six to eight weeks) dry season each year. His joke, which always gets a laugh from the locals: “We have two rainy seasons per year that have a duration of nine months each.”

## *Chapter Seven*

About a year and a half ago my friend invited me to stay with him and his wife in order to engage me in a commercial writing project, plus he said he wanted my “prayerful input” on some other business and personal issues. When I arrived it was cool (temperature range averages low seventies to a high of eighty-five). Air conditioning and heating both unheard of in homes and even most businesses there... and it was raining. He immediately reiterated his –two annual rainy seasons each lasting nine months- joke.

For several days thereafter I heard him gripe about the rain. I reminded him of an old wry maxim heard quite often in the coastal areas of the Pacific Northwest; “that’s what keeps it green, “I lightly told him.

One afternoon he called me and asked if I would come down to his office to discuss some things. Per usual, it had been raining with very little respite. Per usual, also, he started griping about the rain. He stopped mid-sentence and said quite seriously, why don't you take authority over the weather? I took it as humor and responded in that vein. He assured me that he was quite serious.

"This is ridiculous," he waved out the wide doors, fully open in the direction of the current downpour, replete with brilliant flashes of lightning and almost deafening peals of thunder, seemingly to emphasize his point. "Look, I've watched you restore eyesight to somebody completely blind, get rid of brain tumors, instantly heal somebody with arthritis and asthma – I know it can be done. Do it!" He said with authoritative finality.

My first response was, "C'mon, you know I don't do that stuff. It's the..."

He cut me off mid-sentence, "Yeah, yeah, I know all that – I also know that it gets done and I believe it. I'm serious. I hate this weather! Get revelation," was his finishing command.

"You get revelation," I retorted, "You've got access to the same Source as I."

"Look, I have revelation and it's *you* that needs that needs to get revelation about specifics. I'm really serious about this," he said.

This was vintage Van. He didn't want my opinions. Whatever I got from the Source would suit him just fine. I retreated to my own office and accessed the Source. I was surprised at the response. I sought out Van and explained what I had "gotten" – it was about two hours since our last meeting.

"No more jokes about rainy seasons," I began. "Since you are serious about it, I can take authority, if you take your authority as primary leaseholder of this property," (about a total of three acres),

I reminded him of some of his "management pronounce-ments" he makes when he's upset about something. "I won't have it!" Is his usual entry exclamation to preface whatever other broad policy statement he might be about to make.

At this, he actually walked through his doors and out from under the patio covering and shook his fist and yelled skyward into the beating down rain. "I WON'T HAVE IT!"

"Okay," I said when he came back into his office and plopped into his huge chair behind his enormous desk. "You just maintain that attitude and I'll take care of the rest. You'll be able to see bright blue sky and have the sun to go out and stand in, but it only covers this

property and only during the day. You are not to tell anyone why the weather is always so nice when they come to visit."

There was practically a steady stream of businessmen and government officials visiting his office. The gardener actually complained about the lack of rain during the day! The visitors to his office would always comment on how badly it was raining "downtown" and how much better the weather was "here."

Again, this is not about what "I" can do. This is about what any individual can do with sufficient faith and that faith is available by simply following the instructions and listening for specifics to fit any given situation. We can start the process of changing our thoughts and words in simple ways. Our second true story indicates just how simple.

## *Chapter Eight*

With Van again in one of his favorite dry spots on the earth – Kihei, Maui, Hawaii. We were visiting in his home on the beach, about eight years ago around 10:00 p.m. We decided to make a run to the local Supermarket to get some "munchies" to quell the late night uprising of our appetites. We were placing our assortment of cheese, crackers and fruit onto the conveyor belt of the check-stand.

"Good evening sir, how are you? Asked the young lady checker.

"Perfect and how are you?"

"Don't ask," was her terse reply.

"Why not?" I persisted.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," she said as she squared her shoulders and looked directly into my eyes, "I'm certainly not perfect!"

"Oh," I asked casually, "Who lives inside of you?"

"Jesus Christ," she answered, maintaining the same intensity with what seemed to me to be just a hint of defensiveness.

“Then why don’t you let *him* do the talking?” I asked, trying to maintain the same casual tone.

“Oh, that’s what you meant, oh!” She exclaimed.

“Yep,” I resumed, “Isn’t it interesting how those of us that say Jesus Christ lives in us, let the enemy control our words.”

She walked with us all the way to the front door, “Thank you so much, I’ll never forget this” – I assured her that I wouldn’t forget either and haven’t.

Responding to the age-old question, “How are you?” with “I AM,” or “perfect” has been an excellent reminder who I really am. I am not the body bag I occupy. I am not the name the earthly parents of this body bag gave to it, or the many occupations this body bag has had over the last almost three quarters of a century, or am I represented by the Social Security number the government has assigned to it – or any other identification attached to it, no,

# I AM

## *Chapter Nine*

What about you? Is saying “I AM” too big a stretch? Keep in mind that repeating “I AM” (Jesus said, “Before there was an Abraham, I AM”) is simply the logical extension of following his instructions. The religious say that Jesus said this under the power of I AM within him. Exactly. They will also claim that they don’t feel “good enough” to say such a thing.

This isn’t about being “good enough.” In fact, consider the fact that Jesus said, “Don’t call me good; nobody is good except God.” More important-ly, this isn’t about reaching some point of feeling anything. I readily admit to feeling excited and grateful most of the time, but I have a few years on most people and realize that such feelings are a matter of choice. That’s right, I *choose* to be excited. That’s pretty easy for me because I

know who I AM. It took awhile for the realization to take hold and grow.

Here's a challenge. Don't take my word for it. Ask SC, "Should I take the promises of Jesus seriously?" He said if anyone came to him, he'd never cast them out. Should I just say, "I come to you NOW" (?).

This isn't religion. You don't have to join anything or change anything other than some words and thoughts that you continually check out DIRECT-LY with SC by asking, "Is this for me?"

It is or it isn't. It's a choice that belongs to each individual. Now, before we let Part Five get completely away from us, let's get to the second batch of mind boggling mistranslation.

### ***Chapter Ten***

*Let's start with a question from a different angle. When I first began to see just how corrupted the religious system that worships Jesus Christ really is, I thought others in the system would want to know too. I was wrong.*

*Remember the missionary conference in Lewiston, Idaho that led up to my being "released" from not only that denomination, but to my becoming aware that it was time to "come out of her" altogether; out of every last vestige of organized Christian-ity. The catalyst that led up to my being invited to Lewiston was a week-long series of nightly meetings held in a large church that met in several sections of what had previously been a "strip" shopping mall.*

*The church operated a grades 1 thru 12 private school with over two hundred students, a health food store and a charitable goods outlet that distributed donated clothing and food without charge to those in need.*

*It was Sunday evening, the end of a long, eventful week. The people from several churches in the area (southeastern Tennessee) that had attended the nightly meetings were encouraged by Bob*

*Connors, the pastor of the storefront church, to give him the names of the pastors of the various other churches represented so that he could personally invite each one to a combined meeting. Since Bob's Christian school was well-known and respected throughout the community, he was familiar with most of the other pastors in the area and on good terms with them.*

*It had been a time of singing and people sharing what God had done in their lives that week. Bob had asked me to close the meeting, but to speak for no more than thirty minutes. It was time for me to begin. It had been an uplifting hour and a half or so. I especially remembered the testimonies of two elderly women. One woman in her seventies that had been unable to walk for over ten years had been carried into the building the previous Monday night. She had refused to be brought in her wheel chair. Just prior to Bob introducing me, Annie had stood and walked around to demonstrate how she had been healed. Several members of the church she had been attending for twenty years stood and spoke verifying that she had been confined to a wheelchair for the past ten years.*

*Another woman shared that she had been healed of cataracts and no longer needed her glasses. She demonstrated this by reading a favorite passage aloud out of a Bible she held up to show how small the print was.*

*I assured the crowd that I would be taking only a few minutes and that we'd all be going over to the fellowship hall for refreshments. Little did I know!*

*I felt compelled to step down off the platform and stand on the floor in front of the assembly. I looked to my left where Bob and all the visiting pastors were sitting on the front row. One at about the middle of the row was seated with his arms folded tightly across his chest and was wearing an impatient looking frown. His expression was in such contrast to the other three hundred or so smiling faces that it gave me pause. I still remember the thought that crossed my mind. I actually had to stifle a grin and then a laugh: "I better keep this to two minutes or this guy will erupt!" was my thought. The few remarks I had planned were gone. Vanished.*

*“What now? I asked silently.*

*The response was so clear and so loud that I thought everyone else in the building must have heard it as well – “Ask them who I am.”*

*I blurted out the question, “Who is Jesus Christ?” There was a silence imposed, I was sure, by the abruptness and intensity of the question. The silence extended into several seconds. It seemed much longer, but I was relaxed. This wasn’t my deal, it was HIS.*

## *Chapter Eleven*

I was startled by a loud, impatient sounding sigh, a deep, harsh rush of expelled breath. I looked to my left. It had emanated from the middle of the front row, the same guy with the impatient frown and his arms folded across his chest. Only now he moved his left arm with an impatient flick of the wrist. “The Son of God,” he said, with what I took to be a contemptuous sneer in answer to the question I had just posed, “Who is Jesus Christ?”

Why is he being so hostile? I thought, perplexed. Then I realized that I had been anointed for this very moment. I said to the crowd, “What he just said is a Biblical answer, “but what does it mean?” I let the question hang there for just a few seconds before I followed up with, “Where is Jesus Christ now?”

Almost unbelievably, and preceded by the same loud sigh, came the answer, “At the right hand of the Father,” accompanied by the same contemptuous sneer and the same impatient flick of the wrist.

“Yes,” I immediately said to the crowd, “that too is a Biblical answer, but you’ll never move on in real faith until you understand, deep down in your spirit who Jesus Christ was before he became a man and where Jesus Christ is now, this very moment. Until you have the answer to those two questions you’ll never be anything but spectators warming pews in a church.” The words struck me silent and they just hung there, again, their impact fully dawning on me. I realized I was lashing out with hostility.

"Am I on the right track?" I asked silently, bothered by my own emotional reaction. Every eye was watching me; the intensity of the moment was almost electric. I knew that I had just taken an irretrievable step toward "coming out."

I walked down the center aisle toward the rear, looking from side to side. My eye caught a glimpse of a tall, slender man, wearing rimless glasses, dressed in grey work clothes. He was looking at me with dark eyes almost flashing.

"Who do you say Jesus Christ was before he became a man?" I asked as I returned his gaze, stopping in the row immediately in front of him. He was in the fourth chair to my right.

"God," he said without a moment of hesitation.

"Anyone else want to answer?" I asked the crowd?

"That bothers me," a large man with long black and gray hair, tied in a pony tail, dressed in faded jeans and black leather jacket with a red and black plaid shirt underneath. He continued, "How can Jesus be the Son of God and God at the same time?"

"Perfect timing for a perfect question," I responded as I walked back to the front to better see everyone. "How many of the rest of you feel that way?" I asked the crowd generally as I walked back to the front. The question was met by an almost unanimous showing of hands and definitive nods. It was also met by a scowl from the hostile one in the front row. "How about you?" I asked him, "Do you want to share your understanding?"

"No way," he said with the scowl firmly fixed, "this is your show." I glanced at Bob Connors. He looked more quizzical than anything else. However, I didn't detect any hostility in him or the others on that row.

I was anxious to share what I had just been given. I also realized that it would take more than a few minutes. "It's time for refreshments, but if any of you would like to get into a discussion about who Jesus Christ is and where Jesus Christ is this moment from what the Bible has to say, I'll be back in the 'Upper Room'" (a small chapel Bob had remodeled out of what he explained earlier to me had formerly been a shoe store) "for the next hour or so." I motioned for Bob to take over and I walked out with a wave of my hand.

## *Chapter Twelve*

As I entered the “Upper Room,” a nicely appointed chapel with a deep burgundy, thick pile carpet and pews with matching seat cushions formed into a semi circle, I slipped into the back pew and sat. I began reflecting upon the non-stop week and felt simply glad that it was over.

The feeling startled me. After all, by most accounts it had been an exciting and even “successful” week, with the presence of God manifested in much healing, deliverance, conversions and renewed commitments to Christ. Why would I be relieved that it was over?

Then I understood. It had been a week of my own egocentricity “playing” to a crowd of spectators. I remembered the words that had tumbled out of my mouth just moments earlier, “You’ll never move on in real faith until you understand, deep down in your spirit who Jesus Christ was before he became a man and where Jesus Christ is now, this very moment. Until you have the answer to those two questions you’ll never be anything but spectators warming pews in a church.”

I was part of the same silly game I was attacking! We were being called to something else. No sooner had that thought registered in my consciousness than did the passage, “Many are called, but few are chosen” also came firmly into my mind.

“What does that really mean?” I asked in a whisper.

The answer was almost immediate.

***“I choose those who desire to be chosen – tell this to the man that even now I am bringing to you. Tell him that I am choosing him to be a teacher of teachers.”***

### ***Chapter Thirteen***

No sooner had I heard these words when a hand on my shoulder startled me. Seeing that he had made me jump, he apologized quickly and asked if it was a bad time for him to talk with me.

“Not at all,” I answered.

He told me that he had expected quite a crowd to be in the chapel and he had decided to go to the fellowship hall with his wife for refreshments. I told him the obvious – that he was the only one that had come.

“Do you know why you came?” I asked.

“It’s interesting you ask. I was sitting with my wife and some others at a table in the fellowship hall and kept having the nagging thought that you had something to say to me. I finally told my wife that I had to come over here to talk with you.”

I shared with him what I had heard just before he touched my shoulder. He told me that was amazing because he had read something just that morning... he opened his Bible and read aloud, “In fact, by this time you ought to be teaching and yet you need someone to teach you all over again.”

“That really struck me,” he continued, “then what you said over in the meeting tonight about needing to know who Jesus Christ is and where he is or else I’m destined to be a spectator, added fuel to the fire.”

He stopped to introduce himself. Tom was a tall, muscular man with a well tanned face, intense dark eyes, salt and pepper curly hair, a finely chiseled face that struck me as probably being very attractive to the opposite sex.

“Is that what I’m supposed to teach – who Jesus was before he became a man and where he is now?” Tom asked.

“Well,” I answered, “that’s sure what I’ve been shown to share, but somewhere in First John the writer says we don’t really need a human teacher and Jesus said that Holy Spirit would lead us

into all truth – Holy Spirit, lead Tom and I into the truth you have for us right now.”

We sat there in silence for several minutes. Tom was seated sideways on the pew in front of me, his face turned toward me, his chin resting on his arm that was stretched along the top of the back of the pew. “Wow, do you want to hear what I just got?”

“Of course,” I answered.

“I’m not supposed to be a teacher; I’m supposed to let Him teach through me so that He can lead others to do the same thing. Does that make sense to you? Tom asked eagerly.

“You have no idea just how much sense it does make to me. Let me show you something in your Bible.” I took him to the passage (Matthew 23:8-10) in which, in the original language, “Jesus basically says not to allow anyone to refer to us by any title that implies spiritual authority or superiority. We have only ONE Father, ONE Teacher and Leader. We are supposed to be ministering to one another in the same kind of equality as brothers are equal.”

“I’ve never seen that before, this is exciting!” Tom exclaimed. “I really believe you are supposed to show me who Jesus Christ was before he became a man and where he is in this moment.”

“I do too,” I agreed readily. “First, let me share some things that should be taught as basics right out of the Bible, but amazingly are not. Look up Hebrews 13:8 and read it aloud, if you don’t mind.”

“Sure,” Tom said and then read, “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.”

“Had you seen that one before?” Tom admitted that he hadn’t and that he was not quite sure what it meant. I told him to just tuck it away in his mind for now and we’d move on.

## *Chapter Fourteen*

I asked Tom to read John 1:1-3 aloud.

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God. He...”

“Stop right there, please, Tom,” I interrupted. “It's a little difficult to see it from the translation you have there, but trust me, in the original language, 'The Word' is clearly a 'him' and separated from God – yet an extension and an integral part of God. But what you are about to see is far different from all that. Okay read on, Tom, I hope it doesn't bother you when I interrupt.”

“Not at all, I think I kinda see where you're taking this.”

I encouraged tom to begin at “he” where I had interrupted him.

“He was with God at the beginning. Through him all things were created, without him nothing was made that was made.”

“Tom,” I interrupted him again, “let's see if we understand the same thing here – does this 'Word' that was with God at the beginning seem to be depicted as the force or Spirit that created everything?”

“It sure does to me.”

“Okay, skip down to verse 14 and read it to me, please.”

“The Word became flesh and dwelt among us,” Tom read.

“So, again, let's see if we're getting the same thing – this creative force, this 'Word' became a man, the man we know as Jesus Christ, is that how you see it, or am I stretching anything so far?”

“To my mind, it seems very clear,” Tom said and nodded.

“Okay, please find the first chapter of Colossians and read the 16<sup>th</sup> verse to me.”

“For by Him all things were created.”

“Okay, Tom,” once again interrupting him, “Who is the 'him' that created all things here?”

“God.”

“Go back and spend just a couple of seconds reading verse 15 and then all of 16 silently and tell me what you see.”

Tom had a deeply furrowed brow as he spent a couple of minutes concentrating and then he looked up, “It’s basically saying the same thing that we read back in John. Jesus Christ created everything. You’re right,” Tom was shaking his head slowly, “This should be taught as a Basic in church, but I’ve never seen these verses so clearly state that the Creator of the universe and everything in it became a man.”

“So, Tom, am I making that up, or do you see the same thing?”

“I’ve never seen anything so clearly in my whole life!” He said softly, but firmly.

“It’s about to get better,” I assured him. “Do you remember how muddy it got in the meeting tonight? The one fellow answered the question, ‘who was Jesus Christ before he became a man?’ – with the one word, ‘God.’ Then a guy across the aisle said that answer bothered him, remember the question he asked?”

“Sure, ‘how can Jesus Christ be God and the Son of God at the same time?’”

“Remember,” I resumed, “that about three fourths of the assembly were having the same problem, right?”

“Yeah, and I was right there with them.”

“Let me show you something that will help any sincere seeker after truth come to absolute clarity. There’s been a whole bunch of religious doctrines and traditions perpetuated that ignore the Bible and create unbelief because of it. What do you know about the writer of the Gospel of John, Tom – where we first read that the Creator of the universe became a man?” Tom just looked at me blankly, I continued, “It’s almost universally agreed by historians and scholars that John was written by the guy that referred to himself as ‘the beloved disciple of Jesus.’ He was a Jew, obviously steeped in the Hebrew Scriptures. In fact, his reference in John 1:1 to ‘In the beginning’ is a transliteration from the Hebrew of the first verse in Genesis depicting the creation. The writer of the other passage you read in Colossians was the self-proclaimed ‘Apostle Paul’ – also a Jew, also well-grounded in the Hebrew account of the creation in Genesis. Are you with me so far, Tom?”

Tom merely nodded his agreement, obviously deeply interested.

“The reason this is so important, Tom, is to understand that both of these men not only accepted the Messianic claims of Jesus, but they both did so in the context of their understanding of the concept of God from the Hebrew Scriptures.”

## *Chapter Fifteen*

Let's look at this concept in the first two verses in Genesis, Tom. See the reference to the 'Spirit of God hovering over the waters – this is the creative Spirit of God speaking everything that God said, 'Let there be.'" As I paused to inhale here, I asked Tom if he was still with me. He gave me his "sure" and "of course" responses – but I knew the full light hadn't yet dawned on him. I could hardly contain my excitement at what I knew would soon become an explosion of awareness from the avalanche of information Tom was absorbing. "Tom," I said, "read Genesis 1:26 aloud and be ready for one of my rude interruptions."

Tom quickly found it and started reading, "Then God said, 'Let us make man in our image, in our likeness, and let them...'"

"Stop!" I practically yelled the word. "Do you see what God is saying here? Let US – in OUR? The word translated as 'God' in the entire first chapter of Genesis is from the Hebrew, 'Elohiym.' It is a plural word. It literally means the many facets or spirits that make up the singular Hebrew 'Godhead.' Some theologians refer to it as the 'family of God.' Some Christian theologians try to make Elohiym fit the doctrinal 'Trinity' – you know, 'Father, Son and Holy Spirit' – but that is far too limiting. You can make a case for and a case against the Trinity by using the Bible, but you just cannot legitimately limit the word Elohiym to the concept of the Trinity." From the look on Tom's face, I knew I had to give him a minute to catch his breath. "Okay, Tom, I can see something is grinding on you inside, why don't you share what's going on?"

"It's just that I've never seen the New Testament and the Old Testament so intricately tied together before and it's making such perfect sense. I've been saying for over thirty-five years that the Bible is true, but this is overwhelming. I guess I'm getting anxious that I'm not going to be able to retain it all."

I laughed and told Tom that the beauty of it was he didn't have to retain it. "God's Spirit is always available to us, knocking at the door so to speak, all we have to do is open the door. Unfortunately, many Christians have translated Jesus' promise that the Spirit would lead us into all truth to mean the Bible is the Source of all truth. We can see just from our time together

that the Bible is an excellent spiritual tool, but so silly to limit ourselves by saying that it is the only infallible ‘Word of God’ when infallibility resides in the Spirit.”

“I’m really beginning to see that,” Tom said, solemnly.

“Okay let’s go back to Elohiym, a multiplicity of Spirits among which tow Jewish writers, John and Paul, declare is the Spirit that was responsible for creating *everything* – both in the spirit and the physical realms, that is, both things that cannot be seen and things that can be seen by human eyes. Now, Tom, take a look at verse 26 and see the word translated in your Bible as “man” here is also plural, see it?”

“Oh yeah,” Tom said looking at me questioningly, “*them.*”

“First, we need to understand that some modern translations go so far as to refer to these as ‘human beings.’ Some scholars insist that the word in the original clearly indicates these are ‘spirits’ and not men. Are you ready for another burst of reality?”

“More?” Tom asked with an impish grin.

“Let’s stick with verse 26 a little longer,” I said. “If it is true that these ‘men’ are not flesh and blood, but rather spirit, then we have to also accept the fact that human beings were not created in the image of God. Flesh and blood ‘man’ was *formed* (not created) in an entirely different process – and before we look at that man, Adam, let’s nail down one more fact from verse 26. It was not human beings – ‘man’ that were given dominion over the earth. Once we understand the difference in lineage between the descendants of Adam and these ‘beings from the spirit world’ or ‘angels’ (two alternatives in a couple of popular translations of about thirty years ago), bunches of so-called mysteries in the Bible are totally cleared away. We can explore some of these some other time.

“My word,” Tom exclaimed vigorously, “little did I know what I was in for by sacrificing cake and punch to come back here and talk with you. Frankly, I’m reeling – but it’s all so obvious when you take the path we’re taking here. Let’s keep going, I can’t wait to see what my eyes are opened to next.

## *Chapter Sixteen*

“Okay, here we go, look at Chapter 2, verse 4, still in Genesis. What's the term for God used in the version you have?”

Tom read, “Lord God.”

“That's a perfect illustration of how religious tradition was brought about by the KJV and how it still influences later translations. Let me illustrate just how ludicrous it is to revert back to the term the KJV translators coined, 'Lord God.' The word in the original language is not even a word. It's a Hebrew symbol that was used to indicate that it was too sacred to be pronounced. Now get this, Tom, the literal English translation of this symbol is YHWH. What's a bit curious is that certain groups including Jehovah's Witnesses insist that the 'correct' pronunciation of YHWH is 'Jehovah.' Other groups insist that YHWH is correctly pronounced 'Yahweh.” It's a huge argument – a completely silly argument. YHWH was never intended to be pronounced! 'Lord God' is just as silly, wouldn't you say?”

“Man oh man,” Tom muttered as he stood up. “What are you going to lay on me next?”

“Nothing,” I said with a chuckle, “I guess I'm just being used to rattle your cage of doctrine perpetuated by Christian tradition that has little or no basis in the Bible.”

“Well, you're doing an excellent job. I've got a ton of questions.” Tom looked up suddenly over my shoulders and said, “Hi honey – meet my wife Karen” - Tom made the introductions.

“I stood up and turned to see a tall slender, very attractive woman with penetrating light gray eyes, a bright smile and an outstretched hand. Karen shook my hand with a firm grip.

“Well, what have I missed?” she asked in a totally friendly, outgoing manner.

“An unbelievable time, hon, I wish you'd been here.”

“Where is everyone?” she asked.

“This is it, I've had a private audience the whole time,” Tom told her.

“Really,” she said, with a perplexed expression, her eyes darting back and forth between Tom and me. “I expected to walk in here to a big crowd.”

“Actually, it's been perfect, wouldn't you say, Tom?”

“Sure has been for me – hey, hon, any way you can catch a ride home? We're in the middle of some stuff I really want to hear.”

We said our goodbyes and they embraced affectionately.

## *Chapter Seventeen*

Tom and I sat back down in the same places. It was unspoken, but Tom and I both sensed that this time together was one of those “divinely appointed times” and neither of us was willing to miss a minute. I told Tom that while some of what I had been sharing with him wasn’t totally new to me, I’d never shared this much of it with anyone before and certainly not with any group of people.

“What I’m saying, Tom is that as much as this has been a life-changing experience for you – our time together has solidified something in me as well.” I went on to tell him that I was being “called out” of organized Christianity and that our time together was the completion somehow. I told Tom that unless I was specifically led otherwise, I was soon to stop attending or speaking within the organized church.

Tom interrupted by holding up a hand with the palm open toward me. “I’m sorry to interrupt, but I just understood some-thing I want to share with you – yet I’m amazed because I can’t put it into words, at least not yet. Right after we started, you told me to read that passage in Hebrews, ‘Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.’ I understand it completely now – but I can’t tell you what it means.”

“That’s exciting, Tom, let me tell you why. I told you to tuck it away because I was given it for you at that moment – I can’t explain exactly what it means either, but I also understand it. I’m sensing we should get back to who Jesus was before he became a man and where he is now. Do you agree?” Tom nodded somberly.

“Okay, we’ve seen that the creative spirit/part of Elohiym – the same Spirit that hovered over the water and spoke every-thing into existence is the pre-existence of Jesus Christ.”

Tom raised his hand, palm toward me again, “At least that’s how John and Paul saw and wrote about it. For me, this ties in with ‘Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.’ It also ties in with the one guy’s answer, ‘God,’ and the other guy that was bother by it because it didn’t make sense to him that Jesus Christ could be God and the Son of God at the same time – it didn’t make any sense to the rest of us either. But now I do understand something and Spirit is showing me; I cannot begin to fully understand spiritual things with my brain. It just is not capable. I don’t need you to agree with me about that either – we can have two different perspectives and they can both be true. I came in here in awe of you as a teacher – we have only ONE Teacher and it’s **NOT** you.”

"Hallelujah!" I shouted so loudly that it startled me. Tom and I both got up and began pacing around and laughing uproariously. We were laughing so hard that tears were coming to our eyes. Noticing it in each other made us laugh all the harder.

"I think we may have just experienced 'holy laughter,'" I was able to get out as I sputtered to a stop.

Tom echoed the sentiment by simply gasping, "Oh my..."

"Tom, I'm going to share something with you that I've never shared with anyone else before. I alluded to it earlier, but I believe that some of us may be spirits that decided to occupy these bodies. I've come to the place of thinking of my own intellect as the brain of the body I occupy. In other words, I'm a spirit that occupies this body you see. I am not this body *with* a spirit."

"You got that from God!" Tom blurted out. "All this stuff about Elohiym and YHWH has been stimulating to say the least. But I'm beginning to understand who I am... and it's not Tom Bennett. That's just the name the earthly parents of this bag of bones gave it. I already understand where Jesus Christ is, I just want you to show me where it says it in the Bible."

"Sure, actually there are several places that allude to it, but Paul in the first chapter of Colossians says it clearly. After going through the fact that Jesus Christ in his pre-existence created everything (Col. 1:27) Paul says, "The mystery of the ages, Christ in you."

# PART SIX

## *The End is the Beginning*

### *Chapter One*

The only question left for any of us is, how can I be sure Christ is in me? The temptation for me now was to continue with the true story of Tom Bennett and our relationship for the remainder of

the time I spent in that part of Tennessee. That story is unimportant, perhaps even counterproductive. Over the next several days much of my time was spent just being with Tom and Karen Bennett. It was wonderful and I'll never forget this gracious couple for their kindnesses and the many things we learned together. But "Super Computer" is not about Tom or Karen, or about me. It's about you and a way that you can relate to the consciousness, the infinite intelligence that operates beyond our ability to comprehend or conceptualize – yet is available by simply turning the power switch of our own personal computers to the "on" position.

The Biblical metaphor for the power switch is a doorknob. The answer to the question, "How can I be sure Christ is in me?" is in the metaphor.

Jesus said, "I stand at the door and knock, if anyone opens the door, I will come in and have an intimate time of fellowship with him." **OPEN THE DOOR!** The power switch is "on."

## *Chapter Two*

The stumbling block for many that "flip the switch" is their own expectations – zero to huge. Some people get an emotional high even to the point of euphoria – and immediately know that Jesus Christ, (the one who is the same yesterday, today and forever) indeed, is in them. Others say, "I don't feel any different." That's a bit like turning on your own personal

computer for the first time, watching the monitor light up and saying, “There’s nothing much to that.” Then telling everyone, “I’m computer illiterate,” and never bothering to go beyond the initial turning on of the switch. This isn’t about feelings. Here’s a suggestion” Try the “voice activation” mode. “Jesus Christ, if you’re real show me.” Keep saying it until you’ve been shown. One woman I know decided to take one of Jesus’ instructions literally. She spent forty-five minutes actually knocking on a close door while saying, “I want to know Christ is in me,” over and over.

“So what happened?” I asked...

“I know Jesus Christ is in me,” she answered, just as if it was a stupid question... in a way I guess it was. On the other hand it provides us with the understanding that the promise is true – whether we open the door to his knocking, or we keep knocking until he opens the door. Turn the switch to “on.” If your computer needs upgrading so that your reception to SC gets better speed, simply ask, “What do I need to do to improve my access?” You’ll get the answer. Maybe you’ll need to find a closet door to beat or, just do it! You’ll soon learn how to access a better attitude, improved memory, wisdom, etc., etc.

### *Chapter Three*

Another stumbling block for some is church attendance. Don’t get me wrong. A church can be a school room. The key is to “ask.” Suggestion: Ask questions such as, “is this for me?” Don’t decide to go or not to go UNTIL you know. Knock and demand until you see – remember?

What's the difference between being involved in anything on the basis of a choice made with input from infinite wisdom and that which is gleaned from religious tradition? There is a difference, what is it? I said from the beginning, reading this book is the slow way. Go directly, go NOW. How? Open the door. Didn't work? Find a door to beat on. Know that you will be given the answer that is uniquely "right" for you. Understand that the answer given to you today may not be the answer that is appropriate for you for tomorrow – nor is it necessarily appropriate for anyone else but you.

I'm supposed to put an ending to this now. How did I know? I've been asking, demanding and knocking and I see it clearly. If you don't happen to like it, just remember that I told you this is my journey. Thanks for coming along for the ride – I've enjoyed your company.

#### ***Chapter Four***

One of my challenges in life has been to make comparisons with the wrong people. That is, I'd either compare myself with people I didn't like and therefore be able, in one way or another, to consider myself "better" than they... or just as unproductively, I'd compare myself to somebody I admired, but didn't think I had a ghost of a chance to be like. When I finally stumbled on the truth that Jesus was an example rather than merely an object of worship – I discovered another truth: That the way to become him had already been provided. But first I had to be shown something else. It's the story about a young Jewish prophet by the name of Elisha.

Elisha had "attached" himself to the great prophet Elijah. Elisha took it upon himself to become Elijah's personal aide. Elijah was, of

course, a might worker of miracles. Elisha understood that in his own power he could never be the equal of Elijah; he followed Elijah everywhere he went to the point of Elijah's distraction. Elijah would tell Elisha to get out of his sight. Elisha persisted even though told repeatedly to "get lost." Finally Elisha had the opportunity to tell Elijah that he wanted double the amount of Spirit that was in Elijah. Elijah told him the conditions and Elisha met them – he got what he wanted.

There it was! A template I could follow. Jesus said that any individual that believes enough will be and do what he did as a man. Sitting on a pew, listening to powerless drivel won't get us there. Being the purveyor of powerless drivel from behind the pulpit won't get us there either.

I came to see that I didn't need just a double portion of the Spirit in Jesus Christ – I needed an infinite and continuous bap-tism – immersion in God's own Spirit! Jesus told us how to get it. Demand and knock **UNTIL** we see the results.

Jesus never stopped demanding and knocking all the way up to when he paid the ultimate price for us. That part is finished. The rest is our journey. Mine's not finished yet – I'll see you on down the road.

## The End[ing]