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The hours are long lately.

If I wept too much and couldn't stop the tears who would be there to remember them. And when others count tear for tear in their own sorrow who wants to read about yours. Or see any more signs of sadness.

I've been praying for many things. Last night my back went out and I took two major Tylenol to stop the excruciating pain that had me whimpering like a baby. God told me He would take care of it and He did. This morning I feel better but I can't really sleep though I'm exhausted. Reflux and its pain keeps me awake and gets me up before burning acid hits my throat. I had a bowl of cereal and a bowl of cherries but that's enough to keep my body on the path to misery.

I don't want to talk about my tears to be honest. Nor about my physical problems like the pinched nerve in my right foot that keeps me limping at the moment.

No, I'd rather speak of happier days.

You see, I'm unhappy with evil. And when I say unhappy I mean angry. Love the people hate their sin is the expression we use in today's sermons. Yet how do you keep on hating outwardly day after day. I've learned it leads to a weeping heart. I find I can't stop praying for Gods will to be done. I find it easier to cry for what evil does then to keep fighting it head on. Why? Because I take my tears to God and I take my needs to Him and I pray for a miracle that hasn't come as yet.

I do hope I'm not selfish. Tears are a release but some see tears as a weapon. I don't want to be terrible with tears in the future. Because they hurt.

I guess part of my equation is a matter of time. I know I'm moving forward based on the clock. But what if time really is changing. What if things are happening around us even as we speak? I think I'm partly responsible.

It all started 3 years ago when I wanted a best friend. I knew that God wanted to be friends with me but I didn't understand all the 'lingo' such as 'my sheep hear my voice' and 'hear the voice

of the Lord" and so on. Did God or Jesus or the Holy Spirit really speak? I had known it was possible. There were rare messages to me. Like the time Rev Hatten said "God says he'll never leave you or forsake you". That helped at a time I needed it and a hundred times since the 1970's. Then George and Ruth Barker saying they say something of my future and it was really exciting to them. Of course they didn't know what it was. That was in the early 80's.

Then in 86, the night before heading off to the Philippines I sought a word from God from an evangelist. He had a message for pretty much everyone in the audience but none for me no matter how eager I was. Then God spoke to me clearly for the first time and told me to quit looking to men for the answer.

And each time there was a moment there seemed to be spiritual setbacks. I had spiritual gifts and if I spoke of them out loud they were stolen by Satan. It didn't make sense.

As the years passed my life got a little odder. I developed weird diseases and health problems that left me bed bound off and on for 8 years now. Some times are worse and during those times I do little. When I feel better I push just a little bit harder but not so hard I overdo it.

The best thing I can say about these last 8 years is that I've been able to pray and as health got worse I prayed more until I got a breakthrough. I heard God speak and he said "I am here" and He was. And from that day I, in my suffering, had one friend that stuck closer to me then a brother. And I listened. God spoke to me in stories and in themes and explained things related to scripture. His favorite subject surrounded the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil and He spoke on it and creation and the secrets of things. Especially in the areas of Hope and Faith. And as I listened I learned that relationship with God equated authority over the enemy. Authority didn't come because I read the Word but because I heard the Word of God day by day by day. Now I had to be growing spiritually because God showed me in dreams and interpreted them. Eventually I reached what I thought was the top of the ladder. It wasn't. Satan wasn't the top. He was Little Lord of Earth. But there were other spiritual authorities out there in space. Not just in this Galaxy either but all throughout the Universe. And God may have mentioned or the Evil ones on earth that I had overcome the powers that be. So he said to me, "Listen, stay behind me, we are about to deal with spiritual assassins from throughout the universe. And they began to

come one by one by one and God fought them and He killed them.

Now some may say "God doesn't kill" but they came to fight me and God indicated there were too many for me to fight alone.

For awhile I thought it was over. God showed me I had beat the Godfather of Sin and all of his assassin's. Now there came the second step in my spiritual growth, or I thought. When I went from the Spiritual to the Natural. That war began but it hit from an unexpected quarter. From within my own family and from my own lips. I was hit with spiritual powers and authorities and carried into what you would call a world of Darkness. Now some might laugh here but during this time a door was opened and I peered into it. This was not an imaginary door nor was it a vision nor was it a dream. It was a real door and I looked into a world of darkness covered with a field of stones. I did not step through but this was during the Time was I fought against Time and I was carried into Time. Whether backward or forward I do not know. I was carried Spiritually to another world and carried back to earth when there had been a spiritual/physical hit on earth that had carried the vacuum of space down to earth. I was forced to walk in this ungodly cold realm and the spirit came upon me and I performed an intricate dance which opened up what I believed at the time to be the gates of hell.

I continue to fight this war against powers and principalities that is beyond any man's or woman's comprehension. During this time I was given a method of viewing my adversary's and I saw a Muslim Giant along with the Spirit of Hitler himself. I was given insight into the heavens and dreams into the Dragon who was a man that breathed fire out of his mouth. There were signs in the heaven and God had me fight for that which we will call the Natural man and above was a Star and I was able to speak to it to move and it did and then I spoke to it again and it returned to its original position.

These things and more happened to me and some would say that I was crazy. For a week I was cast into the Mental Health Ward where I was surrounded by people who were filled with evil spirits. I saw a doctor controlled by a demon from India speak to a man from Africa of demonic things. I was told that I had died by one of the men there but no one was permitted to record these things to my knowledge. After a week there I began to see changes. People who had been bound for much of their life began to come free of their bonds. I heard patients and doctors

speaking of it.

I was hit more than once by forces beyond my understanding. Once I believed I was running from death and hit a tree so hard it shook it to the topmost branches. I marveled because I hit it with the weight of a bull. Then I was thrown down to the ground so hard and the weight of ten gravity's was placed on my body. I thought for sure I should have died.

The list of things that happened to me during this time is beyond comprehension. I do not speak of it because it is still a war and this war knows no boundaries except those of Jesus Christ and His blood. It is a battle I am in and I believe winning.

I put this article on a back page because I know not many will read it and not many will understand it. I do. And I continue to grow in knowledge as time goes on that the battle is not to the swift or to the strong but to those who have faith in God. And if you think that I am off base then test the spirits because God will let you know I speak the Truth. And the Truth will help to set you free.

In His love.