

The Redemption and Courtship Testimonies of Richard Trudeau by Richard,
Followed by the Salvation Testimony of Anna (Kiser) Trudeau by Anna

Straight Gate and Narrow Way: a Testimony of Redemption by Richard Trudeau

I have no desire to disguise my intentions in this testimony. I have received it as my God-given responsibility to expose the evils I have suffered in the early part of my conversion, that you all might be aware of the narrowness of the way that leadeth unto life (this way, of course, cannot be seen by those who have not entered in at the strait gate.). My purpose is to express the reason for the seemingly drastic action my wife and I have taken to escape the perversity of the broad way. The snares have been many, but by God's grace we have escaped them all to this day, and we do trust that the Lord himself will preserve us unto the dreadful Day of his coming. Were you to read these accounts herein written with an honest review, I have no doubt you would be stirred to examine your own personal state before the Almighty. This is of course our earnest desire, that none of you, our readers, should be among the crowd that calls out on the Day of Judgment, "Lord, Lord", only to be swiftly denied your claim upon Heaven's graces. Therefore we present ourselves as your servants for Christ's sake until you either receive our testimony as it is in Christ, or join with those who would crucify us even as those did, who would not bear the Lord's testimony in the days of his flesh. This we will bear gladly, seeing that the worthy Lord Jesus and God the Father are able to get glory not only by our life, but even more by our death (Rom. 8:36).

*"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, **and** narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and **few** there be that find it." Matthew 7:13-14*

*"Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."
Luke 13:23-24*

I was saved in the fall of 2006 after a life of sin and a year of blessed and fearful judgment. All through my life, apart from the instruction of the wise, the Lord (Himself) in His merciful patience and kindness toward me (the unjust) instructed me from a child, through His righteous and divine interruptions, to teach me the evils of the world, false religion, and finally, my own soul. These merciful acts of providence culminated in the year of His judgment toward me, in which He taught me the vanity of life through practical experience and honest introspection, along with the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Consequentially, when it pleased God, and when I could say honestly that I hated my life in this world, God sent his servants to testify of the pearls of saving doctrine, such as the new birth and the second coming of Christ. These pearls and this Lord then became precious to me by the awakening of the Holy Ghost. I knew surely that such a Lord deserved complete obedience, and I spent the next two days counting the cost, at the end of which time, with all that in me was, I yielded up my life, rights, and all to his lordship. Shortly after, the revelation of the Son of God was granted to my soul by a visitation of the Holy Ghost. It was then that the love of God flooded my heart, and I found the Gospel power promised to

overcome sin to those who believe. "All things became new" seems an understatement to describe the glory that was revealed in me. Praise Jesus Christ my Lord and bless the Father of all mercies. Amen.

Immediately after this I was pressed into studying the scriptures. I was amazed how alive they were. The anointing of the Holy Spirit was certainly teaching me. I lived to seek God. I could hardly go to work. Many days I would just study the Bible in my chair all day. This went on for about six weeks before I approached the vessel who spoke to me before my conversion. She convinced me to join her at a Pentecostal church. It was certainly different. I was raised in the Roman Catholic Church all my childhood; I knew very little about other assemblies. I observed with wonder for about three services. I was very forward to meet as many people as I could. I was excited to be with so many who read the Bible like me. I mostly listened. On the last day of my attendance I came to a group of about five men, and one turned to me for a testimony. I began to tell of how the Lord destroyed the work of my hands and taught me his fear. He then interrupted me and said "God would never do a thing like that". I was perplexed. I looked at the faces of the other four men to see if any of them disagreed. I was even more amazed that they all seemed to agree. I took note and left. I was very disappointed. "*Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth*" (Psa. 46:8). I was troubled how these men could read the same Bible as I and not see how the Almighty is the one who "*killeth and maketh alive*" (Deu. 32:39). Behold the strait gate! I began to see that most professors of Christ did not hold the image of this God in their hearts.

I greatly desired another that could relate to me and my God. My desire for this true fellowship made me very forward to inquire into the testimonies of others. I could not help but magnify the Lord everywhere. It seemed that almost everyone I spoke to tried to strip away some truth that I had plainly read in the scripture. It was not long after this that a small Bible study developed at my house consisting of men I had mostly never met. Finally I found fellowship in the men of this study. There were three in particular that I trusted were saved. These all seemed to have testimonies of biblical salvation. I was particularly comforted by one, Ron - he seemed to have a testimony like mine of an evident new birth experience. This was very precious to me. At this point, I had a decent grasp on what had happened to me from a scriptural perspective. I was also acutely aware that many who said they were born again were only propped up by some personal decision equal to presumption. Ron's testimony included a good impression of the fear of God, the miraculous intervention of God's influences, a love for the Word, repentance, and faith toward God. He knew the Bible so well. I watched as he sailed forward and backward through the New Testament. This I was apt to respect. He always gravitated toward the promises of God and magnified the doctrine of eternal security. This I received as it seemed apparent. I would read the warnings of God in my private study and bring my questions to Ron, and in a very skillful way he would squelch that which the Lord wanted me to fear. He so spoke of the promises of God, that I became blinded to their conditions and relevancy. This pattern was persistent for many months. Before long, it was safe to say I had spiritually submitted myself to Ron.

At this point, as I have already made clear, I was aware of true and false conversions. I was ever cautious toward those who did not have the understanding of God's terrifying fear and holiness, and sadly this described most people who professed to be Christian. However, I rested in the

fellowship of these three men. They started well.

“The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord.” Matthew 10:24

“For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness, those that were clean escaped from them who live in error. While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption: for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage.” 2 Peter 2:18

This was my case for about two years; I was pinned to the earth by a false prophet who emphasized the strait gate and then trusted in a frame of twisted scriptures to justify until the end, thereby forsaking the present working of the cross (which is the narrow way). Consequently, in the process of time I fell into shameful, damnable sin. I was “cast off” as David before his Psalm 51 repentance. This horrifying darkness came over me for about six months, and as I sought to hide my sin I could not prosper in the Lord. Though I opposed my own good, the Lord in mercy would not allow my sin to be concealed; it was found out the day of my wedding. The Lord would not allow me to confess his name at my wedding without casting off the unfruitful works of darkness. I took up zeal against my own pride and fell at Tom Kiser's feet - my sin was in Tom's sight and against the Holy God of heaven. I was again lifted up as Samson, who committed the same sin as I; he rose at midnight with zeal against his sin and pushed back the gates of hell. This was me. Many of you witnessed me share my testimony at my wedding. This was the result; bless God for his undeserved mercy.

After time passed in reflection of all that happened and how I sinned, I was secretly becoming more and more concerned about how this could have been possible. I became more concerned about my own doctrine as I was taught by Ron. My concerns carried me to one particular night in the summer of 2010. Ryan Ringnald and Sean Morris were visiting a certain man in my hometown. I came to have fellowship with these brothers. I had already met them years before and I knew that the Spirit of my Lord was surely in them. I sat silent for about two hours and heard them preach *“not only in word but in demonstration of the Spirit and power” (1 Cor. 2:4)*. At the end I approached Sean and I confessed my trouble of conscience with Ron and this Bible study. He asked me one question – *“Does this man submit to the doctrine according to Godliness?” (1Tim. 6:3)* I asked him what exactly that means. He only quoted a few scriptures before I knew the answer to be, *“no, he does not”*, nor did anyone in the study. He said one word: *“flee”*.

“from such withdraw thyself” – 1 Tim. 6:5

“from such turn away” – 2 Tim. 3:5

It was the Word of God to me. I could do nothing but obey. I re-questioned everything I had swallowed the last two years. I had truly been shaken with a holy shaking. I returned to what I knew in the beginning, me and the Bible. I feared more than ever the counsel of men who disregarded the least of God's words. My brother, who was born again shortly after my wedding, had also been greatly polluted by these false doctrines. He and I both entered into a covenant to “violently” seek the Lord together (Mat. 11:12). After about three months we went to Missouri together to the wedding of Ryan and Joy Ringnald. Our greatest reason for the visit other than to

attend the wedding was to hear more about the scriptural alternative to what we together had received at the mouth of Ron. We still had missing pieces. The Lord met with Tanner and me through brother Sean, and we were convinced of our sin. On our way back I was struck with a violent sickness; half the ride back to NY I was dizzy and nauseous. We pulled over at some point along the trip and I violently vomited, rejoicing between spouts of vile sickness! The Word of the Lord came to me. This false doctrine of eternal security caused me to stumble as an ill, nauseous drunkard. At that moment I knew I was spiritually loosed from the poison. Therefore I rejoiced, and recovered! Bless The Lord for his deliverance!

The realization of this pitfall we had fallen into, unawares, renewed a careful circumspection. I saw, in a much clearer light, the necessity of a pure fellowship in Christ. Proverbs 13:20 says, *“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.”* These conclusions pressed us harder yet to retreat from Saranac Lake, my hometown. I did not know one person in upstate NY who preached or lived as though the warnings in the New Testament were true. So we abandoned all and went to be with those who we knew to be wise in the sight of the Lord.

*“Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honor, and some to dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work. Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, **with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.**” 2 Timothy 2:19-22*

*“If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness; He is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmising, Perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: **from such withdraw thyself.**” 1 Timothy 6:3-5*

“Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed. For he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.” 2 John 1:9-11

Our Courtship: A Testimony of Richard Trudeau

Reader, after you take note of the biblical, scriptural lessons which were rising to my attention at the time where the first section left off, a time when I was being compelled to leave Saranac Lake, I feel the necessity to rewind and explain in more detail how I came to be deceived so as to marry an unsaved woman, how subtly sin lied at my door, and how painful the fight was to overcome it after its harmful venom laid waste my soul.

About six months into my new birth, I was growing more and more burdened for the lost sinners

that I looked upon every day, and I had begun publicly witnessing to many. I had been led to two preachers named Paul Washer and Leonard Ravenhill. I only had a few of their powerful sermons on CD. I would kneel before the Lord and consider the sober impressions of their words. I considered my position as a single man, with a willingness to be single for the rest of my life for the sake of the Lord. I prayed. "Lord, if it is your will that I remain single the rest of my life I am willing, but if you want me to be married I pray you would choose my wife for me." Immediately in spirit I saw a vision: I was standing beside a woman. Her appearance was slightly blurred, but I could make out her general look. I wondered what this might mean. I thought if I were to be married that this is what my wife would look like. I just continued on my course of preaching the gospel. Shortly after this, I was invited to preach on the streets of NYC. I had never been to the city. It was a glorious experience, lifting up the judgment and salvation of God before so many. While I was there with two other men, we stayed in one of Tom Kiser's rooms. It was our base to pray and sleep, and they also prepared breakfast for us every morning. The last day of my stay I saw Anna, only for the second time; she was walking out of the house and down the street. I caught a glimpse of her and remembered my thoughts - "She looks just like the girl in my vision". I did not pay any more attention to her than that. I left NYC never thinking I would see her again.

I continued on in Saranac Lake serving my King, preaching once or twice a week in Burlington, VT. One day before going to work, I was in the house of a certain man I went to NYC with. Anna just showed up to drop off something, and I was pretty surprised to see her in my hometown, six hours from NYC. I kept seeing her here and there. She ended up coming to a church gathering. I felt bad for her because I did not know why she was in Saranac Lake. I did not know if she even knew anyone. In hospitality, I approached her and said if she ever needed anything I would be happy to help her. The next time I had seen her was at an older man's home. I had gone to see this man after a church service to speak about the scriptures. Anna happened to be there with this man's wife, and a few others were there also. At one point our eyes locked for just a few seconds; it was very uncomfortable, and I tried to shake it off. At the end a man there asked if I could give Anna a ride home, as she lived the closest to me. I ended up giving her a ride home that night with one other. I found out that day that she lived only four houses down the road from me. She was staying with my neighbors.

Shortly after that, she called me and asked me to help her prepare a sermon for her speech class at college. I ended up sharing my testimony of salvation with her and asking her about hers. She was evidently shaken. I spoke to her on Acts 19:2 - "*He said unto them, have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.*" I was fairly certain Anna had never encountered the Lord in a saving way; however, she seemed to have an openness. Her form of godliness was something I did not know how to deal with. I was saved in an area which was predominantly catholic, almost entirely free from a public expression of the gospel. It had always been very easy to show someone from scripture by their works that they are "*alienated from the life of God*" (Eph. 4:18, Col. 1:21). This woman was unlike any woman I knew. I had received the hospitality of her and her family when I went to NYC. This I did not want to disregard. She had spent many more hours than I pleading with souls to consider God. Afterwards, looking back, I was able to consider perfectly. The Pharisees sat in the place of oration (Mat. 23:1-2), they gave religious charges (v.4), they wore modest clothes (v.5), they were granted seats of honor (v.6), they were given

honorable titles like Rabbi, pastor, and evangelist (v.7), they made long prayers (v.14), they travelled the earth to evangelize (v.15), they swore religious oaths (v.16), they gave of their substance (v.23), they appeared outwardly beautiful and righteous unto men (v.27), and they honored godly men of the past (v.29). After all this Jesus said:

“Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city: That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zachariah son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar. Verily I say unto you, All these things shall come upon this generation. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.” Matthew 23:33

“For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Matthew 5:20

At this point, I had already received the revelation that Anna would be my wife. She seemed to be the most open woman in my acquaintance to the things of God. I had often been flattered by many that my zeal and love toward God was an abnormal anomaly to the “Christian class”. This false persuasion opened a door of confusion. I had been deceived at least to consider that something short of passing from darkness to light, life to death, sin to righteousness, haters of God to lovers of God may actually be conversion. This double-minded persuasion leavened my judgment; though I constantly harbored doubts concerning the salvation of many, I was rarely allowed by my leavened conscience to boldly stand against the blasphemy of any seemingly sincere profession. This in turn limited my ability to preach only to the general errors of false professors. The direct edge of the sword was withheld from my arsenal. Though Anna at many points was certainly troubled enough to pray about her standing with God, I was without the strength to deal the death blow to her false profession.

“Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.” 1 Corinthians 15:33

My inability to bring Anna to her spiritual grave from whence she might rise brought us to a stalemate. My confusion led me to give up the fight and respect her fig leaves. I backed off in a good measure. My errors brought me to one certain day when I posed this question: “Anna, what do you think about selling everything and going to some third world country to serve the Lord?” This evidently troubled her. Her response made it clear that she wanted to lay up her treasure on the earth and love her life in this world (Mat. 6:19-20, John 12:25, Rev. 12:11). I knew the Lord's will was for me to get out of the car and tell her “if you are going to put these kind of limitations on God, then we cannot be married.” As it is written, “*have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them*” (Eph. 5:11). Instead of obeying the Lord, I began to

reason within myself: “I know Anna is going to be my wife; I can deal with this later.” I am convinced that this was my “Isaac.” The Lord had given me a promise and then he called me to take a righteous stand against this sin, and thus sacrifice the marriage. I should have trusted that Anna would have been ashamed of herself. This could have been unto her salvation! Instead I had fellowship with the same sin of loving my life. I had grieved the Holy Spirit, and the grace that was upon me to overcome sin vanished. For a season God had, as Samson, committed me to a dungeon to grind over my sin under the heavy chastening of God, and with the absence of spiritual light I was left to my idol, Anna (Jud. 16:21).

“Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, And changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves: Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen.”
Romans 1:21-25

After the events described in the prior section, Anna and I were married. Later, she was showing me some developed pictures and I was amazed to see the before-mentioned “vision” of my wife and I captured on our first photo taken together.

Anna (Kiser) Trudeau's Testimony of Salvation, written by Anna Trudeau

I met Rick for the first time in the summer of 2007. At this time I was at the peak of my religious zeal. On Mondays I was at the Downtown Learning Center (DLC) in Brooklyn, which instructed people to get their GED. On Tuesdays I went to prayer meetings at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On Wednesdays I could be found at the DLC or on the streets preaching or praying with my dad (Tom Kiser). On Thursday I was in ensemble and choir practice. On Fridays I participated in leading worship in a youth group of up to 300 people in downtown Brooklyn. On Saturdays I either toured people around the city for my dad or I worked. Finally, I led worship with the ensemble on Sundays at the nine o'clock service. I filled the rest of my schedule working at a local family beach club in Coney Island. Much of my time was commuting on the train, and I would use this opportunity to pray or witness to people.

After I had graduated high school, I considered going to a community college in the area for Art Therapy. I believed that the Lord wanted me to use my artistic abilities to instruct children on how to communicate through art to speak of their inner turmoil. So I set my face to accomplish this task. During the months leading up to my first semester, everything I could have wanted and desired in this world was at my fingertips. I was pursuing fashion, music, art, and ministry, and excelling in the eyes of my church body and my peers! Just before the semester started I began to have hesitations on going to this particular school.

One of the greatest hesitations I was troubled with was from a certain young man who my parents took under their wing. Although I didn't love him, I liked the attentiveness I received

from him. I liked the power I had over him. He was good-looking, hard-working, and would do anything I desired of him. I was his idol. As time passed, he became very pushy and jealous. He enrolled in the school I intended on going to and began to try to make advances on me. He was very seductive and I knew that it was only a matter of time before I would give in to it. This terrified me. I began to cry out to God to make a way for me to go somewhere else. My prayer was answered about a month later. My family was in upstate NY visiting some close friends when I was asked by one of the adults if I was interested in going to school nearby. Soon after, everything fell into place and I began living with a family and going to North Country Community College in Saranac Lake, NY.

While going to a local church, I was reacquainted with a man named Rick that had come to my house the previous summer for evangelism. I was quickly captivated by his godliness. I had rarely seen such zeal and knowledge of the Scriptures that this man possessed. One of the first times we spent in each other's company was at a mutual friend's house. At first, I was greatly drawn toward him but resisted these tugs and was rather disturbed by them. However, shortly after, the Lord, in His sovereign will, began to turn my heart to this man.

During my first semester I took a speech class, and I was desirous to preach the gospel to my classmates for finals. I didn't know many zealous Christians in the area, and I couldn't help but remember Rick. I hesitantly contacted him and we met up in the early afternoon – it was then he took the occasion to share his full testimony with me, which also sprang up into an open door for him to expound the scriptures. After Rick shared his testimony with me, I was pretty shaken. I had never heard of anyone who had met with God in such power and had such a clear transformation from darkness to light. I told him that I was concerned about my testimony. I was shaken by the reality of the Scripture, and I was moved from my confidence. At one point, while Rick was standing across from me at the counter, he suddenly went pale. We sat down at the table to eat and I began inquiring with much concern what was wrong. He hesitantly said he didn't want to scare me. Having been raised NYC I didn't trust very quickly and I became quite uneasy. I told him, “I think you should tell me”. He then said, “I think you're my wife”. In that moment it was as though the Almighty took my heart in its entirety and gave it to him. I replied, “OK”. The next day it was in Rick's heart to go and speak with my dad in NYC, and ask his permission for his daughter's hand in marriage, but I forbade him. Rick and I began studying the Bible together and he preached to me faithfully. Then came the question that changed everything...“Anna, how do you feel about selling everything and moving to a third-world country?” This infringed upon my ambitions. I had just fallen in love and had many desires and dreams about marriage that were about to come true. I replied with words such as... “I have been pouring myself out for others since I was a small child and I wanted to live a quiet and peaceful life.”

Rick knew that these words exposed my heart, but because he was assured that our marriage was ordained of God, he chose rather to hold his peace for fear of offense. This was a denial of the Lordship of Christ. The Lord was grieved and allowed the curse of sin to have its way on our courtship, and our once profitable and beautiful relationship went sour. Rick's ability to judge as a spiritual man was hijacked by the sin of his own heart and by me. This carried over into our marriage. We were married that same year on August 1st with the blessing of our parents.

Soon after what society would call “the honeymoon stage,” slowly my selfish heart started to be made manifest. We were only married for about two weeks before we conceived. I was excited but also somewhat depressed because I knew everything was going to change. Soon I would have a child to care for and it wouldn't be just Rick and me anymore; this infringed upon my own desires. Our oldest daughter was born in May of 2009. As she began to get older, it became very apparent that our ways of raising children were starkly different. I hated true discipline which Rick was faithful to maintain. As time went on our relationship declined.

One by one the Lord gave me over to my lusts. Everything the Lord granted me I turned into an idol. First my husband - when his desire for the Word exceeded the desire to idly spend time with me, I began to hate him. He didn't want carnal fellowship but rather to speak of the Word of God as we had at the first, but as my fig leaves fell off and I rejected my husband's preaching more and more. I knew in my heart he was always right, that everything he spoke to me was truth, but I didn't want to be wrong in his eyes. I wanted to be esteemed, admired and appreciated, and essentially I wanted to be his god. Therefore, when this didn't work I became depressed and felt unwanted. Further, he desired the Spirit of Christ which I had none of. He desired me to have a meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price, which I hated in my heart, rather trying to win him over with physical beauty, but he saw right through it (1 Pet. 3:1-6). When I discovered what he wanted, my heart deceived me into believing I could become more godly, so I gave myself to praying and reading, trying to make him see that I was spiritual. He saw through all my manipulation; by the grace of God, he saw my heart.

“But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: And thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth.”
1 Corinthians 14:24-25

As a result of these things, when our first child came, I started to pour out all my affections upon her and hardened my heart toward loving my husband and caring for his physical needs with gladness. I found that she fulfilled all my lusts for comfort, love, and authority. In the beginning of our marriage, I desired not to have children for the first couple of years because I didn't want to lose my life. But God in mercy gave us children quickly, to humble and save me (1 Tim. 2:15), yet since I was under a delusion, I only, once again, created another god of my own making. As a result, I became calloused and blind to my husband's words and love toward me. I gave myself to inordinate affections, and desired to become highly esteemed as a mother in the sight of men. I esteemed the praise of men over the praise of God (John 5:44). In mercy, about a year later the Lord did eventually break the power of these great sins by humbling me to see that my pride would only lead my children to hell. Matthew 15:14, *“They be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.”* I knew that if I was not right with God, I could do my children no good.

These things said, in January of 2010, the Lord clearly spoke to me that Rick and I would be going on the road for evangelism. We would be leaving our family and friends, and I was to prepare my heart to be willing never to return to Saranac Lake again. These thoughts at first scared me, but soon I began to see the freedom in leaving all. At this point I was seeing my bondage to “the cares of this life,” and I wanted to be free (Mark 4:19, Luke 21:34). About three

months later the Lord spoke the same word to Rick apart from me telling him, and we began preparing for our departure.

That spring was the darkest of our marriage. Rick was desiring to return to his sweetheart love for the Lord with much passion and attention. This caused much jealousy in my heart because I felt as though I was slowly losing him. I knew he loved spending time in the Word more than with me. One time when Rick was studying the Word and praying, the Lord drew near to him in an extraordinary way. He was content to sit on our kitchen floor and sing the high praises of God until late in the night. He asked me to join him under the shadow of the Almighty. This was an offense to me - all I wanted was for Rick to come to bed, but he would not. I did not understand the strange love he had, so I was enraged. I stormed downstairs and upbraided him with disdain. I remember looking at his bible, I wanted nothing more than to tear it into shreds. After these emotions flooded my soul, I passed by the mirror in our house and was horrified to see the image of a devil. I returned to my bed alone, wondering how I could entertain such evil thoughts toward the God I thought I loved (Mark 7:20-23).

As Rick drew nearer to God his concerns for my soul returned, and he began with much faithfulness to probe me with questions and concerns. At times I would entertain his concerns and would seek the Lord for a word. I did not want to be moved from my confidence, lest everything I had done up to that point would have been in vain. Therefore, by the hardness of my heart, these discussions would nearly always end with me threatening to leave and attempts to try. I was truly destroying our family. Rick would often be grieved over my unregenerate behavior. He would do some of the most drastic things to get my attention. He slept many nights beside our bed on the cold concrete floor of our basement praying in secret for my salvation. This was all he could do seeing I would not seriously heed his words.

On another occasion, as we searched out our options for an RV to be our new home, Rick wanted to look at some smaller light models. He tried one after another to encourage me from the Scripture, Hebrews 12:1, *“let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us”*, and again 2 Timothy 2:4, *“No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.”* Rick delighted to draw near to God in this way. He wanted as much as possible to lay up his treasure in heaven and follow Jesus Christ according to the Bible. He constantly pricked my covetous heart. He believed the command, *“having food and raiment let us be therewith content”* (1 Tim. 6:8). And if the Lord of glory came to earth and *“had no where to lay his head”* then why would we be entitled to such luxuries (Mat. 8:20)? Nevertheless, all these attempts to get me to see the will of God failed; I could only behold the misery I thought awaited for following such a man. After our search, we were sitting in the car in a Wal-Mart parking lot. My unbelief caused me not to trust my husband, and I started to try and lead him after our long contention. He sat troubled for about an hour as he committed himself to God. During this time, I threatened to leave him again. The Lord strongly impressed upon him to go find a dumpster. When he found it, he climbed into it himself and laid in the trash, and from inside he asked me *“why do you need a husband?”* He did not say much more. I threw my wedding band into the woods, and drove off intending to leave my husband in a dumpster far from our home. I knew as I drove away that somehow I was wrong and he was right. I was leaving Christ. I broke down emotionally and returned to my husband about an half hour later... he was still in the dumpster. We both looked for the ring and could not find it.

Rick tried many times to point out the immodesty of my clothing, and for the past year I resisted him and would not obey his plain command. He knew this was a huge idol and tried to approach the subject carefully and tenderly, but I almost altogether disregarded him. I thought my fashionability was an expression of my personality, and no one had a right to tell me what I should wear. Finally he stood against me on this one day with an uncompromising resolve upon the Scripture. He tried to reason with me as he pulled each piece of clothing, one after another, out of my wardrobe, asking “Is this modest?” When he got to my favorite immodest shirt, I lost all willingness to reason any longer. I raged against his boldness and set my heart once again to leave this man. He would not allow me to love my life at all. I was packing my bag when he met me in the bathroom. I railed against him with unrestrained hatred for about 10 minutes. At the end of this, he fell to his knees and called upon the Lord; at the highest volume he recounted his vows before God speaking not at all to me but God. He wept face down for some time. Seeing such a display of love unfeigned I said in myself, “How could I not love and follow such a Christian?” Then I said it out loud.

*But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a **railer**, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat. (1 Corinthians 5:11)*

After the incident described I began to do everything possible to show Rick that I was submitted to his will. I was grasping at anything and everything to maintain my righteousness. I was given a pamphlet on head coverings and was brought under bondage to the law and not the spirit behind biblical authority and submission. I began judging men after appearance and believing I had greater “light” than most. *1 Samuel 16:7: But the LORD said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the LORD seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the LORD looketh on the heart.* Although my outward form of godliness was increasing, my lack of submission and indiscretion was “*As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion*” (Pro. 11:22).

That fall we attended a conference at a campground in Glens Falls, NY. It was there that the Lord started shining light into my dark soul. Day by day I became more and more anxious. After all of Rick's preaching to me, and the power in the preacher's sermons, all the pent up questions of my heart started rising – “Was I saved? Or did I just need a new revelation of Christ? Why can't I walk in the Spirit? Why do I have so much pride? Why do I not have the desire for the Word as some do?” But on the other hand, if I wasn't saved then why would the Lord speak to me? What about all the times the Lord protected me when I was in the city? And why had he directly answered so many prayers?

I was sitting in the grass during one of the sermons when I told the Lord that I couldn't take it anymore. I wanted to know if I was or wasn't saved once and for all. I was so tired of this constant double-mindedness, and my continual going back and forth between feeling loved of God and then condemned. It was then that I asked for the impossible. I told God, “If I am saved then show me a four-leaf clover, and if I am not, then kill me on the way home”. I didn't want to live anymore in this kind of torment. I asked my god for a sign and he gave me one. There on the grass lying by my feet was a four-leaf clover. I was in shock! My prayer had been

answered! From that day on I didn't doubt my testimony. Any time I had any doubts rise in my heart I would open my Bible to the page where my clover was and remember the token that I believed the Lord had given me. For a time I was able to restrain my outward sin, and I had some kind of peace of mind.

“And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. v.11 And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. v.12 That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.” 2 Thessalonians 2:10

After our second daughter was born in November 2010, things started happening once again to awaken my soul. One day when I was vacuuming under the dining room table, I saw my four-leaf clover just as I passed over it with the vacuum cleaner. I panicked and searched through the dust to find it. It was in pieces. Isaiah 44:24-25 - *“I am the Lord...that frustrateth the tokens of the liars.”* This concerned me greatly, but I quickly reassured myself that the Lord wouldn't want me to trust in tokens but in himself, and all he had done for me.

We left NY on February 1st, 2011. Our first stop was Canada. We were going to visit a couple that we had met earlier that year at the conference in Glenn Falls. We arrived at their house and we were greeted with much charity and hospitality. We felt led to fast and pray as a group the day after we arrived. In that time of fasting it was as though the Lord gave me new eyes to read the Word, and things that were once unclear or that I had never read seemed to come alive. The Lord began to show me much sin through Scripture, and I began to question myself on why I had so many of the works of the flesh that are mentioned in Galatians 5:19-21: *“Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.”*

These scriptures struck fear into my heart knowing that, if I willfully continued in these sins, I would not inherit the kingdom of heaven. Our fast lasted ten days and at the end of it we took communion together. I had in the past never thought twice about taking communion unworthily. But this time, after having been shown so much sin, I was considering that I may be taking it to my condemnation. To my grief (in retrospect), I took it anyways. *“Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep”* (1 Cor. 11:27-30). I believe it was the following day or so that we left and headed for Texas. We planned to meet up with a few Christian brothers that had visited us a couple of times at our home in New York.

We arrived safely and were greeted with a “hymn sing” by their Church, which at the time was approximately 15 people. It was at this gathering that the Lord showed me that the Spirit these people had was very different than the spirit that I had, and God made me greatly question what I considered to be my relationship with the Lord. The way they sang, lived, exhorted one another, and even their countenances were completely different; it was only comparable to the peculiar

nature of my husband. The Lord was in them of a truth (1 Cor. 14:24-25)!

During the singing, I felt so condemned by the holiness of God and the Lord in them that I fled to a back room of the house to feed my daughter, but in truth I was fleeing the presence of God as Adam and Eve did when their eyes were opened to their sin. After the singing was over, one of the ladies (Nickie Fraker) found me, and I asked to hear her testimony. She recounted of her years in false Christianity, which sounded a whole lot like my life. I knew her testimony was a true one, and it left me confounded when she asked if I would share mine with her. For the first time ever, I was so confused that I could not even tell my testimony. I stumbled around trying to expound to her about all the ways the Lord had spoken to me, and about His goodness toward me, to assure myself and her I was saved. I told her I didn't know why I couldn't share mine with her, but that I was questioning if I was even saved because the fruit of my life condemned me, and that I needed to seek Him to find out. We prayed together and throughout the night I was searching my heart, trying to find somewhere concrete that I could say, "This is where I turned from darkness to light", or at least where the fruits of light could be found where once the fruits of darkness were. NOTE: We do believe that a man does not need to point to a single day, but a transformation indeed! By transformation, I mean: a time when one was lost and in darkness, and a time afterward that such a one is in light, righteousness, and therefore salvation. But in the end of my search *I could find no such place*. The next morning I went to Rick and told him all of my concerns and he reminded me with much tenderness of all the times that he had questioned me in the same way and I rejected him and his concerns. He exhorted me to share my heart with the brethren and ask for preaching and prayer. We spent the next couple of days in our RV. I was wrestling with my own pride and reputation. Finally the Lord poured forth his judgment towards me as a Pharisee and hypocrite, and I was condemned in my own eyes. My lost estate became reality.

I finally knew that all I had done up until this point was in vain - a lie. I grew up in a home that had a form of godliness (2 Tim. 3:5). I was one of eight children. We moved to NYC on my first birthday. Over the course of the twenty-two years of my father's ministry in the city, he taught evangelism and our family housed and fed close to two thousand people in our home who visited from all over the country.

Further, from the time I was a very small child, I still remember being called the "songbird" in my home. I loved to sing. This was encouraged, and my parents believed that I had a tender heart towards God. As the years passed, this heart only increased in fervency and zeal. All throughout my childhood I continually "dedicated" myself to the Lord at youth camps and church events. I so badly wanted to be right with God, so I thought. I would go to these youth camps and be convicted over sin. I would answer the "altar calls" time and time again and plead with God to forgive me of my sins. Then I would come away from these times believing that the Lord heard my prayers. My conscience would be clear until the next time I heard preaching and was convicted. As early as I can remember I went out on the streets with my dad. From the time I was a very small child, I handed out tracts, and as time passed I learned by my dad's example how to tell others that they needed a savior, and that they should repent of their sins and believe the gospel. I had a zeal for God but not according to knowledge, as is mentioned in Romans 10:

For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness,

have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. (Romans 10:2-4)

Thankfully, the Lord showed me that I was a hypocrite - though outwardly I was righteous in appearance, inwardly there was hypocrisy and iniquity. I was as the sepulchers which were whited and clean outwardly, but inwardly were filled with *dead men's bones* (Mat. 23:27). I had said and done all the "right things" for years, without having a new heart. The Lord spoke to me *"you are the generation that thinks itself to be pure, and yet is not washed from their filthiness... If thou hast thought evil, lay thine hand upon thy mouth"* (Pro. 30:12, 32). I was a hypocrite, and all my "good works" stood before God as filthy rags (Isa. 64:6). My sin was ever before my eyes; the Lord started showing me one by one my many iniquities.

*"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me... **Then** will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."* (Psalm 51:10, 13)

The magnitude of my hypocritical life hit me so hard that I was in shock. I felt almost numb. How could it be that someone so devoted to "the work of God" could have lived such a lie? As God began to search my heart, I saw the depth of my pride and self-exaltation. Everything I did was to be seen of men. Yet the Scripture says *"let nothing be done through vainglory..."* and again, *"charity... vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up"* (Phil. 2:3, 1 Cor. 13:4). I had no comprehension of what it was to lead worship, for I had no fear of God before my eyes (Rom. 3:18). It was only the mercy of God that He didn't destroy me for trying to enter into his courts with a defiled sacrifice, and lead others there also (Lev. 10:1-2). All those years I was leading "worship", raising my hands to the Lord, and this only kindled His anger toward me. While at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, I was never probed to find out how my soul was doing - not by my peers, nor by the youth "pastors", nor my father. My fig leaves, though transparent to God, were a sufficient covering to all my acquaintances and family. I was even asked to pray in front of thousands of people at a youth concert because I was esteemed for my "zeal for the Lord". Now I see that these were God's thoughts toward me in that time: *"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of burnt offerings,...Bring no more vain oblations, [your] incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot tolerate; it is iniquity...when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: Yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: [because] your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil"* (Isa. 1:11-20).

As I looked back to those days on the streets with my dad, and all the people I prayed for and laid hands on, desiring for the Lord to cleanse them from their sins, what grief it brought to my soul! I had sent hundreds of souls away, some smitten by the law, and others comforted believing the Lord had heard these prayers - "healing them slightly" - *"For they have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace"* (Jer. 8:11). Oh Lord, have mercy. I was as the Pharisees in Matthew 23:3 and 13, bidding men to observe the Word of God, against whom God warns to do not after their works, *for they say and do not!* I used the law of God to show men their sin, but afterward I could do nothing for them because I was a slave to sin myself and knew not the Gospel in truth. I shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: I went not in myself, nor suffered those who would have entered to go in.

“And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.” Matthew 6:5

“And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.” Luke 11:46

The Scriptures fearfully condemned our family’s ministry. The “prayer station” we used as the prop of my dad’s ministry would be set up on the street corners and in places where it would be seen of men. We would invite professing Christians from all over the world to come minister without properly seeking to know their standing before God (1 John 4:1). There was no sense of holiness toward the calling to preach or teach (Jas. 3:1). Now in hindsight I can see that the vast majority of our fellow laborers were no different than I. These were trusted to rightly divide the Word of truth in the most public expressions, and oh! The blasphemy of such a false work...oh, the damage to the Name which is above every name, God have mercy. I can still hear the voice of my dad saying things like: “the prayer station is so easy, a child could do it”; this was indeed his practice. I saw the blindness of our eyes and realized that, in truth, we were no different than the priests in the Catholic church, making our unacceptable prayers to a God who would not hear because we had forsaken His way (Pro. 15:8) - then sending our victims off with feelings of absolution. I was greatly disturbed to see that we had our reward in this world. Our street ministry was accepted by heretic and heathen alike, and my dad boasted that the prayer station method was so effective because its approach was not offensive. *“For do I now persuade men, or God? Or do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ” (Gal. 1:10)*. This is a modern prototype of what happened of old when it was said, *“then is the offence of the cross ceased” (Gal. 5:11)*. Luke 6:26, *“Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! For so did their fathers of the false prophets.”* My dear, yet deceived and being deceived dad was altogether swallowed up with a vision for global evangelism. He would cross land and sea to work on a network of allies, all the while his own family and closest neighbors were entirely without a sincere confession of Jesus Christ. Our home was ruled primarily by my mom and sadly we were all but shut up from the biblical expression of the grace of God that bringeth salvation (Tit. 2). *“For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?” (1 Tim. 3:5)*

My father was given to “The Way of the Master” program of evangelism. I watched many videos that taught what questions should be asked to direct the conversation and how to prick a man's conscience. Oh, if only someone would have held this sword to my soul instead of trusting it into my hands! Essentially it caused me to follow these steps without the Spirit of God (Pro. 3:5). The fruit of it was that my heart could be far from God and still do the “work of God”, and that the fear toward God could be taught by the precept of men rather than by a revelation from God (Isa. 29:13). All of these things I could see were clearly sin, though under the confidence of my false conversion I had thought I was doing God a service.

I fearfully looked upon the magnitude of my sins and hypocrisies and desired to come to the light with my family. With great hesitation I received a call from my dad, I feared he would try to confirm me, and I didn't want to be shaken from the light the Lord had given me. This came true; to my great distress, he affirmed my false salvation and brought before me all of my “good

works”. None of these “works” originated from a pure love, adoration, or worship toward Christ, and my dad’s intervention sought to turn me completely in the opposite direction from the leading of God’s Spirit and the written Word. His words only served as a temptation to build again the things that were effectually being destroyed in my soul by God. *“For if I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor”* (Gal. 2:18). His concern was only for my mental well-being, lest I should be overcome with anxiety and tormented with doubting my salvation. It was after his long attempt to persuade me that I asked him, “Dad, when was it that I was saved?” And he replied, “Well, I can’t tell you when you were saved, but...” and he again brought before my eyes my dead works. I finished the conversation expressing to him that I was going to seek God till He’d come and rain righteousness upon my soul.

“Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the LORD, till he come and rain righteousness upon you. Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies: because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men.” Hosea 10:12

After I got off the phone, I was greatly attacked by the devil with temptations to question if I was wrong, and I became a double-minded man during the days following. I saw then that my Dad had been a false prophet to my soul and if I had heeded his words I would have been damned.

“I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings.” Jeremiah 23:21

“A true witness delivereth souls: but a deceitful witness speaketh lies.” Proverbs 14:25

The Lord, through much Scripture and preaching, kept my soul from being dissuaded, and I was able to keep pressing into the kingdom.

“And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” Matthew 11:12

“The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it.” Luke 16:16

Equally, as the Lord was showing me his wrath against my hypocrisy and Pharisee-ism, He was also bringing to my remembrance all the ways He, in mercy, had been leading me unto truth. God, in his providence, had taken me out of NYC, away from my peers among whom I was esteemed, and placed me in a small town where I was unknown. I had very few close friends in whom I could trust, and I had become “a nobody” for the first time, being truly humbled, which worked to the saving of my soul. Had the Lord not brought me to this point, I would never have considered Rick, because he was so far from loving those things that are esteemed among men. The Lord knows how to humble those that are lifted up in their own eyes, exalted up to the heavens in their own mind, as I was. He took me, as He did Nebuchadnezzar, out into the wilderness to begin my abasement.

“Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase.” Daniel 4:37

The more I sat under the Spirit-led preaching of my (now) dear brothers and sisters in Texas, the more my depraved nature was manifest. I could fall asleep during some of the most fearful things that could be said this side of hell. I found that the more I heard of this Holy God, the more I resented Him, and I could not escape my own heart's tendency to want to earn salvation and somehow resurrect the works I knew to be of my own false righteousness, and spiritually dead. I would so easily forget the Lord's judgment against me, and take comfort in some value of my carnal life – cooking, my children, and in the tender affections of my husband. I wrestled to the point of utter frustration for about five weeks to understand the salvation of God under the confines of my own pride. On one occasion when I was desperate to break through my cloud of confusion, I went to the garage for five hours seeking solitude and read the book of Revelation. *“Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom* (Pro. 18:1). As I read, the Lord began to draw near to me while considering His fearful holiness, and the depravity of the world. The fear of God finally started to grip my heart, and I wondered in amazement at the nearness of His person. When my husband came to see me, I poured out my indignation toward the depravity of mankind. Truly, apart from Christ all are a slave to sin, but in my heart I was still excluding myself from these judgments. The Lord then departed from the garage. I realized afterward that He was offended at the hypocrisy displayed by my words. I loathed myself for the missed opportunity to lay hold upon my sin-sensitive God and seal my eternity in Christ. My heart was quick to notice the fault of many others, but I was still very numb to my inclusion in their number.

After this occasion I began to despair. I thought things were growing more helpless, but the men who were committed to seeing me through to the Lord were secretly encouraged, seeing that I was much closer to the conclusion, *“with men it is impossible”* (Mark 10:27). One dear brother named Mike was particularly led to preach to me about the Atonement and the value of the blood of Christ. He spoke to me for about six hours on this subject on the evening of March 3rd, 2011. I began to understand from the heart, for the first time, that the wrath of God is upon all men outside of the person of Jesus Christ; a dagger of mercy had found a breach between the scales of my heart and I was wounded. I saw clearly for the first time that I was guilty of the blood of the Lord and worthy of hell. Mike left me in my grave and went outside to sing to the Lord, knowing secretly that the Lord was soon to manifest salvation to me. I laid on the floor crying out for mercy and I wept in despair for some time. I knew that faith is a gift of God! John 1:11-13, *“He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”* I knew there was nothing I could do to be saved! My heart cried out, *“What must I do to be saved?!”* I read Romans 3 and came to the place where it is written in verses 23-26:

“For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; To declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.”

I considered these verses and perceived it was the Word of God to me, but wondered how they applied... He spoke, *“by faith in his blood.”*

At this time Rick came out of our bedroom closet where he had been praying almost the whole meeting and asked me how I was doing. I replied, “How do I have faith in His blood?” He responded, “If the blood of Christ was not enough to cover your sin, then why did the Father send his Son to die for you?” Rick left the room to get the children. After Rick left, I began to ponder his words and I said within myself, “His blood is enough! It's true!” I began to say over and over gasping in the amazement of saving faith, “Lord! Your blood was enough for me! It was enough!” I cannot describe the glory that filled my soul. I cried many tears of joy, and as Rick came back with the children, the love of Christ swelled within my heart for the first time toward my husband, and all those that saw me through into the kingdom of light. The work of God was evident to all. All things became new (2 Cor. 5:17).

*Not what these hands have done Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne, Can make my spirit whole.*

*Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears, Can ease my awful load.*

*Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest, And set my spirit free.*

*No other work save Thine, No meaner blood will do;
No strength save that which is divine, Can bear me safely through.*

*I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!*

*(Chorus) Thy work alone, my Saviour, Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.*

That night I was so full of joy, but my heart began to grieve over the souls I knew to be locked in darkness. My husband and I, for the first time, stayed up almost all night praying in the Holy Ghost together. I prayed much for my family and purposed to call them. I called the next morning. I was put on speakerphone while my mother, grandmother and all my younger brothers heard me share my account of what happened in Canada and Texas. They all agreed that it was a work of God, and some of my brothers were troubled enough to try and seek God, but eventually they all refused to come to grips with what that would mean toward the family ministry, a grip that I hope will finally lay hold upon them all, my dad included.