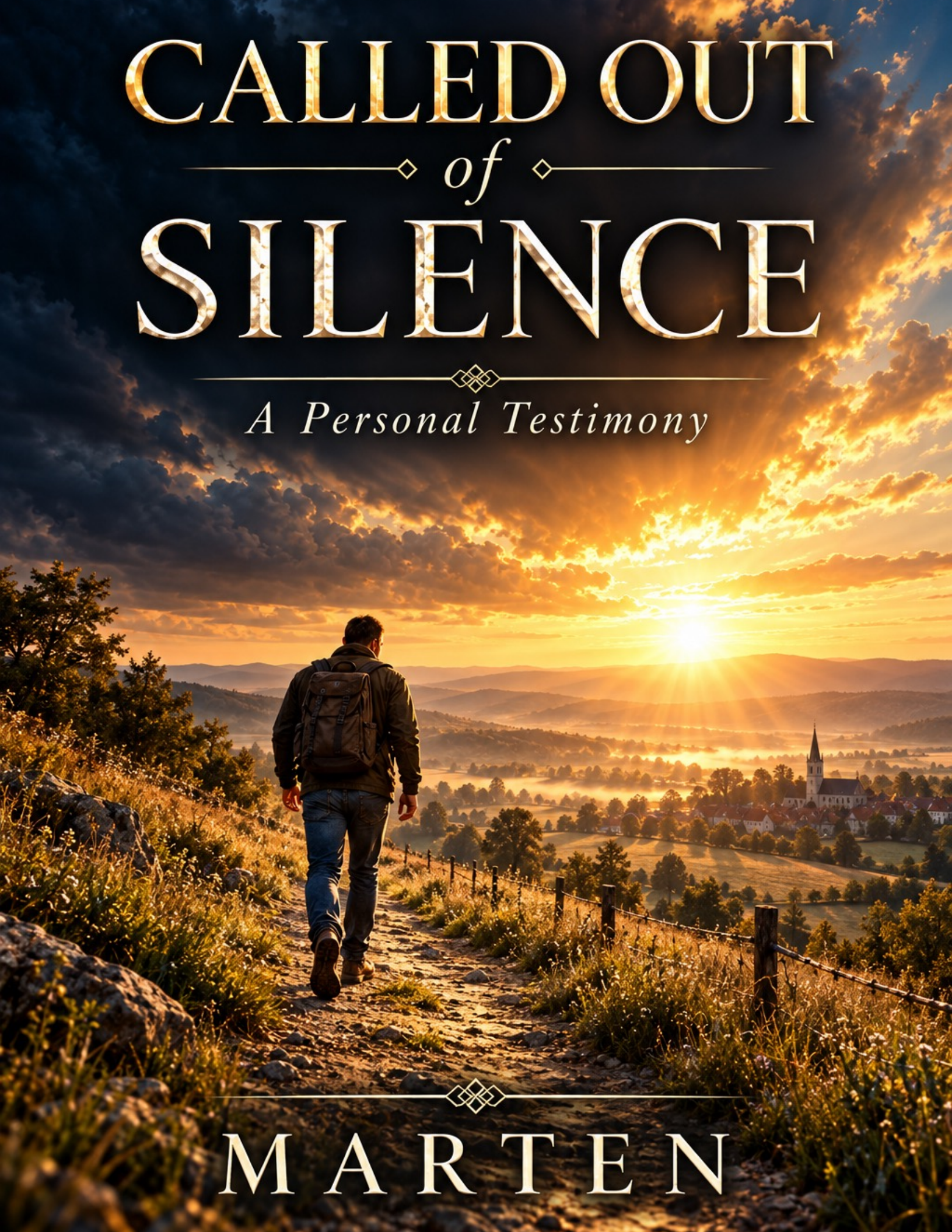
CALLED OUT of SILENCE

A Personal Testimony



MARTEN

Called Out Of Silence

A Personal Testimony

Note: I do not know if I have the order of events correct in this story. I did not keep track of things back then, and the order of events might not be as I remember them. However, the events themselves did happen, and that is the important part of this story.

A note about how I tell this story:

Some of what follows happened outwardly and can be dated or witnessed; some of it happened inwardly and spiritually. I describe those experiences as honestly as I remember them and as I understood them at the time. I do not expect every reader to interpret them exactly as I do. My purpose is not to prove that I was always right, but to show how the journey unfolded and what it did within me.

The Beginning

I was not raised expecting to hear the voice of God.

My story kicks off way before anything big happened, back when I was just a kid on a dairy farm. That is where I grew up, out in the country, doing the chores boys do on a farm. Most of the time, that meant scraping and hosing down slabs, getting the manure off the concrete where the cows stood. I spent a lot of hours with a scraper and a hose in my hands. I also fed the calves, making sure they got their food, and I even built a cattle chute one summer with my childhood buddy. We hammered that thing together and were pretty satisfied when we had it completed, and it felt good to make something useful.

I tried getting into milking the cows a few times, but it just was not for me. I could not get interested in it, and if I did milk the cows their production fell off. Cows know when a person is not interested in milking them, I do not know how, but they do. The fields were off-limits most times because of my hay fever; the dust and pollen would mess me up bad, my eyes would get swollen shut, I would constantly sneeze and have a runny nose, it was just miserable. Still, I did

feed the cows now and then with a tractor and hay wagon, tossing them whatever they needed to keep them fed. That was my world back then, the day-to-day stuff of farm life for a kid.

Spiritual life was not a thing for me in those days. It was pretty much nonexistent. My real dad passed away when I was two years old, and my stepdad raised me. He was a good man, solid, but he was not a churchgoer. He figured if you lived a decent life, did right by people, that was enough. Church was not part of his picture, and it was not part of mine either.

There was a short period of time, when I was real young that my folks took me to a church. I went to some kind of Sunday school, and I remember them talking about God and Jesus. That was about it. It was not much, just bits and pieces that did not stick with me. My parents quit going pretty soon after, and I do not recall staying around that church very long. It was just a blip to me, here one day, gone the next.

Growing up, I had all kinds of ideas about what I believed. When I was a little kid, I thought there might be a God out there somewhere. I just did not know anything about Him, no details, no real thoughts. It was more like a shrug than a belief. Then I hit high school, and it was all about sports. I was running around, playing whatever game was in season, and religion was not even on my radar. It was something other people did, not me.

College came along, and it was more of the same, too busy to care. For a short stretch after college, mostly because of a friend of mine, I even decided there was no God at all. I called myself an atheist for a bit, but that phase did not stick around long. It felt off, and I dropped it quickly. Most of my life after that, I would say I was agnostic, not sure if God was real or not, and not bothered enough to figure it out. Back then, in my younger days, it just did not seem that important to me.

There was this one year when I was in the eighth grade, when I went to a Catholic school for a single year. That messed with my head concerning religion more than anything. What I saw there, what I heard, what I witnessed, it convinced me that if there was a God, He was a joke. I saw boys messing with girls in ways that did not feel right, not respectful at all, and nobody seemed to stop it. The whole thing was strange to me.

I was naive, you know? I had grown up way out on that farm, far from town, and I did not know much about the world yet. Heck, my whole freshman year of high school, I wore a marijuana T-shirt just because I liked the color and the design. I had no clue what it meant, no idea it was about drugs or anything. My folks did not know either, because they let me wear it without a word. That is how out of touch I was.

But that Catholic school? It taught me to not take church seriously. It felt more like a show than anything real, and I walked away thinking it was all a big scam.

That was me back then, a farm kid with no spiritual roots, bouncing from one vague idea to the next, skeptical of anything that looked like religion. I was not looking for God, and He was not showing up, at least not that I could tell. Life was just life: chores, school, sports, and keeping my head down. That is how it started, and that is how it stayed for a long time.

Settling into Life and Church

Life started shifting for me when I got married. I held off on tying the knot for a long time. I did not want to rush into it like some of my buddies did. I saw them get hitched young, have a kid quick, and then get stuck in a life they did not really want. They were tied down before they could figure out who they were or what they were after.

I swore that was not going to happen to me. So I waited until I was in my early thirties, until I had my career locked in and could support a wife the way I figured she deserved. That is when I met Angie, and everything changed.

I was living in Gulfport, Mississippi back then working as a pilot. Angie was a flight attendant working for a different airline than I was working at, though I had flown for her company before I was hired by mine. My roommate, another pilot, met her first because they flew together at their airline.

There were four of us guys sharing a big four-bedroom house in Gulfport Mississippi. I had been hired by Northwest Airlines a few years prior, and I knew my roommates because I used to work with them at the commuter airlines before getting hired by Northwest. We would throw parties sometimes at this huge house. No drugs, pilots cannot mess with that, just a little beer here and there. We had this huge grease board in the kitchen, like a message center, since cell phones were not a thing yet. With all of us flying, we would be gone for days at a time, so we left notes on that grease board to keep up with each other.

One day, I saw a girl's name and a phone number scribbled on that board. I asked the guys who she was, and nobody would tell me. I asked, and asked, and asked, but no response. So I grabbed the phone off the wall and called the number right then and there and asked, "Who are you?" That is how I met Angie, my soon-to-be wife.

Marrying her felt like the piece I had been waiting for. I was working for a major airline by then, flying steady, and my career was solid. I needed someone to share it with, and Angie was it.

After we got married, I started getting to know her family. She came from Christian folks, and my own track record with faith was nothing to brag about. I had been agnostic most of my life, struggling with the idea of God, so I kept quiet about that.

But her family blew me away. They were tight, helped each other out, liked being together, worked together, and got together all the time. They even had three Christmas gatherings every year! I mean, three Christmases a year? It was wild to me.

My own family was loving too, do not get me wrong, but this was next level. I saw something in them, and not just them, but their whole community. It pulled me in, and I figured it all had to do with them being Christian and going to church, so I was intrigued.

The first two years of our marriage were a mess, though, crazy busy. I was commuting to Hawaii for work, as I had taken a position on the Boeing 747 based in Hawaii, gone two weeks at a

stretch, flying planes across the Pacific Ocean. Angie was based in Philadelphia as a flight attendant for her airline, coming to Gulfport when she could. We barely saw each other.

Then we made some calls to fix that. About six months to a year in, she quit her flight attendant job, and I moved us to Minneapolis so I would not have to commute anymore. We bought a house, settled down, and for the first time since our marriage we started living something close to normal.

That is when Angie said she wanted to go back to church. After seeing her family and how they were with each other, I was all in. I told her, "You pick the church, and I will go with you."

We landed at an Evangelical Free Church near our place in the south suburbs of Minneapolis. We jumped into church life with both feet. Angie made communion bread for the services and sang in the choir. She got into some women's studies too, I think. Me, I played guitar for the church band, joined in on the church sports leagues they had going, and went to a couples Bible study with Angie.

We even took a mission trip to Mexico together one year to pour concrete for church buildings. Not only that, but we even attended the church financial meetings, who does that? We were deep into it, fully engaged.

That is when I started trying to figure out the Bible. Up to that point, I knew nothing about it. I had never read the whole thing, and I was clueless about what it said. I asked the church music director if he would teach me. He was the one who convinced me to join the church band, so we had become friends. He said yes and told me to start with the book of John.

Let me tell you something right now: do not ever start someone on the Bible with the book of John. It opens up with:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

I was lost from the jump. It knocked the wind out of me, confusing as all get-out. I have seen other folks tell new people to start in the book of John since then, and I wonder where that idea ever came from.

No, do not do it. Start anywhere else, please. Even now, I say the church does not really know what that verse means anyway. It took me years to get a grip on it. I talk about that in my book *Ages of Silence, Revised*.

About six months into those Bible lessons, the music director got himself in hot water. He had an affair with another woman in the church. Turns out she was married to a pilot who worked for my company. I never worked with the guy myself, but he was one of ours.

That hit close to home because I did not figure that church goers did that kind of thing, and he was my frned. How was the church going to handle this? In my opinion, the church did not handle the whole thing well, although I didn't know it yet, that was the very first crack in my life

within the church. I could not understand why the church did what it did, basically sending him away from our church. Was not Christianity all about forgiveness and rehabilitation?

It was probably a month to a month and a half later, that is what I remember anyway, and the music director was gone, shipped off somewhere up north. I never kept in touch with him, never saw him again.

Nobody else wanted to teach me after that. They said, "Get into a study group," but I was already in one with Angie, and nobody there knew much about the Bible either. They just sat around saying, "I think this," or "I think that," and it went nowhere.

Then a group had a men's Bible convention at the Target Center in Minneapolis. I asked my father-in-law to go with me. He said yes, and while we were there, I bought my first Bible, a New International Version, or NIV. I had never owned a Bible before, so I was excited to have it.

The church ran a "Read the Bible in a year" deal, so I jumped on that, reading my new Bible cover to cover. When I finished a year later, I could only say one thing: I had read the whole Bible. But understanding it? Not a chance. Nothing stuck. I was back where I started, no better off than before.

Not too long ago, twenty years later, when I came down to Arizona in 2024, a friend of mine told me the same thing when I went to visit him. He was fighting a bad case of cancer.

He said, "Marty, I believe that I am a smart guy, but I just do not understand the Bible. Will you teach me?"

I said, "Yes, I'll teach you what I know."

I never got the chance. He died within a week of our meeting in October of '24. Rest well, my friend.

I decided back then that I was not going to learn the Bible on my own. It felt too big, like I was not smart enough to understand it on my own. So I leaned on our pastor Don instead. I liked his sermons a lot. He seemed sharp, like he knew the Bible inside and out, and I picked up something new from him every week.

I became content just soaking in whatever he taught, getting my little blast of Bible knowledge each Sunday. That is how it was for a while, years in fact. Angie and I settled into church life, me trusting Don to fill in the blanks I could not figure out myself. It felt good, steady, until something hit me out of nowhere.

The Awakening Event

Things were rolling along pretty good with Angie and myself at that Evangelical Free Church in Minneapolis. I was settled in, playing guitar, soaking up Pastor Don's sermons every week like they were my lifeline to figuring out this faith stuff.

Then one day, out of nowhere, something hit me that I could not shake.

It was sometime between 2004 and 2007, I cannot nail down the exact date because my head was all over the place back then, and you will see why later.

I was sitting in the pew, listening to Don preach, about halfway through his sermon, when a voice cut through my brain out of nowhere:

"*What makes you think that the doctrines of this church are the correct doctrines?*"

I froze right there. I looked around to see if anybody else had heard it. Nothing. Everyone just kept staring at Don, nodding along. He kept talking, but I did not hear another word he said that day.

My mind was stuck on two questions: What was the answer to that doctrine question, and who in the world was talking to me? You see, I did not know the doctrines of my church, no one would teach me. Sure, I knew some of the things that the church believed in, but I didn't know why, I could not explain any of it. For me, it just seemed correct because everyone else believed it.

I call that moment in time my **Awakening Event**. I do not have the exact day written down, but I remember it as clear as anything. This was the start of a road trip that has continued on for over twenty years now. I had no way of answering the question. Heck, I barely knew the Bible. How was I going to challenge their doctrines? And that voice, where the heck did that come from?

Looking back, that was not the first time I had brushed up against something strange. There was this one time before, on that mission trip to Mexico with the church. I did not think much of it then, figured it was nothing, but it makes sense now.

We went down there to pour concrete for churches, helping build some places for folks to worship. Before we started the day's work, we would pray with the local Mexican people.

One morning, we were standing in a big circle, maybe twenty-five of us, out on a playground-type area. We were praying, and all of a sudden, my legs went weak. I could not stand up straight, almost fell down right there. I grabbed onto a swing-set frame with everything I had just to keep from hitting the ground.

It passed quickly, and I got my legs back under me. I blamed it on the heat at the time, Mexico was hot, no question, but I didn't think it was that hot, years later, the Spirit reminded me of it.

He said: "That was just me saying hello."

The church never told me that kind of thing could happen. They never said God might knock you off your feet like that. I had no clue what to do with it then, so I brushed it off.

That voice in the pew, though? That was different. That was the real kickoff. I sat on it for a long time, years even. I did not tell Angie about it for a long time.

I am an airline pilot, and the one thing I know is that people do not want their airline pilots hearing voices. I became scared because I didn't want to lose my job, and I was afraid that if anyone found out that I had heard a voice I would be fired.

As far as I know, this writing is the first time I am putting the whole story down, start to finish, and it is the year 2025. I have shared little bits of it with people over the years, but sitting here at this time, this is me laying it all out, but I am retired now.

Then another event happened, about six months after that church moment, that awakening moment, that still gives me chills.

I was between flights at the Minneapolis airport, killing time, so I decided to get my shoes shined. As a pilot, we took pride in our uniforms, and shiny shoes were part of the deal.

There was only one shoeshine stand in the airport at that time, always run by an older guy that I saw every time I walked by. I had my shoes shined there many times before. He was a fixture there, day in, day out, he was not a stranger.

But that day, he was not around. Instead, there was this younger guy, mid-twenties, maybe, working the stand. I had never seen him before. Nobody else was there, so I climbed up into the chair and sat down. Since that voice in the church, I had started carrying my Bible with me more, reading it when I could. I pulled it out while he started on my shoes and began reading it.

The guy looked up, saw what I was reading, and said he had some Scriptures for me.

"For me?" I asked.

He said yes, that God had given him some verses just for me. He asked to see my Bible, so I handed it over. He flipped through it and pointed out two spots:

Ephesians 1:17–23
Ephesians 3:14–21

He finished shining my shoes, I paid him, and I walked off to a gate area to read what he had given me. I sat there staring at those pages, and I did not understand a thing they said. It took years before I figured out what they meant to me.

Here is the wild part: over the next many years of flying in and out of that airport, I never saw that young shoeshine guy again. The old man was back every time after that, like nothing had happened. I could not go ask questions or track him down because the old man did not know what I was talking about. Who was he? I have my guesses, but I will let you wonder too.

Those three things, the Mexico trip, the voice in the pew, and the shoeshine guy, were like little sparks. I did not know it then, but they were Father waking me up, piece by piece.

That voice in the church was the big one though. It stuck with me, gnawing at me, asking me what I really believed and why. I had been happy just taking what Don said and running with it, but now I had to figure out what was real.

That is when I started asking questions, big ones.

Asking Questions

That question in the church lit a fire in me I could not put out. It was not loud or pushy, just steady, gnawing at me, and it changed everything.

I started getting little hints from Father, that is what I call God, little bits of something I did not know what to do with, I called them downloads. They would pop up when I was reading the Bible, flipping through another book, watching a video, or listening to a tape. Nothing huge or fancy, just snippets of knowledge that did not make sense on their own. I could not ignore them, though. They kept coming, and I had to figure out what they meant.

Up until then, I had been reading the Bible when I could, but after that voice, I switched gears. I started studying it, there is a difference. Reading is just letting the words go by, but studying is digging in, chasing something down.

I got on my computer and used a Bible program to start doing topical studies. I would pick a subject, say, faith or heaven, and search the Scriptures with the search program for everything it said about just that one subject. It was slow, but it helped me start to get a handle on what was in the Bible. For the first time, I was not just taking Pastor Don's word for it. I was looking for myself.

That is when I started asking questions, big ones, all over the place. I had been meeting up with Pastor Don for coffee every six months or so before that Awakening Event, just to chat and get to know him. I liked him, he was sharp, and I trusted him.

But the last time I took him out, after that voice hit me, I came at him with a pile of questions. I wanted answers about what I was finding, stuff that did not line up with what I had heard in church. I figured he was the one to ask.

He did not have much to say concerning my questions. After about half an hour of me asking questions, he looked at his watch, I can still see him doing it, and said, "Gotta go." Then he was out the door of the coffee shop, just gone. I just sat there, coffee in hand, thinking, "Really? Did he just do that?" I never really spoke to him again after that.

I tried the associate pastor next. I asked him some of the same things, but he brushed me off. He told me to join a study group to get my answers, like that was going to fix it. I had already been in a group with Angie, and nobody there knew anything, they just guessed and moved on. I went to our new music director, the guy who took over after the old one left, and he did not have answers either. He just laughed at what I was finding.

I started taking church friends out for coffee, hoping somebody could help me sort this out. The best I got from them was: "Be careful, you might end up in a cult." That was it, no answers, just warnings. I could not figure out why nobody would talk to me straight up about the Bible. I mean, wasn't that their job as Christians to answer my questions? It hit me after a while: they were scared. I started seeing fear in all of them, pastors, friends, everybody. They did not want to look at what I was asking them about. They acted like if they touched it, something bad would happen.

Father showed me years later what that fear feels like when it really grabs you. One time, He gave me a blast of fear that rocked my world. I had never had fear like that before. So I then understood the fear that locks up people from exploring anything different. It is intense, like a deer in the headlights, but worse. You lock up, cannot move, cannot think straight. That is what I was running into with these folks. They were stuck, and I was getting frustrated. Why was it so hard to get a real answer?

I even tried my in-laws' pastors one time. They live way out in a Christian community, a country setting, middle of nowhere, no gas station, no store, just a school and two churches. This was the place that attracted me to Christianity in the first place, surely they had answers. I asked my mother-in-law to set up a meeting with the two pastors when I visited. I figured they might have some insight, being out there focused on faith. I just wanted information, but it did not go like I planned.

I brought what I had, some Scriptures I was wrestling with, a little evidence, and while I was asking questions one of the pastors got really mad at me. Real mad. He would not even look at what I was showing him. He started yelling, and I just sat there taking it. The other pastor tried to calm him down and answer a couple questions, but he could not answer then either. They both fumbled through it, and I walked away thinking maybe pastors do not understand the Bible as much as they let on. They act like they do, but when you push, it falls apart.

That one pastor who yelled? He will not talk about the Bible with me to this day. He shunned me after that. It was not the first time somebody cut me off, and I am kind of getting used to it. Sad to say, I take it as a badge of honor now.

All that asking got me nowhere with people, but it pushed me deeper into the Scriptures. I was finding stuff that did not match what I had been taught, stuff about God's law, about what He really wants. It was confusing, and I did not know what to do with it yet. But I could not stop. That voice in the church had opened something up within me, and there was no going back.

But things were about to get a lot wilder, and a lot harder.

This is also about the time that I switched from my beloved NIV to the King James Version, KJV, of the Bible. I had found many places in the NIV Bible that I believe were mistranslated or gave the wrong impression, and this was just researching the four Gospels and the book of Acts. I gravitated toward the KJV as my translation of choice.

It was also during this time that I started explaining my beliefs to my brother-in-law Roy. This guy is so nice that he actually sat there and listened to my thoughts and what I was beginning to understand.

This was at a time when I didn't have all of my ducks in a row yet. I was still going down false rabbit trails, but explaining to him this and that. He thought I was crazy and got mad at me over a few of my topics, just ask him. Although he never showed his anger toward me, he was kind enough to just sit there and listen. It was a great help for me to be able to talk to someone about what I was going through, even though he had no clue how to respond.

No one else would listen. No one else would give me the time of day, so he was it. Until I met my SDA couple and the little church group I found later, I had no outlet.

So, thank you, Roy.

Keeping the Law of God

All that asking questions and getting shut down by folks at church left me in a weird spot. I was not getting answers from people, but I was finding stuff in the Bible that I could not ignore.

Somewhere after that voice in the pew shook me up, though I cannot pin it down exactly, I stumbled onto something big. The Scriptures were telling me I needed to follow the laws of God. Not just the feel-good stuff I had heard in sermons, but the real deal—His actual rules.

Most folks I knew said the law was done away with, that we were in a time of grace now, and you did not have to worry about His laws. But when I looked at the Bible myself, it was clear as day: God's law was still there, and I was supposed to keep it.

Take Matthew 5:17–19, where Jesus says: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

That hit me hard—Jesus was not tossing the law out; He was saying it still mattered. And those who teach that the law was put away, pastors, church leaders, will be called least in heaven? Are you kidding me?

Then there is 1 John 5:3: "*For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous*." It was right there, loving God meant keeping His laws. Even James 2:10 said: "*For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all*." That one made me sit up straight, it seemed to me that it was all or nothing with those laws.

I did not know how to follow the law, though. Nobody had taught me anything about following God's laws, and I would not figure it out properly for years. But I had to start somewhere, so I went with what I knew, the Ten Commandments. I was interested in all of them, trying to get my head around what they meant for me.

I started digging into other stuff too, books, whatever I could find, and studying the Scriptures hard. That is how I learned the true Sabbath was Saturday, not Sunday like I had always been taught. The Bible said the seventh day was the Sabbath, and when I checked it against what I was reading, it lined up. Saturday is the seventh day. God hides stuff in plain sight, and I had missed it my whole life. Just look at the calendar on your smartphone. It is right there, the seventh day is Saturday.

That Sabbath one was the hardest to grasp, though. It did not make any sense to me. Keeping it felt strange, like it did not fit with how the world worked. But I tried the best I could. I decided I was going to stop working on Saturdays, the real Sabbath day.

I was lucky with my job. Flying for a major airline, I had enough years under my belt to pick my schedule and the days I wanted to fly. I worked it out so I would not have to fly on Saturdays, and I kept that up for about a year. It felt right at first, like I was lining up with what God wanted. But then the questions started piling up, and I did not have answers.

How do you keep all those laws, like the Sabbath, for real? Scripture says you are not supposed to kindle a fire on the Sabbath day. How do you do that when it is thirty degrees below zero outside, like it gets in Minneapolis? Do you just sit there and freeze because it is God's law? I could not wrap my head around it.

That year of dodging Saturday flights was just the start. I was trying to do right by what I was learning, but it felt like I was stumbling in the dark. I had more questions than I started with, and nobody around me could help. It was pushing me to keep searching, though, and that search was about to take me somewhere I did not expect, right into more trouble, more truth, and a whole lot of wild. It was at least ten years later before I figured out how we are to keep the laws of God, and it is easy, but not yet completely possible.

The Seventh Day Adventist Couple

I was still spinning from trying to keep God's law, especially that Saturday Sabbath, and coming up short on answers. I needed help, somebody who knew more than I did, because I was stumbling around in the dark with all these questions.

I had read online about two groups that claimed to follow God's laws, the Worldwide Church of God and the Seventh Day Adventists, SDA for short. They sounded like they might have a handle on this Sabbath and law-keeping stuff, so I started searching for a church near me in Minneapolis that lined up with that understanding.

I looked online for the closest one, and a SDA church popped up not far from my place. I figured it was worth a shot, so I went there the next Saturday to see what I might learn.

The first time I walked into the SDA church, I met this couple. They were the greeters that day, standing there welcoming folks in, which is how we got to talking. They were middle-aged, maybe in their late thirties or early forties, parents with three kids, I think the kids ranged from about eight to sixteen years old.

They were friendly enough, solid folks, and they seemed to know what they were about. Right then and there, after that first service, they asked if I would want to study with them at their home. I agreed on the spot, I figured it was just what I needed.

After that day, I ended up going to their place each week to study with them. I only went to their church a few times that year, maybe eight or ten Saturdays total, but even if I did not make it to church that week, they would still call me up and ask if I wanted to come over and study after their church was over. I kept saying yes, and we did that for about a year. I would show up at their house with my Bible ready to dig in.

We went through Scriptures together, the Ten Commandments, the Sabbath, and all that law stuff I was wrestling with. To me, the fact that they would study all day long was refreshing. I do not know if it was so much about what I was being taught as it was that we were at least looking into things all day. We would stop here and there to talk about something else, something not about Scripture, just life stuff, but after a bit, we would dig right back in. We would break for lunch or a snack, then get back at it. They knew their Bible backward and forward, at least it seemed that way to me, and they had answers I had not heard before.

They gave me some books to read, stuff by Ellen White, their prophetess, and by other SDA big shots, and I dove into those too. For me, the biggest thing was that we studied all day long. That is what I longed for. That is what was driving me. My studies with them were a way to get together with others who wanted to do deep-dive Bible studies, something I craved after leaving the Evangelical church. Those in the Evangelical church had no desire to study all day, which was something I had started doing.

The couple asked me many times to join their church, but I had just walked away from one denomination and was still searching, so I declined every time. I would just join in with their

study time instead. There were plenty of days when other folks from their church would show up at their house too, piling in for the long haul.

All that time, I was still getting a lot of input from Father, He was talking to me steadily, and I was studying hard on my own as well, digging into everything I could find. That year of studying with them was when something wild started happening.

One day, out of nowhere, I heard Father, that is what I call God, tell me as plain as day: "*I am going to save everyone*." I shot back: "*No you're not. Haven't You heard of eternal damnation and the salvation of the few?*" I figured I knew better, church had drilled that into me the whole time I was there. He did not respond to that. He just went quiet on it, and I thought I had won the argument.

Six months later, He came back and said it again: "*I am going to save everyone*." I told Him "*Knock it off, Father. We have already been over this*." Can you imagine that? I actually told God He was wrong, twice! He did not answer that either. He stayed silent on my pushback, and I figured I had shut it down again. Looking back, He was not silent all the way, just on those statements, and I see now that He was setting me up the whole time.

Then, six months after that, a full year from the first time, He told me a third time: "*I am going to save everyone*." This time, I sat there stunned. I had learned enough from Father and the Scriptures by then to see the possibility that it might be true, and it hit me hard. After a moment of silence, just taking it in, I said humbly: "*Okay, Father. I'll look into this possibility*."

I kept studying with the SDA couple that year, gathering everything I could on the salvation of all on my own, Scriptures, notes I took, copies of articles I got online, and books that approached the subject of salvation for all. I had a good stack of papers, thick enough to mean something.

Sometime during that year, I brought the possibility that God was going to save everyone to the SDA couple. I had kept quiet about the subject with them up to this point. I handed them my stack of information and asked if they would look through it, maybe study it with me the next week. I figured they would at least take a look, they had told me time and again they were all about getting at the truth.

But when I showed up the next Saturday, they rejected me flat out. Both of them came at me hard, asking questions so fast I could not keep up, saying over and over that it just was not true. I tried to answer, but they would not slow down. I had stuff in that stack of paperwork that covered every question they asked, answers right there if they had only looked, but I could tell they had not even cracked open the study material I had gathered. They noticed the subject and shut it down. No discussion.

I left their place that day stressed out and confused. I could not figure out why they would not at least look into it, why they had rejected me like that. I went home, sat down, and asked Father: "*Why did they reject me?*" He answered me as clearly as anything: "*There is a building in the way*." A building, I thought. What does that mean? Then He said: "*The church is in their way. They love their church more than they love Me*."

That stopped me cold. I saw that the power of a church's doctrines trumps any information, any proof, or any details that might go against what they believe their church stands for. Father let me know it was not just the SDA church that was like that, my old Evangelical church was the same way. I just did not see it back then.

That rejection and Father's answer shook me up badly, and it set me on a different path.

The Badlands Fast

That rejection from the SDA couple shook me up. I had spent a year with them, diving into Scripture, thinking we were building something, and then they shut me down over the possibility that God was going to save everyone. Father's answer, "*There is a building in the way,*" hit me hard, showing me that their church doctrines mattered more to them than the truth. I could not shake it. I needed to figure things out on my own terms, away from all that church mess.

I had read in Scripture about the apostles who could not cast out an evil spirit. When they asked Jesus why, He said: "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."—Matthew 17:21. That stuck with me, Jesus telling them in Matthew 17:19–20 that their unbelief held them back, but fasting and prayer brought the power they needed.

I wanted to learn about this power of God for myself, to see what fasting could do. I asked around and I could not get anyone to go with me, so I took off on my own to the Badlands of South Dakota. I drove out there one day in my car, heading into that wild, rugged country near the end of my year with the SDA couple.

When I set up camp, I had to figure out the fasting part. I was somewhat addicted to coffee, flying will do that to you. We rely on it to get us going in the mornings and to keep us going in the evenings up in the air, so I needed to keep drinking my coffee out there in the badlands.

I asked Father if that was okay, and He did not say no, so I went with it: no food, just a cup of coffee in the morning. I added tea in the afternoons, just for something different during the fast.

For the first three days, I studied Scripture the whole time, praying and seeking Father. The Badlands have these hills, and I kept looking at one in the distance while I studied. It was calling to me, sitting there all majestic, rough and quiet.

On day four, I decided I wanted to climb that hill. I figured I was in good enough shape to do it, so I set out. It was not easy, no food for days will do that to you, but I made it to the top and sat there, looking out over the land, somewhat triumphant.

That is when it hit me, I was fasting, really fasting, and my strength was gone. The strength I had used to climb that hill had all but disappeared. I had forgotten all about the fasting in the excitement and challenge of climbing that hill, and now I had no idea how I was going to get back down.

I sat there for a while, worn out, my legs shaky and my head spinning from the climb and the hunger. I asked Father for help getting down, and I started picking my way down that hill, completely exhausted. I would climb down a bit, stop and rest, thank Father for that little progress, and then ask Him to keep helping me descend. I would make another little push, get down the hill a bit more, and then stop and rest again, always thanking Father and asking Him to keep helping me. It took many stops, more than I could count, until I finally got down, hopped into my car and drove back to camp.

When I got there, I was spent, completely done in. I think that is what Father needed out of me: that exhaustion, so I would just sit there and hear Him. When I got back to camp, I was too tired to do much, but I pulled out my Bible and started reading Scripture again.

That is when it happened. About twenty minutes into reading the Scriptures, those words in the Bible started jumping off the page into my mind, hitting me like a ton of bricks. The knowledge of the Scriptures pierced my intellect. I knew everything that I was reading. I knew the subject and the actual meaning that Father had intended. It was like absorbing the water in a sponge by sucking on it. It was as though the words lifted off the page and went directly into my mind, and I fully understood them.

It was fantastic. I knew instantly that this was Father showing me His hidden wisdom. It lasted longer than any experience with Him I had ever had and longer than any I have had since. It was soul-changing.

That is when it all came together, not the full picture of God saving everyone yet, but something just as big. I realized I did not need a denominational church to study. I did not need the wisdom of men, but I needed the hidden wisdom of God.

It was clear as anything that it was Father who was speaking with me, teaching me, and guiding me. Those Scriptures jumping into my mind proved it. I saw that the true church of God was not a building or a set of doctrines or even any one denomination, it was made up of those whom He was teaching and guiding directly Himself.

Out there in the Badlands, worn out from that hill climb and fasting, with those Scriptures ringing in my head, I understood what Father had been leading me to all along. I came back from that trip a different guy, knowing I was done with the SDA couple for good. Their church doctrines were holding them back, and I could not stay tangled up in that anymore.

I had to come out of the churches, the whole church system, and start learning for myself. I still wanted someone to teach me, no question, but I could no longer rely on a denominational church system. So I came out from it, echoing Revelation 18:4: "*Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues*." I was done with that way of trying to learn.

This is what the true church is to be: learning directly from the Father. This is what I learned during my fast.

When I got back from South Dakota, I went to the SDA couple's place one last time. I told them what I had learned out there, that we should get our information from God and not follow after the doctrines of any one church. I explained how Father had shown me this in the Badlands, how He was the one teaching me now, with Scriptures jumping into my mind, and how the true church was not what they thought it was.

They sat there quietly and listened, very respectfully, but it was clear they were not understanding what I was saying. It was like I was speaking another language to them.

That day was the last time I was with them. I would text every now and then, but a year later, they moved to the East Coast. I liked them as people. They were very nice folks, and we got along well. During that year, I even had the dad baptize me. I had been baptized as a baby, but I felt led to be baptized as an adult, and he did that for me. I still have the certificate. I thank them for their part in my journey, even if we ended up on different paths.

That fallout left me on my own once again, sitting with my Bible, those SDA books, and that stack of papers they never bothered with. It shook me up, but it did not stop me. If anything, it lit a fire under me even more. What Father showed me in the Badlands was bigger than their rejection. It set me on a path to dig deeper into what He was telling me.

Finding My Teachers

After the Badlands, I was done with the SDA couple, done with churches, period. That "building in the way" line from Father hit hard, and so did the Scriptures He showed me out there, such as 2 Corinthians 3:2–6:

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: Forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart. And such trust have we through Christ to God-ward: Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God; Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

The one thing I learned was that when God taught you, He gave you the ability to believe what He was teaching. I can teach someone the Scriptures, go into great detail, and explain what the Scriptures actually mean. But if God does not give that person the ability to believe what I am teaching, then it is all in vain. I have found that it is God who blinds us or allows us to see the truth.

What did this Scripture mean to me? Knowledge from God will be written in our hearts, I believe through our intellect. So even though most believers rely on the ink of the word, the written Scriptures, true knowledge comes from the Spirit of God through hearing His voice.

I cannot teach anyone through my human knowledge unless Father allows it to happen. But through the Spirit of God, I can teach anyone anything, and they will have the understanding to believe it and accept it. I am led to believe that back in the days of the apostle Paul, the apostles led and taught through the leading of the Spirit. They would only teach those whom Father told them were ready to receive it, something we lack in this day.

This whole thing lit a fire under me that I could not put out. I came home different, ready to dig in on my own. Books piled up fast. I had five or six books open at a time around my chair, my Bible in the middle, papers everywhere. It was a total mess. I would grab one book, tear through it for a few chapters, set it down, and pick up another. CDs, YouTube, whatever I could find.

Father was teaching me, sure, dropping tidbits into my head like little bombs, but it was not enough. I would sit there with some verse or idea stuck in my mind, "My grace is sufficient," or something wild, and not know what to do with it. It was not like Father and I were having full-on conversations. They were just tidbits of information He was placing in my mind.

I needed more. So I prayed every day: "*Father, please send me someone who knows this stuff—someone I can talk to face-to-face*." I kept studying like a madman, chasing whatever He threw my way, but I was starting from scratch. I had read the Bible from cover to cover many times by this time, but I still did not know much about what it actually said. I could not tell you what information had stuck or why.

Father had this way of leading me down rabbit holes to fix that. He would send me deep into ideas I would latch onto, thinking they were gold. He would nudge me, a verse here, a preacher's sermon there, and I would dive in, chasing what I figured was truth. The thing is, I was amazed at how many doctrines held by the church system simply did not hold up when you placed Scripture beside them. I would run hard down those trails, only to hit a wall of lies, and that is how Father showed me what the Bible actually said.

Take the rapture. The church always said Jesus would snatch us away before the trouble came. I dug into that one, searched the pages, and could not find it anywhere. Sure, you could twist a few verses, such as 1 Thessalonians 4:17, and squint hard enough to see a rapture, but it was not there. No secret flight away. No pre-tribulation escape. Just a big fat nothing.

Another time, early on, Father walked me through the House of Judah and the House of Israel. The church lumped them together, called them all Jews, and tied the lost ten tribes of Israel to Judah as though they were the same group of people.

But Scripture said differently. They split after Solomon died, two nations, not one. "Jew" was simply a name connected to Judah, the House of Judah. The ten tribes in the north were never Jews and were never part of that southern nation. Both the House of Judah and the House of Israel had different callings, which is why God separated them. Yet the church is clueless about these things.

I would chase these rabbit holes expecting answers, hit falsehoods instead, and come out the other side with a better understanding of Scripture. But I did not immediately consider the truth settled. The church had lied to me too many times for that. I became cautious, very cautious. I would spend years going over the same subjects, checking them, testing them, and making certain that what Father had shown me held up. I did not take anything for granted anymore. I studied everything out the best I could, and Father was a major part of keeping me on the right path.

Then one day, after shaking off another failed trail, I picked up another book: *The Laws of the Second Coming*, by Stephen Jones. I had ordered it online without any big expectations. It was simply another piece in the puzzle. I opened it, reached Chapter Two, and stopped cold. This man was not messing around. He was direct and specific. He was writing things that clicked in my mind in a way nothing else had. He connected Israel's feasts to the return of Jesus. There was no fluff and no fairy tales, just the laws of the Second Coming.

I sat there with the book in my hands and thought: "Who is this guy?" I turned the book over and looked at the back cover. My jaw dropped. Stephen Jones lived within thirty miles of me, right there in Minnesota.

No way. After all that praying, here was a man who might actually understand these things, practically in my own backyard. I said: "Father, You're kidding me." I decided right then that I had to meet him.

The next day, I jumped into my car and drove to his place. I did not call ahead. I did not even think to. I just went. When I arrived, Stephen was not there, but his secretary was. She was a nice lady, very calm, as though she dealt with random people dropping in all the time. We talked for a while, with me probably sounding like a crazy man as I explained how I had found his book and needed to understand these things.

She did not blink. She told me they held a small house church at her home where Stephen taught. It was just a little group, nothing fancy. She said: "If you're interested, I'll invite you to the next gathering." I did not hesitate. I told her yes on the spot.

I left that day buzzing, thinking that perhaps this was Father answering my prayer by giving me a living teacher I could sit down with. Six weeks went by, though, and nothing happened. There was no telephone call and no invitation. I started thinking she had forgotten about me. It would not have been the first time someone had failed to follow through on a promise.

I kept studying and kept praying, but that hope was beginning to fade. Then, out of nowhere, the telephone rang. It was her. She said the next house-church meeting was coming up at her home and that I was welcome to attend. I did not even let her finish. I told her I would be there.

I was excited. I cannot begin to tell you how much I learned during those little house-church meetings. Perhaps twelve to fifteen people attended, and I came to know all of them. They were good people. I would set up a video camera and record Stephen's teachings. Later, I would play them over and over again so I could truly grasp what he was saying. The fire from the Badlands was roaring now, and this was fuel.

Stephen's main emphasis back then was the laws of God, how they worked, how they revealed the past, and how they predicted the future. He amazed me with teachings about United States presidents being types and shadows of the kings of Israel. Bill Clinton was a type of Ahab. Hillary Clinton was a type of Jezebel. Other presidents also lined up, their lives loosely repeating events that had taken place in Scripture.

It was wild, but it was specific, not vague church talk. Even the events of September 11 (9-11) were connected to patterns in the Scriptures.

Here was the remarkable part: many times, Stephen confirmed things Father had already placed in my mind, things I had been wrestling with alone, without anyone to support what I was seeing. One of those things was the definition of faith. Father had taught me about faith before the Badlands experience ever took place. He showed me that faith was not merely trust or belief. Faith meant hearing His voice, and, in its fullest form, obeying what was heard. I go into this defintion much more in my book Ages Of Silence. It took me a year or more to understand it, but I had known it for a full year before I met Stephen. I had been hearing Father, so the definition made sense to me. But I could not find another person who understood it. For an entire year, I truly believed I was the only person in the world who knew that faith meant hearing the voice of God.

Then, a few months into those house meetings, perhaps even six months, I was sitting there with the camera recording while Stephen was making a point. Right in the middle of his teaching, he said: "And as you know, faith means to hear the voice of God." I froze. What? I did not hear another word he said that day. It was a good thing I had recorded the teaching. I just sat there stunned. Someone else knew it. This man was not merely a teacher. He was my double witness, confirming what Father had already shown me.

Stephen also taught me about the law of the double witness, that truth requires two witnesses to establish it. He immediately moved to the top of my list of teachers, directly beneath Father. There was no question about it. Still, I had trouble with some of Stephen's teachings.

For example, why was he not holding these house meetings on the Sabbath? I was still caught up in keeping Saturday. I was still wrestling with the Ten Commandments the best I could after that year with the SDA couple. I would ask: "Father, why doesn't Stephen understand the Sabbath?" But it became clear to me at a later date that Stephen was not the one with the problem. I was.

About a year and a half later, if I remember correctly, the secretary whose home we had been meeting in passed away. Where were we going to meet now? Stephen, or perhaps one of the other members, rented a place where we could gather. That was when things became even more interesting.

Later, I was introduced to another man. Let us call him Ron. Ron was a numbers man. He saw Scripture through numbers. Each Hebrew and Greek letter also carried a numerical value. Ron and Stephen were both hearing Father for themselves and being shown things that I had difficulty grasping.

I was never much of a numbers person, but what I did understand was remarkable. The numbers never lied. Ron began joining us at the rented meeting place and even did some teaching himself. I became great friends with him.

Father had not only given me one great Bible teacher in Stephen; He had given me two by bringing Ron into my life. Those meetings were now like gold, twice the fuel, and the fire within me continued to burn. The wild journey was gathering speed. I remember listening to a conversation between Stephen and Ron one time at a meeting. I could not understand what they were saying to each other. It sounded like a mystery language. That was when I knew I still had a great deal to learn.

My Mental Condition

During this whole period, from the time I could not find answers to my questions and for perhaps five years afterward, I became an emotional mess. I was already having emotional experiences because of all the new things Father was giving me. But, if I remember correctly, this was when I truly reached the bottom of the emotional spectrum.

For a few months, I did not care whether I lived or died. I became very reckless while trying to hide my emotions from everyone. I was not suicidal, just reckless. Remember, I was still flying airplanes during this time, although God allowed me to function normally when I needed to while flying.

This was also around the time my wife thought I needed to see a psychiatrist. She could see that I was not right in the head, and she was worried. I want to pause here and give a special thank-you to Angie for staying with me. It could not have been easy for her to put up with me while I was going through these experiences, but she did. I had some truly terrible emotional periods. I cried and was simply a mess. I tried to hide most of it from her, but she saw some of it. Thank you, my dear, for being there.

To this day, I do not completely understand why I went through this period of mental anguish. I was being overwhelmed with truths I had never known. I was struggling with the realization that the world had lied to me, and the lies had come from the so-called experts.

What I do understand is that I was dying to self. I was discovering that the church system had, in a large way, fallen away from the truth. Yet the people within it would not even examine the possibility that this might be true.

I could no longer ask questions of the average Christian because all they knew how to do was repeat the doctrines their churches had taught them. It was as though they were trapped inside a box and were unable to look outside it. I call it the denominational box.

When I spoke to Christians about God and the Bible, they would often say: "But you must take this in context." My question was: "Whose context?" They never had an answer. They always assumed they possessed the correct context, so eventually I stopped trying. One woman once told me: "The Scriptures prove my point." But Scripture can be interpreted in many different ways, which is one of the greatest problems within the church system today. I have learned that I cannot blame the people. Father is the one who blinded them, closed their eyes and made them deaf to hearing Him. He showed me that this was His plan, and that at some point in creation He will open up their understanding to the truth. I write about this in my book Ages of Silence.

The churches interpret Scripture differently, and that is why we have so many denominations. For the woman who told me that the Scriptures proved her point, I would say this, the Scriptures proved what she wanted them to prove because she interpreted them in a way that confirmed what she already believed. This is why Scripture must be interpreted by and through the Spirit of God, not through our own mind.

My mental condition was not good. This story I am telling you was not a cakewalk. It may sound that way when you read it, but this was an emotional journey, and the emotions were not always good. I had to learn to place my emotions behind me and use my intellect. It took years before I was able to do that, and even today, I still have those moments.

My Fight and Discovery of Satan

Sometime during this period, I experienced a confrontation with Satan that I recall lasting only a couple of days, though my wife insists it spanned roughly two weeks. Given my emotional and mental turmoil at the time, I would defer to her sense of duration over mine.

My memory of this struggle is hazy. It mostly unfolded in my sleep, marked by waking up in the dead of night with blood-curdling screams, loud enough to rouse the entire neighborhood.

From the fragments I can piece together, these moments of waking were when I broke free from Satan's grip, as he had me bound in some form of restraints. In those dreams, I felt trapped for what seemed like hours or even days, struggling to escape. When I finally broke loose, I would awaken to the sound of my own piercing screams.

Over those two weeks, I came to realize I needed to call upon the Father through His Son, Jesus, to shatter these chains. As I grasped this truth and applied it within my dreams, the terror of these experiences gradually diminished until, eventually, they ceased altogether. I was liberated.

Soon after, our Heavenly Father revealed Satan's true nature to me, stripping away my fear of him. I gained clarity about who, or what, Satan was, and that fear of Satan evaporated. I stopped viewing Satan as a distinct being and began to see him as a force, a state of being, even a kind of spiritual sickness.

The Father led me to 2 Thessalonians 2:3–4: "*Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God*."

Here is how I came to understand these verses: Satan is the "man of sin," the one who stands in opposition to God. What in Scripture fits that description? Romans 8:7 says: "*Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be*."

And who occupies the temple of God, claiming to be God? First Corinthians 3:16 tells us "*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?*" It is the carnal mind, residing within us, within our bodies, the temple of God, that asserts itself as God by insisting: "I have free will."

Nearly every Christian I have encountered believes their salvation hinges on their own decision, as though they choose God rather than God choosing them. Even Paul admits his own struggle, saying: "But I am carnal, sold under sin."—Romans 7:14

We have been misled by prevailing influences to think our belief alone makes us righteous, that we save ourselves through our own will. The identity of Satan was one of those revelations for which I had to have a double witness before I could accept it. In fact, I asked Father for three witnesses. I mean, is this whole thing about Satan really this simple? Within two weeks, four other people told me that Father had given them the same understanding at some point in their journey, that our carnal mind is Satan. This came from the people within this little house church, people who were going through the same experiences I was going through.

But this understanding opened a door I was not ready for. A gift from Father, if you want to call it that, was that I could now see Satan within everyone I spoke to, and this included my own self. Within minutes of speaking to a person, their carnal nature just started flowing out from them, and I began to see their carnal nature.

Scripture tells us that: "Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like…"—Galatians 5:19–21. These are all parts of our sinful nature.

We do not notice this within ourselves. I certainly did not. I thought these were simply "thoughts" going through my mind. But our sinful nature is what we think, how we behave, and what we say. Because of this, I started to distance myself from people, from groups, and even from my own family gatherings. I could not tell them. They would not understand. I had tried, and my wife told me to stop telling people what I saw.

Remember that my wife's family loved to get together. I would sit with my family as long as I could, seeing all of their sins, and it would overwhelm me. It would come crushing down upon me with such force that I had to get up and walk away, leave the room.

I would find a quiet corner or another room where I could sit and let my emotions recover. For my family, this became my routine: After a bit of time, "there goes Marty."

This is not me pointing fingers at my family, because I saw it in all people, in all gatherings, and even within myself. This is not merely about my family. But because I saw it most when I was among them, because I spent more time with them, I am using them as my example.

I saw it everywhere, even at work. Our Father used my family, whom I love very much, to show me what was happening throughout the whole world. They were the example. I do not hate them. I do not disrespect them. I do not judge them. God knew that by showing me how the family I loved actually was, I would understand the condition of the world.

It took years, a decade even, but in time, I could sit with family and friends for longer and longer periods. I became accustomed to seeing these things within them, knowing that they were not sinful on purpose. This was our Father's doing, and it was being done to perfect them, just as my own sins were being placed upon me for the same reason. The only difference was that I was seeing it happen. They could not.

Someone might ask the question: "What do you mean by seeing sin within people?" I do not know whether I can actually explain what I see, so let me explain more about what our sin might look like. One must understand that God created all things and that God is sovereign. Most believers will give an affirmative answer to these statements, but in truth, they do not believe either one. When I say that God created all things, I mean that He even created evil: "*I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD do all these things*." Isaiah 45:7

God created the wicked: "*The LORD hath made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil*." Proverbs 16:4. God also created the thoughts within our minds: "*For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure*." Philippians 2:13. And: "*A man's heart deviseth his way: but the LORD directeth his steps*." Proverbs 16:9

This means that God is completely sovereign, that Father is in control of everything that happens on and within the earth. When we say to someone any of the following; "Why is that lady wearing those shoes with that blouse?" "Why is that guy farming that way?" "Wow, that person is fat, or skinny, or funny-shaped." "Why did that person do that? That was stupid."

If you understand as I do, if you acknowledge that God is in complete control of all things, you might understand that it was not the lady's fault that she wore those shoes with that blouse, that the farmer is farming in a certain way, or that a person is fat or skinny. This is God's doing. And if you say or even think the things above, then you are judging God Himself. Most of these sins exist only within our minds. They are not external sins. No one else sees them. When Jesus tells us that even thinking lustful thoughts is a sin, this does not merely include lust. It includes all who think along these lines concerning all things that are from the carnal mind.

Most of our thoughts, and therefore much of what we say, especially when speaking about others, are sinful, and we do not even know it. A person's wickedness is not so much in what they do. It is in what they think and in what they say. This is what Father was teaching me.

We think through our carnal minds. We speak according to what our carnal minds tell us to say. We are slaves to our carnal minds. Yes, Jesus is our Savior, but at this time in history, we are still sinful people. Our salvation will come after we pass through this time of correction.

So I do not hate anyone. I see our current condition. I see my current condition. But I also know that we are this way for our perfection, that through our sinfulness, we will be perfected. At times, I see that perfection peek out from people. It is a glorious thing to behold.

Now, is God Satan? No. But God created Satan for a purpose, and that purpose is to perfect all of humanity. God is using sin to perfect His creation. Satan has a boss, and that boss is God. So when I hear people speak about this person or that person being this way or that way, this is their carnal nature. This is the sin within them.

And I am here to tell you, I am no different. As much as I try, I still find myself judging people for things they do or say. The difference is that God has shown me and is allowing me to see this sin when it happens. And it happens all the time. We are all carnal. We are all sinful. No one is righteous, not one. This is the world I currently live in.

Most Christians have no clue that they are being led around by their carnal minds. There is no requirement that Satan needs to be identified by stepping foot inside a new physical temple that has yet to be built, because we are the temple, and Satan is sitting within us now.

We are darkness, which means we live in lies, because darkness is the absence of truth. When the Spirit of God is placed within us, we do not understand it. We do not recognize the Spirit. John 1:5 says: "*And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not*." We do not comprehend the light of God that is within us. We do not comprehend the truth, because light is truth.

This is our condition until we are resurrected at His coming. Even though I have been shown much truth from our Father, I am still in darkness. I still do not possess all truth. I have been given an earnest amount of truth, a sampling, but I am in no way better than anyone else.

This sin can show up in different forms within people. I remember that when Angie and I stayed in Casa Grande for the winter, I asked her: "Why do the people who introduce themselves to us need to tell us how great they are?" Angie said she did not notice it. About that time, a person came up and started speaking to us, just a friendly person. But there it was. He started telling us how great he was and how he did this and that. Angie told me later, "I see what you are speaking about." This is the sin I was seeing within the people, because he did nothing of what he was telling us about. In reality, God did it within him and through him. God should receive the credit, not the individual.

I also saw this at a funeral, where people stood and spoke about how this person did this or did that, and how great and loving this person was. As I sat there listening, God told me: "*They are giving her the credit for things that I did through her.*"

So this is my life now. This is what I live in. There are many times when I wish to return to being the normal guy, to not possess the knowledge I have and to be what we might call

"normal" again. But I know that this is my carnal mind speaking, because we should all seek His will. I have come to accept what I am, what I see, and who I have become. I know Father is doing it for a purpose, a purpose of which I am not yet completely aware.

My Disobedience

On December 11, 2010, I was in my house during a snowstorm. I felt like going for a walk just as the snow started falling, and as I was walking around the lake next to our home, I started to feel weak. There might have been only a few inches of snow on the ground at the time, but the snow started falling heavier and heavier. Each step I took seemed harder than the previous one. I could not figure out why this little bit of snow was so difficult for me to walk through.

On the way from the lake to my house, there were two cars stuck in the snow, so I helped push them out. Then my neighbors, an older woman and her daughter, were opening their garage door as I was walking the last bit home. I asked them: "What are you two doing?" They said they were going shopping. I told them: "No, you're not. Get back inside and stay home. I just helped two cars get out of the ditch, and I do not want to help you get out also." They agreed.

I went inside my house and got into the shower. As I was in the shower, I noticed that I was growing weaker and weaker and that my chest was beginning to hurt badly, kind of like a large elephant standing on my chest.

I got out of the shower and asked Angie, who was on the treadmill, whether we had any aspirin. She took one look at me and said: "We are going to the hospital." I do not know what she saw in me, but apparently, it was not good. At this point, I was in so much pain that I did not argue.

The hospital was only a few miles away. With the snow coming down and the rather steep upward incline of our driveway, Angie elected to drive me there rather than call an ambulance, a wise choice. She pulled up at the hospital entrance and let me out while she went to park the car. I walked into a quiet hospital, I mean, no one was there except the receptionist, and told the woman at the desk that I was having very bad chest pains.

It had not yet dawned on me that I might be having a heart attack. I mean, I was a fairly healthy guy and still relatively young. There is a whole lot more to this heart attack story, but I will jump directly to the point and say that I was in the hospital for three days and was then released.

Three days after I returned home, I was communicating with a prophet friend from Canada whom I had come to know online. I asked him a few questions, and he came back the next day and told me the reason for my heart attack, based upon information he had received from Father.

You see, I had become a pastor three days before my heart attack. I came to find out that, according to Father, I was not supposed to become a pastor. This was not my calling. I had disobeyed God, and I was being shown my error. My Canadian friend told me that I was to tear

up my pastoral paperwork, disavow my role as a pastor, and repent of overstepping my authority. This heart attack was Father teaching me a lesson.

You did not need to tell me twice. I immediately did everything that was required. It also strikes me as interesting that when I had my heart attack, the doctor could not tell me why it had happened. My heart was fine. I had no buildup within my arteries. I was healthy for a fifty-two-year-old man. The doctor could not explain any reason why this had happened to me. I knew why, but I could not tell anyone else, especially the doctor.

This heart attack grounded me from flying for a full year. This was during the period when Northwest Airlines and Delta Air Lines had merged and were going through the integration process. When I returned to work in 2011, the pilot forces were completing their integration and becoming one full-sized pilot group. This meant that any pilot could now fly any aircraft within the entire fleet.

You see, legally, I was only allowed to fly aircraft that were owned by Northwest (NWA), and Delta pilots were only legally allowed to fly aircraft that were owned by Delta (DAL). But as I came back to work, both companies were being fully merged, which meant that any pilot within the combined airlines could now fly any aircraft within the newly merged company.

I was one of the first pilots to make the switch to flying what had once been a Delta aircraft. Delta was going to base the McDonnell Douglas MD-90 in Minneapolis, an aircraft Northwest had never owned, and they needed Minneapolis pilots to fly it. I jumped at the opportunity.

There was a huge difference between the attitudes of the two pilot groups. Northwest pilots were mostly friendly, and we got along very well with the other employees, gate agents, ground workers, mechanics, flight attendants, and all the other work groups within the company. We were a family.

Delta was much different. Their work groups would not talk to each other. In fact, I was amazed that the Delta pilots and flight attendants would not even sit together while waiting for their flight at a gate. Who knows how this all happened, but there was definitely no camaraderie within the Delta workforce.

I say this because of what I started seeing within the Delta organization. Father had shown me who Satan was. Father had shown me what evil was. Father had shown me what sin was. Call it a gift if you wish, but Father gave me the ability to see the evil and sin within any individual with whom I spoke. I began seeing this strongly within the Delta workforce.

When I went through Delta's training program to learn how to fly their MD-90, they treated me like a piece of garbage. One instructor drew a picture of a spoon on a greaseboard in the training classroom and told us that this is what we NWA pilots required, to be spoon-fed. Let us just say they were not a friendly group of people, and my ability to see the sin within people did not help. I started noticing the wickedness within this group of pilots.

The Hat

At Northwest Airlines, we pilots were not required to wear our airline hats. Wearing the hat had been made optional many years earlier. At Delta, however, the airline hat became mandatory for every pilot. It was part of their militaristic rules.

But Father had me not wear my hat at Delta. To me, the hat represented the great evil within the Delta airline establishment. I saw evil within the organization, and the hat represented that evil. Call it strange, I know, but remember that my first heart attack was connected to my failure to obey what I heard Father telling me to do. Because I was led by Father not to wear the hat, so I did not werar it. I am not saying that the people at Northwest Airlines were saints. But for some reason, after the merger, I saw wickedness within Delta as an airline.

I got away with not wearing my Delta Air Lines hat for about three years. Yes, instructors and others told me that I needed to wear it, but I did not, and nothing ever came of it. I remember my final airline flight. It was a turn from Minneapolis to Washington National and back, a day trip.

Word must have eventually reached the chief pilot's office, because when I landed back in Minneapolis, the assistant chief pilot was there to meet the flight. He wanted to speak to me about wearing my hat. I told him that I could not wear it because God did not want me to. You can imagine how well that went over. He told me that I needed to wear my hat, or else.

What was I going to do?

I went home and truly did not know what to do about the hat. As ridiculous as it might have seemed, I felt that I could not disobey Father in this. I was certain that the instruction not to wear the hat had come from Him.

I called my friend Ron, my other great Bible teacher, and spoke with him. I told him that I had made up my mind: I needed to go away, fast, and pray to discover what Father truly wanted me to do. I canceled the rest of my flying for that month, August 2014, and planned a camping trip to the North Shore of Lake Superior. My campsite was about two hours north of Duluth, Minnesota, and Duluth was two hours north of my house. It was a drive of about four hours in total.

On August 14, I drove to my campsite in Grand Marais, Minnesota, checked in, and started putting up my tent. This was before we bought our RV. All I had at the time was a tent, an air mattress, and a sleeping bag.

Heart Attack Number Two

I had the tent set up, the air mattress inflated, and the sheets and blanket placed on the mattress. I was setting up the rest of the campsite when I began experiencing minor chest pain. At first, I thought nothing of it. I drank a vitamin shake and continued setting up my tent and the surrounding items.

The pain slowly grew worse, and nothing I did helped. I sat down for a moment and thought about what I could do to correct my present health problem. I kept standing up and trying to finish setting up the campsite, but then I would have to sit down again. It took a few minutes for the signal to get through my thick head, but it finally dawned on me that this might be another heart attack.

In full disclosure, I will tell you that for several months, I had been receiving signals or premonitions from Father that I might be coming out of the airline business. This would be according to Father's wishes. I told Father that I understood He might want me to leave the airlines, but if He did, He had better make it loud and clear. This was a great job, and I still enjoyed it.

At that moment, I had not yet put everything together. I did not yet realize that this might be Father bringing me out of the airline business. I decided I needed to seek help because of the chest pain, so I got into my car and drove the half-mile to the campground office. I parked the car right in the middle of the road and went inside. The clerk was helping another couple.

I could not be polite and wait, so I blurted out: "Could you call an ambulance? I think someone might be having a heart attack." She asked: "Who?" I answered: "Me." As I stumbled around a little, I had never seen a woman get on the telephone so quickly. The man who had been receiving help asked whether he could do anything for me. At that moment, I remembered that I had nitroglycerin pills in my car. I asked him if he could properly park my car and retrieve the pills from inside my backpack.

I do not know whether the pill helped, but it seemed to reduce the pain somewhat. The ambulance crew arrived within about fifteen minutes. They did what they needed to do, placed me on a stretcher, and prepared me for the ride to the local hospital. A nice young nurse was the only person in the back of the ambulance with me. She kept asking how I felt and what my pain level was on a scale from one to ten.

The pain was manageable. Around this time, I began to see what Father was doing. I took out my cellphone and told Angie that I was in an ambulance on the way to the hospital with what might be another heart attack. I also sent a text to my friend Ron, telling him that my question about flying might be getting answered.

When I reached the hospital, I asked the doctor whether I was having a heart attack. He said yes. They gave me medication intended to dissolve the clot, and it worked. The pain simply stopped. I was flown to Duluth to have another stent placed, a whole story in itself. I walked out of the Duluth hospital three days later.

Because I knew God was going to take me out of the airline business, and because I had asked Father to make it clear when He did so, I fully believe that both of my heart attacks were caused by Father. The first happened because I had been disobedient. The second happened because it was time for me to rest from my work. No one believed that my heart attacks came from God. Why would a good and loving God give me a heart attack?

So I began making up stories about why I could not regain my medical certificate, this reason and that reason. To this day, I do not believe people understand it or believe it. That is all right. I have learned to accept the doubts of others. Father told me it would be this way, so I accept it.

Disobeying God Again

I remember one time while I was living in Lustre, Montana. I was helping my brother-in-law Brandon haul bales of hay from the fields. I was using a tractor on both ends, one in the field and another where I was stacking the bales. I was driving a semi-truck with a flatbed trailer that could carry thirty bales. They had baled more than ten thousand bales that year, so I had a great deal of work to do.

While I was hauling bales, I felt Father letting me know that I would soon stop hauling for the season. I asked: "When do You want me to stop?" The answer I received was: "At first snow."

About two weeks later, it began snowing for the first time that fall. Brandon called me that day and asked whether I would haul some bales for him. I had not told anyone about what Father had said, and I truly wanted to help Brandon, so I answered: "Sure." Once again, there I was, disobeying Father.

The day began well. I drove the truck into the field, loaded the bales, and started out to deliver them. As I approached the field where I was stacking the bales, there was a narrow driveway, or what is called an approach, one that I had entered many times.

The approach was not very wide, and you had to be careful when turning into the field. The road was well above the field, and the approach sloped downward into it, with a fairly deep ditch on both sides. The snow had been falling for several hours and had accumulated around the approach. The buildup of snow made the entrance appear wider than it actually was.

As I turned into the field, I watched the rear trailer wheels as carefully as I could, believing I was keeping them on the road. I soon discovered that the piled snow had made the approach look wider than it was. The snow extended farther than I realized. As I pulled into the field, the trailer slid off the road and into the ditch. It tipped more than forty-five degrees and dumped most of the bales from the trailer.

I had always taken pride in being very careful when driving another person's equipment, but this time, it got away from me. There I was, with the trailer still attached to the truck but stuck in the ditch.

I grabbed the tractor that was in the field so I could pick up the bales and clean up the mess. When I closed the tractor door, the glass, which made up most of the door, shattered. There I was in falling snow and low temperatures, sitting in a tractor with broken glass scattered everywhere. I realized right then that I had made a serious mistake and should not have hauled bales that day. I had experienced my first heart attack because I was disobedient to God, and here I was being disobedient again. Father had told me to stop hauling bales at the first snow. But did I?

What I was learning was that when I went against Father, it could affect not only me but also other people. Many within my small study group had learned the same lesson. I cleaned up the bales and drove the tractor to the shop, out of the snow. I called my wife and asked her to pick me up and take me back to the truck. With the bales removed, I was able to drive the truck and trailer out of the ditch. I drove everything back to the shop, shut it all down, and sent Brandon a text telling him that I was finished. Needless to say, after I had broken Brandon's tractor door, driven his truck and trailer into the ditch, and quit hauling after only one load, he was not very happy with me. In fact, he did not speak to me for about a year.

But what could I tell him? Could I tell him that God had told me to stop hauling hay when it snowed? I had learned many years earlier to keep quiet about these things, and that is what I did. I did not even tell my wife about many of the things that happened to me. They would just think of me as losing my mind.

The average Christian does not hear God. Therefore, when you claim to hear God, they think you are crazy. I could not tell Brandon what had truly happened because he would not accept it. I had spoken to Brandon many times over the preceding years. I knew his belief system. I had spoken to him about my hearing God, he did not believe me. So, I told him the physical facts of what had happened, but that was all. What I learned that day was when you go against what Father is telling you to do, Father might injure someone else, or damage their property, instead of harming you.

Disobedience does not affect only you. It may also affect those who are involved with you. Because of this relationship between God and our actions, there are many times when I will do something, or refuse to do something, that my wife or others may think is crazy or stupid.

One example is the Schmeckfest event (festival) that Lustre holds every year to raise funds for its private high school. In the last few years, Father had told me to stay away from it. The entire community becomes involved, and during those years, I was asked to participate. I had helped many times before, but when Father told me to stay away, the local people could not understand why I would no longer take part.

Once again, I could not tell them the real reason. I am being trained and groomed by Father, and obedience is a major part of that training. Had I become involved in helping at Schmeckfest, something like the Brandon hay incident could have happened there. I have learned not to place

myself in those situations anymore. So when I do something strange, or when I say no to something, understand that my motives may not be what you think. I know of people who have been killed because of the disobedience of others in my little church group. Because of my own actions, and the actions of people I know, I have learned to try to be obedient as best I can to what Father wants.

The Double Witness Dreams

Some dreams fade like morning mist, but others cling to the soul, vivid and unshakable, as if they were woven from the fabric of reality itself. I've had such dreams, two of them, identical in their haunting clarity, each an unofficial biography, each a mirror of the other, separated by months but bound by a truth I couldn't ignore.

Scripture says that by two or three witnesses a matter is established: "*At the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established*."
—Deuteronomy 19:15

These dreams, I came to believe, were a double witness from God Himself, a foretelling I carried in silence for more than fifteen years. Years ago, when I was younger, I had a dream so real that it tricked my waking mind. In it, my uncle gave me a gleaming stereo system, its speakers towering and powerful, promising music that could shake the walls. I awoke with a grin and bounded downstairs to turn up the volume, only to find the living room empty. The stereo was nothing more than a phantom of sleep. It took a moment, but the truth settled in: it was only a dream. I laughed it off, disappointed but unshaken.

The two dreams that came later, though, were different. They came some three to five years after what I call my Awakening Event, a time when my spirit seemed to crack open to deeper truths. These dreams were not about stereos or fleeting joys. They were about loss, raw and piercing, and they left me grieving for days.

In the first dream, my wife, Angie, was dead. I do not recall how it happened. No accident or illness remained in the details. All I knew was the weight of her absence, heavy and absolute, as though the world had lost its color. The dream was so vivid and so textured with reality that, when I awoke, I carried the grief with me.

I stumbled into the living room, my heart still shattered, only to see Angie sitting there alive, sipping coffee as though it were any other morning. The relief was sharp, but it did not erase the sorrow. For three days, I moped around the house, my mind caught in the dream's shadow, unable to shake the feeling that I had lost her. On the third day, Angie, with her no-nonsense warmth, told me to snap out of it. "Quit moping," she said. I tried, though the ache lingered.

Six months later, the dream returned, identical in every way. Again, Angie had died, and the grief was just as real and just as crushing. This time, when I awoke, she was not home to ground me. As a flight attendant, she was away on a four-day trip, and I was left alone with my thoughts. For three days, I wandered the house, grieving a death that had not happened, the dream's weight pressing down like a stone.

It was strange, mourning something I knew was not real, but it felt like more than a dream. It felt like a message. The second dream confirmed it for me, a double witness, just as Scripture promised. Two dreams, the same in every detail, could mean only one thing: God was speaking. He was preparing me, telling me that one day He would take Angie from me.

The realization settled into my bones, heavy but certain. I did not know when or how, but I knew it was coming. For more than fifteen years, perhaps even twenty years, I kept this to myself. I never told Angie. I never told a soul. How do you tell someone that you have seen their death? The words felt wrong, as though they would break something fragile between us.

So I carried the dreams alone, a quiet burden, trusting that God's purpose would unfold in its own time. I did not tell anyone else until just a few years ago. But God has now taken Angie from me, though not in the way I feared. On our twenty-seventh wedding anniversary, I climbed into bed with Angie and asked: "How are we doing?" Her answer hit like a ton of bricks. "We're not doing good," she said. "I want to separate." I was shocked, blindsided. I thought we were doing fine, living the life she wanted in our house in Lustre, near her family.

The pain was overwhelming: panic attacks, endless tears, and a grief that felt as though it would never end. Two weeks later, we sat on our bed talking. Angie said something that shifted everything into place: "*I don't know why I have such a pull to do this—to leave you*." That word —pull—struck me. I had felt it before: a divine nudge, undeniable and clear. In that moment, I knew this was from Father. This was His doing.

For years, I had prayed that God would not take Angie from me because of those dreams. After a decade, I began to hope that they were not a warning, that we would be spared, and that the dreams were only dreams. But as Angie spoke, I understood. God was indeed taking her from me, but not taking her life. In His mercy, He was honoring my prayers, sparing her death while fulfilling the dreams in a way I had not foreseen.

The separation was His plan, a painful but purposeful step, woven into the tapestry of His will. Even now, the memory of those dreams lingers, as vivid as ever, a reminder of the mysteries woven into our sleep and the truths that wait beyond.

The grief remains, but so does the certainty that Father's hand guides it all, even when the path is shrouded in sorrow. Even though I do not like this separation between us, I must accept it as the will of God. The one thing I have learned over the years since my great Awakening Event is obedience to God. Because if I disobey, even worse things can happen. This I have learned.

So I wait. I wait for her to return to me because I fear that if I go after her, if I disobey Father's will, I will lose her completely, and I will not risk it. You are loved, my dear wife, my dear Angie. When it seems right, please come back to me.

What Now

Now I am living on my own, separated from my one true love. I will not allow anyone to blame Angie. She had no say in this. Love her for who she is. You can blame me all you want. I am immune to it.

As of late, Father has once again ramped up my lessons and learning. There was a period when Father went silent, probably for seven or eight years, so I figured He had taught me all I needed to know and that I was now simply supposed to wait. It is all about timing with Father. I would still receive something here and something there, but the intense downloads I had received during the first five to ten years subsided.

But now they are back, kind of. I have been playing around with ChatGPT and Grok, two artificial-intelligence platforms. I have been asking questions of AI and receiving some remarkable feedback, all of which I take before Father.

Even though I am without my love and best friend, Father is keeping me grounded, feeding me, and nurturing me. I have not been told why He took my wife from me. I may never know in this lifetime. But I am convinced beyond doubt that He is preparing me for something yet to come. I have guesses about why He took her, but at this point, it would all be speculation.

I do not get out much. I did have a good friend and relative on my wife's side come and visit me. He wanted to know what I knew about Father and what God had taught me. We spent two and a half days simply sitting in my RV and talking about God, and I loved it. I think he learned a thing or two as well.

For those who want to know what Father has taught me, I wrote a book on the subject called *Revelations of the Spirit, The Great Falling Away*. But this book is no longer available as I have now written four additional books that cover many of my revelations which I wrote about in Revelations of the Spirit.

In May of 2025 I started getting information concerning a topic I have not had an answer to for two decades. In these downloads, I ended up writing four books, books that present the way I now understand scripture. I do not claim to know everything, I do not believe that any one man does. I do not claim to be without error, I believe that all of us have errors in our understanding.

The first book is titled Ages of Silence-Revised, a remake of my published book Age of Silence. In it I streamline my previous book and just get into the subjects needed to set the reader up for the next three books. The additional books are "The Two Beasts of Daniel and Revelation," "Kingdom Nation and the Two Armies of God," and finally "From Silence to Sons." From my perspective these four books will give the reader an honest grasp of the scriptures, the understanding that Father has been showing me for over twenty years. These books are always changing as Father adds more knowledge to my database, in fact, I am updating them as I update this story.

Father is working all things to His glory, and my life over these last twenty to twenty-five years is part of that process. I have learned that, at some time in the future, all will hear His voice. All will learn to become obedient, just as I am learning to do it now. I do not believe Father is finished with me yet. Angie and I separated on our twenty-seventh anniversary. I understand the number Twenty-seven to mean "Ministry of Salvation." I believe we are at the door of a new age.

Heart Attack Number Three

By January 2026, I had already survived two heart attacks.

The first had come after I stepped outside the authority Father had given me by becoming a pastor. The second had come when Father brought my airline career to an end. Whether other people understood those events as I did did not matter. I had learned through both of them that Father was sovereign and that my life was in His hands.

But the third heart attack was different. This one nearly killed me.

I had been living alone in Casa Grande, Arizona. I was in my fifth-wheel RV, going about my life, when my heart failed again. This was no minor event. It was bad enough that I eventually had to be transferred by helicopter to Banner–University Medical Center in Phoenix.

I remember being flown into Phoenix and landing on the rooftop helipad. Two nurses were waiting for me when we arrived. One of them took charge immediately, directing everyone as they moved me from the helicopter and into the hospital. There were security guards on the roof, medical workers surrounding me, machines attached to me, and people moving quickly. I had already been placed on a heart-balloon machine to help my heart continue functioning, and after I arrived, they exchanged that machine for another one.

I was no longer simply a man having chest pain. I was a man whose life was hanging in the balance. The doctors determined that I needed open-heart surgery. I was told that I had about a fifty-percent chance of surviving the operation. Fifty percent. That means the doctors believed there was an equal chance that I would live or die.

I do not remember being frightened in the way people might expect. By then, I had lived for years with the understanding that Father controlled my life. I had already been through heart attacks that I believed carried spiritual meaning. I had already learned that no doctor, disease, machine, or surgeon had the final decision. Father did.

That did not mean the operation was easy. It did not mean that I felt strong or brave through all of it. My body was in terrible condition, and the weeks surrounding the surgery were among the weakest and most humbling days of my life.

The operation was successful. Later, the surgeon told me that I must have had 'a little angel on my shoulder'." I understood what he meant, but I would say it differently. Father was not finished with me.

I spent approximately three weeks in the hospital. During the first two weeks, especially, I was extremely weak and fragile. Everything had to be monitored. I needed help going to the restroom. At times, I had to use a urine jug because I was not strong enough to get up on my own.

Even something as ordinary as having a bowel movement became a major ordeal. The medicines, the surgery, and the weakness of my body made it difficult. The nurses gave me medication to make it happen, and when it finally did, I was unable to take care of myself. The nurses had to clean me.

There is something deeply humbling about being a grown man who has spent his life flying airplanes, making decisions, traveling the world, and taking care of himself—and then suddenly being unable to perform the most basic tasks without help. There was no dignity left to protect.

My body had been opened. My strength was gone. Other people had to lift me, clean me, monitor me, and keep me alive. Perhaps there are lessons that can only be learned when all human strength is taken away. I had survived cancer. I had survived two previous heart attacks. I had lived through years of emotional and spiritual training. But this was different.

This time, I had been brought to the edge of death, opened up, repaired, and returned. Years earlier, when I was about thirty-five, I had Hodgkin's disease and received six months of chemotherapy. I had been told that the chemotherapy might weaken my blood vessels later in life.

Perhaps that played a part in my heart problems. The doctors may be able to explain some of what happened physically. But I still believe there is a spiritual side to all three of my heart attacks. I do not blame Father. I do not believe He has treated me cruelly. I believe He is sovereign, and I believe my life, including my suffering, is being used for my training.

When I finally left the hospital, I was not ready to return immediately to living alone. I stayed with my cousin while I continued recovering. I began walking three times a day, trying to rebuild my strength and stamina. At first, even short walks required effort. My goal was simple: become strong enough to live by myself again.

After a while, I returned to my fifth wheel. I remember taking my first shower after returning to the RV. Until then, I do not think I had fully understood how badly the surgery had affected my body. Standing there, looking at myself, I could see it. The scars, the weakness, the loss of muscle, and the changes to my body were all visible. The man who had entered the hospital was not the same man who came home.

But I was home. I was alive. And once again, Father had preserved me.

The Truck Camper

While I was recovering, I began thinking about what life would look like afterward.

I already owned a large fifth-wheel RV. It is forty-four feet long and serves as my home. It gives me space, comfort, and a place to remain for longer periods. But it is not something I want to move continually. The fifth wheel is my home base.

What I wanted was something smaller, something that would allow me to travel without dragging my entire home behind me. At first, while I was still in the hospital, I spoke about finding a cheap, small truck camper. I was thinking ahead to the time when I might once again be strong enough to travel.

That may seem strange. I had just survived open-heart surgery. I could barely walk. Nurses were helping me with the most basic parts of life, and yet part of my mind was already thinking about the road. But I do not think I was planning an escape. I was planning to live.

The truck camper represented movement. It represented mountains, lakes, quiet places, and time alone with Father. It represented the possibility that my third heart attack had not ended my life but had opened another part of it.

Eventually, I obtained an Arctic Fox 1150 truck camper, carried on a white Ford F-350 dually. It is not a tiny camper, but compared with my forty-four-foot fifth wheel, it gives me freedom. With the fifth wheel, every move is an undertaking. I must think about the size of the site, the turning room, the road, the hookups, and whether I can get in and out. With the truck camper, I can travel into the mountains, stay in national forests, use dispersed campsites, and move more easily when the weather changes. I can pull over and make lunch. I can stop beside a lake. I can stay in places where the fifth wheel would never fit.

The fifth wheel remains my long-term home, especially during the winter in Arizona. The truck camper allows me to leave the heat during the summer and travel through places such as Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico. It allows me to live in two different ways.

One RV gives me stability. The other gives me movement. After surviving the third heart attack, I could have decided that my traveling days were over. I could have stayed in one place, afraid of what might happen if I went too far from a hospital or from people who could help me.

But that is not how I see my life. I do not believe our Father preserved me so that I could spend whatever time remains sitting still in fear. I believe He preserved me because He is not finished. So I travel.

I drive through the mountains. I look for cool places during the summer. I stay in forests, near lakes, and in open country where I can see the sky. I carry Starlink for those times when I am away from cell service, though it does not work well under heavy trees.

I go where I believe I am being led. The truck camper has become more than another RV. It is part of the life that came after the operation. Every time I climb into the truck, every time I set up camp, and every time I wake up in a place I have never seen before, I am reminded that I was given more time.

I do not know how much time. None of us do. But I know that I was given today. I know that I survived a surgery the doctors said I might not survive. I know that I left the hospital after three weeks. I know that I walked until I became strong enough to live on my own again. And I know that I am now traveling in a truck camper that I first began thinking about while I was still weak and recovering.

Perhaps that is what the truck camper means to me. It is not merely a vehicle. It is evidence that I am still alive.

But in all of this, our Father has become the only thing I live for. From a man who did not know that God even existed, to a man who had been taught by our Father, I feel blessed. He has shown me what is coming, not through a timeline, but in substance. I now see a God who is a creator, a Father, a teacher, someone who is vested in all of our lives. Is this testimony part of His plan? Are my four books part of His plan? I do not yet know, but I do know that if people can grasp what I say within the books I wrote, they will have a much better understanding of who our Father is, and what He is doing. That is my hope.

Many Blessings to all who read this.

Marten