

Another Boy for Jesus

The testimony of George B. Walkey IV
Starting in 1986
Ending in Eternity
As told by “another soldier of the Lord”...

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1

Mommy, what happens when you Die?

The first thoughts I had about death, life, eternal life and what happens after you die came to me when I was very young. Maybe 5-6 years old. I had contracted some kind of sickness where I had a high fever. It might have been chicken pox or something else. I remember my mom having to put cold washcloths on my head to keep my temperature down. During this time, I would call out to my mom from my bed to come to my side.

I was having weird dreams and they would not go away. I would see little “stick-men” tapping on my head, stomping their feet and jumping up and down when I was lying on my bed. I didn’t know why they were there, and I didn’t know how to make them go away. I wanted them to go away, so I called out to my mom to come help me.

My brother and I shared a bedroom that had a bunk bed. We played a game of “who gets stuck with the top bunk”. After all, you had to climb the steps to get up there, whereas the bottom bunk you could just slide right into and go to sleep. When you are only 3 or 4 feet tall to begin with, the bottom bunk is right at your level. My brother always got stuck with the top bunk or grew to like it up there, as he could look down on me and throw toys at me. I watched in amazement at times when he would fall off the top bunk, 6 feet to the floor and keep on sleeping. Was this guy made of bricks or something? I would always check him to see if he was alright. “Mom can you come look at him, he fell off the bed again”. My tough brother.

The bunk bed had slats of wood providing stability under the top bunk that I could reach from the bottom. I would often hide papers, toys, whatever in the slats. During this sickness, “the stick men” would come out from behind these wooden boards and dance on my head. I could actually feel and see their little stick bodies stomping on my head.

I don’t remember why I had the next thought, but I asked “mommy, what happens when you die? Where do you go?” I was afraid of the unknown. I didn’t want to be separated from my parents and brother. They were my world and I loved them. But for some reason, the thought about not existing anymore scared me. I had no information about what would happen to me if I died. I didn’t know if what I was going through was just a normal reaction to the sickness or I was having a harder than normal time with this. Either way, the answer I got was just as frightening.

For some reason, I could tell that the answer my mom gave about death was not very comforting. Basically, she wasn’t sure. Too many details were left out for me to be satisfied. She said God takes us to heaven if we are good. But I wasn’t sure if I was good. Or good enough. Or how much good was “good enough” The church we went to obviously had no understanding of the scriptures, nor the goodness of God. Nor of faith, healing, eternal life, judgment and many other things. They were perfect examples of “clouds without rain”.

That's the crux of this fallen world: we cannot know God apart from the Father and His Son and His Spirit, which all three agree as one. Jesus is the only way. John 14:6 says "*I am the way, the truth and the **Life**, no one comes to the Father but by Me*"

This is the offence of the Cross. There is No other way. No one. Nobody else. It's both liberating and confining. Jesus set men free from the fear of death, having become a curse for us. As was prophesied many times in the Old Testament, Jesus was sent by God to bear the sins of the world and set us free from sin, sickness, disease and death. And many other sicknesses like religion, fear, anger, wrath. The list is long. But His mercy and grace are stronger. When you bear the sins of the world, your plan "had better work".

This world is out of touch with God. But thanks be to God, He made the way SO easy, its comical. Even a young boy at a tender age of 6 can be concerned about his eternal destiny. I believe God Himself allowed me to think on these things from an early age so that I might try to find Him. And find me He did. He first loved me. Paul said in Romans 10:20 that Isaiah the prophet saw a day coming where people would search for God, not even knowing who he was. "*But Isaiah is very bold, and says, I was found by them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that didn't ask about me*" – ISA 65:1

Today is that day. I was one of those seekers: another boy looking for Jesus.

2

Light in a Dark Place

The Psalms are probably the most welcoming, encouraging and uplifting place in the Word of God where our fears are melted by His Love. They were written by men who had experienced pain, loss and suffering. To read their stories of being abandoned, rejected, chased, betrayed and left alone by family and friends or by their own actions, at first, seems like a downcast read. Yet in every song to the Lord, we see David declaring an end from all of his destructions. David basically talks himself into “joy inexpressible and full of glory” by the end of each chapter. He may start out starting his case, his issue, his problem, but by the end of the Psalm, he talks himself into a God victory every time. David was the first man to have a heart after God.

I grew up in the Midwest, in the suburbs of south Chicago, Illinois in the 1960s and 1970s. Our house was built by my grandfather in the 1930s. My dad later bought the house from my grandmother and I grew up in it. The house was in a planned community that rested in the middle of a local golf course. Besides having the opportunity to learn golf, my brother and I saw it as having a huge playground for a front yard. We played with our neighborhood friends on this large green expanse as any kid would. There was a natural well-water-driven hand-pump-activated drinking fountain at the far end of the 2nd hole. We would always be rewarded with a cool drink for the long run to the far end of the course. When not being chased away by the cranky old groundskeeper, we played any game imaginable, as well as with the large 2ft-long sprinkler heads that dotted the course in the summer.

I can remember looking up at the stars at night, fascinated by what they were and asking myself “how did they get there”. Although we lived 35 miles from downtown Chicago, we were still far enough away from city lights for the night sky to be a wonderful sight to see. My interests in science and astronomy took hold in my young years. I would go out at night with a flashlight and lay back on the sand trap bunkers surrounding the 17th green and stare up.

When I shined the flashlight up and saw what I thought was a powerful beam of light going straight up into the universe, I remember saying to myself out loud “if anyone is out there, can you see me and my light?”

Sadness is a demonic force. There is no reason for a young boy to be sad at an early age, given loving parents, a funny and faithful brother, plenty of activities, friends, opportunity and an upbringing to steady one’s life. Yet I was unfulfilled. I was afraid. The world was so big. Too big. I could see by looking up that the universe never stopped.

Was God up there? Why was He so distant? Did He care about me? Who is He? Can I meet him? Can I know Him? Is He nice? Is he always angry like my Dad? Why was He invisible? Can He see me? Can He see my light? Why am I sad? Why doesn’t anybody know the answers to these questions? Especially church people. Those musty mystery moguls of cloth and sadness.

There was a hole in my heart. I don't know why. It was just there. I had to fill it. This thing will not go away. I had to know... who are you God? I have to find you. I have to know. What happens when people die?

We had a next-door neighbor, a retired man we called "Coachie". He was an assistant coach for a football team at a school up north. George Von Brummer was his name. He was kind and acted like a grandfather to my brother and I. Allowing us to ride on his lawn tractor all over his back yard as he cut his grass. Coach put up a flagpole and allowed my brother and I to put our handprints in the concrete base. I remember those prints to this day. My hands and a date.

One day my mom said we could not see him anymore because he was sick. I didn't understand why a sickness should prevent me from seeing our older buddy, but it must have been bad, as we were always previously allowed to go over to his house to see what our retired friend was up to. When my mom said he had cancer, I didn't understand what that meant. We were finally allowed to see him sick on his bed. I didn't know anything about the Bible. After all, were raised Catholic and the bondage of that religion stated that the priest was the go-between for God and Man. We could read it, but only those men could tell us which parts were true and which parts were just a nice story. You do what your parents do and believe what they believe. No power. No healing.

I knew then that God didn't seem to care if my friend was in pain. Of course, I was ignorant of the promises of God and His Word. Hosea 4:6 says "*my people are destroyed for a lack of knowledge*" The full verse reads: "*My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Because you have rejected knowledge, I also will reject you from being My priests. Since you have forgotten the law of your God, I also will forget your children.*" The priests of the church I was raised in obviously did not know that healing is the children's bread, that by His stripes we were healed, that sin, sickness and disease are under the feet of Jesus. That we are to cast out demons, heal the sick, raise the dead and preach the good news of Jesus to the entire world, starting with those around us. Matt 10:7-8

This friend of mine died because no one knew the promises of the Bible. They didn't know that believers have the same authority as Jesus Himself over sickness. He gave it to us, His church. And the gates of hell will NOT prevail against it. But if and only if we believe it, exercise it and boldly proclaim His word can people get healed.

1 Cor 4:20 says "*For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power*"

This is the difference between being lost, sick, poor, blind and naked and being found by Him, loved, healed, richly blessed, able to see the end from the beginning and clothed in His righteousness. I now know exactly where I am going. I know God loves me. I KNOW Him. This is the salvation of mankind: that Jesus died on a cross to set men free. He found me. I was looking for Him. It just took me a while to find someone who knew Him as well. Too long.

As usual, and is still true for many people today, I didn't find God in a church or a religious denomination. I found Him in darkness.

He spoke to me in 2011 while rising early one day before going to work. I was looking out the window at the dawn stars. I saw a star I had seen many times before. It rose every day in a certain spot. This day, the star was sparkling and twinkling unlike it normally did. At first, I thought it was a jet flashing its signal lights. But as I looked further, I noticed it wasn't moving. It was flashing. And God brought to my remembrance the little flashlight I pointed towards heaven.

Just then I heard the still small voice of the Holy Spirit living on the inside of me say "I saw your light on that hill".

3

Being rejected – Looking everywhere for God

In 1979, my Dad lost his accounting job in Chicago. I was told he refused to “cook the books” and was let go. He searched for a new job locally, but instead found one working for an old college friend that was running a light bulb factory in South Carolina.

For some reason, I had a girlfriend at 14. It definitely wasn't my idea. When she found out about our move, she totally cut me off and stopped talking to me. She later told me it was to lessen her pain. Thanks for playing. That same year, after we moved, my brother also changed and started to spend more time with his friends than me.

When we first moved to South Carolina, our house was not yet ready for us to move into. So we stayed in a hotel on the beach. The Howard Johnson's hotel was a cool place to live with an ocean view, video games, a pool and new friends every week.

Rejection is driven by fear and is a spirit not from God. If you don't have a living relationship with the Lord, who IS Love, you will never know true acceptance. You will look to people for love and affection. You will be hurt and not able to recover if your emotions are tied to the worldly things that you invest into. But Jesus said “Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world” I didn't know this. We as a family had no Word in us. Catholics never read the Bible and got born again. If they did, it's was an accident. And they were definitely kicked out of the club.

John 14-17 are truly amazing chapters. Jesus is telling us about His relationship with His Father. They absolutely love each other. They can't bear to be separated from each other. God had to invent time so Jesus could be separated from Him in Hell. Still, Jesus went through it for us. “Let this cup pass” meant Jesus didn't want the separation, but He had to “in all things be made like unto his brethren” and experience what it's like to be separated from God. That way, at the last judgment, NO ONE CAN SAY “God, you don't know what it's like to be separated from you” Yes, He does. Thanks to the Cross. Jesus was in Hell for me. He knows. I have No excuse for rejecting Him now...

Jesus knows separation. When dying on the cross He said “Eli, Eli, why have you forsaken me” In the Greek this literally means “Why have you left me a bachelor” or, left me a single man.

When you start to read the Word of God, after a while, you see things that you have never seen before. After you ask Him into your life, and especially after you receive the Holy Spirit, the Word opens up to you. First your heart, then your head. God reveals himself to you progressively, not all at once. We couldn't handle it if He did. He gives us revelation about Him when we spend time in the Word, reading about His plan for our lives. Ephesians 1:17

We discover that God can be known.

We see that He is both a super-hero, immortal resurrected man who loves us and God.

We see that Jesus had a special name for the Father: “Eli”

We see that Jesus can be sarcastic and funny.

We see that Jesus doesn’t have eternal patience.

We see that Jesus and the Father like to build things, to grow things.

To fix things.

They like a challenge.

We are his challenge.

But He doesn’t hit us over the head with a hammer to win us over.

That didn’t work.

The law became a curse.

It drove men off.

We didn’t take well to the yearly reminder of “you will never measure up”, go cover your sins.

Instead, Romans 2:4 says “the goodness of God leads men to repentance”

Being rejected from friends, family, teachers, kids, adults or whoever, causes us to form a scab on our hearts. Some people turn inward, walling themselves off from the world. We call them introverts. Some turn outward, letting their sadness turn to rage or an excess of personality that is never satisfied. Either way, Jesus loves us still.

Not until 2013 when reading this passage did I notice something else about Jesus. *“And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them”* Mark 10:16

Here we see that Jesus took them in His arms, then laid His hands on them, then prayed for them. The only way to take someone IN your arms, (unless you are cradling a baby), is to hug them.

When someone is rejected, they need the opposite of rejection to repair their lives.

Only God gives unlimited acceptance.

People can’t do it.

Sex can’t do it.

Money can’t do it.

Power can’t do it.

Fame can’t do it.

Even happiness as the world measures it can’t do it.

In Ecclesiastes, the richest man that ever lived tried it all.

He lived large and partied hard.

He failed. An Epic Fail.

His kids fought and divided his kingdom. His wisdom was not transferred.

Solomon said *“I know that, whatsoever God does, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God does it, that men should fear before him.”* – Eccles 3:14

And

“Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied.” Eccles 1:8

And

“Sheol (the place of the dead) and Abaddon (the place of destruction) are never satisfied; so [the lust of] the eyes of man is never satisfied.” (AMP) – Proverbs 27:20

We are designed to NOT be fulfilled by the things of this world. Why do we try?
Lack of the knowledge of god is the reason!

Only the Blood of the Lamb says **“forgiven, forgotten, forever”**

Only Jesus saves heals and delivers.

But we don't know this.

So that's why we preach Him.

Christ crucified.

For me and for you.

“For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!” Rom 10:13-15

4

Amsterdam and a Passport

So, by the time we moved to South Carolina, I had grown inward and detached. We went to the public school and I was shocked to find all the kids walking around in flip-flops sandals and T-shirts and shorts. All they wanted to do was go surfing, anything other than school. As my brother turned to making new friends, I turned inwards. My parents seemed to be more distant to me, and I started to shut down, and close off from the world. I was getting more distant to them as well.

As any Geek needs a hobby, I turned to Shortwave Radio as a pacifier for my loneliness. I listened to radio stations broadcasting from almost every country in the world. I wanted to disappear and get lost. So I decided that I would go to Europe. There were these things called Hostels where you could stay for free. Never mind that a 14 year old can't really get a job and survive. I didn't think about that. I just knew these total strangers would like me! I hatched a plan to run away. A plan I would repeat three more times before I gave my heart to Jesus and finally find what I was looking for.

I found out how to get into the savings account my parents set up for me at the Bank and I emptied it. I looked at Travel books. I found out when the airlines flew to Europe. Amsterdam in the Netherlands was one of the closer airports in Europe from the United States. JFK to AMS, That sounded good to me. Good bye family who didn't care, school that didn't care, friends that didn't care. The demon of despair was in full force. I had no weapons to deter it.

I packed my bags and took off, walking to the same Howard Johnsons we lived in when we first moved to South Carolina. I walked about 3 miles down the beach, at night. Looking back, I can hardly believe the hotel staff let a 14 year old kid check into a hotel alone. But they obviously called the police and reported that, indeed, a kid was here by himself. My parents came and picked me up.

Then they sent me to a counselor. "What's wrong with you?" there obviously was something. "I was lonely, do you have a pill for that?" Even a smart-alec teenager can speak the truth. I only lasted a few weeks in the counselors care because I manipulated her. "I don't feel depressed anymore, can I go now?" The truth was that my parents could not afford the shrink anymore. Problem solved. Yeah right.

In all my scheming and planning for my world-tour to happiness, I forgot that you needed this little thing called a Passport to get out of the country. Who knew?

I found new friends that seemed to also be loners. I didn't like that, because loners were "creepy", but what choice did I have? I wasn't into sports or drugs or girls or the things other kids were.

When our parents switched us to a private school, we finally were able to have some stability and new friends that helped with the difficult journey through adolescence.

Looking back, it is easy to blame your parents for a lack of whatever you thought at the time you were not getting from them. My cry for attention went unheeded. Most parents in this situation blame themselves. But what was their training and background to be parents? They too had their own childhood traumas that they brought into parenting. Truly life has no training class for these things. The Word is our only hope. The joy of the Lord is your strength...if you know Him.

Work can become a god or an idol that puts your priorities in the wrong place. Yet still, the answer to all of this pain and anguish and loneliness can only be solved by knowing Jesus. By knowing God. Not by knowing a religious or denominational version of God. Yuck. I hated God even more through the eyes of the Catholic Church. These people who had no idea who they represented. As Jesus said “the blind leading the blind, making their followers twice the sons of hell.” Guess Mom didn’t like to hear that truth. No help from that place. No help from parents. No help from friends. No help period. Nobody had a relationship with God. Nobody.

So why was I having such a hard time adjusting to adulthood? What was my problem? Other kids seemed to be more stable in their lives. Even the kids with obviously detached parents were able to make friends easier than me. They basically raised themselves. Not a good idea by any means. Yet what was the deal with me?

Perhaps the shock of too many changes too quickly all at once? I believe the devil has special plans for those who have a destiny to serve Jesus. He will try to kill the baby before it is born.

5

High School and College – not in Kansas anymore

High School was yet another place of rejection. Most are.

We attended a private school which had 30-35 people maximum per grade level.

The choices for friends were limited.

And the southern-born kids did not tolerate outsiders.

So I basically had one friend all through High School

During my senior year, as you watched the other kids get accepted and sent off to college or university, they started to wear the clothing of that school. I was sent off to a summer camp run by Duke University in 1982. The camp used these new machines called the IBM Personal Computer. Classes were fun, but the field trip over to NC State was most interesting. They had a computer lab with masters-level students figuring out how to do 3D programming. Three different demonstrations convinced me that a career in computers would be fun and lucrative.

I applied to and was accepted into N.C. State, mainly based on my S.A.T. scores, not my grades. By this time, I knew I could do the work and get good grades, so why bother? It did not fill my void. So I didn't try as hard as I could. I could see no future for myself. Working at a hotel, golf course, restaurant or selling real estate. With the love and life of God in you, you can work and live anywhere. But I never heard of such things.

Going to college was the biggest shock of my life. When you leave your home and parents, brother and friends for nothing but your own two feet, it's like being thrown into a pool of freezing water. I had no warning of the things I would encounter. There were **NO RULES WHATSOEVER**. If you wanted to get good grades AND become a drug addict, go for it. If you wanted to become a father at 18 or contract aids, no one was there to stop you. No warning. I was overwhelmed. Then there was the workload. By the end of my first and only year of college, I had basically decided which classes to fail. I didn't have time, nor the attention, nor the discipline to study all my classes. I answered "A" to all the Chemistry exams. I took Calculus first semester and got a "D". The second semester, I studied harder and got an "F".

Then there were the fraternities. These are nothing but ego traps, with no redeeming benefit. As a young person, you get overwhelmed with the artificial importance of these groups. You think you are granted acceptance into some exclusive club based on your likeability, muscles, sense of humor, family, money, potential or background. Since I had none of these, I was accepted anyways into the XO frat. Big mistake. Although these guys were fellow engineering school students, and helped me along with my studies, the experience basically taught me how to drink beer. Bad idea.

I remember taking a road trip to another chapter at the University of Virginia. The new pledges were supposed to take a beer every 15 minutes. It took us 6 hours to get there. They told me later I was cracking jokes in the fast food line behind a police officer. I have no idea why I wasn't arrested. Nor how I survived the alcohol poisoning hazing. I tried to pour out my beers into our black plastic "throw up" bags. I was caught and ordered to drink up my spilled beer. I passed out in the car. All this because I didn't know the love of God. I didn't like that frat and wanted out. No out. I was allowed to stay, since I announced I was quitting college anyways. I just couldn't take it anymore.

So what did I do? I took some of my parents "college survival money" and hopped a bus to Daytona Beach, Florida. And why not? I tried to find a job and disappear into nothingness. School couldn't give me direction. Nothing could. Nothing helped. I returned after 3 days to "hey man, where did you go? Are you ok?" Oh well, back to school. I dropped out. One more semester of community college (finally passing that same Calculus class) and I was done. Any career dreams I had were gone.

I went to work for my Dad at the timeshare resort he and Mom worked at. I worked under him in accounting, trying to fix the billing program the resort used to send out yearly maintenance fees. And I moved out. Another big step that both led me spiraling downward into chaos and landing in hell.

I acquired new friends that had strange musical tastes. They worked office jobs during the day as sketch artists for ad agencies, but hung out with known drug dealers and "punks" who favored a certain type of trashy music and grunge lifestyle. Baths were a luxury it seemed. Gross was the new norm.

The Bible says that Principalities work through Personalities. People who think that they themselves are living at the bottom of society welcome anyone else to join them down there. They were lonely and deprived of the love of a Father, although none would admit it. Drugs and sex and bad rock-and-roll were the norm. Although I shunned the drugs, beer was consumed to kill my pain. It didn't work. So I joined their band and tried to please this group of misfits. It didn't take me long before I was one of them. Misery loves company. And the devil loves destruction.

He lives to kill, steal and destroy the lives of many young people who thought they were banding together with a bond of shared pain and pleasure. We were all fooled. The bands we listened to were violent, ugly, demonic. Names such as Black Flag, Husker-Du, the Dead Kennedys and others. All these songs were about sex, drugs and pain. Every one of them. All leading to the destruction of the lives of the kids looking for acceptance. They laughed if one of their "friends" was lying on the ground, throwing up on himself, barely able to breathe.

6

Another Boy for Jesus.

The band I became a member of was called “Suitcase Full of Skulls”. We were to do our first and last show at a club and disband. The guitar player was leaving to go home to his parents. The new guitar player was a guy who, for some reason or another, wrote a song mocking God. It was called “Another Boy for Jesus” It became very popular at our concerts, and at the time I had no idea why.

*“Another boy for Jesus
A soldier for the Lord.
Another saved by Christians
To fight His Holy War.”*
Guitar Riff.....Head banging

I had no clue what beef this guy had with God. Nobody in my group of friends had a relationship with God, so why this song? The slippery slope of sin finally ends up with you cursing and mocking God. The unsaved think God is out to kill them. The truth is reversed. “Hath God said” was the first lie in history. Yes, God did say. Don’t eat the evil. Eat the Lamb. Eat Jesus.

Satan never had any glory. He was created evil. (John 8:44) The devil was arrested and disarmed by Jesus on the Cross. Jesus then transferred His power and authority to His church. If they would only stand up and use it.

I got fed up with the life I was leading. I was 20 years old and burned out.
Nothing held any joy for me.
Nothing.
Having anything I wanted was useless.
I was done.
I was completely and utterly dead.
I didn’t want to see my parents and avoided them.
I remember once, my Mom drove by my apartment looking for me. I hid in my closet and didn’t answer the door. I was that far gone. But secretly I wanted her to find me and rescue me.
Only Mom didn’t have the answer I needed. She didn’t have salvation. Only Jesus provides that.

I needed to hide again where no one could reach me.
I wasn’t suicidal. I wanted to live. Just not like this. Not in this pain.
I needed another escape.
A permanent escape.

One summer my roommate's father paid us a visit. He spent most of his time reading his Bible and praying. He said he used to have an affair with his next door neighbor who was married. But now, he wouldn't touch her and says they were only friends. Yeah, right.

He probably thought we were gone, unsaved and on our way to hell.

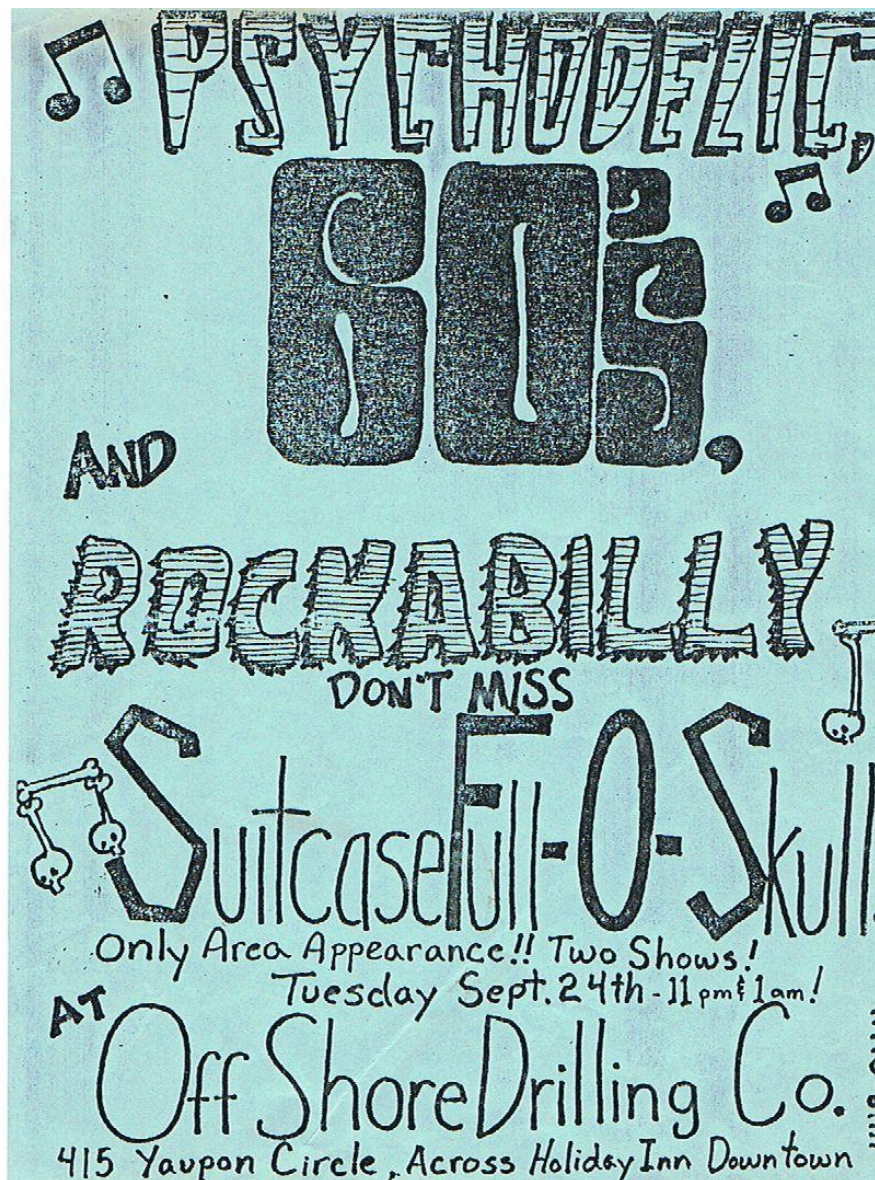
He was right.

He was, no doubt, praying for his son and me.

He probably opened the heavens for my salvation.

A light in the darkness.

He will get his reward in heaven.



they're too young to get into... play their kind of music anyway — they're going to cater to the "mixed drink, disco crowd" — the crowd who's not going to drop a few bucks unless they're listening to their kind of music.

Denny Green, a Sounds Familiar salesman who buys imports, (the kind of music these young people listen to) says he thought about opening a new music club in Myrtle Beach about a year ago. But it would be an ambitious project, one that would take plenty of capital and lots of guts.

"There's no one to patronize it; you'd have to charge them 10 bucks and they don't have the money," Green explained, recalling an Ocean Boulevard nightspot that folded. "When the New Wave Cave was open, they'd dance, they'd drink ice water all night long, so the

Please turn to Page 3C



Laura Kidd, Mike Pearson and

'Bug Lip' music is violent, biz



Lisa P

Anna Gullette, Bill Leaseburg and George Walkey: 'Defeated before we begin

7

Time to disappear, permanently.

By this time, I had moved back in with my parents. I'm sure I was not a nice person. At all. So, I packed my backpack, and a suitcase, pawned or sold anything I could not carry and drove my car downtown to the greyhound bus station at 10th avenue. I parked my car across the street in a space with a parking meter. I was sure this way, the car would be towed or stolen and my parents would never find it. I left the car unlocked as well.

Since the bus was late in arriving, I decided to walk down to the Atlantic Ocean two blocks away and put my hand in the water. I was planning on dipping my hand in the Pacific Ocean on the other side of my trip. "George conquers America"

I bought a one way ticket to Los Angeles. And why not? Its "all the way"

I was planning on going to the grungy suburbs of Redondo Beach. I recalled all the punk bands seemed to be from there. Maybe I could hook up with the lifestyle and disappear for good.

Once word about Greyhound Buses: Sit up front or the smell will kill you.

Since I was basically experiencing one mind-tasered experience after another since leaving home for college, I figured I would go all out and see the country before "it all gets blown up". What else could the world do to me that I hadn't experienced already. Burned out means "I DON'T CARE" When your mind is fed the garbage philosophies of the world, you end up believing anything they feed you.

I was shocked on my cross-country ride to find that America had lots of poor people. People who were barely making it. People who still had real relationships and hardships. People on the end of their ropes. People settling for "is this all there is?"

I had a computer called an Amiga. It was an alternative to the Mac but was able to run PC programs. I put it up for sale in the local newspaper and to my surprise, a man wanted it. He said he worked for a traveling circus and was just what they needed to make visuals for their kiosk. He also paid cash.

A man from a traveling circus needed just what I had, just at the time I needed it, to get me the money so I could take a trip to L.A. to find God. Wow.

8

A Christian Trucker and “Pray the Lord”

What is that anyway, a Christian Trucker? Is that like a preacher on 18 wheels?

A Greyhound bus makes many stops. **MANY STOPS**. Many stops in small towns to pickup whoever could not afford their own car. People like me. I have no idea why Greyhound stopped in downtown Memphis, Tennessee. But it did. Large town with plenty of potential.

We had an hour layover at this bus stop. This bus stop was also a truck stop. As I was sitting at a table, a small guy in a baseball cap and cowboy dress came up to my table and sat down. He was carrying a CB antenna and his driver’s logs. He called himself James “Daffy Duck” Maxwell. One of his arms was fully grown but half the normal size.

Since this guy was already in my face and didn’t seem to be a threat, I offered to help him make out his driver’s logs. I thought “what was he going to do, take a swing at me (and miss)?”

While he grabbed lunch at the counter, I started writing down his routes and mileage. James took out his wallet and showed me his 5 foot long collection of pictures of girlfriends he had met along the USA. I said “hmm that’s quite a harem you have there” He answered “No sir! I’m a Christian trucker. I would never cheat on my wife. Here, see these? These are my pride and joy. My wife and kids down here” Indeed he had a family. I inquired further. “So these girlfriends are just friends, or you have 57 babies out there somewhere marinating in your special sauce?” James said “no, just friends”

I was astonished. No hanky panky. How did this guy do that? Self-control? What’s that? Never heard of it. Well, I have, but I didn’t believe in it anymore. See it. Take it. Love it. Before we went our separate ways, James asked me if I had ever asked Jesus into my heart. No I didn’t. But James never closed the sale. All he said was **“Pray the Lord”** before he left.

“Pray the Lord”? What’s that? You mean “Pray TO the Lord?” Is that like poor English or am I missing something here? “Pray the Lord”. For what? Pray TO the Lord? For what? I don’t get it.

Matt 9:36 (NKJV) says “*Therefore pray the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest*” A closer Greek exposition of this scripture reveals that we should “petition the Lord” As if we have a deep personal need, we really need this because of lack, we long for it. “We need help” Indeed, we all need help. Most Christians are hiding in the four walls of their churches wondering why people aren’t coming in. Duh. They have no reason to. You refuse to tell them. “Freely you have received, freely give” Matt 10:8 Get your butt out there and tell people God loves them and has a plan for their lives.

9

Albuquerque, Adult Books and Vegas

The Greyhound bus was dropping down south, through New Mexico and Arizona, slowly making its way to L.A. I was starting to get afraid for the first time. What might I find in California? I thought “maybe I should find a diversion for a few days”. I got off the bus in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Supposedly, they have Hot Air Balloons and lots of cactus. Instead, not far from the bus stop, was an adult book store. Not much else was on this street and I needed to take a break. Door opens.

I started walking, dragging my suitcase behind me, and went into the store.

There were two Philipino brothers working the store. I asked them if there was a hotel around where I could check into for a few nights. They said “Sure. But you can stay with us if you want.” I started to get nervous. Too friendly. Turns out they really didn’t care for the merchandise. Perhaps a case of sensory overload? But they had another motive.

They worked for a chain of adult book stores and the owners needed them to take care of another store in Las Vegas. They needed to leave this store by the end of the week. They invited me to go with them. And they were taking their wives! Oh brother. Porn wives. After spending a few hours in the store, they offered me a job, to take care of this store if I wanted to, or to come with them and “maybe” get hired in Vegas. To do what, I had no clue.

I finally realized these guys were no threat to me, because their wives came into the store and chatted about their trip and getting ready and packing up. I could tell these guys seemed to be at least truthful. I declined the offer and found a hotel room down the street. A hot shower is a luxury when you ride the friendly skies of Greyhound. I got back on the bus the next day. A potential detour avoided. God had my number. He was guiding me and I didn’t even know it.

As someone burned out on life, I could easily have taken that job, gotten into the filth of porn and never have ridden all the way to Los Angeles to meet Jesus. The detours I took turned out to be arranged by God to save my life in more ways than one. I just couldn’t see his loving hand at the time. I had no knowledge of God.

10 Kingman, AZ – Thor actually makes bracelets. PTL

On Highway 40 was the town of Kingman, Arizona. On this stop, a tall guy with a cowboy hat, a brown leather jacket with tassels, and cowboy boots got on the bus and sat down right next to me. He had bracelets and necklaces of silver and turquoise all over him. Since I was used to almost nearly getting my rear kicked on this entire trip, I boldly asked him “so what’s your story”. He looked at me and answered “going to L.A.”.

“What’s your name?”

“Thor”

“Is that like the guy with a hammer?”

“Yep”

“Is that what you do? Make things with a hammer”

“Are you trying to be smart or something?”

“I just asked. Where do you work?”

“On the Indian reservations”

“Huh?”

“I make jewelry for men and women”

“I see”

“But, I’ll tell you a secret”

“What’s that?”

“Not all the things “made by Indians” are made by Indians.”

“Being 6 foot 4, white, with red hair probably disqualifies you to be an Indian, I guess”

“That’s right”

Thor continued:

“So where are You going?”

“L.A”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. To start a new life maybe”

“Before you do, you need one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Pray the Lord”

“Pray the Lord?”

“You deaf?”

“No”

“Pray the Lord to take care of you”

“Oh ok, thanks”

God 2. Devil 0

11

Coke nails and a Cab.

After Kingman, the bus rolled into Las Vegas in the early morning. I remember the petrol pumping stations out in the desert burning off the excess gas into the night like flaming dragons coming out of the ground. “Is that what hell is like? Fire?” I was getting very nervous at this point and realized I needed to act like I knew what I was doing. Even if I didn’t. At least I could act smooth. I walked outside the bus station onto the street and realized I was in East LA. Not downtown LA proper. Swell. When you don’t know where you are going any place will do?

As I walked out the door, not only were there many people picking up friends and family, but drug dealers waiting to make a sale. So, I figured, I needed to appear not afraid. So I walked up to one of them and asked for directions to Redondo Beach. A black guy reached up, held up my map and I saw that his fingernails were long and dirty. Coke Nails. I’ve heard of them, but...Hollywood likes to glorify the bad. It’s not really all that nice. Being a slave to those things to whom you submit yourselves to obey. Unless you submit to Jesus, the things of the world will drag you to hell. Hell on earth. Before you get to the real place. Then it’s too late.

“Would you like to have a good time for \$50?”

“Um no. No thanks.”

I quickly hailed a cab and got away from Mr. Fabulous.

The cabbie was a Spanish-speaking older man who looked me over and only said “Ah, I can take you to Manhattan Beach. Redondo Beach, more.” “Like how much more?” “\$40” Ok. Manhattan Beach. OK?”

“You’ll do good there”

How did he know?

When the cab left, I realized I was where I wanted to be. Or so I thought. **But my problems followed me.** Being the genius I was, I didn’t expect that. I thought everything was going to change. Without any effort at all. Yeah right.

Nothing changes.

I was still me.

I was still burned out.

Well this sucks.

12

Manhattan Beach and a Pawn Shop

In Manhattan Beach, I starting walking and realized that I needed to consolidate all my clothes and remaining things into my single backpack. And find some wheels. I found a pawn shop that bought my suitcase and my Sony portable shortwave radio. With that money, I bought a beach cruiser bike. One like they had in Myrtle Beach with only 3 gears and wide tires. I later sold this same bike back to the same shop at a loss. George the investor.

So here I was. In L.A. No plans, no future, no money and no clue. I took off down the beach boardwalk looking at everyone. It was March and the water was cold. I went south to Redondo Beach. Surely the punks would be here waiting for me. I could not find one anywhere.

Driving into the suburbs, I found a mall, and stopped for lunch. I realized I had no bike lock, so I took off instead, driving back towards the beach. This is when I noticed a hotel on the beach. I went into the hotel and asked for rates. \$100 per night. Too much for me. So I headed south again, looking for signs of the crazy lifestyle I wanted to live. I forgot to dip my hand in the Pacific Ocean. George is not conquering America today. This isn't going like I imagined.

13

Redondo Beach actually has no punks

I must have put in 50 miles pedaling all around the suburbs of Manhattan Beach, Redondo Beach, Torrance and Carson for most of the day looking for any signs of punk rockers, misfits, or who and what I thought was my scene. I could not find one anywhere. I thought it was strange, or I must not be looking in the right place.

Fed up with my search, I took off south again, on a mini sight-seeing trip. Except the trip took me to the southern tip of L.A.. And the trek was all uphill. Oh joy.

Stopping half way up, I could see the Hollywood sign in the distance. And the smog. Wow, was that air? The brown air was so thick. Is that the sign? Yes, it must be, I don't see any other signs that big. So that's where all the movies are made and the famous people live. Great. Well here I am.

Can I leave now?

Why, you're already here.

But I thought...

Thought what? That your problems would disappear?

Yeah.

Did they?

Damn voices...

14

Los Angeles has plenty of dead churches

At this point, I realized I needed some help. Maybe I could find a place to stay. Maybe a church would take me in or suggest a place. So I started looking for churches. I found a Catholic church. Big stone construction. Stained glass windows. Huge 20 ft wooded doors. Locked up tight as a drum. Got off my bike. Peered into the windows. Sure enough. Nobody home. "Maybe they have a place where the priest lives" Found it. Locked up. No one home..in more ways than one.

Get back on my bike. Pedaled some more. Found an Episcopal Church. Locked up. Nobody home. Get back on my bike. Hey, look a Methodist Church. Locked up. Nobody home. Get back on my bike. Hey, look a Lutheran Church. I can't find an entrance. Locked up. Strange for a church, huh? Get back on my bike. Hey, look a Baptist church. An older woman and young girl my age were working out back in the admin office. They offered me a drink. Thank you. "Where are you going?" "I don't know" "Ok, be blessed" Right.

Back on my bike. I wanted to make it to the top of the hill. But the hill was too steep. I had to walk my bike all the way up. Around back was the downhill run towards the Queen Elizabeth ocean liner and Long Beach. I never made it. It was too hot and I needed another drink. So I started to coast back down the north side towards Redondo again. By now, it was getting dark. I just kept pedaling around. I was looking for any place that might have a job. Anything I could do. Wash dishes. Anything. But didn't I need an address first? A place to live?

By 10pm, I was tired of pedaling with my life in a backpack all over south LA. I made my way back to the Hotel I visited earlier. The night desk clerk had come on, so there was someone new working the desk. I parked my bike around back hoping no one would see it to steal it. I need to buy a bike lock.

"How much for a room? Can I just buy a few hours?" I was dead tired and probably smelled like a Greyhound bus. The guy who was working the desk looked me over and paused, for an uncomfortably long time. "Well, I do have a small efficiency that I could put you in. If you promised to leave by 6AM before the cleaning crew gets in" UHHHHHHH! OK! YES! ILL TAKE IT!!

Of course I took his deal, wondering if he was going to sneak in at night and molest me. At this point I just added that to my list of things I needed to protect myself from. But a warm shower and bed sounded too wonderful to turn down. My sleep was peaceful and warm.

Waking at 6AM, I quickly dressed and went outside to find my bike waiting for me and the cleaning crew not waiting for me. Great. Another day in suburbia and I still have no idea where I am going. Start pedaling. Today, we look for work.

The second day in LA, I pedaled around the Redondo Beach area acting like I knew what I was doing and where I was going. But I had no clue what I was doing. The same routes I took yielded no punks and no churches. I was truly lost. I was afraid to walk into a place and ask for work, driving a bicycle around with a backpack on my back, sweaty and thirsty. My money supply would not last long at this rate. In probably a week or two and I would be begging for food.

By the end of the day, I went back to the same Hotel and walked into the front desk. My freebie guy was gone. Replaced by a cranky Mexican lady who gave me the stare and asked me “What you want?” “Um, is Richard here?” “No” “Will he be back?” “Next week. He on vacation” “Ok thanks”

I realized it was time to go home. I had failed at my sorry attempt to create a new life for myself using all the wonderful talents and abilities I had acquired in my short 20 years. Time to go. I needed money for bus fare or a cab back to the Greyhound bus stop in east LA.

I pedaled back to the Pawn shop that sold me this bike just one day before. I sold it back to the owner at a loss. “It’s a used bike”. “It was used when I bought it”. “I’m not a rental agency” Great.

So I pocketed the \$40 (I bought the bike for \$100) and started walking. So now where am I going to sleep? I was walking in circles. I found a park and sat down on the bench. It was dusk by then and I was tired and depressed.

15 **From Upper Middle Class to sleeping on a park Bench**

So here I was, sleeping on a park bench. I was so sad, I just started crying. Then the rain started.

16

Time to leave Paradise– The ride that never came.

When I awoke for the 47th time, I rubbed my eyes and took off walking towards East LA. I found someone who knew where the bus routes were posted. I walked to the intersection and put my backpack down and sat on it, waiting. It was 7AM. By 10AM, I realized something was wrong. Turns out, this particular bus route was cancelled months before.

I took off walking towards what I thought was East LA and the Greyhound bus station. I had a general idea where it was, but no idea how to get there. So I just started walking.

17

The Hamburger that led to everlasting life.

As I was walking to East LA from Redondo Beach, I passed through Torrance and Carson. I came upon an Asian girl on a ladder scraping paint off a window outside a street-side diner. I stopped and went back. She looked cute. Maybe I could stay with her?

I asked her if she knew the best way to East LA.

“Are you walking?”

“Yeah”

“Are you kidding?”

“No”

“It's like 20 miles down there”

“Thanks”

“Where are you going?”

“To Greyhound. I was trying to catch the local bus, but the route up the street was cancelled.”

She paused and stepped off her ladder. She looked me over.

“Would you like something to eat?”

“Sure”

“Come in and sit down”

“Thanks”

“This is my parent's restaurant”

“Ok”

She ordered a hamburger, fries and drink.

As I ate, she asked me again “Where are you going?”

“Home”

“Where is home?”

“South Carolina, but my parents probably don't want me back”

“Why?”

“I'm a bad person. I cause too much trouble.”

“Who says?”

“They do. And I do”

Ming looked me over one more time and said “I know of a place you can stay”

“Can I stay with you?”

“No. Another place”

“What kind of place”

“It's run by a church not far from here”

“I don't have any money”

“Then, how were you going to get home?”

“I don’t know. Hitch a ride or something”

“Well, you won’t need any there. Do you at least want to try it out? I think you should”

“OK”

Ming showed me to her car, we got in and she started driving. I had no idea where we were going. All the streets in suburban L.A. looked exactly the same to me. But it was better than a park bench. Or walking. At least I hoped. It depended on the church, I thought. The ones I saw lately really didn’t want me around. And maybe I could hook up with this girl later.

She pulled up to the church and said “Wait here”

“OK”

After about 10 minutes, she came back out and said “I have the directions”

“To your place?”

“No, someplace. You will do really good there.”

Swell

We found the house and she dropped me off.

“Can I get your number”

“Maybe. I’ll check up on you in a few weeks”

“A few weeks?”

“I think this is the right place for you”

Swell

She smiled and said “I have to get back to work now. See you later”

I never saw her again.

18

A Boy's Home for Drug Addicts and Runaways

There were a few guys at the house that day. Kevin was a 17 yr-old kid who first introduced himself to me. He said he was living on the streets since he was 14 and the church picked him up last year. Ever since then, he has been living for Jesus. His parents got divorced and they didn't want him around. So he left.

The church that sponsored the home had a pool cleaning business. They used a step-van to haul all their cleaning supplies around. They earned money that helped to pay for the director's salary and for the rent. The church also furnished the home with food from a certain grocery store chain that gave them all the food that had just passed the freshness dates and had to be discarded. Kevin explained: "Yeah man, gallons of milk, pizza, fresh veggies, yogurt, beef, you name it, we got it all here. You are going to eat good tonight."

Kevin continued "After our pool service appointments, we swing by the store to pick up our stash of goods and eat like Kings. Then we give the rest away"

"Away? To who?"

"To the bag people"

"The bag people?"

"Yeah, we bag up some of the food into plastic bags and hand them out to the people in east LA that live in the streets"

"East LA?"

"Yeah, you been there?"

"Well, actually yes, the bus stop was down there."

"Then you know how bad it is"

"Bad, maybe, I got out of there pretty quick"

"But that's where God does His miracles"

"East LA?"

"Yep"

"What are you talking about?"

"Have you seen the van we use?"

"The one outside?"

"Yeah. If we remove all the cleaning equipment, we can get about 100 of these bags in there"

"In the Van?"

"Yeah, well last year, the summer was really hot and we only had about 75 bags or so of food."

"OK"

"So Chuck and the rest of the guys, and me, I was there, we just started taking the bags off the back of the van. When we looked, about 1000 people had bags in their hands"

“What? Are you kidding me?”

Kevin said “No kidding. Cool huh? God does miracles. I was there man, I saw God multiply the food. Have you never read about that in the Bible?”

“ummm, No”

I was stunned. So God does miracles?

Why isn't this on the nightly news???

By this time, the rest of the guys who lived in the house returned and Chuck, the house manager came in the front door.

Kevin introduced me and I shook Chuck's hand. At this point I was ready to run again. He was looking me over and was probably wondering how to deal with another mouth to feed. I had no idea if this was some kind of cult or what. I kept one hand on my backpack and kicked myself for not getting that girl's number. I had no idea where her restaurant was or how to get back to the church. I needed an escape plan. But I would hardly do any better myself on the streets. So I listened.

Chuck got a drink from the kitchen and asked me to follow him back into his office.

“Kevin, shut the door, ok?”

Great.

“Where are you from?”

“South Carolina”

“Did the church send you over?”

“Yes”

“Did you get to meet anyone up there?”

“Not really. This girl Ming drove me up there and she got directions from the church office”

“Ahhh”

There was a long pause as Chuck, tired and weary from a hard day's work cleaning pools sat down on the couch opposite me.

19

A Personal Relationship with Jesus Christ.

“What’s your name?”

“George”

“What we have here George is a personal relationship with God through Jesus Christ.”

“What’s that? Never heard of it”

“George, God so loved the world that he didn’t like the situation he found us in down here. So He sent his son Jesus to pay the price for our killing, stealing, raping, and murdering and forgetting about Him. He died and went to Hell for me and for you, so that we could be redeemed and live forever with Him in heaven, a really, really cool place. You see God loves you. More than any person could ever love you. He wants you to know Him one-on-one and that’s only through his Son Jesus Christ”

I didn’t say a word. I didn’t know what to say. It all sounded foreign to me, yet amazing. Incredible. It was too easy. God loves me? Who says? I never heard that before. He died for me? Did I ever hear that before? Maybe. But this was different. Something was drawing me to find out more. God loves me.

“Why the hell would He love me? I’m not a good person.”

“God does, George”

“Um ok”

“It’s easier than you think to have a relationship with God. Way easy”

“OK”

“Would you like to pray a sinner’s prayer and ask Jesus into your heart?”

This is where I paused and looked around. I swallowed hard and planned what I thought would be my escape route if these guys all turned out to be a cult or gay or liberals. This is where my mind was. In the gutter. Just where I was about to be delivered from. Psalm 23. Walking through the valley of darkness, His rod and staff will comfort me.

Chuck continued “Jesus said ‘Come to Me, all who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, for my burden is light’ ”

“Would you like to ask Jesus into your heart right now? God will love on you and you will never be the same or alone again”

I could not hold back. I started crying like a baby. I put my head down and cried for a good 2 or 3 minutes. Chuck said “Come on man, lets pray. God is good”

“Just repeat after me”

“Father, forgive me for all the things in my life that were not of you.”

“Your Word says that you sent your only son Jesus to pay the price for my sins”

“Your Word says that we must be born again to enter the Kingdom of heaven”

“Your Word says that if we believe in our heart and confess with our mouth that Jesus is Lord, and God raised him from the dead, we shall be saved”

“So Father God, I ask that you forgive me and heal me.”

“I believe that Jesus died on the Cross and paid the price for me”

“I ask you Jesus to come into my heart and live with me”

“Forever”

Forever

“Amen”

Amen

All of a sudden I hear the guys upstairs shouting and yelling. I heard footsteps pounding down the stairs. They burst into the office room and about 10 guys are all over me, hugging me and saying “You did it, man” “Welcome to the family, man”, “You are now going to live forever, man” “Jesus loves you”

I never felt this way before. I had no words. Guys hugging guys and they are not gay...this must be from God.

After all the guys left the room, Chuck said “Well we have to get ready”

“For what?”

“Church”

“Oh, OK”

“And you are going!”

“I guess I am.”

That night I attended my first church service ever. For real this time. Boy was this one different. The Pastor had a pony tail and his message was about his young kids playing and falling down. He said “You just have to trust God that they will all be ok”

I was more than OK now. I had just received eternal Life (John 3:15)

20

A Bed fit for a King.

After Church, we returned to the house and had dinner. A dinner of Kings. Arrangements were being made for me for a place to sleep. Since the home was literally at capacity, Kevin showed me to his room.

He went to his bunk bed and cleaned all his things off the top and smoothed out the sheets and covers.

“This is where you sleep”

“Dude, this is your bed”

“Don’t worry about that”

“ No, I’m new here and I don’t even...”

“It’s ok”

“No, Kevin, this is your bed”

“It’s your tonight”

Kevin slept on the floor.

21

I need to go home – But first, take this Bible

The next day, an overwhelming feeling to get home to South Carolina and tell my parents what happened to me and where I was came over me. Funny how I didn't even think to call them this whole two weeks, but if I was to buy another bus ticket back across the country, I needed to leave now. I didn't know why. I just had to get home again. I had just enough money for a direct ride, with no stops this time, and maybe one meal a day to get home.

Chuck questioned me if I really wanted to do this. I said I did. I owed them an explanation for disappearing for a few weeks on this latest runaway excursion of mine.

Kevin was especially sad to see me go. But the guys arranged their pool schedule to be able to drive me down to East LA to the bus station. Before I left, I asked "Do you have a Bible or something I can read". Chuck took a look at his shelf and picked out a large thick hardcover "The Open Bible, King James Version". I would later find out that this bible costs about \$100 new.

Chuck also gave me something called a "tract". "These we give out all the time, we put them in the food bags too. Billy Graham's "The Gospel of John". Start by reading this booklet, then read the book of John. John, not first John"

"First John?"

Both he and Kevin smiled

"Yeah, just regular John"

"John is regular?"

"Here, let me show you"

Hugs were given all around and I packed my backpack into the trunk of Chuck's car.

"We should probably leave now. LA Traffic gets really bad"

"Whatever you say"

Chuck wasn't kidding. Traffic was bad. The distance between the inner lane and the barrier seemed to be less than 2 feet away on the 110. A close shave can become very exciting at 70 mph. "Yeah. This is no place to get a flat tire. There is really nowhere to pull over."

So we got a flat tire.

On the 110.

There was indeed, nowhere to pull over, and we hurried to change the tire in rush hour traffic.

I wondered how much money I had now costs these guys.

Dinner. Room, a high-end Bible, and now a flat tire.

On the 110.

22

Luke 15 – the beginning of Miracles

Chuck asked me again if I really wanted to leave and had enough money to make it home.

“Barely”

“Well, remember that God is with you everywhere you go. You need to find out more about him by reading that book you are carrying. It’s His love letter to you”

“I will. Thank you again for everything”

“I know He will guide you home. He got you here in the first place. Make sure you hook up with a good bible-believing church. A Spirit-filled Church”

“What’s that?”

“Just ask. Remember, Spirit-filled”

One ticket for Myrtle Beach, SC please.

As I stared out the bus window at a town I barely knew, and wasn’t able to figure out, I recalled “What was that book he said to read? First John? Regular John? Big John?”

As I opened my Bible the pages lay flat at Luke 15. I started reading and crying.

LUKE 15:11-32 KJV

¹¹ And he said, A certain man had two sons: ¹² And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falls to me. And he divided unto them his living.

¹³ And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

¹⁴ And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

¹⁵ And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

¹⁶ And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

¹⁷ And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

¹⁸ I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

- ¹⁹ *And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.*
- ²⁰ *And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.*
- ²¹ *And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.*
- ²² *But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:*
- ²³ *And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:*
- ²⁴ *For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.*
- ²⁵ *Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.*
- ²⁶ *And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.*
- ²⁷ *And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.*
- ²⁸ *And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him.*
- ²⁹ *And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends:*
- ³⁰ *But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.*
- ³¹ *And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.*
- ³² *It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.*

23

From “Let’s get wasted” to “Are you a Pastor?”

Somewhere across America, a Grandma got on the bus and sat across the aisle from me.

She saw me reading my Bible and asked “Are you a Pastor”

“Um, No Ma’am. I’m just reading.”

“It’s nice to see the young people of today reading the Bible”

“I’m just trying to find out more about this guy Jesus.”

The entrance of thy Word brings light. - Psalm 119:130

Whatever makes manifest IS light - Ephesians 5:13

I was saved one day and the Word was already causing a change in me and my environment.

Incredible.

24 **Old girlfriends don't care that you found the Lord.**

On the way back to Myrtle Beach, the bus stopped in Charleston, SC. I had an old girlfriend who I thought was still going to school there. Before I took my trip to LA, she and I had dated. But her destiny took her to college and she was able to survive and make it.

Somehow I had enough layover time in Charleston to find the school registrar and look her up. I had the office call her dorm room and she agreed to meet me out near the front of the school.

“George! Where were you. I called your house. I called your friends. Nobody knew where you went. We all thought you were dead. How are you?”

“I found Jesus”

“OK”

And she turned and walked away.

25

Abandoned cars run on no gas: Miracles continue

When the bus pulled into Myrtle Beach, it was night time. It was late. I was tired and I had no money. I walked out of the terminal and looked for my car. My Dad's Oldsmobile. A rust-colored Delta-88 It was still there. I could not believe it.

It was parked in a metered slot, close to the high-crime boardwalk.

It was there for at least 2 weeks.

It was almost empty on gas.

And it was unlocked.

I took out my keys and started the car.

I took off driving for home.

As I entered the driveway of my parents house, the car ran out of gas and coasted to a stop.

Literally.

My mom saw me and fell down on her knees saying "I just prayed for you to come home last night"

"Well, I guess it worked"

I said "I found Jesus. Or I guess He found me"

Dad said "great" and walked past me out of the kitchen.

Jesus and I had a lot of work yet to do.

26

I now have Living Faith

Against my protestations, my parents hooked me up with their Catholic Church's youth group. The first meeting was led by a guy and his girlfriend who said they lived together. "But it's OK because God looks at the heart" (The Joseph Prince world of permissive, sloppy grace)

God also calls that sin, and that guy needed to stop renting her body out. I could tell that "something was wrong" and felt convicted to leave. I did not return to that group. Ever.

I started to watch the local Myrtle Beach Christian TV station and found a church doing ads called Living Faith. It was started by a Rhema Bible college graduate, whatever that was. I called the church and asked about services. They also had home Bible studies. One of the homes was close to me.

Since returning home, I had no job and no money. So I rode my bicycle to the home bible study.

Then I started riding my bike to church as well. 10 miles each way. It took me about an hour to ride to church. But this time, I didn't need a bike lock.

When I arrived, I thought the place looked familiar. My car was parked right in front of this church, while I was off on my cross-country bus trip to salvation. Talk about divine appointments! I had never noticed that I had parked my car in front of my future church home.

Shortly after, a new pastor came in who was an American guy who got saved in Israel. He was an amateur archeologist and spoke Arabic. His wife was also American but grew up overseas and spoke Hebrew. Going to church was like going to Bible school. The benefit of having their intimate knowledge of the Holy Land made the Bible come alive. And then the stories of miracles continued. There was Kenneth Hagin and Reinhard Bonnke. A DVD called "Miracle in Malawi" showed upwards of 250,000 people in a huge outdoor meeting. The evangelist Bonnke was a German guy, speaking English in sub-saharan Africa. And getting results! Many got healed and even brought back from the dead. I never heard this message nor the demonstrations in any denominational church I had ever seen. Because they are what you call dead churches. Easy to spot: the Pastors of these churches will be quick to defend their lack of power. I was not going backwards to death and destruction. I'd had enough of that. No more powerless religion.

This is where I would call my church home for 3 years.

27

The Surprise of the Holy Spirit.

Living Faith Church had in-home cell groups that held Wednesday night Bible studies. Again, I rode my bike to the home study. At the very first meeting the husband and wife praying in English then in some other language I'd never heard before. I had heard many languages before listening to shortwave radio, but this one was different.

I asked "What in the world is that?"

"Tongues"

"What is tongues?"

"When you receive the Holy Spirit, God gives you a new language to worship Him with"

"Ok"

"Only your spirit and God knows what it means. It bypasses your head, your intellect, and it's the evidence of being filled with the Holy Spirit"

"Holy Spirit?"

"Yes, God exists as one God but seen as three personalities. Jesus the man, God the Father and the God the Holy Spirit. And Tongues is the evidence of being filled with the Holy Spirit"

"How do you do that, talk like that?"

"All you have to do is ask the Holy Spirit to come into your life, just like you asked Jesus to come into your life. You do the talking, but the Holy Spirit gives you the words."

"Ok, is this it, or are there like 27,000 more things about God I have to ask for?"

"No not really, but it is a experience subsequent from salvation that God wants you to have.

Jesus said 'I will give you another comforter who will abide with you forever. He will remind you of the scriptures, show you the future and testify of Jesus'"

"Show me the future?"

"Yes, the gifts of the spirit also include words of wisdom and prophecy"

"What are those?"

"Tell you what, let's just pray right now and you can ask the Holy Spirit into your heart and then we can go over the scriptures about all these other gifts later"

"OK"

So we prayed. I accepted the Holy Spirit.

Nothing happened.

Guess I wasn't good enough.

"See you guys next week"

I rode home happy, with a new-found love for the Lord. But I didn't feel any different.

That's because faith and feelings are polar opposites.

The tangible anointing of the Lord can be felt, but the all the promises of God are taken by faith.

A few days later I decided “hey, I haven’t prayed to God in a while” So, not knowing any better, I kneeled down in my bedroom at the foot of my bed, catholic-style, having no training in the things of God, and started to pray in English.

“Thank you God for my parents and brother, thank you for my shee-dow bro sha may to lee do”
OMG!!

What was that?!!!

WOW! This is real!

The Holy Spirit is real!!

I jumped up off the floor and called the home group leaders. They congratulated me on my new-found friend and ability to pray in tongues. My parents, not so much. Yet the Word never changes.

By faith. We do the talking, and the Holy Spirit gives the words.

Truly amazing!!!

This one gift of God, more than anything else, proves to the world that the Bible is true, and God is really who He says He is. An instant miracle I can turn on and at my whim. 1 Cor 14:22

I can speak in my heavenly language any time I want. Jude 20 says I am building myself up by praying in tongues. Paul thanked God that he prayed in tongues more than the entire church of Corinthia. That’s a lot of people, and a lot of tongues! I love praying in the face of religious spirits. They usually manifest as hatred for the supernatural. Especially hatred for tongues. But we know how to handle that spirit by loving and instructing these people into a full understand of the anointing that awaits them.

Tongues are the gateway to flowing in the rest of the gifts of the spirit.

To date, I have been able to flow in 6 of the 9 gifts as the Spirit wills.

Most Pentecostal, word-of-faith, full-gospel churches today are not bible-based. The pastors assume the mantle of the gifts and are jealous when their congregations move in signs and wonders. That makes it hard to find a real church today. But don’t give up. The gifts of the Spirit are not for the five-fold ministry only. In fact, Pastors that horde the gifts, control the gifts, dole out the gifts or shun the gifts are in serious danger with God. The Word says: and these signs follow them that believe. Mark 16:17

I’m a believer, therefore I can flow in signs and wonders on a daily basis.

28 Getting arrested the second time - Apologizing to the Cops.

When the Holy Spirit starts to work on your heart, it's as if your relationship with God is in turbo mode. You retain the Word better. Your heart melts in the hand of a loving God who reminds you of His love for you on a daily basis.

All the world's cults, religions, organizations, clubs and gangs offer only membership. Membership without relationship or holiness. Only God offers true love and that comes by Him living on the inside of you. Luke 17:21

Paul got the revelation that God was keeping a big secret from mankind all these thousands of years. He literally died to get something so amazing across to us that he called it a mystery. The admission ticket was the Cross. Jesus had to die for the sins of the world. The open door was the Cross. The Holy of Holies was never in Jerusalem. That was just the entertainment version. The real one was always with God in heaven. And now it lives IN me. Not in space.

The amazing mystery is that that place where God lives now is IN ME.

Colossians 1:26-27

"the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, is now made manifest to his saints: To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory"

Colossians 2:8-10

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power"

Colossians 3:1-3

"If you are then risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sits on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

There are several ways you know God is real and a true change has happened in your heart. Because the bible also says that demons believe in God, we must qualify "What does it mean to believe in God to the point of salvation" "You believe that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble" James 2:19

What separates us from demons and demonstrates a true born-again experience has occurred?

- A desire to worship God.
- A desire to praise, honor and obey the Word.
- A desire to bring restitution to those we have harmed. Zacchaeus told Jesus if he ripped anyone off, he made good four-times over. (Luke 19:18)
- We love the Lord with all our mind, heart, soul, and strength
- We desire to do His will (John 14:15)

When I was 19, I was arrested in North Myrtle Beach for a DUI. In South Carolina, you lose your driver's license forever, for the rest of your life, when you get a DUI. The only way to reclaim your license was to go through a state-sponsored class called ADSAP or Alcohol Drug and Substance Abuse Program. I took this class before I was saved and failed. My attitude was combative and I didn't pass. Not having a drivers license seriously restricts your ability to earn an income. But all these incidents pushed me forward to my fateful bus ride to Jesus.

When I returned from LA, I signed up for the ADSAP class again. At the end of the class, we all had to do a project, something to show what we had learned from our experience. The class was received by me with a broken and contrite heart. Some people did a poster, some people sang a song. All I did was what I had: I stood up and told the class that Jesus Christ had made a difference in my life. I didn't want to hurt myself or anyone else anymore. He changed my heart and I no longer wanted to drink or do anything that would lead to me hurt another by intention or accident.

Then I preached a salvation message and asked if anyone wanted to also experience the life that God gives, just ask Jesus into your heart. Some of the people in this class, and the instructor remembered me from my first appearance a year before. Because of my transformation, I got a standing ovation.

After this, I decided I needed to make good with the North Myrtle Beach police department.

I was never sent to prison for my DUI, but only locked up overnight to sober up. I went back to the police and found my arresting officers, who at the time, offered to drive me home when they caught me weaving my Delta88 all over the road. I said I was sorry for what I did and apologized for potentially putting the lives of others in harm's way.

They were shocked. No one had ever said they were sorry for breaking the law. No one had ever come into the station and admitted doing something wrong. At least not face to face.

Jesus changes you.

29

Throw away her number – Trust God with your future.

I was saved in March of 1986, in a boy's home for drug addicts and runaways. Just a few months later, my family took me and my brother to the Hilton Hotel for a Sunday lunch. I recognized a girl who was serving our table was the sister of an old girlfriend. I got up to go to the bathroom, disappeared around the corner and bumped into the girl. I asked her for her phone number and she gave it to me.

As I was going to the bathroom, in fact, in the very act, I heard a distinct, audible voice say "Throw away her number"

What? Huh? Is there someone in here with me?

Her boyfriend or boss followed me in here?

I looked around. No one was in the bathroom but me.

"But oh Lord, she is so cute"

"Throw away her number" came the voice to me again.

I was sure this was just my conscience putting a guilt trip on me

I was mumbling beneath my breath "I know I should Lord, but she is so cute"

"Trust me this time" came to me the third time. This time I had no doubt who it was.

The Holy Spirit was doing EXACTLY what He said he would do: "Guide me into all truth"
John 16:13

So, what did I do? I took her number on the piece of paper, threw it into the commode, and flushed.

Trusting God is exactly that: flushing out the carnal. Renouncing your addiction to the carnal and obeying of worldly lusts. Depending on God FOR EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING.

Most importantly, I didn't have to go through 2 years of Bible training to get this "wisdom". The Holy Spirit said he would be my helper, my comforter, my guide, my teacher and my provider. He said he would enable me to talk straight to Him. Taking is a two-ways street. I benefit too.

"Sufficient thereof is the trouble of the day. Give us this day our daily bread."
Problem, Solution.

God said He delights in the salvation of a sinner, and in the rearing of Sons.
The Manifested Sons of God all following after their new superhero, Jesus.
God manifested in the flesh, killed to take our sin, raised to set us free.

God sees no difference between Sin and Sickness. In fact, many of the people healed in Matthew, Mark and Luke were also forgiven.

Let us all give our lives and hearts to Jesus and experience His everlasting life.
A Life that, through trial and tribulation, never ends, always has hope, walks through dark valleys, overcomes adversity and lack, subdues our fleshly desires and finds supernatural gifts and fruit the new normal to walk in.



The Howard Johnsons Hotel was later bought and turned into a Timeshare resort called The Sands Ocean Club. I worked there for a year before moving to Virginia. I led a few people to Jesus there, working for the King of Kings.

Ask Jesus into your heart today.

P.S.

You don't have to go to L.A. to find God.

George Walkey
Richmond, Virginia USA