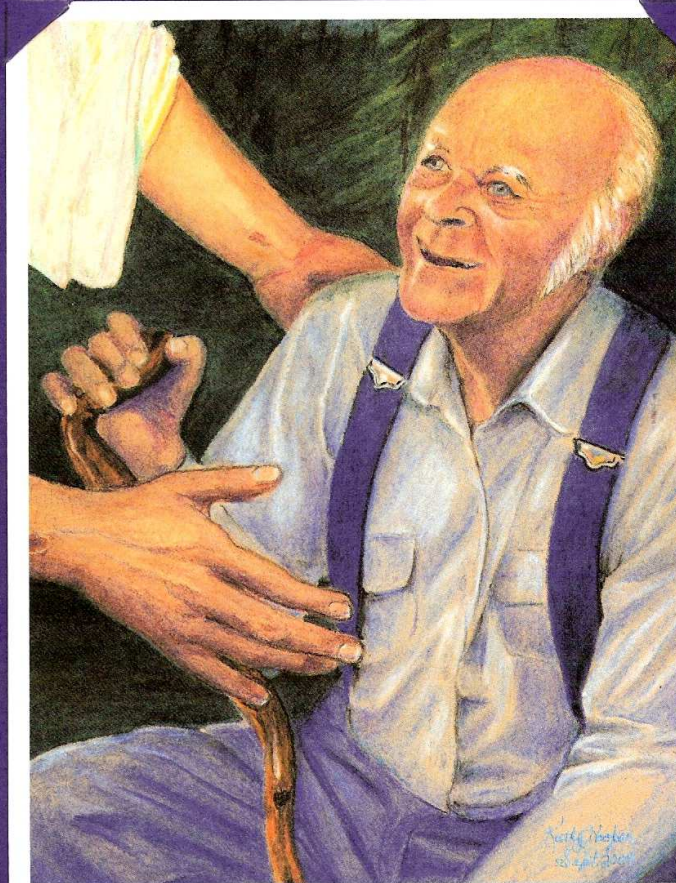


**THE PURPLE PAMPHLET
VS
THE PURPLE PILL**



“... every knee shall bow ...”



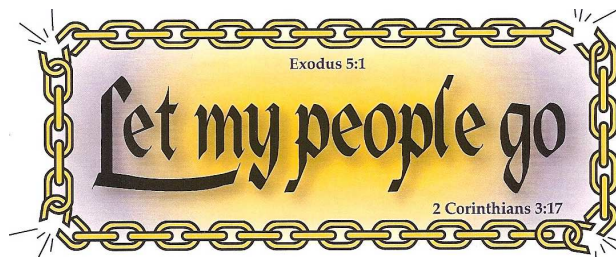
**EXPECT
TO BE
HEALED**

**Behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah
has prevailed !**

Revelation 5:5



**Authored by the Lord's Scribe & Storyteller
And his Handmaiden Rebekah**



My Confession

Sometimes in 1980 or 1981 a prophet knocked on our door. His name was General Jerry Curry. He was the Commanding General at Ft. Carson at the time. Without much ado he asked for a Bible, opened it to the Book of Daniel and began reading Chapter 4. Then he sat down and we continued to share our lives on a very human level.

As General Curry was reading chapter 4, I realized that, indeed, what happened to King Nebuchadnezzar applied also to my life. I saw my life through different lenses. I saw the lives of others through different lenses. No person, no organization, no country must think of themselves more highly than they ought to lest they run the danger of exalting themselves above the Living God. There is only one Super Power. His name is **JESUS**.

The below text is taken from "The Living Bible" translation.

Peter – The Lord's Scribe

Nebuchadnezzar's Dream about a Tree

1 King Nebuchadnezzar sent this message to the people of every race and nation and language throughout the world:

"Peace and prosperity to you!

2 "I want you all to know about the miraculous signs and wonders the Most High God has performed for me.

3 How great are his signs,
how powerful his wonders!
His kingdom will last forever,
his rule through all generations.

4 "I, Nebuchadnezzar, was living in my palace in comfort and prosperity. 5 But one night I had a dream that frightened me; I saw visions that terrified me as I lay in my bed. 6 So I issued an order calling in all the wise men of Babylon, so they could tell me what my dream meant. 7 When all the magicians, enchanters, astrologers, and fortune-tellers came in, I told them the dream, but they could not tell me what it meant. 8 At last Daniel came in before me, and I told him the dream. (He was named Belteshazzar after my god, and the spirit of the holy gods is in him.)

9 "I said to him, 'Belteshazzar, chief of the magicians, I know that the spirit of the holy gods is in you and that no mystery is too great for you to solve. Now tell me what my dream means.

10 "While I was lying in my bed, this is what I dreamed. I saw a large tree in the middle of the earth. 11 The tree grew very tall and strong, reaching high into the heavens for all the world to see. 12 It had fresh green leaves, and it was loaded with fruit for all to eat. Wild animals lived in its shade, and birds nested in its branches. All the world was fed from this tree. 13 "Then as I lay there dreaming, I saw a messenger, a holy one, coming down from heaven. 14 The messenger shouted,

(Cont'd on inside page of back cover)

Peter's Epistles

April 2007

Writing letters has been my way of giving back and giving joy to my parents and friends. My Mother saved all of my letters beginning with nearly 200 letters mailed home during the Korean War. She thought that someone might like to read them one day. Today I can and like to say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I send you greetings – my letters."

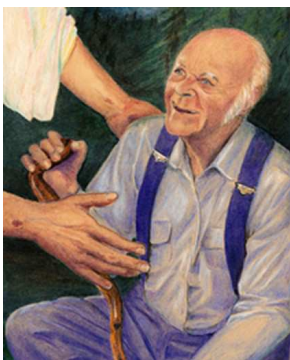
Writing a letter is my way of saying, "I love spending time with you. I love you. Please hear my heart. I would like to hear your heart. Let us cry and laugh and be silly together."

This particular very long letter to Virgil and Barbara was prompted by a dream of many years ago. Although the letter is addressed to Virgil and Barbara, special friends of many years, I pictured a larger audience in my heart and mind as I began to write.

In the dream, which is a part of my epistle, I appeared to be a doctor. There were many people in the dream who had been coping with their sicknesses by taking many kinds of pills. I prayed for them and many were healed. Then I tried to get their attention and explain how to stay healed; but very few were interested in hearing my words.

For many years I have been waiting to speak to the people in my dream without finding the opportunity to do so. And then one day I thought, "Why not write a letter?" I don't need a hall or stadium full of people to speak my heart. All I have to do is write one letter; and if God is in it, the letter will multiply. The letters of the Gospel writers found their way into our lives all the way from Jerusalem and 2000 years when Jesus walked amongst us. Jesus' words are alive today and so are the words of his apostles because they wrote letters that pleased God. The Lord said, "Hint, hint, Peter, are you getting the message?"

You may laugh or marvel when I tell you how it came to be that this letter found its way into your mailbox. Recently my e-mail letter writing program crashed. The most valuable part of the program was my address book. I had to go back to an address book that was at least a year old. I did not know which of the addresses were still current; so I did something I dislike very much, I made a mass mailing to establish which addresses were still good. As a part of my mass mailing I mentioned my letter to Virgil and Barbara



and asked if anyone might like to get a copy. I hinted why I had chosen to write an exceptionally long letter. I did not mention the dream, but I did mention my great desire to reach into the jungle of confused minds, emotions, and sleepless and tormented nights. And those few words triggered a very rich response.

If anyone would like to get better acquainted with the heart of this "letter writer," know that he welcomes personal letters and visitors. And if you would like to get acquainted with Rebekah, his handmaiden and the Lord's artist, go to www.stretcherbearers.com

Peter,
The Lord's Scribe

**EXTREME HEAD AND HEART MAKEOVER
NEW CHEWING & LAUGHING & LION'S TEETH – NEW HAT – NEW HEART
NEW LAMB – NEW TEDDY BEAR – NEW EVERYTHING**



THE ABOVE SANDBLASTED SIGN IS ON A SLAB OF ASPEN WOOD. THE WORDS AND GRAPHICS ARE FROM A TEEN CHALLENGE POSTER



Pagosa Springs, Colorado
March 27, 2007

Dear and faithful Friends—Virgil and Barbara & our “Forever Family,”

For several weeks and possibly maybe my whole life, I have been attempting to give birth to this story/letter. It’s the kind of story that puts many of the seemingly insignificant and confusing events of my journey into perspective. Lately I sat down with a yellow pad on my lap and wrote a page or two and then started over - I cannot remember how many times. I sat on the couch and wrote and sat in bed and wrote. While Rebekah was asleep I lay next to her and wrote on the tablet of my mind. It was like trying to unravel a ball of yarn, but unable to find the beginning or the end and work backwards.

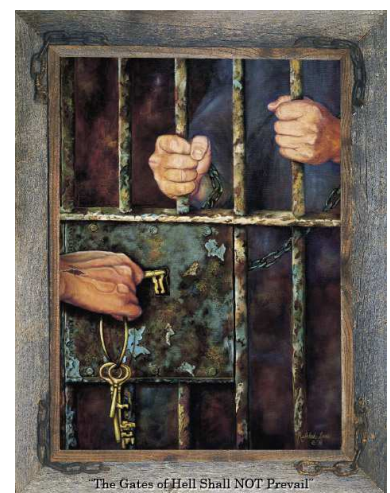
You have been spectators of Peter & Rebekah’s lives from the time we got married almost 34 years ago. Our lives are like an open book to you. You have even gotten acquainted with a few of our peculiar friends and relatives. And you still held up our arms like Aaron and Hur did for Moses when the outcome of the battle was in doubt. Our bond and appreciation for one another continues to grow as the years go by. Instead of seeing faces wrinkled by age, and many tears, we see Jesus shining through. You have added untold blessings and many prayers to our lives. You are a part of God’s quartermaster corps providing an umbrella of protection and provision so that we can go to war and win.

But why do I want to write one more story, one more letter? Well, I am compelled to do it. There are so many souls in prison who have no idea that they have been captured by the enemy of their soul. And that is the real dilemma. That is what breaks my heart. We met an airline pilot a number of years ago who said, “We are not lost as long as we don’t care where we are at.” That sounds cute but it’s not true. We are lost if we have never met Jesus and have never said, “YES, LORD.” We are lost if we don’t care where we are at.

My heart goes out to every person who does not care where he is at. I have that rescue and savior mentality. I think all of us are born with the need to help someone. Jesus said to the apostle Peter, “When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.” That’s all I want to do now – encouraging those who are fainthearted.

A couple of weeks ago a chaplain and his wife came to see us. Seven years ago he gave up a well paying job in the oil and gas business to become a prison chaplain. Souls were more important to him than his profession. He told us about the prison where he spends the bulk of his time. He goes from cell to cell. The prisoners are locked up 23/7 in solitary confinement. That means that during each 24 hour period they get to leave their cell for one hour to take a shower and exercise.

What a marvelous man of God this chaplain is. He told us how he approaches each prisoner and presents Jesus as the only way out of prison. One of the things he likes to tell them is that the first person Jesus invited to come home with him to His Father’s house was the thief on the cross. We never heard anyone present the Gospel



with such clarity, simplicity, and compassion. I told him that the world needs a hundred more chaplains like him. I believe he accepted the challenge and will now begin to train others to become chaplains.

Until recently he was part of a well-known prison ministry under whose umbrella he ministered. But in good consciences he felt the need to resign because he could not compromise his beliefs - praying for deliverance, praying for inmates to be baptized in the Holy Ghost and praying in tongues. He was rejected like many of us who have had an Upper Room experience like the 120 in chapter 2 of the Book of Acts. But praise God, he did not cow down to the traditions and errors of a man-made, lukewarm religious system.

We met this chaplain because a friend gave him one of Rebekah's prints of "The Gates of Hell Shall Not Prevail." He called and asked for permission to use the picture as a part of his ministry. We were so happy to wholeheartedly say "YES." And at this point I want to introduce something extra to my epistles. You will notice that I am including more pictures. I have learned how to ask for help anymore. You humor here and there. Fun who Jesus is in my heart.

Jack Gaudin, our ministers in the Canon City, that there are more prisons geographic location than in United States. We can testify some of them from a very close to our hearts spent them. In these prisons debris that our modern institutions are also filled haste makes waste society.

Gatesville, Texas has houses 11,000 inmates. You have to have a stony heart not to be burdened and challenged by miles of barbed wire fences and guard towers. We recently drove through Gatesville. We saw it for ourselves and will never be the same.

In conversation with Jack Gaudin we told him that the above picture of "The Gates of Hell Shall Not Prevail" painting had been enlarged to billboard size. You may recall that it was one of the three billboards that travelers would see when entering Pagosa Springs from each direction. Our friend Brian Burnett paid for the first one and different folks in the community paid for the rest. When the property on which "The Gates of Hell..." billboard was erected was sold, no provision was made to keep it there. The new owners are now using the structure for their bed and breakfast sign. New zoning ordinances have not allowed us to erect the sign in a new location. How sad!

The chaplain felt that Canon City might be the perfect place for such a billboard and will try to get the necessary support for such a project. Gatesville, Texas is potentially



to do that and don't have will also notice touches of and laughter are a part of

chaplain friend, lives and Colorado area. He told us stashed in that general any other area in the to that. We have seen distance. And someone several years in one of society is warehousing the culture produces. Mental with the by-product of our

prison facilities that

another site for the billboard. We burnt a CD for him with the graphics. Satan may be able to stall what God is doing, but he can't stop it - impossible.

It's kind of fun to let my thoughts meander and tell you about recent events but that is not the main purpose of my letter. **I am on a mission.** I want to craft an epistle with both pictures and words that will provide hope and weapons of warfare to those who have no hope, courage to those who have no courage, and purpose to those who have no purpose, dignity and life to those who are dead and empty on the inside. Friends, you have done a lot more than just helping us keep our heads above water; you have helped us walk on water. Today, your friends Peter and Rebekah are walking on water and your grandchild Marin has finished beauty school. Mother Theresa says, "**Do** little things with great love." I like those words. You have **done** those words ever since we met.

Here is something from my "cute" menu. A year ago I shared a chocolate chip cookie with our friend Leo. This happened at a local coffee shop. Leo raved about the cookie and the owner of the shop was eager to try one. Angie, the owner, loved the taste and invited our friend Dawn to do the baking of goodies for the coffee shop. Dawn was ecstatic. Baking is Dawn's sandbox. And her husband Bob loves to play in it with his wife. We all need to discover our own sandbox. Everyone has one but only a few have found out what it is and are playing in it. Making a living and playing in our sandbox are not necessarily incompatible.

A year later Bob and to open their own bakery/café That is another story and a loved going to WolfTracks was an open portal at a certain of the building would not be a sad day in hell for all who people and God's money.



Dawn Klein are making plans in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. part of the story is very sad. I Book and Coffee Shop. There table for me. The new owner renew the lease. It's going to play monopoly with God's

Bob and Dawn don't have the finances to open another coffee shop; but they have a lot of favor with God and man. And that is what counts. When we prayed for them, these words popped out, "It's not about finances; it's all about favor." They are not going to sell shares in their venture; they are going to sell chairs. And I have been designated to be the "Chair Man." The idea for selling "chairs" to raise the needed funds, not shares, came to me at my birthday banquet. I am 74 now and getting younger every day.

Rebekah and I have pledged our support because Jesus will be wholeheartedly welcome at "The Floured Apron." Everyone who wants to help Bob and Dawn get launched in their coffee shop venture will be able to do so by buying a chair. The price of each chair will be \$500. A larger amount will be gratefully accepted. The benefits of owning a "chair" in "The Floured Apron" bakery/cafe will be a 25 percent discount on all purchases. Out of town "chair holders" might be at a disadvantage, but their participation is welcomed and appreciated. Rewards and benefits may have to wait until all "chair holders" are assembled in heaven for a special banquet.

Now back to something a little more serious. For the first 37 years of my life I jumped through all the hoops that defined me as a nice and successful individual in the eyes of the world. But the veneer of civilization I was wearing was very thin and fragile. And then it happened. I did not see it coming; but a few people did – those who loved me and were praying for me saw that Humpty Dumpty was ready to crash and did. “*And all the king’s horses and all the king’s men could not put Humpty Dumpty together again;*” but Jesus could and did! **Thank you, Jesus.** I was unaware that these caring saints were sabotaging my life with quite unexpectedly, I had this “Damascus” experience that being. My world collapsed.



Some of what I am know from earlier benefit of others who might repeat myself. The vision that in the middle of the night on picture of a sea of boulders portion of what I saw. It is a

There is a stretch of road on highway 78 between Poway and Ramona, California that has a similar landscape of dramatic boulders strewn across some very steep hillsides. Virgil, when you flew for PSA and lived in Julian, you passed those boulders. And when you took Eric for dialysis at Scripps you probably saw them two and three times a week.

intense prayer. Then one day, terrifying “Road to shook me to the core of my going to tell next you already correspondence. But for the read this letter one day I will is chronicled below happened February 1st, 1970. The describes quite accurately a photograph by Ansel Adams.

Suddenly, time - past, present, and future - had lost its dimension. I was in a totally different world. I saw a kaleidoscope of my life: actions, motives, drives. Everything I had so carefully concealed from myself and others was revealed. The picture was not pretty. The duality of my nature, my motives, and everything I had ever suppressed came alive. I was forced to look at myself. What I saw gave me a terrible shock. I was hollow inside. I had spent almost thirty-seven years of my life trying to please people, born out of a desperate need for approval. Everything I had ever done was a front.

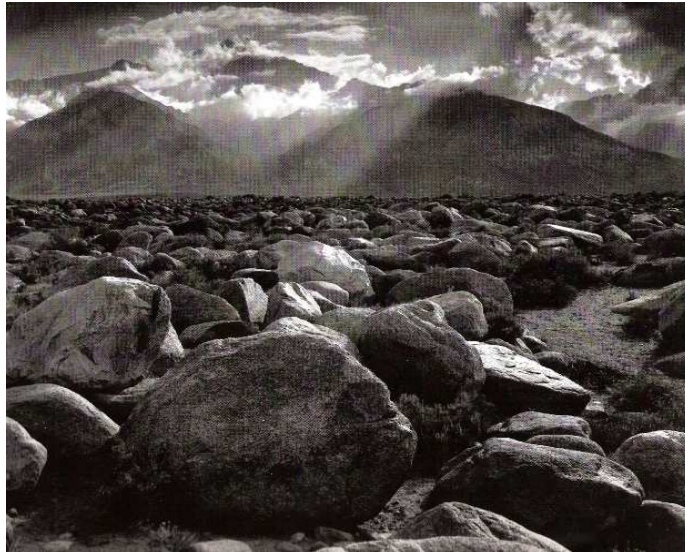
“Front, front, front; phony, phony, phony; you have lost your personality; you have wasted your life” was the reproach being hurled at my being. “You have never included ME! Your ‘I will, I will, I will’ doctrine, your self-sufficiency, your ‘I can do anything’ doctrine stinks with conceit!”

I tried to say the Lord’s Prayer, not out loud, but in my spirit. I tried many, many times to say the Prayer. I never succeeded in getting through to the end. “Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done” was as far as I could get. “Thy will be done, Thy will be done, Thy will be done!” Finally it dawned on me - not *my* will, but *Thy will* be done. I had been so convinced that I could give purpose, direction, and fulfillment to my life that I had no need to ask anyone for direction or help. I was to learn differently.

The next moment I saw that our whole backyard was flooded, and I perceived myself running down a steep incline to get to the faucet to turn off the water as quickly as possible. I stubbed severely on a boys had formed This scene had few months earlier. happening to me another dimension. or having a vision? saw myself running stubbing my toe.

Finally, I words, “God, what show me?”

“Slow down, reply.



my right toe mound of earth our for a bicycle ramp. actually happened a Now it was again, but in Was I hallucinating Again and again I down the incline,

asked in these are you trying to

Peter!” came the

The setting changed to a large field of boulders, of which there were many different sizes. The boulders were dying and crying out in agony for someone to save them, to rescue them. I did not understand what I saw. In my spirit I asked, “God, what does this mean?”

It was thus explained to me, “The boulders represent the people who are losing their souls. They are dying slowly; their hearts are turning to stone. They are crying out for help, but no one can hear them, because pride prevents them from using their lips and tongues to ask for help.”

“God,” I asked, “what do you want me to do?”

“Learn the language of those who are dying,” I understood Him to say. To this day I remember that scene - the agonizing silent scream of the imprisoned souls within those boulders and God’s instructions to me. For many years I wept and wept whenever I remembered that particular scene or told someone about it.

The scene changed again. The very foundations of our world were being dislodged. Every planet in our solar system left its normal orbit. Their new direction made the collision with our planet inevitable. Maybe five or six more seconds and our world would be destroyed. It was awesome, frightening, inevitable; this would be the end that had been predicted. How could I experience this and live?

A voice spoke, “Is there anyone who is willing to stand in the gap? Is there anyone who will give up his life to stay the hand of judgment?”

It seemed as if all of heaven were assembled, straining, waiting, agonizing, until I made a decision. It had to be *my* decision. I was taxed to the very limit of my strength. “Lord, use me,” I finally said. Then it seemed as if all of heaven relaxed and slowly the planets returned to their established orbits. Our world was safe again.

The scene shifted. I was standing at the edge of an abyss, gripping a rope, which was long and went deep down into some cavern. Two persons, a man and a woman, were hanging onto the rope. I liked the woman. For a long time I strained to remember who she was, but I was never able to identify her. The man was a very close friend. When I recognized who he really was, I received a terrible shock. His true identity was Judas Iscariot. What was I to do?

A voice asked, “Are you willing to pull on the rope and strain to bring the two to the top?”

A terrifying struggle tore me to pieces on the inside. How could I let go without destroying the woman? How could I ever live with myself knowing that the woman was forever condemned to live in hell? The two hanging onto the rope were not pleading with me; they were just hanging on. The dialogue was only within my soul. I had to decide. Guilt would be mine forever if I made the wrong choice. .

One day I will share with you, dear reader, what happened and how I have interpreted the vision. The interpretation came over many years and many struggles. I believe it is filled with healing and answers for those who have also had unusual visions and dreams. But for those who have that strong need to learn of the interpretation now, we invite you to be a guest in our home. We have a special place set aside for you called “The Upper Room.”

The world did not explode that night of February 1, 1970, but my world did. Everything that I had seen as valuable crumbled. For a while I felt like a ghost town. Strange thoughts and feelings tried to take up residence in my shattered life. Everyone around me tried, but neither family nor friend, priest, counselor nor psychiatrist could reassemble the success-oriented hard driven personality of Peter D. Laue. I admit, what was left of my life was not pretty, but at least it was real. Without the veneer of my accomplishments and titles, I felt naked and vulnerable. But my need to become real was now more urgent than my need to be applauded. I learned that heaven was not a place for people with titles, but for the lost and found. I learned that our own accomplishments and goodness more often open the gates of hell for us than the gates of heaven.

I learned that heaven was for *real* people who had decided to follow in the steps of Jesus regardless of the cost. Those who would be willing to ask before taking a single step, “What would Jesus do?” That night I took the first step and said to my soul, “I will return to my Father’s house.” It was not an easy journey. The world in me and the world around me did not want to let me go.

After traveling along this new road for many miles, these chastening, yet encouraging words were spoken to me through one of God’s prophets:

“This is for my son Peter, who must know My Love for him.”

There was a time when I called out to you in my Love: “My son, My son where art thou? Come hither unto Me, for thou art mine alone.” But you were lost in a desolate world and could not hear My voice. I created thee to know Me, love Me and acquire mine attributes, to be holy and sanctified, so that thou would be a worthy bride unto My Spirit.

But lo, thou turned away, leaving My heart empty and grieved. I willed to call thee unto Myself in intimacy. So, I took all that was not of Me away, never to be part of thy life again. I made thee to hunger and thirst after Me alone and if thou didst't search the entire universe over, thou would not be satisfied, except in relationship to Me. Thou art My precious treasure. In thee I live and move and have My being. It is thou I cherish, for thou now has a heart after mine own.

When thy life contained only absolute nothingness, then your wandering in the Valley of Search was over and your journey unto Me began. For all begin in the creation of the longing of My Love and all will return unto Me. I began anew in thee, reconstructing and molding thee from dust to clay to Spirit. For I AM God and thou art My creation. As soon as thou turned thy uplifted face to behold Mine, in full submission to My will, prostrate before Me, I could begin to reveal myself to thee.

O, what joy abounded in the heavens as holy angels rejoiced at our reunion! Heaven and earth stood still as I embraced My beloved once again; and thou became mine forever.

Continue ye in thy love for Me and pray without ceasing unto Me. I wilt not disappoint thy heart ever again, nor wilt thou ever be far away from Me. For we are as one mind, one heart and one spirit. I AM well pleased to call you son and thou shalt have an anointed place at My right hand. Thou shalt call Me thy Father God and I shalt call thee My best beloved son; and I shall name thy name in the Book of Life. We will always know of our love for one another, one Spirit, singing praise in perfect harmony, rejoicing in our love forevermore.

By Mary Hartle

I believe with all my heart that God wants to speak these same words He has spoken to me to many, many of His children who have turned their faces and hearts towards "Home." If these words speak to your heart as you read them, please receive them as a gift from your heavenly Father and be encouraged.

Virgil and Barbara, you might remember the rest of the story, the following day I woke up at 11 PM in the Edgemont Hospital on a locked ward. I don't remember how I got there. The last thing I recall is drinking a glass of wine about 5 PM and then I began to hyperventilate. Everything beyond that has been erased from my memory. I was taken to the hospital by our friend Joe Ramos who was also our gardener at the time. While in the hospital I became acquainted with the torment and terror suffered by the mentally ill. And that is where I pledged my life to do whatever possible to help them. **I found my purpose.**

My diagnosis was not a pretty one and the prognosis was not promising. Therapy was limited to antipsychotic medication, tranquilizers, and weekly sessions with a therapist. My ego took a big hit. I lost my job and began receiving disability checks. A little later I lost my family. I said to myself, "If the world says that I am crazy, I'll take their crazy money." Years later I adopted this prayer:

LORD, let my life be Your glorious contradiction to the world's definition of normal.

At first I cooperated with the doctors and took the medication that was prescribed; but after a few months and a variety of different medications that drove me up the wall, I refused to take any more prescription drugs. My refusal to take any further medication infuriated the doctor and others. After being baptized in the Holy Spirit and praying in tongues I also lost the support of our pastor. The psychiatrist noted in my diagnosis that I was speaking “gibberish.” I made every effort to keep my new prayer language under raps because the climate in our home was unfavorable towards it. But one day in the middle of the night, my prayer language exploded. And that incident signaled the end my marriage of 14 years. The Master Potter broke the clay pot called Peter D. Laue and started making a new one.

A “poor me” attitude is uncalled for. This was God’s grace from the vantage point of “37 years later” and the age of 74. I am not angry at the wife of my youth. In retrospect I know that she was more terrified at my behavior than angry. I also know that God supervised my deliverance. I was living in a modern-day Egypt but did not know it. Today, with the help of Jesus on my side and inside, I am storming the gates of hell. The wimp has become a warrior. The self-focused “me first” person is now more concerned about others. One day some of the text books that are intended to help the mentally ill may have to be re-written. My favorite author whose words helped to heal me and validate the “new me” is Paul Tournier, a Swiss doctor, now deceased. I have most of his books.

The first step towards healing came shortly after I refused to take any more prescription drugs and substituted a totally different strategy to heal my delusional thoughts, restlessness, anger, fears, confusion, etc and etc. I determined that the torment that engulfed me at random and unpredictable times could not possibly be attributed to God, Jesus or the Holy Spirit. I determined and decided that the torment and terror was not caused by a “chemical imbalance” in my brain, but came from the pit of hell. I decided to fight for my life and sanity with every ounce of my being. I asked Jesus to show me the necessary weapons of spiritual warfare and teach me how to use them. And He did!

When our backyard pool was still available I combined vigorous exercise with prayer. The moment I sensed a tormenting spirit attempting to overwhelm me like a tidal wave, I would get into my swimming trunks, jump into the pool and race back and force until I was totally exhausted. While swimming, I would proclaim the name of Jesus out loud. I had been told and I believed it, that the name of Jesus is more powerful than a thousand atomic bombs. The name of Jesus became my battle axe and weapon of warfare. Later, as I became better acquainted with the Word of God, I would speak a variety of Scripture verses. Favorite verses were and still are: “The Battle is the Lord’s. Jesus is Lord. Jesus is God. The Lord rebuke you, Satan. Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.” In addition to speaking these verses, I frequently prayed in my prayer language. I would be able to short-circuit every tormenting and confusing thought and emotion whenever I used this language.

It was a lengthy and arduous battle that lasted twenty years. Frequently I was jerked awake in the middle of the night and ravaged by a variety of thoughts and emotions that were ungodly such as fear, anger, lust, delusions of grandeur, and so on. At first this happened two or three times a week but gradually it became less frequent. Staying in bed was never an option. I would immediately get out of bed, get dressed and find a secluded meadow where I would march like a soldier and pray. After one or two hours the attack subsided and I would go home and back to bed. I felt like a whipped puppy the next day, but my mind and emotions were calm and clear.



I frequently posed this question to God as I walked and prayed, “How come this torment goes on and on? How come it can’t be cured with a pill or special diet or a miracle supplement? How come that someone can’t pray a prayer of healing and deliverance over me and I could wake up well?” And He replied, *“These battles build character, insight, compassion, perseverance and many other qualities that a courageous soldier and a compassionate physician needs. Peter, you would not have a story to tell if you did not have to battle for your sanity. Because you have been in this lengthy conflict with hell, your uncrucified ego, and the lust of your own flesh, I can trust you with keys and weapons of warfare that you can use and also pass on to others.”*

And that is why I am writing these words. I have chronicled my battle in bits and pieces before through personal letters, stories, and conversations; however in this letter I will try to include all the keys that have helped me to unlock the door to my own personal hell. Some of the keys are intentionally buried and hidden within the text. In the process of learning what works, I also learned which keys do not belong on my keychain. Identifying them takes time; discarding them takes courage. Blaming and bashing are two of them. Accusing God or our brothers and sisters short-circuits any possible healing!

One of the very necessary keys to healing is the courage and willingness to try again. Another important key is the humility to say, “I am sorry. I was wrong.” It is my fervent hope and prayer that my life, joy, and victory will inspire fresh hope and courage in those who have lost all hope. Being willing to get past the betrayal and disappointments most of us have experienced is a must. We cannot forget until we forgive. Each person has to search out their own answers; however, winning battles requires that we see ourselves as soldiers in God’s army. Those who are unwilling to fight will **never** walk in victory. Pills and excuses are crutches, not solutions. Suicide or murder never leads to victory.

If the Holy Spirit quickens these words to your heart, put them on your keychain; put them in your arsenal of spiritual weapons, and make use of them. Talking about going to war is not the same as going to war! And yet, after warring with all the strength and stamina that is within us, it’s OK to collapse into the arms of our Abba-Father!

And now I will continue with the dream that provoked me to write this epistle.

I Had A Dream

I, Peter D. Laue, had a dream early in the morning of August 14th, 1999. In this dream I saw hundreds of people milling around in a large hall. Many of the people were not well. Some were disfigured physically, others were disfigured emotionally or mentally. I asked some of them, "Who do you think I am?" Those who answered said, "You are a doctor."

I mingled with the crowd and began praying for some. I remember one young man in particular. His face had two normal eyes, but the rest of his face was only skin. I prayed for him and then continued to walk amongst the people. Later I again ran into the man for whom I had prayed earlier. His face was healed in every way and he was very grateful.

I tried to get the crowd's attention. I wanted to teach them about holding onto their healing once God had touched them. I tried to teach them how to stand firm and not allow the devil or the lust of their own flesh to rob them of the gift of their healing. I tried to teach them how to weather-strip the windows of their soul. But there were only a few in the crowd that listened to my words. The others were aimlessly walking about chatting with one another.

Then something happened that truly amazed me. More and more people came to the front of the hall where I happened to be standing. They asked for prayer. Some were slain in the Spirit as I merely looked at them. Others brought their medication and spilled it on the floor in front of me. The pills were scattered all over and began to accumulate all around me. There were thousands of pills, several inches deep. There seemed to be all kinds of pills for all kinds of problems.

I asked several doctors who happened to be nearby what would happen if I scooped up a bunch of these pills and swallowed them all at once. They replied, "They would kill you." I tried to show the crowd that I was immune to the toxic effect of many different pills being swallowed at one time; but I had a hard time swallowing any of them. I was not sure what this meant.

At the end of what now seemed to be some kind of a miracle healing service, I was totally exhausted. I was asked to come back the next day for another service but declined to commit myself. But I did say this, "I will come back, but not tomorrow. Assemble yourselves daily and pray for me to return. But when I do come back it will be a surprise." When I awoke, I was like an empty jug, totally poured out.

How am I to interpret this dream? How might you interpret this dream? The desire to see people healed has consumed my life ever since I had what might be called my "Road to Damascus" experience. I have had a compelling desire since then to see people set free from the use of drugs that treat both mental and emotional disorders. And that includes the use and abuse of all drugs, whether they be legal or illegal, over-the-counter or prescription drugs. My own mother became dependent on drugs; but one day, at the age of 83, she was able by the grace of God to flush all of them down the toilet. After that, a number of times she and I went to her local pharmacy and stretched out our hands toward the many shelves filled with over-the-counter drugs and asked Jesus to heal and deliver



those who were going to purchase them.

I believe in dreams. I believe in visions. I believe in miracles. I believe in Jesus, “The Great Physician.” **I am speaking only to those who, like the woman with the issue of blood, have spent all their resources on cures that brought no relief, to those who are desperate.** (Luke 8:43–48). You have nothing more to lose and everything to gain if you trust Jesus to heal you and set you free from your pain and misery. Reach for the hem of His garment today.

To build your faith, I shall remind you of two stories. It would be good if you would read them in their entirety. The first one is from the Old Testament. The second one is from the New Testament.

Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was instructed by the prophet Elisha to bathe seven times in the Jordan River, and he would be healed of leprosy. Reluctantly, he obeyed. “So Naaman went down to the Jordan River and dipped himself seven times, as the prophet had told him to. And his flesh became as healthy as a little child’s, and he was healed! “(2 Kings 5:14). Complying with the prophet’s instructions was the key to Naaman’s healing.

When a physician writes a prescription, we dare not violate its instructions. Likewise, the Word of God and the word of His prophets, living or dead, is our prescription for healing. We dare not disobey His Word and His prophets, lest we arouse God’s anger and forfeit our healing. Here is the story from the New Testament:

As Jesus was walking from birth. “Master,” his disciples asked blind? Was it a result of his parents?”

“Neither,” Jesus demonstrate the power of carry out the tasks assigned us there is little time left before comes to an end. But while I give it my light.”

Then he spat on the the spittle and smoothed the eyes, and told him, “Go and wash in the Pool of Siloam” (the word “Siloam means “Sent”). So the man went where he was sent and washed and came back seeing! (Jn 9:1-7)

Now let us continue with the dream and discover its significance. Whether or not we choose to follow the instructions “The Great Physician” places before us is left up to each individual. Is our first response to pain a pill or a prayer? I say this to you who have medicine cabinets full of pills that cost a lot but have not healed you. I say this to you who have shoeboxes full of drugs for which you have robbed, conned someone, or committed murder. I say this to you whose refrigerators and waistlines are bulging with beer. I say this to you whose teeth are stained with nicotine, ***“If you are sick and tired of being sick and tired, if you are desperate, your miracle is at hand. Bring your ills and pills to the***



along, he saw a man blind

him, “why was this man born own sins or those of his

answered, “But to God. All of us must quickly by the one who sent me, for the night falls and all work am still here in the world, I

ground and made mud from mud over the blind man’s

feet of Jesus and leave them there. He will scoop them up. Be violently determined to trust and obey Jesus. And when you are healed, He will be able to use you to compassionately touch others!”

I have provided a picture of Jesus’ outstretched hands here so anyone can place his or her pills and ills into His (not Peter’s) hands. Violently trash your treasures, flush your pleasures, and break your crutches. Our “crutches,” our expensive dead-end habits, may not remain hidden in our homes. They must be destroyed. Whatever is still in our homes still lives in our hearts. It is to be a tangible, physical transaction. It is to be marked on your calendar. It is to be witnessed by a friend. It is to be sealed with a prayer of repentance and thanksgiving for your healing and freedom. Write your name and the date into the palm of Jesus’ hands provided and place the picture where you will be reminded daily of your transaction. Do it now while your heart is full of faith and courage. My heart aches for you. Know that these words are saturated with passion and compassion.

God is waiting to transform us and our false illusion of wellness, our thoughts of suicide, rage, and despair. He wants to transform the heart of every wimp and slave into the heart of a warrior. He alone can make **ALL** things new.

The movie “Patch Adams,” starring Robin Williams, is a mirror of my life. Let it also become a mirror of your life. If you have already seen it, go see it again. Maybe God is waiting to speak to you as He has spoken to me. He is not limited to using dreams, visions, or the Bible to speak to us. He can use a donkey or an ordinary secular Hollywood movie like “Patch Adams,” “Ben Hur,” or “The Ten Commandments” to get our attention.

I have seen a number of movies that have been like a mirror of God’s roadmap for my life. He is always speaking, but we, His children, don’t always hear His voice. And we don’t always obey. These words have kept me close by His side for the past thirty-three years: “Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.” (1 Samuel 15:22). His grace has been sufficient to see me through the trials that have forged these words. I shall not let Satan imprison me or write my obituary! I now diligently, even violently guard my health and share my new-found freedom with those who will receive my words. Copy and share them liberally, but with discretion.

I have adopted this prayer and offer it to you:

“Lord Jesus, I want to be so alive and so well, that I am contagious in a God-way.”

If the above has piqued your curiosity, if you are hungry for more, if you are ready to be challenged to the “max”, read about the life of John G. Lake (1870-1935). I have copied 15 of his sermons. They are full of heart-stopping surprises. I have stored them in my computer and would be happy to e-mail LukeFour18@juno.com them to anyone who asks for them. They can also be purchased from a bookstore or via the internet. The title is: “The John G. Lake Sermons on Dominion over Demons, Disease and Death.” As you read the sermons, the Holy Spirit may place the mantle of another John G. Lake upon you.

It’s no longer a dream. I’m back; but it’s no longer me, but Christ in me. My jug is full, full with the fire and favor of the Most High God. Thanks for letting me visit you!

Peter D. Laue – another Patch Adams

**As long as the supply lasts, we can send you a print of the hands of Jesus by artist Joann Reed*

TORN FOR THE HEALING

“Come, and let us return unto the LORD; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.”

Hosea 6:1

Every human heart is flawed. No one can or should point a finger. We are all guilty. One of my biggest problems was that I believed I had no need for Jesus or anyone else to save me. The thought of “being lost” was the furthest from my mind. Good people went to heaven and bad people went to hell or jail. And I was one of the “good people.” That was my theology until the age of 37. But I was to learn that my character was flawed like everyone else’s. Everything that I did not like about myself I unknowingly projected onto others. It was years before I recognized this devilish tendency and confessed it. Now I am on guard and try not to do that. The Lord keeps reminding me, “Peter, if you get the log out of your own eyes, you will have enough firewood to last you all winter long”

Many years went by before I was shown and understood that the devil is the accuser of the brethren; and whenever I accused someone, I allowed the devil to speak and or act through me. Satan was able to speak through the apostle Peter when Peter tried to stop Jesus from going to Jerusalem. Jesus confronted Satan, not Peter, by saying, “Get thee behind me, Satan.”

After 14 years of what appeared to be a flawless marriage, my first marriage ended in divorce. Not only was my marriage shattered when I invited Jesus to live in my heart, but so was my ego. The moment I opened my heart to Jesus and invited Him to be my Lord and Savior, my wife and I became strangers. That was a very sad and difficult moment in my life and the lives of our two boys. There are many who have sacrificed family and friends when they surrendered their lives to Jesus lock, stock and barrel. Jesus said that this may happen. Many have paid and are paying with their lives.

For me, divorce meant the ultimate failure in life. It was something I could not fix or could not comprehend. However, there was also a measure of relief when it happened. Healing came very slowly. It started when I met Rebekah. When I told her that I was divorced, had no job, had been in a mental institution and was Jewish, she replied, “So!” The external trappings of who I was and where I had been meant nothing to her. I did not have to present a list of credentials and degrees. She saw me perfected in Christ and explained it this way,

“One evening during a telephone conversation with Peter, the Lord gave me a picture of Peter in my spirit. I saw him standing on the side of a mountain, dressed in a white robe. Part of the robe was draped over one arm, and he was looking out over a great distance. His expression was all-knowing and all-wise; the wisdom of the ages was written on his countenance. I knew that I was seeing him completed and perfected, as God must see him through the righteousness of Christ. This has been a wonderful blessing in our lives, for I did not see him as ill or incapable in any way, but wonderfully raised up in Christ. This then set him free to go on in the Lord, to grow in Him, and to heal in God’s perfect timing and way.”



Those we see as whole and healed are in a climate where healing is possible. Those we see as sick and deformed are in a climate where healing is very difficult for them. Whenever we see someone whole and free, we see them through the eyes of Jesus. That is a very special grace for both the patient and caregiver. Yes, I was very confused and tormented, but Rebekah did not see me that way; and if she did, she never mentioned it. Jesus never exposed a cripple unless He intended to heal him. And we are to follow His example all the time.

Seeing myself as God's helper instead of a hero has been a very slow process. Jesus used my quiet, unassuming handmaiden Rebekah to help me. As I look back over the years when I thought of myself more highly than I ought to, I see God's grace being profusely poured out. I am ever so grateful. I remember the first time the Holy Spirit spoke through Rebekah. I had pointed out to her one of my favorite paintings that I had purchased at a Good Will store for one dollar. It was a painting of St. George on a white horse. He was poised and ready to throw his spear into the mouth



of Satan depicted as a dragon. I said to Rebekah, "I see myself as St. George." She replied, "Peter, you are not St. George, you are the horse. Jesus is St. George." Because of the gentle and non-judgmental way God spoke to me through Rebekah, I was able to receive the correction without feeling rejected or being wounded.



For many years we had a painting of a Bangladesh farmer who was carefully watering rows of little plants using a clay pot. When Rebekah saw how much I loved the picture, she bought it for me at an art exhibit. The picture hung in our bedroom for maybe 18 years. We both could see and enjoy it as we sat up in bed most mornings and drank a cup of coffee, held hands and

shared our dreams. I am sure I bored Rebekah to tears as I commented about the painting. I kept telling her over and over again that I saw myself as the farmer in the painting. One morning she blurted out, "Peter, you are not the farmer in the painting, you are the clay pot. Jesus is the farmer and the water in the clay pot is the Holy Spirit." I finally got the message. Shortly thereafter the painting was rotated to another wall in the living room and a new painting is now occupying the spot in the bedroom. The walls in our homes are like 24-hour a day pulpits that can influence us and our guests in a good way, a bad way, or no way at all. Some pictures are so bland, they are like lukewarm water or a meal without any seasoning.



God continued to speak to me through pictures and tangible symbols. I recall the time I stood in front of a painting at an art exhibit. It was a painting of a herd of wild horses. As I stood in front of the picture, the Holy Spirit descended upon me. I experience His presence

in a tangible way as a pleasant charge of electricity flooding all or a part of my body. Whenever this happens, I ask, “Lord, what are you trying to show me?” The answer is seldom immediate. When the answer came several months later in a dream, He, the Holy Spirit, showed me a herd of unruly horses and said, “These horses are your unbridled emotions. I cannot use you until the emotions are bridled.” Over a period of several years I was shown that these emotions were being bridled one emotion at a time. Anger, fear, lust, and pride are some of the unbridled emotions creating havoc in the jungle of our minds and emotions.

Another picture that has held my attention was a pencil drawing of a huge ocean liner surrounded by numerous tugboats. To this day I regret not having purchased it when I first saw it some 35 years ago. When I told our friend Carlos about the painting, he used



his detective skills and found a painting on the internet that parallels the pencil drawing. The question that I ask myself today is, “Am I satisfied playing the role of one of the tugboats or am I still striving to be that ocean liner? Am I happy to occupy a corner in the market place or do I have to have a corner on the market?” Being another “Titanic” is dangerous and has taken many unsuspecting, innocent passengers to an early grave. Many a high-profile leader has been like another Titanic. When their real character was exposed,

many of their followers felt and were betrayed. Many of them turned their back on God, unable to forgive and forget. Do I want others to remember me as another Titanic or remember Jesus after they have met me?

The picture of the ocean liner is the Queen Mary before it was permanently docked in Long Beach, California. There are some who read these words that may even have booked a passage on the Queen Mary or may have visited the ocean liner in Long Beach, California. I will need to study the picture a bit longer. I sense that it wants to say more to me.

YES, LORD

The pictured sign changed my life forever. In 1975 we learned the craft of making sandblasted signs from Tomb stones and engraved for at least 75 process called blasted under high per square inch unto a off so that the desired stand out in relief or are etched into the surface. It is a very practical and easy craft to

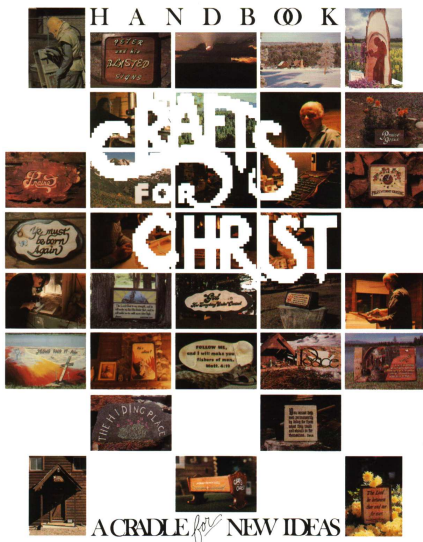


our friend John Allen. monuments have been years or more using a sandblasting. Sand is pressure of 100 pounds surface that is masked picture or words either

learn. But more recently, commercial store front and directional signs have also been made using the same process but using wood and other media in lieu of granite.

We played around with the craft at first and made a few simple signs on 2” by 4” construction redwood and pine. One day, a year later, we decided to attend a craft show where we could display our signs and offer them for sale. One of the “lookers,” a Susan Klassen, saw a sign similar to the above one and purchased it for five dollars. She also ordered a second one for a friend. The sale of those two signs launched us into the sandblasted sign ministry. The ten dollars was the first money I had earned in six years.

“Crafts for Christ” – a cradle for new ideas, was born. The above sign is roughly 10” by 4” and is made on a piece of black granite. As you can see it is a piece of scrap that we were able to salvage. Rebekah came up with these words, “The cripples marry the rejects and together they inherit the world.” That’s us. I like to work with material and folks that the world has scrapped or rejected.



The unique lettering of the words “YES, LORD” came from the cover of a book by Harald Bredesen who eventually became our pastor and neighbor. His book legitimized my gift of speaking in tongues and thereby set me free. I no longer needed to hide the gift. Harald Bredesen also encouraged us to display our sign work at his church and offer those who were interested an opportunity to learn the craft. Sixty eager students signed up to take the first class. Shortly thereafter we began to travel and teach the craft in maybe a dozen states. We also published three handbooks explaining the process and where to purchase necessary supplies. The last book was published in 1980. It is now available free of charge as an e-book. It can be downloaded from our web site.

A number of sign ministries have also been birthed. A thriving sign business was birthed by our friend Brian Burnett. Yes, a large part of my healing came as a byproduct of using my hands and having a way of expressing my creative nature. I was so happy and preoccupied making sandblasted signs, the devil got a busy signal whenever he attempted to confuse or torment me. Today I try to help others find their own unique sandbox in which they can play and express their God-given gifts. To be well and stay well, we **all** need to give ourselves the permission to spend time in our sandbox. But first we need to find it! For some it may be making signs, for others, baking or sowing, hunting, fishing, making quilts, painting, photography, gardening, playing an instrument or singing. Watching a parade does not count. We have to be in it.

I have edited the cover of the Crafts for Christ Handbook into the above text. You can download the book as either a Word or PDF file by clicking on: www.stretcherbearers.com/handbook . One way I express my gratitude to Jesus and those who have made it possible to publish the book is by sharing it freely. The book is and will always be copyright free. And if you play in the same sandbox with us, do let us know.

And where do we go from here? Well, the subject of anger keeps surfacing. It is not one of my favorite subjects. Anger is one of the villains that nailed Jesus, the Son of God, to the cross. Anger and rage has sent many to an early and cruel grave and also behind prison bars. We have all done hand to hand combat with that villain and at times have succumbed to it. I am ashamed to say that I have hammered people with my anger – if not verbally, I have done so in my thoughts and with an ugly attitude. Rebekah has helped me a lot by showing me the verse in the Book of James: *“Wherefore beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.”* (James 1:19-20). Our Spring 2000 Stretcher Bearers for Christ newsletter was entitled, **“ABOUT ANGER & MUCH MORE.”** The pictures I included spoke louder than the words I wrote. And here is one of the pictures.



**It is a mystery, but it is true,
Every angry heart adds a blow or two.**

Hold it true that thoughts are things, endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill, the world with good results or ill.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.

One of fifteen bronze sculptures nearly life-size by Huberto Maestas.
It is a life-changing experience to see and touch these sculptures in San Luis, Colorado.

The World's Hatred

¹⁸When the world hates you, remember it hated me before it hated you. ¹⁹The world would love you if you belonged to it, but you don't. I chose you to come out of the world, and so it hates you. ²⁰Do you remember what I told you? 'A servant is not greater than the master.' Since they persecuted me, naturally they will persecute you. And if they had listened to me, they would listen to you! ²¹The people of the world will hate you because you belong to me, for they don't know God who sent me. ²²They would not be guilty if I had not come and spoken to them. But now they have no excuse for their sin. ²³Anyone who hates me hates my Father, too. ²⁴If I hadn't done such miraculous signs among them that no one else could do, they would not be counted guilty. But as it is, they saw all that I did and yet hated both of us—me and my Father. ²⁵This has fulfilled what the Scriptures said: 'They hated me without cause.'

²⁶But I will send you the Counselor—the Spirit of truth. He will come to you from the Father and will tell you all about me. ²⁷And you must also tell others about me because you have been with me from the beginning.”

John 15:18-27

ISAIAH - Chapter 49

You may recall that I went to Israel in September of 2005. It was a life-changing experience. I will never be the same. I journaled my experience in the book: “The Stone Table at Maagan.” You have a copy. It can now be downloaded from our web site.

When I returned from the trip I took one look at the picture of Jesus on the next page and said to myself, “That is the Jesus I met in Jerusalem. That is the Jesus who lives in my heart today.” And as I read His words, they are totally alive and very, very personal. I am now permitted to experience a range of emotions that are so strong and so real that I tremble and sometimes feel like a bowl of jello. My lips are guarded. I dare not divulge the range of thoughts and emotions that flood my soul. Some are very wonderful, others are very painful. My dreams are also more profound and sometimes “earth-shaking.” I have gotten used to being referred to as a “mystic” or a “weirdo.” They can no longer pierce the armor I am wearing. Jesus loves me and is hiding me under the shelter of his wings.

I am so grateful that I can share these deep conversations of the heart with you. I am so very grateful for every person who is on the same page with Rebekah and myself. Yes, we can both read the same Bible but that does not assure us that we are on the same page. With some people and in some churches I feel like a stranger and an outcast, but not in your presence. My heart is at home and safe as I write to you.

At the moment I have a compelling desire to read and reread Isaiah, chapter 49 in my Living Bible. I will copy the chapter for you. Maybe Life will flow through my fingertips onto the page as I type the words. I pray that this will happen.

Listen to me, all of you in far-off lands. The Lord called me before my birth. From within the womb he called me by my name. God will make my words of judgment sharp as swords. He has hidden me in the shadow of his hand. I am like a sharp arrow in his quiver.

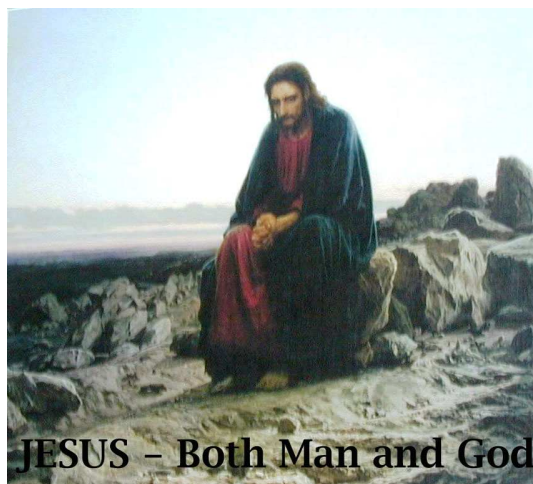
He said to me: “You are my Servant, a Prince of Power with God, and you shall bring me glory.”

I replied, “But my work for them seems all in vain; I have spent my strength for them without response. Yet I leave it all with God for my reward.”

“And now,” said the Lord – the Lord who formed me from my mother’s womb to serve him who commissioned me to restore to him his people Israel, who has given me the strength to perform this task and honored me for doing it! – “you shall do more than restore Israel to me. I will make you a Light to the nations of the world to bring my salvation to them too.”

The Lord, the Redeemer and Holy One of Israel, says to the one who is despised, rejected by mankind, and kept beneath the heel of earthly rulers: “Kings shall stand at attention when you pass by; princes shall bow low because the Lord has chosen you; he, the faithful Lord, the Holy One of Israel, chooses you.”

The Lord says, at a favorable time. I will premature harm and give pledge to Israel, proof land of Israel and people again. Through prisoners of darkness, you your freedom!’ They grazing in green pastures They shall neither hunger sun and scorching desert them any more. For the lead them besides the cool waters. And I will make my mountains into level paths for them; the highways shall be raised above the valleys. See, my people shall return from far away, from north and west and south.”



“Your request has come keep you from you as a token and that I will reestablish the reassign it to its own you I am saying to the ‘Come out! I am giving will be my sheep, and on the grassy hills. nor thirst; the searing winds will not reach Lord in his mercy will

Sing for joy, O heavens; shout, O earth. Break forth with song, O mountains, for the Lord has comforted his people, and will have compassion upon them in their sorrow.

Yet they say, “My Lord deserted us; he has forgotten us.”

“Never! Can a mother forget her little child and not have love for her own son? Yet even if that should be, I will not forget you. See, I have tattooed your name upon my palm and ever before me is a picture of Jerusalem’s walls in ruins. Soon your rebuilders shall come and chase away all those destroying you. Look and see, for the Lord has vowed that all your enemies shall come and be your slaves. They will be as jewels to display, as bridal ornaments.

“Even the most desolate parts of your abandoned land shall soon be crowded with your people, and your enemies who enslaved you shall be far away. The generations born

in exile shall return and say, 'We need more room! It's crowded her!' Then you will think to yourself, 'Who has given me all these! For most of my children were killed and the rest were carried away into exile, leaving me here alone. Who bore these? Who raised them up for me?'"

The Lord God says, "See, I will give a signal to the Gentiles and they shall carry your little ones back to you in their arms, and your daughters on their shoulders. Kings and queens shall serve you; they shall care for all your needs. They shall bow to the earth before you, and lick the dust from off your feet; then you shall know I am the Lord. Those who wait for me shall never be ashamed."

Who can snatch the prey from the hands of a mighty man? Who can demand that a tyrant let his captives go? But the Lord says, "Even the captives of the most mighty and most terrible shall all be freed; for I will fight those who fight you, and I will save your children. I will feed your enemies with their own flesh and they shall be drunk with rivers of their own blood. All the world shall know that I, the Lord, am your Savior and Redeemer, the Mighty One of Israel."

THIRTY YEARS LATER

Next September we will have lived in our log cabin castle on Lake Pagosa for 30 years. Our guest apartment will have hosted weary and wounded travelers for 20 years. You have had a part in making it all happen. When you came to visit us in 1979, you initiated the project called "The Upper Room." Our garage roof had collapsed due to much snow and our lack of knowledge of how to handle it. A builder, Andy Bowles, had a lot of ingenuity. God was with him. He was able to jack up the caved in roof, double up on the supporting beams that had broken – and we were back in business. You came along a few months later and helped build the first walls of the Upper Room. Before it actually became the Upper Room guest apartment – a thousand square feet of love and pampering, the large empty space gave birth to a church.

Here is a letter from one of our first guests:

COME AND TASTE

Dearest Peter & Rebekah,

Just wanted to say thank-you for such loving kindness and the time spent with you. It was healing for the bones! I was taking deep breaths for days, breathing in that Life you prayed.

During the drive home, I was thinking about "**The Upper Room.**" As I walked through the room, I felt as though I had been in that room before. Then, words from the Lord came, and He said, "Come, sit in the arms of '**The Upper Room**' for it is the rocking chair of My heart." And



I remembered the times I had crawled up onto the lap of My heavenly Father, and as He brushed the tears from my eyes, rocked me to sleep. The chair creaking with years of experience as He rocked. I wondered how many had been rocked in His arms as little children coming to Him for comfort, and how many were still to come. It is a place I have come to love. I remembered how good He smelled, and how gentle His silence was.

I remembered the unlimited invitation to stay, and the open invitation of “anytime.” I remembered how His robe filled the room with His presence. I remembered an overwhelming sense of peace flowing over and into me as we rocked. I remembered the protection of nestling in the folds of His robe and being hidden in the downy softness of His love. But what I remembered most of all, was hearing the beating of His Father’s heart. A Father’s heart of love, protection, and comfort for all of His children. And I remembered, after some time of rocking, my tears had turned into a whispered smile of peace. And in the security of the arms of my Father, He rocked me to sleep.

That is what I sensed when I was in “**The Upper Room.**” A place where many, many children will climb up into the lap of their loving Father. A place where they will receive their needs – love, comfort, peace, strength, renewal, healing. A place where they can be held in their Father’s arms and rocked to sleep. A place where they can be still and listen to His heartbeat. He is already there; sitting in His rocking chair, with His arms open, waiting for those who will “sit in the arms of ‘**The Upper Room,**’ the rocking chair of His heart.”

Thank you again dearest ones for your support and your prayers. Rebekah, I still want to help with “**The Upper Room.**” Let me know when you are ready.

Much love, Chyenne

THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH IS ROARING

Our life continues to be very rewarding, challenging and full of adventures. Trusting God and living by faith is not designed for cowards, slouch, or couch potatoes. Once Rebekah and I decided to follow Jesus all the way, we were at war with the world and its value system. Being called “weird” or “out of it” by the world is a mild and kind way of saying, “you are nuts.” After a while we got used to those words and felt sorry for anyone who spoke them. Yes, Rebekah and I have decided to be nuts for and about JESUS and stay that way.



Some of the people who knock on our door are desperate to hear from God. They have tried everything the world has to offer and are still miserable. We rarely allow them to lean on us for answers. We send them to the Upper Room, tell them to sit in the rocking chair of God's heart and get their answers directly from JESUS. But occasionally the Holy Spirit will use us to get them past dead center.

Recently a man in his early fifties came to stay in the Upper Room. He was desperate. "If I don't get some fresh answers, insights and ammunition," he said, "I might call it quits. My brother did."

After he was here for a few days, his hopelessness began to glum unto me. At first I was not aware that the dark and gloomy cloud around this man was trying to attach itself to me. I only realized what was happening as I took our guest for a drive up Wolf Creek Pass on the last day he was with us. As a prostitute makes advances upon her unsuspecting victim, the gloomy nature around the man made advances upon me. The moment I became aware of what was happening, I took the stance of a warrior.

And here is what I told the man, "Let's assume that I would drive you up to the top of Wolf Creek Pass over and over again all day long, would you not get bored and irritated even though the scenery is breathtaking?"

He agreed, "Yes, I would get bored and irritated."

"Well," I replied, "I am sick and tired of having you rehearse all the negative events in your life over and over. Once is OK, and twice is tolerable; but after that it becomes boring and unproductive for me or anyone else to listen to all your gripes and complaints." Rebekah would say and mean it, "Three time and you're out."

My reply shocked him at first and was like shock treatment for him. My strong outburst of words surprised both of us. But I had no need to apologize or try to call back words that issued like a sword from my mouth. I knew that the Lion of the tribe of Judah in my heart had spoken and roared. My words "clicked" with him. He realized that he was heading for disaster, insanity and even death if he continued to be so negative and spread garbage wherever he went. He made a paradigm shift as we stood at the overlook on Wolf Creek Pass.

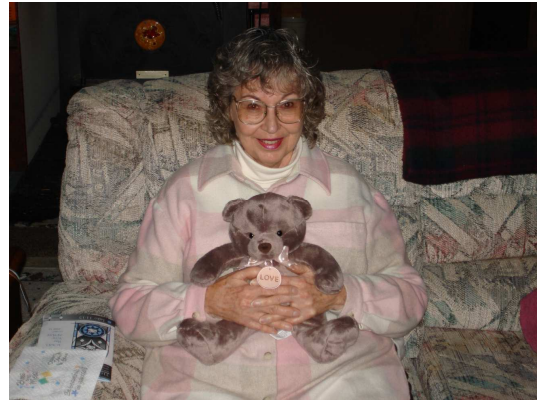
The man was set free the moment the insight came about his negative and accusing attitude. He was set free when he realized that Satan was the accuser of the brethren and had been feeding him a bunch of garbage. He is on his way towards freedom and victory.

But we also know that it may be years before he acquires the actual posture of a victorious and stable warrior. We see him free even though he has only started to walk in the direction of freedom. Freedom is Christ in us, the hope of glory! He will now be able to read the Bible without being bashed and condemned by every other word he reads. His eyes were opened. Satan will no longer be able to slap him around as he opens and reads the Word of God. He will be able to recognize more quickly that the devil is the accuser of the brethren and that he must not allow himself to be used that way. He knows that if he continues to be negative in his thoughts and conversations, it will be like driving coffin nails into his own coffin and alienating those who love him and want to be his friends.

This man left with great joy, gratitude and confidence that his life had been made new. He also knew that God had a place for him and that he had valuable gifts to give to

others. He left a valuable and most unusual gift with us before driving away. He prayed for Rebekah and myself in a way no one had ever prayed for us.

He prayed for Rebekah by selecting a teddy bear that reminded him of special graces that the Holy Spirit wanted to impart to Rebekah. He asked God to let these graces pour over the bear like honey. He asked the Lord to let these graces stick like sweet honey to all who would sooner or later hold the bear in their hands. I recall that one of these graces was the joy of the Lord. I do not happen to have a picture of the bear readily available so I will substitute a teddy bear that Rebekah is very fond of.



When our guest was ready to pray for me he looked about and spotted a ferocious looking lion on our cabinet. The lion was given to us by our friend Vimmie several years ago. He held the lion in his hands as he prayed. He asked the Lord to impart to me the nature of the Lion of Judah and use me as a lion with sharp teeth and with an authority and confidence that parallels the nature of the Lion of Judah. He asked that others who might hold the same lion in their hands would also become acquainted with the Lion of Judah and desire and acquire His lion nature. As he spoke the prayer I said within my heart,



“Lord, I gratefully receive the prayer and Your lion nature.”

I had argued with Jesus numerous times in the past about being a man of war. I said, “Lord, it is not my personality to speak and roar as a lion and take dominion over the land.” He replied, “Peter, I know the lion nature is not a part of your personality now; but I want you to have my personality.” End of argument! It has been years since we had this conversation. It has been thirteen years since I said “YES” to the Lion of Judah in the same way I had said “YES” to the Lamb of God at the beginning of my walk with Jesus. I am still being transformed. He, Jesus, gave me this prayer to pray and pass on to others who would be willing to be the Lord’s instrument of war. My handmaiden Rebekah, the Lord’s artist, painted the perfect companion picture to the prayer.

LORD JESUS - MAKE ME AN INSTRUMENT OF THY WAR

Let everything that is hidden be revealed!

Expose all hypocrisy, especially that which is hidden in my own heart.

Expose all rebellion which is as the sin of witchcraft.

Expose all pride, that subtle monster who hides in most of us.

Expose the greedy who exploit the needy, and the strong who oppress the weak.

Expose all lust that masquerades as love, and begin within me.

Expose and tear down every man-made idol of success and self-gratification.

**Expose Satan, the accuser of the brethren, who tries to hide in all of us;
 And Lord Jesus, be the advocate for all who have been falsely accused.
 Lord, vindicate the insane who have been judged without a jury; and begin with me.
 And Lord, then let the Lion of the tribe of Judah roar through me!**



THE SWORD OF THE LORD – STRONGHOLDS ARE COMING DOWN

(for an explanation of the above painting, please go to: <http://www.stretcherbearers.com/sword.html>)

We are all to reflect the nature of both the Lamb of God and also the Lion of Judah. The way I have interpreted Ephesians 4:13 for myself is this: *We are all to come into the full stature and nature of the Son of God; and that means that we are to reflect both the nature of the Lamb of God and the Lion of Judah.*

Oh yes, I said to our friend before he drove off, “When you come back, bring us the gift of victory. It’s the only thing we need and don’t have.”

Many – very many have their names and gifts etched into these 26 pages including “Mutti”, the endearing word for Mother in German. She crocheted the blanket on which the sandblasted sign is photographed. She is waiting for me in the galleries of heaven.

Well, my dear Virgil and Barbara, and all the others who may eventually read these words and see these pictures, I will close my epistle for now and go to bed.

Shalom,

Peter
 The Lord’s
 Scribe &
 Storyteller



Shalom,

Rebekah
 The Lord’s
 Artist &
 Handmaiden

(Cont'd from inside page of front cover)

“Cut down the tree and lop off its branches!
Shake off its leaves and scatter its fruit!
Chase the wild animals from its shade
and the birds from its branches.
15 But leave the stump and the roots in the ground,
bound with a band of iron and bronze
and surrounded by tender grass.
Now let him be drenched with the dew of heaven,
and let him live with the wild animals among the plants of the field.
16 For seven periods of time,
let him have the mind of a wild animal
instead of the mind of a human.
17 For this has been decreed by the messengers;
it is commanded by the holy ones,
so that everyone may know
that the Most High rules over the kingdoms of the world.
He gives them to anyone he chooses—
even to the lowliest of people.”

18 “Belteshazzar, that was the dream that I, King Nebuchadnezzar, had. Now tell me what it means, for none of the wise men of my kingdom can do so. But you can tell me because the spirit of the holy gods is in you.”

Daniel Explains the Dream

19 “Upon hearing this, Daniel (also known as Belteshazzar) was overcome for a time, frightened by the meaning of the dream. Then the king said to him, ‘Belteshazzar, don’t be alarmed by the dream and what it means.’

“Belteshazzar replied, ‘I wish the events foreshadowed in this dream would happen to your enemies, my lord, and not to you! 20 The tree you saw was growing very tall and strong, reaching high into the heavens for all the world to see. 21 It had fresh green leaves and was loaded with fruit for all to eat. Wild animals lived in its shade, and birds nested in its branches. 22 That tree, Your Majesty, is you. For you have grown strong and great; your greatness reaches up to heaven, and your rule to the ends of the earth.

23 “Then you saw a messenger, a holy one, coming down from heaven and saying, “Cut down the tree and destroy it. But leave the stump and the roots in the ground, bound with a band of iron and bronze and surrounded by tender grass. Let him be drenched with the dew of heaven. Let him live with the animals of the field for seven periods of time.”

24 “This is what the dream means, Your Majesty, and what the Most High has declared will happen to my lord the king. 25 You will be driven from human society, and you will live in the fields with the wild animals. You will eat grass like a cow, and you will be drenched with the dew of heaven. Seven periods of time will pass while you live this way, until you learn that the Most High rules over the kingdoms of the world and gives them to anyone he chooses. 26 But the stump and roots of the tree

were left in the ground. This means that you will receive your kingdom back again when you have learned that heaven rules.

27 “King Nebuchadnezzar, please accept my advice. Stop sinning and do what is right. Break from your wicked past and be merciful to the poor. Perhaps then you will continue to prosper.’

The Dream’s Fulfillment

28 “But all these things did happen to King Nebuchadnezzar. 29 Twelve months later he was taking a walk on the flat roof of the royal palace in Babylon. 30 As he looked out across the city, he said, ‘Look at this great city of Babylon! By my own mighty power, I have built this beautiful city as my royal residence to display my majestic splendor.’

31 “While these words were still in his mouth, a voice called down from heaven, ‘O King Nebuchadnezzar, this message is for you! You are no longer ruler of this kingdom. 32 You will be driven from human society. You will live in the fields with the wild animals, and you will eat grass like a cow. Seven periods of time will pass while you live this way, until you learn that the Most High rules over the kingdoms of the world and gives them to anyone he chooses.’

33 “That same hour the judgment was fulfilled, and Nebuchadnezzar was driven from human society. He ate grass like a cow, and he was drenched with the dew of heaven. He lived this way until his hair was as long as eagles’ feathers and his nails were like birds’ claws.

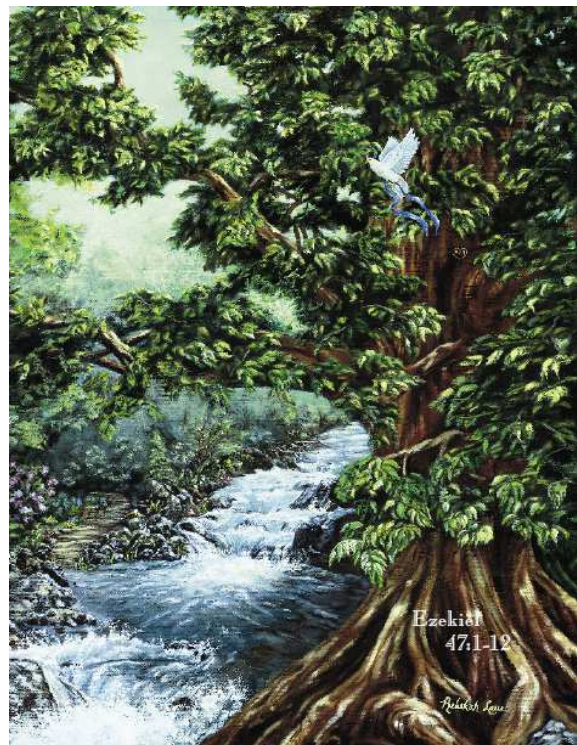
Nebuchadnezzar Praises God

34 “After this time had passed, I, Nebuchadnezzar, looked up to heaven. My sanity returned, and I praised and worshiped the Most High and honored the one who lives forever.

His rule is everlasting,
and his kingdom is eternal.
35 All the people of the earth
are nothing compared to him.
He does as he pleases
among the angels of heaven
and among the people of the earth.
No one can stop him or say to him,
‘What do you mean by doing these things?’

36 “When my sanity returned to me, so did my honor and glory and kingdom. My advisers and nobles sought me out, and I was restored as head of my kingdom, with even greater honor than before.

37 “Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and glorify and honor the King of heaven. All his acts are just and true, and he is able to humble the proud.”



“The Healing Tree” by Rebekah

A PLACE FOR YOU

July 17th, 2007

This “add on” is one of those unexpected outbursts of creativity. At times it seems that an angel drops a thought into my mind that compels me to write. It is happening more and more often lately. The unseen world is shrouded in mystery.

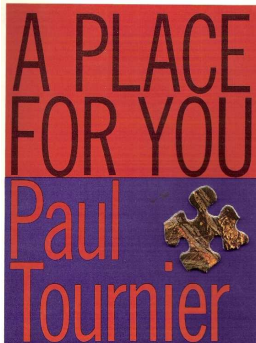
Lately I have been reflecting upon the way I met Rebekah, my handmaiden of 34 plus years. I was taking a walk and observed a church up on a hill made of adobe bricks. I said to myself, “Hmm, that architecture is quite unusual. I must take a look.” I walked up the hill and tried the massive door of the church. It was locked. I looked about and found this young woman behind a typewriter in another building.

I inquired, “Would you have a key to the church? The unusual architecture fascinates me.” She got the key. We walked over to the church which was only a few steps away and opened the door. I inquired, “Does the pastor of this church teach about the gifts of the Holy Spirit?” I do not recall her answer; but at that point our spirits leaped inside of us and 16 months later we became man and wife.

These kinds of experiences have punctuated my life ever since; and from time to time I feel compelled to record them. And of late, I have enjoyed including pictures wherever possible.

Last week I was assembling a number of journals on our work table when my eyes fell upon a piece of a jigsaw puzzle. I had noticed it for quite a while. Eventually the box for the puzzle disappeared. Rebekah had assembled the puzzle during the winter. It was now the middle of summer.

I picked up the solitary puzzle piece and held it in the palm of my hand. I began to reflect upon the various seasons of my life. There were those years I felt quite alone just like that lone puzzle piece - wondering where I fit – what school to go to - what kind of a job I would have after graduation - where I would live and if I would find the woman that would complete my life?



The time eventually came when my world seemed full and rich and complete; when I thought I had found my niche. The time did come when it seemed as if my life was in perfect order and I had achieved what the world calls “success.” But at that very moment the proverbial rug was pulled out from under me. How can I best describe that season? One day I “belonged” and the next day I was a social outcast and misfit. In a city of five million people, I suddenly was the loneliest person in the world. Where I fit before, I no longer fit and was not allowed to return to. I was like that solitary piece of the puzzle that I am holding in my hand. I was like a man without friend or family, cause or country. No one rolled out a welcome mat anymore. I survived, but only barely.

How can I best explain with a few words that in-between season? I can; but I would need to write a book that has already been compassionately and insightfully written. The author’s name is Paul Tournier, a Swiss doctor, now deceased. What a beautiful gift he gave to all of us when he wrote: “A PLACE FOR YOU.” We have had his book on our bookshelf for many years but I don’t recall ever reading it. But after holding that little stray piece of a jigsaw puzzle in my hand, I was reminded of the book and got it from the shelf. As far as I am concerned, Paul Tournier is not dead. He is very alive for me and I would like him to become alive for others - for those others who have not discovered their place.

I passed the stray puzzle piece on to my friend Roger. He now carries it in his wallet as a reminder of my search and his own search for that wonderful place of “belonging.”

This morning I asked our friend and housekeeper, Kathy, to take a picture of a puzzle piece that I borrowed from a puzzle that is still intact. After taking the picture, I returned it to its proper place. The name of the puzzle is: “**Lo, I AM with you always.**” I also took a picture of the cover of the book: **A PLACE FOR YOU**. There is bound to be someone in the “Reader World” who feels like that stray puzzle piece and will either borrow or purchase the book. For me, reading the book was like finding my way home. Peter – the Lord’ Scribe

