

**CROSS+WISE**  
**A Prayer Walker's Manual**

By  
Henry Gruver  
With Judith Gruver

Includes The Principles of:

**“Don't Take it Personally”**  
and  
**“Remitting Sins”**

Excerpts from the manuscript for:  
"CROSS+WISE—The Journal of a Walker"  
By Henry Gruver

"The Bully, Alex and Manuel"  
"Frank! What's it to 'ya?"  
"The Killer Intersection"  
"The Rope"  
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Step by Step Prayer Walking Manual  
With a Sample "Prayer of Declaration"  
And a Sample "Prayer of Renunciation"

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Third Revision, March 2003  
Includes New & Comprehensive  
Topical & Scriptural Indexes  
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Fourth revision, June 2006  
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ISBN 1-931600-47-3

Published by: Joyful Sound Ministries, Inc.  
P.O. Box 144  
Woodbine, IA 51579-0144

Printed at  
OmahaPrint  
4700 S. "F" Street  
Omaha NE 68117-1482

## **Joyful Sound Ministries Henry and Judith Gruver**

June, 2006

Dear Reader,

It's time to communicate with you once again. It has been such a pleasure to write for you. It has been eight years since we first published this manuscript; and it was taken from teaching sessions that Henry held in 1995. Since then, nothing has changed in text; however, there are many testimonies of lives being transformed. Individuals, cities, and even nations have incorporated these principles of prayer with truly amazing results.

A special and heart-felt, "Thank you!" is still needed. Without the many people who have helped us with transcribing Henry's teachings, in English and in Japanese, and now in Italian, this book would still be only available on audio and videotapes, and CD's. Throughout many years, people all over this country and world have prayed for us, as Henry endeavored to write a book. Many of you have "put feet to your prayers" as you offered and gave help and encouragement in unique and differing forms.

THANK YOU! Thank you for all your prayers and support. We truly appreciated every word and deed each one of you has given from your heart.

Sincerely, and in the love of Jesus,  
Judith

*Most scriptures are quoted from The King James Version; however, Judith has applied modern rules of punctuation and capitalized all pronouns referring to the Godhead. (This tends to thoroughly confuse my computer's spelling and grammar check. (jg))*

# **PRAYER WALKING**

## **A Prayer Walker's Handbook**

By Henry Gruver

The Principles of  
“DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY”  
AND  
“REMITTING SINS”

### **INTRODUCTION**

I was at a convention not long ago with a very well known Bible teacher. We both held teaching sessions, but I felt very small and inadequate in the presence of this spiritual giant. He had a way with the Word, teaching profound truths and bringing forth depths of revelation that made me feel like I was still learning my ABC's. Yet the Lord used both of us in those meetings—one complimenting the other; and because of the work that was done, our hearts became knit together.

This great Bible teacher stood up in one of his sessions and said, “You know something? I feel very inadequate to minister here.” I thought to myself, *“I know the feeling.”* He continued, saying, “The love of the Lord at times has been so strong that I have had difficulty ministering.” That was a surprise. Listening to him, I would never have known he was having a hard time.

He is a rather dignified man, but he shared from his heart, “I just wanted to fall on my face and worship the Lord. I don't feel that way very often in a conference like this. I'm not the kind of a

person who normally expresses that type of emotion in the presence of others. But I had great difficulty restraining myself."

We had some precious fellowship together after that, because I began to feel confident that he and I could talk the same language. His background is that of a philosopher, an Oxford graduate, and a man with many degrees. He was very successful in the business world before entering the ministry, and would be termed as "a man who had everything going for him." In comparison, I was a mere peasant; for the only things I could share were things that I had learned while walking.

Nonetheless, one very important thing the Lord has taught me is *The Principles of "Don't Take it Personally" and "Remitting Sins."* It is something I learned while walking and communing with Him in cities and towns and rural areas all over the world. It was learned while simply putting one foot in front of the other, little by little, from time to time, often while being reduced to nothing, or, while filled with fear and trembling for this life. It was learned while surrounded by armed gangs, where there was no way out except to try and run through them. It was learned while out in the wilderness, where there were wild animals all around me. It was learned in situations where my own family was under siege, and I knew not what the outcome would be.

It was also learned in situations where I knew I had to put these principles into practice, but my flesh did not want to. My flesh wanted to run and hide, or to go home and forget the whole thing. But do you know what? I did not go home; I did not run and hide. It was in those dire situations I learned that when I was weary or fearful, the most comforting place I could find was right between the covers of God's Holy Word. If you will just crawl in between its pages, you will find great comfort—it worked for me. David said it perfectly in Psalm 34:4—"*I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears!"*

# **DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY**

## **PART ONE THE KILLER INTERSECTION**

August 1979

An Excerpt From:

**“CROSS+Wise—The Journal of a Walker”**

By Henry Gruver

It was August of 1979 and we were moving our family from a small Oregon community along the Columbia River into a house in the St. Johns district of North Portland, Oregon. The house was situated on a heavily traveled five-point, double-curved intersection that led to the international shipping terminals for the Port of Portland.

The children were excited to see the television cameras from the local station filming the intersection and interviewing the neighbors. They ran into the house, calling out, “Daddy, come quickly; the news people want to interview you!”

When I went out to see what they were talking about, the media was interviewing the neighbors who lived across the street from us. Their distress was very evident as they related the account of the most recent tragedy, which had involved a young man on a motorcycle who had been decapitated when he failed to navigate the double curve going through the intersection.

The interviewer then turned to me, asking, "What is your name? And how long have you lived here?"

My answer, of course, caused them to immediately lose interest in the interview; and they had no more to say to me. However, my Heavenly Father would have much more to say to me in the following weeks.

It didn't take us long to realize why the media had come to that intersection. All hours of the day and night there were head-on collisions, power poles knocked down, and victims trapped in cars and crushed vehicles. The sirens would blare from police cars, emergency vehicles and fire trucks. Time and time again, our house would shake from the impact of trucks and cars colliding, which sometimes shook the whole family out of a sound sleep.

It became commonplace for me to be stirred in the night by my Heavenly Father, who would call me to "Wake up and come and walk with Me." Many mornings we would fellowship, as the new day would dawn, walking together along that curve. As He shared His heart with me concerning the passersby and the people of the community, I would pray.

The climax to these events came one mid-afternoon when I was sitting at the dining room table and the house thundered and shook, accompanied by the sound of crushing metal and breaking glass. I jumped to my feet, grabbing my coat as I ran out the back door, claiming and proclaiming, "The Blood of Jesus! The Blood of Jesus! The Blood of Jesus!"

As I came around the outbuilding on our property, I saw a sight I did not want to see. There was a small compact car literally dissolved into the face of a "Mack" semi-truck, fully loaded with steel from the Port of Portland's international shipping docks up the road. The steam and smoke coming from it caused me to

think, "I must move fast. This could go up in flames at any moment!"

Arriving closer to the scene, I could see two ladies, both unconscious, one draped over the front seat, the other fallen into the steering wheel, which was crushed into her chest.

As I forced the side door open, I was praying for the woman, and she began to regain consciousness. At that moment the truck driver came climbing out the front window of his cab, down over the wreckage, calling out, "Don't move her!"

"I'm not," I reassured him, "I'm praying for her." At the same time, a little boy with blood all over him, crawled out of the wreckage, right up into my arms. While carrying him to the side of the road, in order to get him out of the traffic, and trying to wipe the blood from his face and eyes, I began to pray for him. His shaking body became calm and peaceful. His crying stopped and he tried to look around.

"Where is Matthew? Where is my son?"

I turned to see the truck driver assisting the woman who had been bent over the front seat of the car. The crowd that had gathered was trying to calm her down.

"I can't see! I can't see," she cried! "Where is my son? Is he alive?" The little boy in my arms was looking at her, when I said to her, "Don't cry. He is all right. He's right here looking at you."

Her fears and questions persisted, as she continued to cry out, "But I can't see! Is he all right? Is he breathing?"

I gently coaxed her, "Give me your hand." As she obeyed, I put it in front of his face, and said, "See, he's breathing. He's looking at you. He's okay."

While heading back to the scene of the accident, I put him in his mother's arms. As I approached the driver of the car, who had



been regaining consciousness, I heard her faint voice asking, "Who was praying for Matthew? Please pray for me. Please! Please! It hurts so bad I think I'm going to go out again."

As I prayed out loud for her, she looked at me and smiled and said, "I don't hurt anymore. The pain is all gone. Thank you. But I still can't move. I feel like I am all stuffed in."

The fireman standing at my side said, "You certainly are, ma'am; but hold fast, we're going to get you out of there in a jiffy." With that, he allowed me to stay, comforting her, while they removed the hinges from the door in order to get her out. As they were putting her on the stretcher, she asked me not to leave her side. The emergency personnel then allowed me to come inside and sit beside her while they were preparing her for transport to the hospital.

Matthew's mother then asked me if I would call her husband who would be coming home from work soon—and not know where they were. She gave me his phone number at work, thanking me for my prayers and for helping all of them. I asked the attendant which hospital they would be taking them to, and quickly left the ambulance and ran home to make the call.

After the call I fell down on my knees and cried out to my Father, pleading with Him, "Why won't You stop this? Why does it have to go on and on and on?"

He spoke so clearly to my heart as He challenged me with these words, "Why don't you claim the same protection over the intersection, as you do daily for you own house and family? You have no difficulty trusting the covering of the Blood of Jesus for protection from destruction and death for them. Why not believe it for this corner, as well?"

I related to my family what the Lord had shared with me; and we took Him at His word from that day forth—every morning, in our

devotional time with Him as a family, we included the "Killer Intersection" in our prayers. From that time, until we moved away ten years later, only two accidents occurred. When we first started praying, there was an accident, on the average, of one every 36 hours.

The first accident occurred about four years later. We were holding a Bible study in the outbuilding we called, "The Chapel", when we heard a slight screech of tires, and a "Bang!" As I ran out the door, a young woman came running in, saying, "Please, let me come in. I don't want anyone to know I was in that pickup with him. If my husband finds out, he'll kill me."

Judith came up then and took her into the Chapel. We noticed her ear had a slight scratch on it where her head had bumped the window on impact. I went out the door hearing Judith, and the others who were there, praying for her.

Instantly an officer was at the scene, and he called a tow truck to come because the pickup's fender had bent into the tire and it couldn't be driven away. Upon the arrival of the tow truck, I overheard its driver saying to the officer, "What did I do wrong? You haven't called me for several years; and I used to be called to this intersection at least four times a week. Who have you been calling instead of me?"

"No one," the officer testily replied. "This is the first call I, myself, have had to this intersection in years. I don't know about the other shift, but we haven't been called to respond to accidents here anymore."

I walked away, going back to "The Chapel" with a thankful heart, knowing that the Lord had really shown to the neighborhood His sovereign protection in direct answer to our family's prayers.

Often, in my walks with the Lord, I come to areas where there have been many accidents. The evidence shows itself by debris, crosses placed there in memorial; or, people, as they hear these testimonies, tell me of tragedies repeatedly happening in certain areas of their lives. In the section on, "Remitting Sins", this problem will be addressed in more detail.

The second accident on that curve occurred about 4:30 a.m., around a year and a half before we moved away from Portland. I was awakened by the sound of skidding tires and a "Boom!" I jumped up, quickly pulled up my britches and headed out the door to make sure everyone was all right. I was shaking my head, and questioning, "Lord, what is going on here? We've been faithfully claiming the Blood of Jesus and Your protection over this intersection.

It turned out that a '71 Ford Econoline van had a one-vehicle-accident, involving two men on their way to an early morning of fishing. The passenger asked the driver what kind of bait to put on his hook. While he was answering him, he looked and pointed to the shrimp, which caused him to swerve and swing too wide for the curve. He ended up clipping off a telephone pole! They wound up on the other side of the road, heading into the curb. Neither of the two parties was seriously hurt; and they both were standing outside of the van, telling me what had happened, when the officer arrived.

As the men tried to explain to him what had taken place, he became very irritated and said, "How do you expect me to believe this? Who are you covering for? Where is the other car that hit the pole first? Who were you chasing? Or, who was chasing you? All you have is a very small dent—not even breaking your windshield, or bending into the body of the van; and you're telling me that you clipped of that power pole? There has to be another vehicle that you are covering for."

"No, Officer," the driver protested, "there is nothing over there for evidence of anything or anyone else. We don't know either, how we broke the pole off so easily, without more damage to the van, or ourselves. We were only on our way to an early start for a day of fishing. You can check in the van. The shrimp and the worms are in there. I was telling my friend to use the shrimp for bait, when I swerved and hit that pole." The officer finally seemed satisfied that there was no cover-up.

I walked away, chuckling, though, as I heard the officer repeatedly saying to himself, *"How do I write this up? They'll never believe me. How can you clip off a power pole that size and not even break the windshield? They'll never believe me. They'll never believe me. How can I write this up?"*

My prayer was brief, but heartfelt. *"Thank you, Lord. You did it again!"*

## **DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY**

### **PART TWO**

Teachings and Testimonies from:  
**"CROSS+WISE—The Journal of a Walker"**

By Henry Gruver  
At Izumi-no-mori, Japan  
October 6, 1995

This teaching, "Don't Take it Personally", has come forth through many valuable lessons I have learned, and am still learning in my life—one of which was confirmed to me in a most vivid and unusual way. It happened right in front of my family, not twenty feet from the "Killer Intersection". However, before I relate the story of "The Rope" to you, I want to share a study explaining the expression, "Don't Take it Personally".

We understand from the scriptures that giants controlled, or ruled, the city called Hebron. According to *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance Hebrew Dictionary* (#2275), the word Hebron means "seat of *association*". Its primary root is #2266, and is sometimes translated as, to *have fellowship*. If you have ever heard me minister, you will know that I continually stress how wonderful and how necessary it is to have "fellowship" with the Lord.

In Numbers 13:22, 33, we read, "...*the children of Anak were* (in Hebron)"...and, "*there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.*"

In this study, we are going to work on not looking at our lives from the perspective of our flesh. The children of Anak were the giants. If you will remember with me, the first battle we have in the Bible that David fought, was against one of the children of Anak. He was called a champion of the Philistines and his name was Goliath.

Again, according to *Strong's* (#1555) the name, Goliath, means something very interesting to us. Its primary root word (#1540) means, to *denude*, (especially in a disgraceful sense.) This word was used with the words, advertise, disclose, publish, remove, reveal, shamelessly show, tell, and uncover, among others. I believe that society in general has gone one complete circle, and we are facing another Goliath today.

Our society in the United States has degenerated, because it publishes and shamelessly shows, too much that is unclean. We were once a very clean nation; but now we are showing ourselves as filthy. I used to pride myself when I came home from different parts of the world, in knowing that I would be coming back to a country with clean restrooms and a people who took pride in cleanliness.

Because of this spirit of Goliath on our televisions, videos, newspapers, magazines, and in our conversations, we have come to believe in the expression, "Everything is all right"—and we sincerely believe that it is. In fact, one of the early expressions of teenagers in the 90's was: "It's all good." Our politicians have even begun to pass laws to condone these unclean lifestyles.

We know from the Word of God that this is the farthest thing from the truth. God has laid down principles of cleanliness and principles of holiness. King Saul and King David both fought the giants; but it was published of David that he overcame his enemies. Of Saul, it was reported the he only vexed or harassed them.

What does this have to do with our relationship today with Jesus? It has everything to do with it. I have many people say to me, "How do I change my life?" "How can I make things different? I start by telling them, *"Don't take it personally."*

### **CHRIST IN YOU—THE HOPE OF GLORY**

Often, their reply goes something like this, "Well, how can I help but to take things personally? I'm a human being. I have feelings; and I am moved by them."

"You must understand," I explain, "that the only way to 'not take it personally', is to take it immediately to the Father."

In Hebrews 5:8-9, we read this account of our Lord and Savior, Jesus, *"Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."* How could He, the very Son of God, have to be perfected by suffering? He, Who is the epitome, or the perfection, of beauty? Why would He have to be perfected by suffering?

If it were only the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, there would be no need for our perfection. But that isn't where it ends, is it? In the Word of God, we are told that Jesus is to have a Bride—glorious, and without a spot or wrinkle. If Jesus is to have a bride that is gloriously perfect, then He must be able to understand His Bride. He must suffer as a flesh and blood man in order to do that.

Maybe this example will help to explain what I am saying. If I came to Japan, a foreign country, alone, without my wife, Judith, and then returned to America and tried to relate to her all that I experienced there, she would not be able to relate fully to the Japanese culture. Had she experienced what I experienced by living in the midst of them, and she would fully understand how beauty and order are inherent in Japanese culture—from the lace seat covers in cars, to the individually wrapped and sized fruits in the stores. She would not have personally seen the trimmed and cultivated plants and shrubs around the homes and storefronts, and the many, many beautiful little touches in the everyday life of the Japanese people. I couldn't even fully understand it, not being Japanese myself. For Judith, it would be impossible. For me to convey perfect understanding to her is impossible, having not been born to the culture. In the same way, Jesus had to be born to the experience of personal human suffering, in order for him to personally understand us in our sufferings.

Colossians 1:21,22—*“And you that were sometime alienated, and enemies in your mind, by wicked works; yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh, through death, to present you holy, unblamable and unreprouvable in His sight.”* How can He present you holy, unblamable and unreprouvable to the Father, if He had not come down here in the flesh and suffered the things that you and I suffer? To me, that is what this expression is talking about in Hebrews, Chapter Five.

The Apostle Paul makes a statement that troubles many Christians when he says in Colossians 1:24—*“[I] now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind (lacking) of the afflictions of Christ, in my flesh, for His Body’s sake, which is the Church.”* Here is the part that helps us as ministers. In verses 25-27, it says, *“Whereof I am made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which is given to me for you, to fulfill the Word of God—even the mystery which hath been hid from the ages and from generations; but now is made manifest to His saints. To whom God would make known, what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; what is: Christ in you—the hope of glory.”*

This is what this teaching is all about. It is about getting Christ in you—Christ, the hope of your glory. We are talking about the transition that takes place from a “knowing” experience, to a “personal” experience. We are talking about that transition that comes from fellowshiping Christ in His sufferings, in a way that we know what we are experiencing; but we *“don’t take it personally.”* We must finally come to an understanding that we can no longer be comfortable with our present thought patterns. If we don’t change that which is “within”, we cannot succeed in portraying Christ in our everyday living.

### **REMEMBER, YOU ARE ALREADY DEAD**

People ask me all the time, “How do you hear God’s voice?” How do you know when you are hearing it?” I tell them that when I *“don’t take it personally”* it disciplines my life to stay dead in Christ Jesus.

Are you beginning to see a picture now? *“Don’t take it personally.”* What does that mean? After all, I’m a human being; I have feelings; I can be hurt. My feelings can be hurt. I can be offended. And, besides, don’t I have my rights? (In America, we hear a lot of that today.)



Let's go back to the book of Colossians, in Chapter Three, verses 3,5-7. It says, *"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Mortify (kill, deaden, or, put to death), therefore, your members which are upon the earth (or, whatever belongs to your earthly nature that is employed in sin): fornication (sexual conduct outside of marriage), uncleanness (impurity), inordinate affection (lust), evil concupiscence (fulfilling forbidden desires), and covetousness (greed) which is idolatry. For which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience; in the which, ye also walked some time, when ye lived in them."* Notice it says, "you used to" walk and live this way. That verse tells me that you can walk and live in things that are hurting the heart of God.

Verses, 8,9 and 10 give us directions for our walk with God. They say, *"But now ye also put off all these: anger, wrath (rage), malice, blasphemy (curses and slander), filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him."* That last verse is the key to what we are talking about. It will help you to understand Hebrews, Chapter Five.

Let's return there, keeping in mind that Jesus learned obedience by those things which He suffered, thereby becoming the author of salvation unto all them that obey Him.

How do you obey Him? How did Jesus obey the Father? Was He obedient to the Father? Let's listen to Jesus describe His daily walk. John 10:37—*"If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not."* John 14:10,11,31—*"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself—but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works. Believe Me that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me. Or else, believe Me for the very works'*

sake"... *"But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave Me commandment, even so I do."*

Jesus didn't say, or do anything, unless He heard, or saw, His Father say it, or do it. He continued His discourse with the disciples in John 16:12-15—*"I have yet many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth. For He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear—that shall He speak; and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify Me; for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are Mine. Therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you."*

Jesus learned how to walk in every aspect of life by fellowshiping and having communion with the Father. He made provision for us to have the same learning experiences through the Holy Spirit that He would send to us. In Romans 8:26, Paul tells us, *"Likewise, the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit (Himself) maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."*

Whether we read in John, Colossians, Hebrews, or Romans, the subject has been fellowship and communion with the Father. Why is this fellowship with the Father so important?

Do you remember when the disciples said to Jesus, *"Lord, teach us to pray?"* What did He answer them? Did He not start with *"Our Father which art in heaven?"* We must always look to the Father. Jesus points us to the Father.

In John 15:1-7, Jesus says, *"I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in Me, and I in*

*you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the Vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. For without Me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."*

Is He talking about a relationship here? In verse 15 He says, *"Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you."*

In John 16:23,25-27, Jesus tells His disciples, *"In that day ye shall ask Me nothing. Verily I say unto you, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you.'" Here He is transferring over our fellowship, or conversation, to the Father. He continues, in verse 25, "These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs, but the time cometh when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you plainly of the Father. At that day ye shall ask in My Name, and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you. For the Father Himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me and have believed that I came out from God."* Jesus is continually showing us the importance of speaking and communicating with the Father for ourselves as individuals. He wants it to be an individual relationship. That is the key in learning to *not take it personally*.

In John 17:20-23, Jesus cried to the Father in His last recorded prayer before His death. His words echo His heart's cry for the same communion to take place between His disciples and His Father, as He and His Father had. *"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word."* Do you believe He was praying for you and Me, today? Aren't we, *"those who will believe,"* mentioned in verse 20? He

continues, *"that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory that Thou gavest Me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."*

Do you see the language that He is speaking there? Do you feel the cry of His spirit that we all be made one? Let us continue on in Hebrews 5:11,12, for it says in plain words. *"We have many things to say, and hard to be uttered, seeing you are dull of hearing. For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat (solid food)."* I have met so many Christians who were Christians most all of their lives, and they are still drinking milk. It is about a style of life. This is talking about getting your feelings hurt. It is about being offended; or, being offensive. In other words, it is about *taking it personally!* I hope you are beginning to understand.

For, if you are dead; and your life is hidden with Christ, you cannot take things personally. If you do; and, because of your testimony for Jesus, a person puts a gun in your face and says, "I'm going to kill you!" you will run to try and save your life. Remember, according to Colossians 3:3, *"Ye are dead and your life is hidden with Christ in God."* If your life is hidden in Christ, at that time are you going to try to find it, in order to save it? It must stay hidden in Christ!

## DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY

### PART THREE THE ROPE

Sometime in the 80's

An Excerpt From:

#### **CROSS+Wise—The Journal of a Walker**

I had just arrived home from the state penitentiary, after a full day of counseling with accused murderers. It took many hours of driving to there and back; and now there was no doubt about it—I was tired!

Previously, a man had loaned a rope to our neighbor. The people who owned it wanted to come by and pick it up; but the neighbor wasn't able to be home to give it to them. So, I told the man that I would put the rope on my front steps so that he could come by and pick it up at his convenience. While I was parking my car, one of my boys came running up to me.

He cried, "Dad, Dad, they're gonna' steal the rope!" Then he took off running around the building. I followed him and could see my children out under a tree, with the rope hanging down. Contrary to my orders, they had taken the rope from where it was to be picked up, tied it to a tree, and were swinging on it.

Arriving at the site, I looked up and saw a boy in the tree with a knife ready to cut the rope down. I called up to him, "Don't touch the rope!"

While my head was still looking upwards, a young man in front of me took out his knife and touched it right to the middle and underside of my chin. Then he ordered, "Eric, cut it down!"

In order to be able to talk, I had to open my mouth without dropping my chin, or the knife would stick me, so I didn't really want to talk at all. However, my ears heard my mouth say these words (*Now here is where you don't take it personally*), "You can't have it! It's not mine!" In my mind, I wanted to say, "You can have it! Take it! Just leave my family alone.!"

The young man with the knife to my throat very pointedly stated, "We're not *asking* for it; we're going to take it." I looked into his eyes and could see he was very high on drugs. He said, "Don't say another word, or I'll cut your throat."

My heart and mind cried out to God, "*Father, this boy could cut my throat and he wouldn't even know it. What is my responsibility to You in this situation? I need Your wisdom.*"

Several of my children were standing there watching this. In my mind, I did not want them to see their father's throat slit in front of them; but our Father in heaven knew something that I didn't know. He knew how to help me say the right words to get to the boy's heart. Romans 8:28, says, "*And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.*" However, I could hardly believe myself, when I heard the words coming out of my own mouth after getting the answer from the Father.

Once more, I very carefully spoke these words, "You don't understand; you can't have the rope. It's not mine."

My mind was saying, "*Tell him to take the rope.*" But the voice of the heart of the Father was to speak to him that he couldn't have the rope.

By this time the boy was even angrier as he repeated his threat, "If you don't shut your mouth, I'm going to cut your throat. I'm not *asking* for the rope; I'm *taking* it! Eric, cut it down!"

Again, I heard myself make the same statements, "You can't cut it down; it borrowed. You can't have it."

The boy with the knife began to tremble, folded up the blade, put it in his pocket, and looked into my face. Then he looked up into the tree. "Aw, Eric," he said, "come on down. I don't want the stupid thing anyway."

Unexpectedly and abruptly, he looked back at me, and asked, "Why weren't you afraid?"

I replied, "I was very scared!"

"Mister, you sure have a funny way of showing it. I may be high on drugs; but I know when someone is scared or not; and you were not scared. Why?"

My answer was simply, "I belong to Jesus."

"Could I come back and talk to you sometime when my mind isn't so messed up?"

"Yes, you are always welcome any time, day or night." I also told him, "My door is always open to you."

This very boy had once taken a hammer in hand while chasing one of my boys into the house, because he wanted to beat his head in. He had also kicked in my basement window, and cursed my mother and my wife. In another incident he had broken the window pane in my front door, to try and get the door unlocked so he could get at one of my other sons. He stood outside the front door and calmly begged us to, "Just let me at him for five minutes so I can beat his head in!" He thought that I would allow him to do that to my son.

It's not hard to see there were a lot of reasons I could have taken it personally. However, because of the heart of the Father, I could not hate the boy.

One reason that it is very important we don't take things personally, is, because from our eyes, we only see one side. Before that night of "the Rope", I knew nothing about his home life. However, the heavenly Father knew it all. The Father always sees the whole picture.

He saw a boy that his father had abandoned when he was very small. I saw a pest—and a dangerous one, at that. He saw a boy's mother whose boyfriends abused him and his sister. I saw a boy who threatened my boys and girls, and my mother and wife.

Facing me was a boy who was angry at the world, and, especially men; but this time he faced a Man that did not condemn him. He saw Jesus—in me—who was not afraid of a knife and threats. That began a change in his life.

Before we moved from that house, he gave his heart to the Lord. We were ready to drive away in a big rental truck, full of our furniture, when I looked out the rear-view mirror and saw him sitting on the curb of the street with his two elbows on his knees, and chin resting in his hands.

'I'll be right back," I told my two boys who would be traveling with me in the truck, and went out and sat down beside him. I did the same thing with my hands—cupping my chin, propped on my knees.

He was crying, and this is what he said, "I don't understand. I got my hair cut; I don't do drugs anymore; I don't cuss and swear; I read the Bible and I pray. I go to church; my sister gave



her heart to Jesus; and now, God is taking you away from me. Why?"

That was very hard for me. I could only tell him that there were others like him in the world that Jesus wanted me to reach; that he was now part of a family with Jesus; that we would keep in touch; and, most importantly, that I was proud of him.

What if I had taken it personally, that night? What if I had called the police when he did what he did to my house, my mother, or my wife?

## **DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY**

### **PART FOUR**

#### **EXERCISE—THE KEY TO GROWING UP**

Now, I want to spend some time helping you to know what to do in these situations. I want to encourage you, that if you ask the Lord to help you understand this, He won't start you with someone with a knife at your throat. He will start out with smaller things—like a disagreement with your brother or your sister, your husband or your wife, your neighbor, or somebody on the highway. How do you know what you should do in those times?

Hebrews 5:14 holds a vital key of understanding. It says, *"Strong meat (solid food) belongs to them that are of full age (mature)—even those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."*

"Have their senses exercised"...there are a lot of people today who are exercising their senses. They could tell you all about Goliath. They could tell you all the details of brutal murders, rapes and killings of all kinds. They could describe the immoral things they saw in newspapers, magazines or movies. They can

even sound like they are frustrated with it all, or be angry about it; but that won't change it, will it?

What does it mean to "exercise your senses"? This verse says constant use of your senses (seeing, smelling, hearing, tasting, touching) will enable you to tell the difference between good and evil.

People tell me all the time, "I don't have any discernment." My answer to them is that your senses are communicating information to you 24 hours a day.

You see. You think about what you see.

You hear. You think about what you hear.

You smell. You think about what you smell.

You touch. You think about what you touch.

How you think about what you sense, is the act of exercising your senses.

Is it clear in your mind? If I see evil, I know it is evil, don't I? If I smell something good, I know it is good, don't I? God does not stop you from seeing and hearing and smelling and touching and tasting. He gave you those senses. These are what I call "whiskers to a cat in the nighttime." The cat may not be able to see, but he can feel, he can sense, can't he? The whiskers are part of his senses.

In our lives, we must begin to exercise our senses to discern two things—either good or evil. You may be saying, "Henry, I know the difference. What's the problem?" The problem comes if we take it personally, and we don't take it to the Father. How do we take it to the Father?

Perhaps I see something that causes my mind to think lustfully. What do I do with that thought? If I take it personally, I think about it in my mind; and it will become sin. However, I am not allowed to do that; because I remember that Colossians 3:3 tells me that I am dead and buried with Christ in God. In order to find my life, I have to find out where He hid it.

When sin enters our body, we die, because sin cuts off our fellowship and communication with the Father. In the Garden of Eden, God told Adam, *"But of the 'Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil', thou shall not eat of it. For in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die"* (Genesis 2:17). That meant lost fellowship with the Father. Every day He would come in the cool of the evening and walk and talk with Adam. After Eve came into the Garden she also understood God's commandment. He warned them that their fellowship with Him would end, if they sinned by eating what they were commanded not to eat.

What happened to them? They ate, didn't they? And their communion and fellowship with their Father was severed. They lost the ability to easily talk with their Creator about anything they didn't understand. They could sense good and evil; but they were powerless to keep the evil from overcoming them. Sin began to rule in their bodies; and, eventually, they died—and all of mankind that followed is born to die. When sin comes, and rules in your body, you die!

When sin comes and rules in your body, you lose fellowship with your Father. Thank God, through Jesus Christ, you are not condemned and sentenced to death anymore! You can confess your sin; and He is faithful and just to forgive you!

The question is not *whether* you have sinned. The question is, rather, what do you do *with* sin when you see it, hear it, smell it, taste it or touch it?

Do you take it personally and try to deal with it with your own wisdom; or do you take it to the Father? We are talking about walking in fellowship with the Father, and not allowing anything to break that fellowship. In Romans, Chapter Eight, Paul asks if *anything* or *anyone* can separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord? He answers that question with a resounding, "No!"

We must agree with Him, and allow nothing and no one the ability to separate us from fellowship with our Father. He desires that from us. It is absolutely vital that fellowship with Him is restored. It was lost in the Garden of Eden; and the Father said that in order for it to be restored, the woman would bear children in hard labor; and that her Child (Jesus—the Messiah) would bruise the serpent's head.

Are you one of her children? Are you one of the sons or daughter of Adam and Eve? Jesus taught us by word and example how to bruise Satan's head and be restored in fellowship with our Father. If, as you are reading this book, you realize that you have never taken the "good news" of Jesus' birth, death and resurrection personally, now may be your time to begin exercising your senses unto life and not unto death.

**Please pray with me:**

My Father in heaven, I come before You as You made me, recognizing the fact that I was born to die. I now receive the faith to believe in You as a God that has eyes that see, ears that hear, hands that can touch, a nose that smells, and a taste that can tell the bitter from the sweet, and the good from the evil. You are also a God, who listens and wants to hear my voice, while walking in the Garden of Eden.

From this day forth, with my will, I desire that fellowship to become a reality in my daily walk throughout the rest of my life.

I ask You to come into my heart and my life, freely giving to me that ability to communicate and fellowship with You.

I recognize that I have been dead in fellowship with You because of my sins. I have hidden away as Adam and Eve hid themselves; and have sought to provide my own covering for my sins, as they did with fig leaves.

Now I realize, that in doing this, I have never really known true fellowship and forgiveness. I believe you are the only One Who can save me with an eternal salvation when I call upon You. I believe You will restore me to fellowship with yourself as my Creator-Father-Friend, and as the One Who promises He will never forsake me or leave me to myself again.

Thank You, Jesus, for coming to this earth and showing me how to be restored to our Father. Thank You, Jesus, for paying the penalty that was required to cover my sins—Your own precious Blood, spilled from the cross. Thank You, Holy Spirit for coming into my heart now, in answer to Jesus' prayer to teach me how to *not take it personally* anymore. Amen.

## REMITTING SINS

### PART ONE THE BULLY, ALEX AND MANUEL

The New Year, 1961

An Excerpt From:

#### **“CROSS+WISE—The Journal of a Walker”**

By Henry Gruver

During the same evening I made a vow for 1961 that began one of the most important phases of my life. The Lord is still building on the principles of walking and praying that began to be planted in my life that night, as I vowed, “Lord, one night a week I will take 100 gospel tracts into downtown Phoenix, and not come home until I have personally handed them out.”

I enthusiastically started fulfilling that vow on January 1, 1961. By the end of February I was walking the streets of Skid Row and passing out tracts as I had promised the Lord that I would; but I was very discouraged. My tracts wound up blowing about, getting soaked by the rain, and tossed aside as common trash. I cried out to the Lord and asked for something different to happen. What I was doing was not producing fruit for the Lord—just jobs for the trash collectors.

The Holy Spirit challenged me with a very simple statement, *“When you walk and give out tracts, only walk where and when*

*you have full peace; and only give out tracts in the same peace."*

I understood that to mean that if a question of whether I should keep going one way, or another came to my mind, I should just stop and try the other way. If peace and a song returned to my heart, it meant I should keep going in the same way I had been going. If peace and the song in my heart left me, it meant I should stop, and try another direction. That elementary teaching was to be the beginning of the stories and principles that I am finally putting down in this book.

With that in mind, I began to walk the streets of Phoenix with the peace of God in my heart and a song on my lips. That first night as I began to cross a street, heading toward a group of people, both my song and my peace left me. So, I turned around and started back to where I had come from. Then people across the other side of the road, to my left, caught my eye. As I headed that way I lost peace again. It was time to turn back, straight over to Washington Street. I couldn't see any people in that direction; but I had extreme peace, as well as humming a song again. I was thinking, *"I'm not seeing any people to whom I can give tracts; but I will continue to follow this peace."*

At the next intersection I went through the same thing and wound up going in a leftward direction again, thus completing one half square block; but giving out no tracts or words of testimony. Basically, I went through the same actions at the next corner. I came in contact with no people, nor did I give out any tracts; and I had now completed three-quarters of a square block. Still, the peace ruled in my heart and directed my feet.

I turned to go to the right where people were walking, but I lost my song. By this time I thought, *"Lord, is this really You? Or, is this just my mind?"* I realized that was a question about the direction I was going, so, I turned around—and the peace

returned. By this time I was heading for the same mid-block area where the Holy Spirit first challenged me to walk in peace. When I had returned to that very spot, I looked to the left and saw a tavern door. On the door was a sign, "Minors Under 21 Forbidden!!" Since I was only 18, I didn't qualify to go in there. I made an about face and started across the street, where four people were just standing and talking outside a tavern. The Holy spirit again spoke to my heart with these words, *"You are about to walk outside of the crosswalk; that is jay-walking and against the law."* "Whoops!" I said, "Sorry, Lord," and turned around, going back up on the sidewalk, turning right and losing peace. So I turned around and walked in great peace—until a few steps later when the peace again left me.

Here I was—just stopped. I couldn't cross the street to where the people were—that would be "jay-walking". I looked to the right and saw the same tavern door, with the sign prohibiting me from entering; but as I turned my body toward it, the peace returned. I said to myself, *"Lord, I'm just going to stand here in this peace until You tell me to leave or something happens."*

At that moment, a big husky, bearded man came out the door, cursing at the top of his voice—right up in my face. He was swinging his fists past my ears and was very angry. I just stood there smiling while he kept spitting in my face and loudly cursing. He couldn't seem to hit me; and this made him even angrier.

This went on for some time as I stood there praying for his precious soul to be saved. From the corner of my eye I noticed quite a crowd was being drawn. I didn't want to turn completely around to look, because he would have put his fist in my nose, as he was already fanning my ears. He was about my height; and when I looked off to the side of his left ear, I saw a man next to the tavern door making his way toward me. Our eyes met and then he began wiping the tears from his face. The bully let out one final grunt, turned around and elbowed his way back



into the tavern. This left me with a crowd of people, which made me think, *"I can easily give out all my tracts now, in a few minutes;"* all the while making my way to the man who was wiping his tears and sobbing.

When I reached him, I asked, "What is your name?"

"Alex", he replied.

"Alex", I acknowledged, "Alex, do you know Jesus loves you?"

Hearing that he went straight down on his knees, loudly repenting and saying, "Oh, Jesus, I know You love me. Thank You, Thank You for forgiving me and loving me.

Well, he was doing such a god job of talking to the Lord, that I figured he didn't need me; so I stood up. Next to me was a tall Pima Indian man, vigorously slapping his face, saying, "Indian man don't cry. Indian man don't cry."

I repeated the question I had just asked of Alex, "What is your name?"

"Manuel."

"Manuel, Jesus loves you; and those are good tears. Don't be ashamed to cry."

Through his sobs he explained, "I have done much wrong; but when I see this man finding God like that, it makes me cry."

"Manuel", I said, "Why don't you kneel down beside Alex and pray like he is praying?"

Manuel and Alex were in good hands; so I turned to start giving out my tracts to the crowd. About that time a police paddy wagon came up with lights flashing and an officer pressing his way through, gruffly asking, looking in my direction, "What's going on here?" He continued, none too happily, "These people

are blocking the road and cars can't get through! You'll have to go around the corner so we can get the road cleared."

The crowd began moving down around the corner; and I cheerfully rejoiced while giving out the rest of my tracts. After witnessing the Bully, Alex, and Manuel, people were actually reading with interest what I had to offer. Others just stood by, exclaiming, "This is God! This is God!"

The crowd thinned out and people went about their business, giving me a chance to talk to Alex. He began to relate who he was and how he had gotten to this place at this time. He told me that he lived in Los Angeles and had gotten off work after payday. He and some buddies went out for a beer; and they talked him into coming over to Phoenix with them. When his money ran out, he woke up and found himself in an alley with no wallet and no buddies in sight. His shame kept him from heading straight back home to his waiting family. He became more and more depressed as he walked around asking about his friends; but no one knew anything about them.

When he got to the tavern with the sign on the door, "Minors Under 21 Forbidden!!" he found a man who seemed to have a heart to listen to his troubles. He bought Alex a drink; but left when the big burly fellow came in and sat down beside them. The big guy also offered Alex a drink, and then he began gulping down one after another and getting louder and more abusive by the minute.

Suddenly he just got up and headed out the door, yelling as he went. The people who were still inside the tavern could hear him outside and began, one by one, to go out and investigate what the commotion was all about. Soon there were only two people left inside—the bartender and Alex.

As Alex continued telling me his story, he explained that he had already determined he was not leaving that place. Upon waking

in the alley and realizing the seriousness of his position, he had cried out to the Lord, *"If there is any way that you can still love me, please send someone to tell me, 'Jesus loves you.'"* In his depression, he had decided that if no one came to him before the tavern closed that night, he would go over to the railroad tracks and run in front of a train to kill himself.

The bartender wanted to go out and investigate; but couldn't leave his post with Alex still sitting there; so he said, "I've already lost my paying customers and you don't have any money; let's go and see what's happening out there." Alex made his way outside, walking along the wall, where he could see the bully beside me swinging his fists around. No one seemed to be fighting with him; so he moved over to try and see better. That was when he saw my smiling face, and the man trying, unsuccessfully, to hit me. When my smile was directed to him he couldn't hold back his tears any longer; because he realized that God had indeed sent me to tell him, "Alex, Jesus loves you."

Alex was helped financially to get back to Los Angeles; and I took Manuel back to the Indian reservation and prayed with his sister and mother. Praise God for His patience to teach us His ways of goodness to mankind!

## REMITTING SINS

### PART TWO

#### “Frank! What’s it to ya’?”

It is still 1961

An Excerpt From:

#### “**CROSS+WISE—The Journal of a Walker**”

By Henry Gruver

If there is one thing I became convinced of after a very short time on Skid Row, it was that when a person is intoxicated they seem to be sure of two things. One, you are deaf; and two, you can’t see beyond your nose. This next testimony involves a man who scored right at the top in both categories.

I first met him, or more accurately, heard him, as he approached me coming out of a tavern, cursing loudly. I didn’t realize at first that it was me he was addressing. He was about a half block away and I couldn’t see anyone behind or in front of me, so I looked around to see with whom he was so angry. It didn’t take him long to reach his target—which was me; and when he did, he came right up in my face, still cursing full volume. As abruptly as he started, he took one step back and stopped yelling. *(It reminded me somewhat of Legion coming out of the tombs, crying loudly, “Why have You come to torment me before my time?”)* Then he just stood there, looking at me.

I asked, “What is your name?”

Quickly and belligerently he replied, "Frank! What's it to ya'?"

My heart went out to him as I saw the left side of his face. It was caved in and looked like one big scar, with a slightly disfigured eye and ear. I asked Jesus what I should say to him, and only these words came to me, "Frank I just had to come and tell you that Jesus loves you."

His retort was loud and still right in my face, "If there really was a God of love, why did He let me live when that shell blew up in our trench? And why did He let that boy right to the left of me, who was reading his Bible, be blown to pieces?" As quickly as he spat out his reply, he turned away and went back into the tavern, continuing to curse in bitterness all the way.

This same scenario happened again and again as I walked those streets, fulfilling my New Year's Eve vow. I never knew exactly when or where, but sometime during the evening, he would come out of a door, as though he knew I was coming just for him. Each time I patiently listened to his litany of cursing and bitterness, waiting for him to come to a halt. With his face in front of mine, I would cry out in my spirit, "*Lord, how do I reach him? He seems to have a legitimate complaint. I just don't know how to answer him.*" But when he would finally stop, all I could say to him were the same words, "Frank, I just had to come and tell you that Jesus loves you."

It would evoke the same response and then a quick retreat back to the tavern he had just come from, "If there is a God of love, then why did He let me live and allow that boy reading his Bible to be blown to pieces?"

This went on week after week as I went back to Skid Row, until the night came when the Holy Spirit awakened me out of a sound sleep, saying, "Get up! And go downtown, now!" it was a cold February night; and I just lay there praying and asking, "Why?" I didn't receive any answer, but the same urgency to get

up and go persistently tugged at me. So, I got up and drove the 15 miles into downtown Phoenix. By then it was after 1:30 in the morning. My mind had all kinds of reasons why I should just stay home. I thought, *"Nobody will be out on the streets tonight. It's too late."* When I arrived, it was just that. There wasn't a soul in sight. Plenty of voices came from the cheap hotels and an occasional tavern owner was leaving his establishment. Twice, a police car slowly cruised by, eyeing this young man who appeared to be too young to be on the streets this time of the morning. My mind may have wrestled with obedience; but my spirit had made the commitment with the Lord to walk in His peace and song. I had both, so I continued walking and praying. Nothing seemed to be happening, so I talked to the Lord about it, "I am going to go back over this road; if nothing happens by the time I get the block and a half to my car, I will go on back home, with the confidence I have obeyed. Perhaps You just wanted me to walk this area and pray it; or, I missed what You were telling me."

Just before I was going to head back to my car, I glanced up into a window above a door leading into one of those cheap hotels and caught a glimpse of Frank handing something to the night clerk. Then he turned and saw me standing down on the street. Down the stairs he came, and, as usual, cursing loudly all the way. I cried out, *"Please help me, Jesus, because if he continues that yelling at this hour, we will both land in jail!"*

The lateness of the hour didn't deter him; he continued down those stairs right into my face—as always. Only this time, instead of stopping and just glaring at me; he took a step backwards, looked at me and grabbed my hands, starting to rub them together, and exclaimed, "Young man, it's cold out here! Don't you have any better sense than to come out to these streets at this time of the night?"

My heart was so overwhelmed, I just blurted out, "Frank, I just had to come down here one more time and tell you that Jesus loves you!"

As I repeated these words he fell to his knees, crying out, "Oh, God. You really do love me. I have been so bitter at You all these years. I have left my wife and family because of my bitterness; and they have stayed faithful. This young man has shown me You still love me. Oh, please help me and forgive me."

As he and I wept together my heart was so full of gratitude for this jewel of God's grace right before my eyes. Then he said, "Come upstairs with me. I have something to show you." We went up to the night clerk and Frank asked for his letter back. It had just been sealed; and my heart was moved as I read the words he had written to his faithful wife and children. He had told them that by the time they received this letter, they would already have known of his death. He explained that he just couldn't stand to be a trouble to them anymore; and he wanted them to please forgive him for taking his life, but it seemed the only way out.

That day he had gotten a gun and brought I up to his room. As the evening wore on he knew he must end it; but after midnight his heart cried out, "Oh, God, if You really do love me, then send that young man just one more time to tell me tonight. I won't kill myself if you send him." Then he went out walking the streets until about 1:45. when I didn't show up, he became even more depressed and went back to his room and wrote the letter.

What joy we shared when he reached the part of handing the letter to the clerk and glancing down to see me! At that very instant he told me I would never see him on the streets of Skid Row again, because he was going home to his wife and family. I can truly relate to you that I never did see him there again; and

except for an occasional burden to pray for him and his family, I believe that the next time we meet it will be on the pure, golden streets of Heaven.

## **REMITTING SINS**

### **PART THREE**

### **THE DEVIL'S PULPIT**

One beautiful, calm May morning I was walking and praying along the border between England and Wales. The spring wildflowers were in full bloom, and the hillsides were alive with the beauty and colors of the season. It was a most pleasant thing to walk along that path that morning. Little did I know that in a matter of minutes, the whole scenario would change radically. In a moment, the serene countryside would be transformed into a battlefield, on which, it seemed that all the demons of hell were manifesting their full fury.

As I walked along, I came upon the top of a mountain. The nearest little crossroads of a town was eight miles away. It was there that I found myself confronted by evil forces greater in magnitude than I have ever encountered in all my life. I was walking alone, except for the Lord, and I had stumbled into an area known as the Devil's Pulpit, right above Tintern Abbey, one of the most ancient and well-reserved abbeys in the British Isles.

Let me give you a little bit of history:

*Back in the early 1500's, when King Henry VIII of England could not get the Pope's permission to divorce his wife in order to*



*marry another, he became angry and kicked the mother church in Rome out of England. He then formed his own church, which became known as the Anglican Church, or the Church of England. He was king, so his word was already law in secular matters. With the establishment of Anglicanism, he also became head of the church in the land, and his word was also law in the church. Every monarch since has held both titles.*

*When Henry, as the secular authority, took control of the Christian Church in order to give license to his own immorality, it opened up the country to all manner of corruption. In a situation like that, a spiritual multiplication factor goes into effect, and spiritual conditions begin to plummet rapidly.*

*That was the door that Henry VIII opened in his realm; and Satan wasted no time at all in stepping in and taking control. While the Crown was busy with the organization of its new religion, Satan moved in, setting forces in full array. He fully understood that the freedom to move, had unwittingly, but surely, been given to him.*

*As he set up his domain there, in the British Isles, it became a very powerful center for the occult. Sorcery, Druidism, and ancient Celtic rituals and expressions began to come for and spread rapidly and powerfully. Spiritual wickedness in high places became prevalent throughout the kingdom.*

Before I finish this story, I need to share some Biblical background and related testimonies.

### **WHICH MOUNTAIN DO YOU WANT TO CLIMB?**

*Deuteronomy 11:26-29—“Behold I set before you this day, a blessing and a curse. A blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I have commanded you this day; and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God, but turn aside out of the way which I command you*

*this day, to go after other gods, which ye have not known. And it shall come to pass, when the Lord thy God hath brought thee in unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal."* The Lord promised the children of Israel a blessing if they obeyed Him, but He also promised that a curse would come upon them if they disobeyed and turned away.

But why did He say it the way He did? Why did He tell the children of Israel to put the blessing upon one mountain, and the curse upon another? He was saying, "I'm setting a choice between blessing and cursing before you, and I want you to be reminded of it every day. Which one will you choose?" The Lord was showing them that, "You must remember this every morning. When the sun rises and you see both of those mountain peaks, you will remember that you must choose one or the other that day." Jeremiah reminds us that the Lord's mercies are new every morning (See Lamentations 3:22,23). Every day the choice stands before us. Those two mountain peaks confronted the Israelites every new day as a daily reminder of their choice between receiving a blessing or a curse.

God had them put the curse upon one mountain to remind them that he allows a curse to come forth when we make the wrong choice. A curse can only rule and reign in our lives when we make the wrong choice. When my children want to do something that isn't right, or isn't good for them, I say, "Well, I'll tell you what. You can do that; it is your choice, it is your decision. You are of the age of accountability now; but what kind of fruit do you want in your life? Your choice will determine whether you get a blessing or a curse."

A curse turns you over to the devourer. It brings pure drudgery into your life. Don't try to demand that a blessing come upon you if you have chosen the curse; it won't happen. That's why

the Lord said, "Put the blessing on one mountain and the curse on another. You have a choice. Which mountain do you want to climb?"

### **THERE'S HONEY IN THE ROCK!**

When we were kids, my brothers and I used to climb mountains all the time. Maybe you have done some climbing, too. Did you ever try to climb two mountains at once? Yes, its impossible. God didn't make us that way. We can only climb one mountain at a time.

Sometimes, when you are trying to get over a steep mountain cliff in life, you feel as though you are being stretched to the limit. You fine yourself reaching out as far as you can, trying to find something solid to touch and give a foothold so you can conquer that hard place. You don't want to let go with your left foot until your right foot is secure. You want to make sure that both hands can get hold of something stable before you take your next step, because if you let go too soon and the footing is unsteady, you just know you will fall to destruction.

I nearly did something like that when I was about 14 years old. My brothers and I climbed Lookout Mountain in Paradise Valley, Arizona. I had always wanted to climb to the top of that mountain. After all, mountains are there to be conquered, at lease in the mind of a 14-year-old boy. Young people always seem to be looking for adventure, don't they?

When we got to the top, I found myself looking over a cliff to see bees bussing around. As Winnie the Pooh would say, "Where there's bees, there's got to be honey." I kept looking, and sure enough, I say a big beehive down in the face of that cliff. It reminded me of a song we sang in church—"There's honey in the Rock, my brother; there's honey in the Rock for you."

Earlier, in my grade school days, we had once found a beehive between cracks in the wall of the school. Part of the building was an old military barracks that had been converted into classrooms, and some bees had built a hive into the wall. On cold mornings—it did get cold enough in Phoenix at times that bees wouldn't fly—we loved to take a stick and poke around in there, and wedge out a piece of honeycomb. We'd eat it on our way to class. Then we'd have to hurry up and wash our hands, because they would be all sticky from the honey. But oh, those bees were good to us!

After I found that beehive in the face of the cliff, I was determined to go back again. One morning I decided to get up much earlier than usual. I wanted to get to the top of Lookout Mountain before the day warmed up, so that I could get some honey out of that hive.

When I went outside, my heart sank. I couldn't even see the peak of that mountain; it was completely shrouded in fog. Wouldn't you know? It was a rare foggy morning in the desert, and I thought, *"There goes my chances for getting up there to get that honey."* It was spooky to me; but I decided to go climbing anyway.

Never climb a mountain alone. It is a stupid and foolish thing to do. I didn't even tell Mom and Dad where I was going—I guess I knew they would have said, "No."

I made my way to the mountain and began scaling the cliff. I took my time, and before each step, I made sure the foothold was going to support me. Gradually I got closer and closer until finally I could see the opening to the hive. No bees were flying in and out of it. I started to get excited, and I made my way to a place where I thought I could just about reach in and get my hands on some of that honey.

Looking back on it now, of course, I realize that it was a really stupid thing to do. I mean, reaching into a beehive in the face of a cliff, 60 or 70 feet directly above a ledge of slick shale and exposed rocks? That wasn't very bright. But I wanted a taste of that "honey in the rock". I was always one who thought that if you talked about something, or sang a song about it, you might as well experience it as to sing or talk about it!

So there I was, working my way around the face of the cliff, maneuvering to the place where I thought I could reach into the hole. Sure enough, bees were in there, but I also saw sections of honeycomb with no bees on them. Some of the honey was protruding out; however, I was not quite close enough to be able to reach in and get hold of it, and also hang onto the side of the cliff.

I decided to make one more move to get closer. I inched my way forward, and got to where I could just reach in. then I grabbed onto a rocky outcropping with my right hand. Now that honey was almost in my grasp—except, instead of honey coming loose, my hand caused rocks to come tumbling down.

The rocks fell in front of me, and fortunately, I didn't lose my balance. Things didn't seem to be too bad until I looked down and saw a small army of tiny scorpions, each one about 3/8 of an inch long. I had unearthed their nest!

In my mind that horde of scorpions was already crawling all over me, and I thought, *"How do I get out of here? It took me forever to get here!"* To this day, I do not remember how I climbed back down that cliff. I made it, but I have no idea how it was accomplished.

I never went up there after honey again. In fact, you still couldn't get me on that mountain for all the honey in the world. I lost all fascination with it. As far as I was concerned, the bees could keep their honey!

Well, there are times in life when we become fascinated with something that looks really good, but when we get right down to it, we find out that it is dangerous—sometimes, even life-threatening.

I was always taught that smaller rattlesnakes pack a more powerful wallop than big ones, and that little scorpions have a more dangerous sting than large ones. I don't know if that is true or not, but Dad always used to say that their venom was more concentrated. I don't know; maybe he just wanted us to be cautious.

We are on a journey in life, and God wants us to use wisdom along the way. As a faithful Father, He wants to equip us with everything we need to make the journey successfully. He doesn't want us falling off cliffs and hurting ourselves. He doesn't want us to be foolish and wind up getting stung. He wants us to know the right way to go, and He tries to make the choice obvious.

That's why He said to the children of Israel, "Here's one mountain, and there's another." Mountains are very definite things, aren't they? You can't miss them. He was giving them a clear choice: Either you choose blessing, or, you choose curse. There is no gray area. No one can climb two mountains at the same time. But on this journey, we have to make daily decisions that will cause us either to be blessed, or to come under a curse.

I believe it's the Father's love that does that. A loving Father wants us to know all the details; He doesn't want to put us in slippery places where we can slide over the line one second and slide back again the next.

## **THE BASICS OF REMITTING OF SINS**

After His resurrection, Jesus told His disciples, “*Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.*” (John 20:23) What does it mean to remit sins? What’s the purpose of it? Also, I want to look at a closely related issue: What does it mean “to redeem the land”—to claim the land back for the Lord and bring it back to Him? By that I mean to be really possessing the land, not just co-existing in it with the forces of evil.

King Saul didn’t redeem the land. He fought against his enemies, and I Samuel 14:47 tells us he “vexed” them, but he never overcame his enemies. He made those who survived into his servants. He made “hewer of wood” and “drawer of water”. That is not ruling over your enemies, is it?

Let’s go into this study with a definition of the word “remit”. Then we’ll go into the Bible and look at some verses and passages that give us the scriptural basis for remitting sins. One method of defining a word is to give you its synonyms.

When you remit, you: relax, absolve, release, pardon, discontinue, acquit, surrender, leave off, moderate, mitigate, alleviate, desist,--as in “cease and desist.” That should give you an inkling of the kind of power there is in remitting someone’s sins. Here is another synonym that is really powerful: soften. Have you ever met a hard callused person? You can begin to soften those calluses by remitting that one’s sins. Here are some more synonyms: relent, excuse, overlook, exempt, forward, dispatch, transmit, convey, transfer, consign, and deliver. Think about those words in relation to sin. Clearly, there is power there!

On the other hand, if you *don’t* remit someone’s sins, what are you doing? Consider these antonyms for the word remit: hold, withhold, keep, retain, reserve, tie up, persist, continue, exact, control, command, sway, dominate, avenge, take revenge, get the upper hand, impose a duty on, bind, enjoin, render

obligatory, make responsible, repress, suppress, restrain, restrict, prohibit. Antonyms and synonyms will help you to understand whether or not you are choosing the right mountain.

Are you getting the picture of those two mountains in front of you—the Synonym Mountain of Blessing, and the Antonym Mountain of Cursing. Which mountain have you been climbing? Which act have you been performing? Have you been releasing others? Have you been sending them forward? Have you been dispatching and transmitting and conveying and transferring and consigning and delivering them? Then you have been remitting sins! If you have been making others responsible, placing them under obligation, repressing, restricting, restraining and prohibiting them, you have not been remitting their sins. You have been retaining them!

At the risk of repeating myself, I will say it again. You can be either a blessing or a curse. Choose the blessing and live.

Looking at the Greek Strong's Dictionary for the word translated as "remit" in the New Testament, we find that it means "to cry, or, forgive, to lay aside, or, forsake." It comes from a root word meaning "off"—as in, "Get it off from me!" "Shake it loose!" According to Strong's Concordance, this root word "usually denotes separation and departure.

## **REDEEMING THE LAND**

When we speak of redeeming the land, what are we talking about? We are talking about reclaiming it for God. We know there is a lot of territory in this world that needs "separation and departure" from sin and the curse. There are a lot of things that need to be removed from our land, as well as many iniquitous yokes from the generations which came before us that need to be separated out from the land.



Does that sound strange to you? Consider Leviticus 18:25—  
*"...and the land is defiled. Therefore I do visit the iniquity thereof upon it, and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants."*

I will never forget the look of terror on the face of a 17-year-old girl that came to a Friday night prayer meeting. The Spirit of the Lord began to show me her sins. I saw that she was playing the field with all the boys.

I went over and unobtrusively sat down beside her, and inquired of the lady who was with her, "Are you her mother? She said that she was, so I then asked, "Do you mind if I talk to your daughter for a minute?"

"Not at all," she replied.

As I began to relate to the young lady her affairs with young men, I explained why the Lord had shown them to me. I conducted the conversation in a whisper so that other people in the room couldn't hear what was being said.

I continued, "You were raised in a Pentecostal church. You know better; but what you don't realize, child, is that every time you join your body in a sexual union with a young man, you are becoming a partaker of all the wickedness and filth and corruption of every generation in his entire lineage. Now you wonder why you find yourself thinking about taking your life."

She began to cry, nodding her head. Then, all of a sudden, she literally yelled out, "I will never leave Billy! I love Billy!"

I quickly prayed and asked, "Father, who is Billy? He explained, "He's a warlock, and he has her under his spell."

When this young girl cried out, "I will never leave Billy!" she seemed to stiffen. I pleaded with her, "Please listen, Billy has you under his control; but he is a warlock. You thought he was just dabbling in the occult; the truth is that he is into it big time.

He has taken a covenant; and when you join yourself to Billy, you partake of all the covenants he has made in that black witchcraft. Is that what you really want out of life?"

In response she jumped up and declared, "I'll live my own life. You leave me alone!" then she walked out.

I felt terrible, and thought, *"Well, Lord, don't show me anyone else's sins."* I had fully expected her to come right down front and repent. That is what I thought she would do; but she certainly did not respond the way I thought she would to the word of the Lord.

After that evening, I observed her for two years. She went deeper and deeper into sin, and fought with her mother more and more frequently, until finally she left home to live with Billy at his house. She wound up actively involved in the occult until the day came that she found herself in a critical care unit at the local hospital after a near fatal accident.

You might say she was on her deathbed, but it was the day that young woman came back to the Lord. He was merciful, and she was able to come off that bed and leave the hospital. As she gave her testimony, she explained that when she had begun living that kind of life, everybody liked her. She became popular in school, where before nobody liked her because she was a Christian. Yes, she became popular; but she didn't realize that she was marching to the beat of the wrong drummer. The enemy got a strong hold on her, and she found out he was playing for keeps. She became bound.

I don't relate these things to cause anyone to fear. I had a burden for that girl that I don't think I would have had if I hadn't gone over and talked with her that evening. The mother was a Christian; the father wasn't. I also understood the cries and intercession of that mother for her daughter, and had joined in agreement with her.

When you are interceding in a situation like that, and you wonder what you can do; continue to remit the person's sins. Even if it seems hopeless, *remit, remit, remit—never despair of remitting.* Paul expresses this kind of intercession perfectly in II Corinthians 2:10-11. He is talking to the Corinthian church and expounding on the need for agreement in intercession and forgiveness. He said, *"To whom ye forgive any thing, I forgive also. For if I forgave any thing—to whom I forgave it—for your sakes forgave I it in the person of Christ; lest Satan should get an advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices."*

### **WALKING AND REMITTING— AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST**

Why remit a person's sins? Matthew 26:28—*"for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."*

This teaching grew out of a cry of my heart, *"Oh, God, Your Word says to love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that spitefully use you. But, Lord, I don't know how. I have told them, 'I love you.' I have said, 'I forgive you, however, Lord, I still didn't like them. It didn't release me. It didn't set me free. I can't really live it, from my heart. Something is wrong, Lord. I'm not reaching these people. They just laugh at me, or spit in my face, or stomp on my feet, push me back, and say, 'Get out of my face, you religious freak!'"*

*"Lord, I'm not reaching them. Their hearts are not being pricked. I'm not getting right down to where they live. They are not feeling my sincerity. Something has to penetrate the hard shell of these individuals, or it is useless for me to be out here, trying to be a witness. I want to see results!"*

*"Lord, I can take my saw, my hammer, my drill, my measuring tape and my square, and make a piece of furniture. I can take*

*my paintbrush and some varnish, and put a nice finish on it. I can make it shine. Lord, that's something You gave me the ability to do; but I'm not getting anywhere with mankind. I'm not getting results.'*

*"I don't know when I'm cutting. I don't know when I'm joining. I don't know when I'm sanding. I don't know when I'm planning. I don't know when I'm routing or painting or varnishing. I want to see fruit from my labors. I read in Your Word that even King Agrippa said to Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Paul got results. The disciples got results. Philip was even translated! He won a nation's treasurer to You. I want to see those kinds of results! I'm not content with my religion. It's not doing the job."*

This was the essence of my cry after I had made my vow to walk the streets of Skid Row in 1961, and it seemed I was not making any headway. His answer was to not stop walking. His answer was to incorporate walking in His peace and His song. You've read the previous testimonies and know that it works; but, you still might ask, "Where is that in the Bible?"

James 3:12-18 is the key. It speaks of the wisdom that comes from above. Specifically, it's the second attribute of that wisdom—it is peaceable. Its first attribute, James tells us, is purity. Keep your heart pure, because Jesus said, "*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*" (Matthew 5:8). Do you want to see God in your circumstances? Do you want to see Him in your witnessing? Then start by being pure in heart. Don't let sin stick around in your mortal body. I don't go out walking and praying with unconfessed sin in my life. I'm afraid to, because I never know where my steps are going to take me.

## **THE DEVIL’S PULPIT—Continued**

The Devil’s Pulpit was one of those areas that caught me completely unawares. When I started the task, I had no idea of the wickedness and evil that was to be found on that mountain. I had no preconceived ideas of what the Lord wanted me to address in the Spirit concerning that mountain. However, there I was, on what seemed at first appearances to be a heavenly mountain. I had come to the massive rock about 10 feet square and perhaps twenty feet high, jutting out of the mountain’s side. It looked like a giant pulpit. Nearby, there was actually a little one-by-four board with an arrow on it, pointing to that stone outcropping, with the words, *“The Devil’s Pulpit”* carved on it.

On down the mountain was another spot called, *“The End of the World”*. Both places are literally named on the topographical maps of the area.

When I first came to that place known as the *Devil’s Pulpit*, I stood in that naturally carved stone over looking the valley and town below, and started reading the Word of God aloud over it. I read about the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then I began praising God and rejoicing. I took dominion over the devil there, with the intention of taking back that area. I didn’t like the idea of any place being called the *Devil’s Pulpit*. The devil shouldn’t have a public place from which to preach.

I thought that took care of what needed to be done in that area, and proceeded on down the trail. As I made my way down the mountain, the Holy Spirit said to me, *“Go back up the mountain.”* As I obeyed and turned back, that peace described in James, Chapter Three, settled over me. I was climbing up a little bit of a hill that was about 50 feet high, when I suddenly found myself looking down into a large concave area—large enough to hold a good-sized meeting. It was like a natural bowl, or amphitheater, near the top of that mountain, with giant beech trees growing all around it, soaring 150 to 200 feet in the air. As I continued investigating the area, I began to see and experience why the Lord told me to go back where I had been. Then the winds began to whip up around and about me, and as I watched, what had been a beautiful, calm, peaceful May morning, was now being overtaken by a great storm and howling winds. I am not making this up; it was not a figment of my imagination; it actually happened. Before I realized what was going on, the wind was howling, and the branches of those huge trees were bending violently. I had an eerie feeling. Where had all that wind come from? As I proceeded down into that natural amphitheater I came upon a real stone altar, right in the middle of a circle of blackened earth. There was charcoal all around with large pieces of slate placed atop the charcoal.

Now remember, people in the occult like to walk over hot coals. They walk through the fire because it gives them the faith, they say, to have a stronger belief in their god. That is a Satanic counterfeit of God’s Word, which says we can walk through the fire and not be burned (Isaiah 43:2). It really fascinates people to think that someone can walk on hot coals without getting burned. If you look up the origin of the word, *“fascinate”*, you will find that it means, *“to bewitch”*. Many people are drawn into the occult by fascination, and then they become bewitched without realizing it. Yet, to them it is just something strange and exotic.

At any rate, as I began to walk on those slate stones, my feet actually became as hot as fire. I reached down and held my hand just above the slate, and didn't feel any heat at all. I put my hand right on it, and found it was, as the saying goes, "stone cold", and the eerie feeling about the place intensified. My feet were burning as I was walking on those pieces of slate, which were sitting on top of charred wood.

I thought, "*Lord, what do you want me to do here?*" I began to walk around, praying in the Spirit, and my feet still felt like they were on fire. The Lord told me to stand on the altar. He said He had some words that He wanted me to declare.

Remember, one of the synonyms for the word remit, is "to cry, as in, to declare, or to make a declaration. When we are remitting sins and claiming back the land, God wants His Word spoken over that land. After all, when the earth was without form and void, His Word, spoken over the face of the deep, brought the world into existence. Then, He spoke every living thing into existence as well, except for man. He formed man from the dust of the earth with His hands, but He spoke everything else into being, didn't He? He said, "Let there be...Let there be...Let there be", and it was. However, He took you and me from the earth. Our flesh doesn't like to be reminded that it is made of dirt, but that is how He formed us; and then He breathed into our nostrils the breath of life.

As I walked back and forth in that big concave area I began remitting the sins of those who had committed lewd, filthy, vile, and wicked acts there. Walking up to the farthest edge of the bowl, I came upon areas where there were big piles of wood. I could see how they had gone up and girded the trees—they had cut circles through the bark all the way around so the trees would die. That gave them a supply of firewood. All those big piles of wood were ready to be used for their sacrifices. And even if their bonfire blazed up to the heavens, they couldn't be

seen from the outside because of the giant trees surrounding the natural bowl. The only way a fire could be seen would be from an airplane or a helicopter. The trees were such that they provided year-round cover.

As I mentioned, the Lord then said, "I want you to get up on that altar, and I want you to say a few words for Me. "I'm always ready to do that, because I am an ambassador for Christ. Isn't that what the scriptures say? *"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ..."* (II Corinthians 5:20). That means we are His representatives, His mouthpieces, and we are to deliver the message exactly as our Commander-in-chief gives it to us. We represent Him, and we speak by His authority.

As the wind was howling through the trees, I stood on that big stone altar and cried out, turning and facing the north, the south, the east, and the west. The declaration took form as I opened my mouth, and let it be known that from this time forth things would be different. Anyone entering this area intending to commit any act, deed or gesture to Lucifer—the god of this world—would come fact to face with the power of the shed blood of Jesus Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit. Their choices would be to either fall on their faces and repent for their hearts of wickedness, or, flee from this place.

It works! When *He* speaks it, it *really* works! Confirmation of what took place around that altar came several years later when I was staying with a medical doctor and his family in South Wales. The doctor asked me if I would mind meeting with a certain husband and wife after church on a Sunday afternoon. He warned me that this couple was "unusual" and explained that I didn't have to meet with them if I didn't want to. He had been talking to them about me and my times of walking and praying all over Wales, and they had expressed a desire for a meeting.



Sunday afternoon came and with it the confirmation I had been hoping to hear. It turned out that the man was a Satanist high priest. His first words to me were delivered proudly and sarcastically, "So, (pause) you walk cities and pray over them, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Big deal!" he snorted. "What do you accomplish by walking cities and praying?"

Well, he didn't know it; but I "had his number". He hadn't been introduced to me as a Satanist high priest, but I knew the spirit in him, having wrestled with it on many of the mountains in that country. I figured that I might as well redeem the time and get right down to the nitty-gritty with this man, and tell him about the first high place in Wales that the Lord sovereignly led me to find.

As I casually shared that experience his countenance changed from proud and haughty to slightly chastened. However, he wasn't chastened enough to give up yet, so he scoffingly and confidently said, "You didn't go in there. They wouldn't let you in."

"I didn't, huh? Let me tell you exactly where it is, and exactly what it looks like. I will tell you the color of the paint of the symbols on the stones that are placed around it. I'll tell you the size of the altar. I could take you right to it, right now."

I then began to tell him exactly where it was, and exactly what it looked like, and the color of the paint. He became agitated and interrupted me, saying, "So, you're the one! You're the one! You're dangerous!"

It was my turn to interrupt him, "No, Stop right there. I'm not the one; and I'm not dangerous. I stay under the covering of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. He's the One Who is dangerous to you. Henry Gruver is dead, and don't you ever forget it. You

can't do anything to Henry Gruver, because Henry Gruver is dead. Jesus is the One Who did it—not Henry Gruver."

It is important to always keep that straight when you are dealing with demonic powers, because when you get to thinking you are something, they will plow into you full tilt, and you are in trouble.

The high priest changed his tune and asked the doctor, "Have you a topographical map? Something that shows the elevations of the land—the hilltops and the valleys?"

"Yes, I do surgeries all over this country and I have to know every road and every hill. I get called out to hospitals all over Wales; so I have to know my way around. I'll get one for you."

When the doctor returned with a map in hand, he gave it to the man, who then spread it out and said to me, "Now, you show me which mountains you have been on. *"Surely, I can call this man's bluff,"* he thought. As I pointed out each one, he began to tremble and shake so badly that he could hardly stand on his feet. "You're dangerous!"

"I'm not dangerous."

"All right, all right," he said, "You're not dangerous; but you caused us a lot of trouble."

"No, I didn't. Jesus did."

"Oh, get off that! You know what I'm talking about. You know what you did. You took out all our high places, all over this country. Every year we were losing high places and we didn't know who was doing it."

For many years I had to walk alone, not understanding why. Various ministers and teachers had volunteered to go with me, and they had been excited about going. But when the actual time came, they never showed up. You see, alone, I could slip in and out of places like that. If I had taken a group with me—

even two or three—we would have been too conspicuous. Somehow the Lord enabled me to disappear. Without even realizing it, I would slip right past their guards and sentries into those high places.

Revelation 3:7 tells us that Jesus is the One Who opens and no man shuts; and shuts and no man opens. I can testify that the Lord has done that for me many times, as I have walked and prayed all over this world.

### **WHERE IS THE WORD, “REMITTING” IN THE WORD?**

Let's look at some more scripture. Mark 1:4—*“John [the Baptist] did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the **REMISSION OF SINS**.”* The life and ministry of John the Baptist shows us clearly that repentance and remission of sins are closely linked. That's very important. Paul said it is by *“the foolishness of preaching”* that men are saved. That doesn't mean we preach foolishness, but it means that men get saved through the preaching of something that *seems* foolish—repentance for the remission of sins.

Now, let us look at the first chapter of Luke, as we lay a little more of the foundation. To me, this is the most awesome scripture of all dealing with the remission of sins. It begins with verse 73—*“The oath which He swore to our father Abraham.”* Are you Abraham's seed? If you have been born of the Spirit and are a child of faith, you are of Abraham's seed, and the rest of this promise is for you. Verses 74-79—*“That He would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life. And Thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest, for Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways; to give knowledge of salvation unto His people **BY THE REMISSION OF THEIR***

*SINS, through the tender mercy of our God. Whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death—to guide our feet into the way of peace.”*

How much clearer can He make it? Who is our peace? Jesus Christ is our peace. If we walk in His steps, He gives us light, and then we are able to impart that light to those who sit in darkness.

Now, I know that passage is talking about Jesus remitting our sins. But Jesus said, *“...he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also...”* (John 14:12). To refuse to acknowledge that this promise is to you and me, is to stop short of the whole counsel of the Word of God. Was that not the main purpose of Jesus' life and death—to redeem the lost? He said, *“...They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance”* (Mark 2:17).

When Jesus was told that His mother and His brother wanted to see Him, He told them, *“...Who is My mother? And who are My brethren?...For whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister and mother”* (Matthew 12:48,50). Isn't that precious?

That is what Jesus said, and that is what Jesus lived. I have to believe what He said—that I must also be willing to leave house, and brethren, and sisters, and father, and mother, and wife, and children and lands to go out and fulfill the Great Commission. After all, He Himself left something far more glorious—the splendors of heaven—to come to earth and die for me. The question is not whether he loved Mary and His brothers or not. And it isn't that I do not love my wife and children, and my brothers and sister after the flesh. I do love

them. But all those who need Him are also my mother or my brother or my sister or my son or daughter.

Yes, it is a sacrifice for me to leave my home and family. But if I am dead, and my life is hid with Christ in God (Colossians 3:3), then I really left them way back when I gave my life to Him. I just get to enjoy their fellowship when the Lord sends me back home.

In the Third Chapter of Romans is another passage that will help you to understand the declaring, or crying out, which we talked about earlier, in connection with the remitting of sin and redemption of the land. Verses 23-25; & 4:1-8—*“For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to DECLARE His righteousness for”—what?—“the REMISSION of sins that are PAST, through the forbearance of God. To declare, I say, at this time His righteousness, that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.”*

*“And what shall we say then that Abraham our father, as pertaining to the flesh, hath found? For if Abraham were justified by works, he hath whereof to glory; but not before God. For what saith the scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without work, saying, ‘Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.’”*

We have the power to declare the remission of sins, through *His* righteousness. What sins? The sins that are past. It does not

say, “the recent past”, or, “last week”, or even, “all the sins one person committed in the past”. It says, “sins that are past”—that includes all the past sins in an individual’s life, in his father’s or his mother’s life, in his grandfather’s or grandmother’s life, and in the life of any of his ancestors.

I can almost hear some of you who are reading this, saying, “Now wait a minute, Henry. Are you getting into some kind of new doctrine here? Do you mean to tell me that we have the power to declare remittance for the sins that are past—even those committed in the generations that came before us?”

That is exactly what I am saying. What else could this scripture mean? How far back is “the past”? However, I am not making up a new doctrine. This is simply what the Bible says concerning the remitting of sins.

### **THE CRIES OF INNOCENT BLOOD AND THE SINS OF THE PAST**

This is one of the most vital truths of all when it comes to redeeming the land. I can’t begin to tell you how many times I have entered into an area, begun to walk it, and heard the cries of innocent blood coming from that land. Countless times I have seen visions of the abominable acts that were committed there—acts which defiled that land.

I have been sharing about England and Wales, so let me give you an example from that part of the world, to show you how He taught me about this. I was walking along the Wye River in Great Britain. As I came near the base of a cliff, I heard the cries of young teenage girls. Even today, I could take you right to the place. I have six girls of my own. I know what 13 and 14-year-old girls sound like, and the cries I heard told me that they were about that age.

I began making my way through the dense undergrowth, praying in the Spirit, when a righteous indignation rose up in me. *"Whoever is hurting those girls are going to have to deal with me," I thought.* My ears were hearing cries of desperation, the cries of young girls who were being brutally molested and violated. *"Lord, give me the strength to knock heads. I don't care if there are thirty of them, or a hundred," I prayed. "No one has the right to treat children like that!"*

As I continued making my way through the brush, the Holy Spirit began to speak to me. He said, "Don't take this personally."

"Lord," I asked? "What are you talking about? Nobody has the right to do such a thing! I couldn't see what was at the base of the cliff. When I heard the cries, I honestly thought several girls were being molested right there, at that very moment.

Breaking into a clearing at the base of the cliff, I found that the ground was packed solid, like the ground I had seen in the concave area above the Devil's Pulpit. Nothing was growing there. There was another big circle of stones, too, and charcoal from many fires.

It was all I could do not to fall on my hands and knees and begin clawing at the ground with my bare hands, trying to dig down to find those screaming girls. I thought they were under a thin layer of earth or something, and I was hearing their cries coming up through it. At that point a vision from the Lord came before my eyes. I saw Roman legions encamped in the area and soldiers going through the villages grabbing young girls, killing some and taking other captive. They brought them to the very spot where I stood, and they abused them. Then they murdered them and threw their bodies into the river. I saw lifeless bodies floating down the river.

The Lord said, *"This happened back in the third century, and their innocent blood is still crying from the ground."*

*"Lord," I countered, "I don't understand. What am I to do? What is my responsibility concerning this? Why would You show me such a thing if there is nothing I can do about it?"*

*His reply was simple and to the point, "You remit those sins." My thoughts were the same as some of yours when you first heard this teaching, and I voiced them to the Lord. "I don't have the power to remit sins that happened way back in the third century!"*

Isn't it wonderful that when James first penned the description of the Lord's wisdom, one of the attributes he noted was that it is "easy to be entreated" (James 3:17). That Wisdom is still easily entreated. He won't get upset if we question what He says. He won't turn us away or humiliate us for asking Him what He means when He speaks to us or teaches us.

His reply to me was, again, simple and to the point, "Open my Word," I did just that; and my Bible opened up right to this passage in Romans 3:24-26. I looked down with my eyes, and there it was. "to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past" That was good enough for me. I was excited, "I'll take it, Lord, I'll take it!"

He then further explained to me that, "You will not redeem this land back unless you take this stronghold, because to this very day, molestations and seductions and orgies are taking place around these fires. And the reason it is allowed to happen is because that innocent blood sealed a deed with the god of this world, giving him the right to take this place as one of his strongholds. Take it back, and I won't let such things happen here anymore. You will free this ground, and not only the ground, you will free the entire creation around here. This



ground will begin to come forth with life in it. No one will come in here to commit those kind of acts anymore.

I did just as He commanded. I walked over that ground, praying and remitting the sins of those Roman soldiers, as well as the sins of their descendants. I prayed for that generation, and right on down to those who were alive that very day, who were still suffering under the grievous yoke that was the result of every sin and abuse their forefathers had committed on that land.

### **RELEASING THE GOODNESS OF GOD**

What do you do *after* you have remitted the sins that were committed in an area? Then it is time to release the goodness of the Lord over the land, and over those who are currently living there. *"...Despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and longsuffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?"* (Romans 2:4)

Next, you ask the Father to restore His creation. Ask Him to bring back His breath of life and to move His hand over that desolate area where the ground is hard-packed and nothing is growing anymore. Ask Him to cleanse that ground and let flowers and grass and trees begin to come forth and be nourished. Ask Him to let the squirrels and the rabbits and the birds come back to that area. In other words, ask Him to let life come back to the land once more.

This may sound like a new doctrine to you, but I assure you that it is as old as the New Testament. God has been waiting a long time for us to begin to take hold of the power of His Word and reclaim the land that has been defiled by sin.

God's people will be the determining factor in this matter of God's judgments, not the wicked. We are the ones who will determine whether or not the plagues hit this land. We are the ones who will determine whether or not famine will come to America. II Chronicles 7:14—we quote it as commonly as John 3:16—*“If My people, which are called by My name”—Christians—“shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and heal their land.”* We have to start doing the things that verse admonishes us to do.

Romans 3:26, again—*“To declare, I say, at this time...”* That is in the present tense, isn't it? What are we to declare? *“His righteousness—can you think of any better way to declare His righteousness than to remit sins? That is really the epitome of declaring His righteousness. When Jesus cried out, “It is finished!” The work of redemption was complete. That was declaring His righteousness. What was it that Stephen declared before he died? “...Lord, lay not this sin to their charge...” (Acts 7:60). Like Jesus, Who had prayed, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do” (Luke 23:24), Stephen remitted the sins of those who were taking his life. He was remitting sins right up until his last breath. As the stones were beating the life out of Stephen's body, his eyes were opened to see the glorified Christ standing at the right hand of the Father; and he cried out his last words: Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. Forgive them. They know not what they do. He remitted their sins.*

In the Introduction to this little book I referred to “the distinguished Bible teacher” who was in a conference with me. He asked me, “Henry, where did you find that doctrine of remitting? That is a new doctrine.”

I explained to him, “It isn't new; it's all over in the Bible.”

"I know," he replied, "you have shown us that. Yet, I have not heard anyone else teaching it. Where did you get this?"

"You know," I said, "I asked the Lord that question myself." I told him the understanding I received was that this doctrine was lost when Constantine declared Christianity the official state religion of Rome. Thereafter, men became soft in their Christianity, joining all the pagan gods to Christ. They took their old pagan holidays and called them "Saint So-and-So's Day". You just can't find the purebred attributes of righteousness and purity in this kind of hybrid Christianity.

Have you been wondering why it is that true Bible Christianity doesn't seem to be spreading like it should? Everywhere I go in the world, I find that Islam is growing ten times faster than Christianity—in some places, a hundred times faster. Why? Because we have grafted into our Christianity a hybrid version, and in each generation we are getting less and less fruit. Our Gospel is degenerating.

We must separate ourselves. *"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord..."* (II Corinthians 6:17). Why? It goes back to the principle of remitting—*"though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool"* (Isaiah 1:18). That is remitting! Isaiah understood this great truth.

## **BLOOD GUILTINESS**

To make this teaching complete, I want to go into the subject of blood guiltiness in greater depth. What exactly is blood guiltiness, and what effect does it have on our land? What does it do to our neighborhoods, our communities and our cities?

Remember Cain and Abel? God, the Father asked Cain, "Where is your brother? And Cain replied, "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" If you cease to believe that you are your brother's keeper, you will never enter into the truth of remitting

sins. You will be content with the fact that murder was committed, and try to explain it away—even before God.

Cain knew where his brother was; he himself had buried him. He had spilled his own brother's blood, and the Father knew it. What did God say? "...*the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground*" (Genesis 4:10).

I have heard innocent blood crying from the ground on several continents. As I have already written, it stopped me dead in my tracks when I first heard it. I have heard it so loudly at times that it was almost deafening. In an area of Siberia where many saints had been martyred, I could hardly sleep for nine days and nights, until I found myself at the point of exhaustion. I would fall asleep for about an hour and a half, then stir out of that sleep, hearing those cries. I would get up and walk the floor, reading Isaiah 53, clinging to it and embracing it. I would cry out to the Lord, "You haven't given me any understanding of what I am experiencing!" I had no idea what it was all about until the end of the ninth day.

As I was walking that city my bronchial tubes froze. It was April, the sun was shining and I didn't cover my face. What I didn't realize was that it was 20 degrees below zero. I didn't know what had happened to me. I just knew that the fever and the pain of every breath I took, combined with the inability to sleep more than an hour or so, was like torture. I kept walking because I kept hearing the cries of innocent blood, particularly on one hill above the city. I kept remitting the sins of the innocent blood, but the Lord wouldn't tell me what had happened on that hill.

The last day I was there, I asked a local man if he knew the history of the area, and of that hill in particular. He was a man of position and honor and spoke English very well.

"Oh," he explained, "that is called The Red Hill."

It was covered with snow at the time, so I inquired, "Why is it called The Red Hill?"

"Well," he started to say, as he hesitated for a moment, "it doesn't make me happy to tell you this; but people like you—we took them up on that hill and lined them up, and machine-gunned them down. We had to; we were order to do it. If we would not have obeyed those orders, we would have been shot also. We then used a bulldozer to cover their fallen bodies. That whole hill is full of bodies of people like you." *[He meant Christians.]*

That certainly explained why the cries persisted in my spirit. It was truly the cries of innocents—the cries of those who had given their lives. That evening the crusade team, of which I was a member, had a glorious healing meeting that went on late into the night. God came down and healed those precious people. Hundreds came to the Lord weeping. We passed out Bibles until we ran out of them. However, I hadn't realized the power of that innocent blood in that hill. Again that night I got my hour and a half of sleep before I awakened again to the cries of pain in my body. Once more I walked the floor.

Jesus, I don't understand," I told Him. "You healed all those people tonight. I don't think there was a single one there in need of healing that didn't get it. Why am I still battling this affliction? You know that physically, I cannot keep going like this. I have got to have some sleep. I cannot keep walking all day and be part of holding meetings every night."

As I was talking to the Lord that way, He spoke these words to me very gently and sweetly. "You are in a heated room. You can crawl into a comfortable bed for that hour and a half of rest. You can fellowship with the saints in this city without fear. Can I not count you worthy to enter into the fellowship of the sufferings of those who would not accept deliverance?"

(Hebrews 11:35) Can I not account you worthy to experience some of what they went through, “not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection?”

Hearing those words, I fell on my face and broke into weeping. “Oh, Jesus,” I sobbed, “don’t ever take this off from me. I’m willing to carry this affliction the rest of my life, until I go to the grave. Don’t take it off me, if it will bring glory to Your name.” I sincerely meant every word.

Two days later we were back at Anchorage Christian Center in Alaska, having flown all night long from Sakhalin Island. I had preached in the Russian underground church Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening, then gone right to the airport in South Sakhalin, and arrived in Anchorage at 8:00 a.m. that same morning. I got off the plane and went through customs. My hosts picked me up and took me directly to the church, where I went straight to the pulpit and began to preach.

No one who was there that morning knew that I was afflicted. The anointing was on me, so no one could tell. That anointing lingered after I had finished preaching, as we went out to have a quick bite to eat. Then I went with some people from the church to walk the grounds of Earthquake Park.

They wouldn’t tell me the history of the ground beforehand. They said, “What do you hear in this place? Do you sense anything here?” They were testing me. I said, “I hear the death cries of the wicked. I hear the cries of the wicked dying.” I kept telling them that, and they would just mumble between themselves. They would never tell me whether I was on track or not—whether I was right or wrong.

Then we went up to the other end of the park, and they intentionally parked in an area that looked like plowed ground. There were mounds of earth there, with paved paths winding in and out among them.

When we got out of the cars on that end of the part, they said, "Come here, we want you to read this sign." It simply said, "Earthquake Park." I hadn't known that that was the name of the place. They kept asking me if I heard any innocent blood crying. I said, "No, I don't hear innocent blood crying. I hear the cries of the wicked. I hear them cursing God as they are dying."

That park was something like a quarter of a mile wide and a half-mile long. The elite of Anchorage had lived there in the 1960's. But that huge earthquake took the ground under that brand new, exclusive development of that city and churned it like a giant plow. I learned that those houses are now 45 feet under the ground. I thought, *"My word! That's the same distance underground that an archaeologist found those who had died in Korah's rebellion."* In Numbers 16:30-34, the Bible tells us that the earth opened up and swallowed them alive. There is something significant about that 45-foot depth, I guess. I did not know that as I walked over that land, I heard the dying cries of the wicked.

When I returned to Anchorage Christian Center that evening, we had a testimony meeting. At dinner that afternoon we had gotten all excited in the Lord, so His anointing had just stayed on me all day long. The folks there still did not know that I was carrying that affliction. If the anointing had come off from me, I would have broken out in a sweat, I would have had a cough, and my head would have felt like it was going to explode. I would have been in such a weakened condition that I would have been unable to minister that evening. Nonetheless, we just flowed through the testimony service and right into the evening service.

I began to minister that night, and the power of God came down. It was awesome! All kinds of things happened that night. For one thing, we got a choir going. The Lord told me to say,

"All of you who couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, come on up here! The Lord wants to tune you up. You have desired to sing praise to the Lord that sounds pretty, like other people's praise. You want to sound beautiful for the Lord. If that is your motive, get up here." About 250 people came forward that night. I just began going around and ministering to them as they were lifting their hands.

Their understanding of their singing ability was correct—their notes were *really* sour. I thought, "*They were right—they couldn't carry a tune in a bucket!*" My heart went out to them. I thought again, "*My goodness, if I had to stand next to one of these people I would have a hard time staying in pitch.*"

But as I walked back and forth, they began to tune up. All of a sudden it sounded like a beautiful choir! As they heard their own voices they got excited, and heaven came down.

That was just one of the things that happened that night. We finally got done about 11:45, just before midnight. I left the pulpit and took the lapel mike off, and went down and stood beside Pastor Dick, saying, "Well, that's all the Lord gave me."

He looked at me and asked, "Are you sure that is all?"

By this time I had completed two very long Sundays in one, and I replied, "Yes, that's it. I'm finished."

"Well," he stated, and his next words took me back some, "the Lord isn't."

Now, mind you, I had told no one about my physical condition; but he continued, "Henry, the Lord has been talking to me about you while you were preaching tonight."

Curious, I replied, "He has, has He? What did He tell you?"

"He told me that you have been carrying this affliction in your body, and that a couple of nights ago you told him you would be



willing to carry it the rest of your life. He told me to tell you that He has accounted to you as though you had carried it the rest of your life. You have the reward, but He is going to take it off from you, because He wants your strength to remain for many days."

You can be sure that I wasn't about to wrestle about that one! He pulled up a chair and began to explain the situation to the people, and they came forward and prayed for me.

### **RESURRECTION POWER**

I will never forget one man who was there. I think they called him Grizzly Jim, or something like that—combat boots, military fatigues, long, full beard, and long matted hair. He lived among the grizzlies. While I was preaching, he kept jumping up and shouting, "Hallelujah!" then falling flat on his face!

As the ushers started to drag him out, he hollered, "Preacher! Please don't let them take me out. I'm not drunk!" In fact, he was so drunk he couldn't stand up straight. But the Holy Spirit spoke to me and said to tell them to bring him up to the platform. The Spirit said, "You have been preaching it; now show it to them. Tell the people that I am going to sober him up, right before their eyes."

I love to see the Lord do things like that. And He did it for the Grizzly Man—after knocking him about 40 feet back under the chairs! He lay there for 15 minutes or so while the Lord was still tuning up that choir, then he crawled up again. As he reached out for me, I reached out toward him. The power of God came over him, and boom, he was back under the chairs again!

The two deacons who had intended to haul him out went over to him. One of them looked at me and mouthed with words, "He's not breathing. He's in the arms of the Lord."

*"Lord,"* I thought, *"I didn't know how You were going to sober him; but I didn't mean to kill him!"* I told the deacons, "Leave him alone. God is doing the work." They said there was no evidence of life in him. He didn't seem to be breathing. But he had such a heavy beard you couldn't really tell if he was breathing unless you got right down on top of him.

When he finally got up from being under the power of God the second time, he was sober. I mean, he was *sober!* The rest of the evening, he stood in the back with his hands upraised, praising the Lord.

So, when the service ended, and I found myself sitting in a chair with my eyes closed, waiting for prayer, it was quite overwhelming to feel this rough beard and smell the smell of a grizzly bear embracing my head. Jim was crying and his tears were running down my face.

The stench of this man was truly terrible. The next thing I knew, my neck was being wrenched. He had a full nelson on me and wouldn't let go. I heard a deacon's voice say, "Come on now. Let go now. Let go of him; we are going to pray for him."

I managed to squeal out the words, "It's all right. Leave him alone.

He just went on crying and pleading. "Lord Jesus, You heard *me*; You can heal Henry." They anointed me with oil, and God touched me and healed my body. I went home healthy, and I have never, ever suffered that affliction again.

God will be no man's debtor. In this spiritual warfare, if He wounds, He will heal; if He kills, He will make alive. I am a witness to that. I was once dead for 27-minutes after a car accident; but He brought me back to life. So, like Paul, I can say to you, "I come to you as one who has come back from the dead." I know that He has the power to restore life. I know the

power of His resurrection, and I want to know it in an even greater way.

I have personally witnessed six resurrections in my lifetime. One of them was my son, Peter. He was born dead, but the Lord raised him up. I believe in the power of His resurrection. I believe in the power and the demonstration of the Spirit of God.

God has given me a burden and a commission. He has told me that he could use me in meetings like the ones I have described, anytime I would put my hand to the task. But that is not His desire for me. He has told me, "I want My Body restored to fellowship with Me. I want the communion restored. I want them to start walking with Me and talking with Me and communing with Me, because the land will not be redeemed from the desolations of many generations unless they learn to walk and commune with Me again." That is my calling—to lead the people of God into that kind of walk with Him.

### **MORE SCRIPTURES**

Let me give some more scriptures on the defilement of the land. Leviticus 17:10-14 tell us that the life of the flesh is in the blood. In Leviticus 18, after listing a number of sins—mostly sexual sins, plus the sacrificing of children to idols—verse 25 says that because of these things,..." *the land is defiled, therefore I do visit the iniquity thereof upon it, and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants.*" Why did Israel lose her land? It was because she joined herself to all the gods of the heathen around her—Molech, Ashteroth, and so forth. She caused her children to pass through the fire in sacrifice to these idols. When the children start suffering and being sacrificed, you can know that God's judgment is on the way.

That is why I am very concerned about President Clinton's veto of the bill that would have banned partial-birth abortions. I am told that the original intent of the law was for this horrible

procedure to be used only in the event of multiple births, allowing the healthy ones to be delivered at the expense of the deformed ones, or to save the life of the mother. However they have completely corrupted that, using this monstrous procedure at will. The law allows them to suck a baby's brain out, right up until the moment when it is beginning to be birthed. That is why it is called a "partial-birth" abortion.

People, we can only go on for so long in these things. As God's people, we had better fear and tremble for our nation.

Not long ago, I spoke at a Full Gospel benefit luncheon in Ohio. Afterward three pastors came up to me and said, "We think we would like to have you come to speak at our church, but we want to test you first on some things you testified about. There are a lot of people running around in the world today who are claiming things, but they don't really operate in them. You said that you are able to hear innocent blood crying out of the ground, right? And God shows you things about cities, right?"

"Yes," I agreed, "but it doesn't happen at my will. It is at His will. I cannot just turn it on like a light switch by my own will. I hear innocent blood when God wants me to hear it, and I receive understanding when He wants to give it to me."

They replied, "If He wants you to teach this at our church, He'll let you hear it." They wanted to take me to a city outside Cleveland. I can't remember the name of the town; it is near Kent University. They said, "We know the history of this area. We want to take you on a drive through it. We're not going to walk it; we don't have time."

"I don't have much time, either," I said. "I could be late and not have time to catch my plane."

"Don't worry," they assured me, "we'll make it. We are just going to go right up Market Street, and then we can get right on the freeway from there and get you to the airport on time."

Because I had my luggage and everything right there with me, I agreed. They asked the person who was to take me to the airport if they could take me instead, and he agreed.

When we got to Market Street, on either side of the road there was nothing—it was mostly vacant lots. The Lord did open my spiritual eyes, and I saw that this had once been a heavy Skid Row area. I saw gambling casinos and opium dens from far back in time. Now it had become overrun with gambling casinos and houses of prostitution.

As I shared what I was seeing with them, they just nodded their heads, but didn't say anything. I was sitting on the left side of the car, when I suddenly pointed and said, "Right out there, by that white line, there is innocent blood. I hear babies crying, right there down the middle of this road. Babies are crying. There has got to be an abortion clinic somewhere up this road. I can tell you it must be a big one, because there is a lot of blood crying out of this sewer."

"You are right," they nodded in agreement. That convinced them. They asked, "Have you been here before?"

"No, I've never been here before in my life. I am also hearing something on the left side of the road up there. I hear foolish jesting—men talking in very lustful ways. There are a lot of them. A large stronghold is up there, also. It is a heavy area of homosexuality."

"Yes, you are right again. There is an enormous nightclub up over the crest of that hill just ahead. It is all painted pink, and it is a gay bar—the biggest one in the city. Right across the street is the abortion clinic.

"We don't have to go any farther. Let's get you to the airport."

### **WHEN THE LAND IS DEFILED**

Ecclesiastes 9:18—"*...one sinner destroyeth much good.*" All it takes is one sinner to defile the land. Isaiah 59:3 speaks of the shedding of innocent blood and verse 12 says, in essence, that because of it, our sins testify against us. "*For our transgressions are multiplied before thee, and our sins testify against us...*" Ezekiel 7:7-9, & 12 tells of the Lord pouring out His anger and wrath upon the land because of the iniquities and abominations that have been committed there. That is where you find desolate ground—where abominations and desolations have been committed.

Leviticus 25:23 and Deuteronomy 11:12 tell us that the land is the Lord's, and He cares for it. Revelation 11:18 tells us that He will destroy those who destroy the earth.

What is the most devastating way to destroy the earth? By defiling it with innocent blood, because the land is the Lord's. In Psalm 85, the whole issue is the restoration of the land. The Psalmist asks, "*How long will it be before Your glory dwells in the land?*" For His glory *must* dwell in the land.

In the course of my travels, I hear many prophecies. I have gone into cities where they said there was going to be great revival, and I asked them, "What are you doing to prepare for this great revival?"

Their replies are usually in this vein: "We are interceding, travailing, and fasting."

"That is good; but what are you doing for the land," I will ask? More than likely they will look at me as if I am from another planet. So I continue my questioning, "How long do you expect the revival to linger?"

A typical answer might be, "What do you mean? Revivals come and stay until they accomplish what God wants them to accomplish. Then they are over."

Persistently trying to make a point, I finally ask, "Wouldn't it be far better to have His glory *dwell* upon the land?"

As far as we know, the first place the Holy Spirit was poured out in America in this century, was in Topeka, Kansas. It happened in an old storefront-type church building, which is no longer there, at the original site. A university campus now encompasses the spot where there is a plaque that commemorates the event. I have stood there and seen it.

The name of the school is "Ichabod University", *Ichabod* is the English equivalent of a Hebrew word which means, "*the glory is departed.*" Compared to those days of the past, the glory has surely departed from Topeka, Kansas.

More recently, it was the birthplace of something far less glorious: virtual reality. Virtual reality technology began as an excellent tool, saving the United States government billions of dollars by creating flight simulators that allowed realistic training of pilots without the risk of plane crashes. But now that tool has been transformed into an instrument of perversion. People can now put on a unit that allows them to simulate having sex with any human being they choose—or, an animal, for that matter. They say it is the closest thing there is to the real thing. Now they are selling that equipment around the world, and they can't produce it fast enough; and Topeka has become the capital of virtual reality.

Why would Satan choose to corrupt Topeka? One reason is that it was the first place in this country where the Spirit was poured from on high (in this century—the 20<sup>th</sup> at the first printing of this book). That, also, is what happens when we do not bring

down the high places in an area. We may have God's presence for awhile; but if we have not reclaimed the land for Him, the glory will depart.

Second Chronicles, Chapter 20, offers a sobering example of this. When the Ammonites, the Moabites and the Edomites joined forces to war against Judah, King Jehoshaphat won a glorious victory by sending the choir out ahead of his army to praise the Lord. The Lord turned the hands of the enemies against one another, and the Israelites didn't even have to fight in the battle. Afterward there was so much spoil that they spent three days gathering it. It was glorious—until we look at verse 33. *"Howbeit, the high places were not taken away; for as yet the people had not prepared their hearts unto the God of their fathers."* In just two verses later, we read of Jehoshaphat joining in league with the wicked King Ahaziah of Israel in a doomed maritime venture. And in spite of that glorious victory over their enemies, no revival took place in Judah.

### **THE FATHER'S HEART**

In all that I have been sharing with you from my heart, and what I also believe to be the heart of the Father, this is what I believe the Spirit is saying, to the churches and each of you as individuals. *"I want you to be restored to your Father. I want your fellowship and your communion with Me restored."*

Taking our satanic strongholds in cities is not the issue. The issue is, are you motivated by the love of the Father for the souls in that city? Are you doing it because you love the souls who are held captive by those principalities? *Do you want to tear down those strongholds so they can never again take captive the souls in that region?*

- That is the real issue.
- That is the purpose of remitting sins.



- That is the proper motivation for engaging in spiritual warfare.

People give me books to read on spiritual warfare all the time, asking me to critique them. I can look at a book for five minutes and tell you whether or not the author is on target. If, in those first five minutes, I don't find a clear indication that the emphasis is on the redeeming of precious souls who are held captive by demonic powers, I hand it back to whoever gave it to me. If there is no clear indication that that is the author's motivation, I tell them, "I am sorry, but this is off target. Yes, there are some precious truths, but the motive is not pure. It will not bring lasting revival."

The high places will only come down as we prepare our hearts before the God of our fathers. When we do that, then the Father will begin to teach us His heart. When He was about to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, He said, "...*Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?*" (Genesis 18:17) He told Abraham, "...*Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous*" (verse 20) Sin and degradation raise a cry to the ears of the Lord, and it breaks His heart. Then, when things reach a certain point, if there is no repentance, He has to bring destruction.

Abraham interceded. You and I can travail and intercede, too. However, in travail and intercession, we plead with God on the basis of an exchange. Abraham asked the Lord to spare the cities if He could find ten righteous souls there; and God agreed.

When you go forth in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, as Paul said in I Corinthians 2:2,4—"*For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. ...And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the*

*Spirit and of power.*” That is when you will begin to redeem the land, and you will pave the way for souls to be saved to the uttermost.

By remitting, you lift the heavy load of condemnation off the people. God will still have to deal with them. They will still have to personally confess their sins and be converted. I am not excluding that—believe me. Remitting is only lifting the burden of condemnation off people so they can breathe again. As was said earlier, then you must release the goodness of the Lord unto them, according to Romans 2:4—“*..the goodness of God leadeth...to repentance.*” When you have done that, cry out to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into that area to harvest the souls that will respond to the Gospel.

If you take out the principalities and powers, remit the past sins of blood guiltiness, and cleanse the land, but do not release the goodness of the Lord unto them, and then ask the Lord to bring in a harvest—you will have put the cart before the horse. There may be a brief move of God and a temporary revival—but it won't last. The goodness of God that leads to repentance must come in to fill the void.

We have only enough time left for one clean sweep around the globe. We don't have time to keep going over the same ground again and again. As missionaries, evangelists, pastors, teachers, Christian workers and intercessors, we only have time to cover a geographic area once. Then we must move on. Romans 9:28—“*For He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness, because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth.*” I believe that walking and praying and remitting is just one facet of that “quick work” that He wants to do in these last days.

I am reminded of the “Hallelujah Angelic Praise” tape that was going around back in the 80's. An Irish choir was warming up to

the tune of the Gaither's "Alleluia", and someone turned a small tape recorder on. The choir was singing with no soloists and a cappella (no instruments). When the recording tape was played back there were myriads of voices, instruments—including French horns and harps—and a magnificent male soloist heard on the tape. As I listened to that recording, I heard an intercession in the midst of it. I could not properly discern the words because of all the voices and instruments. I could, however, make out that beautiful tenor voice singing this song: "Hallelujahs ringing all across the land; all the people singing at the Lord's command." [That is because they have their eyes on the Lord.]

In the midst of that glorious singing, all of a sudden there was this expression that could be heard. I could not make it out, so I asked the Lord, "Please, Lord, let me understand that voice, something deep down in my spirit wanted to bear witness with it, but I just couldn't understand the words.

As I was listening to it again one day, the Lord let my ears tune right in to that intercession in the midst of all the singing and instrumentation, and I heard these words, "Oh, Father, help us to come out of our carnality, with eyes only for this world. Help us to work in the light of heaven, to redeem the time in every land, so the harvest can come in."

I sat there and sobbed. "Yes, Lord," I said, "that's it! That is the cry of the Spirit." Church, there is no more time to argue over doctrines. There is no longer any time to dispute about the law. There is no more time to argue over our many interpretations. His return is drawing near; and when He comes, He *must* find us about our Father's business.

**Let us pray:**

*Heavenly Father, I ask for the mantle of Your anointing to be upon this message that it will be quoted accurately, with nothing*

*added to it or taken away from it, unless it is in the form of a testimony confirming that it works. I ask that You seal these words in the vessels of everyone who will hear and receive, until the working of the Holy Spirit within us gives us the wisdom and the understanding to be able to operate in it. Give us the earnest desire to walk in it, and then, the ability to fulfill our own individual obedience before You. As that obedience is fulfilled, be Thou glorified.*

*Begin to release this understanding and this truth from our hearts in the form of deeds and acts, that we may be found doing these things when You come. Let us be found praying to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into Your vineyard to get the job done before the storm hits.*

*Seal this in our hearts through the Blood of Jesus, by the blessed Holy Spirit. Let us be found praying to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into Your vineyard to get the job done before the storm hits.*

*Seal this in our hearts through the Blood of Jesus, by the blessed Holy Spirit. Let it bring forth after its kind, even as you commanded at the beginning of Your creation—that each created, living thing should bring forth after its own kind. Let these words bring honor and glory to You, and salvation, deliverance, reconciliation and restoration to the land and to the creation. We desire this with all our hearts, that we may have sheaves to lay at Your feet, that we may have a crown with many jewels in it, and that we may be clothed with a robe of righteousness—white and glistening—even like Your train that fills the temple. You deserve a Bride thus gloriously attired. May we begin to be clothed upon with Your righteousness in this area of ministry.*

*In Jesus' name we ask it.*

*Amen.*

## STEP BY STEP INSTRUCTIONS FOR PRAYER-WALKING

### **PREPARATION:**

One must have a vision of God's heart for the area that is to be walked and also for the people that are in the area.

The vision comes through diligently seeking the Lord and receiving the faith to believe it is truly God's will for you to walk and pray on behalf of whatever area you have in mind and on your heart.

Hebrews 11:6—***without faith it is impossible to please Him*** (God); ***for he that cometh to God must believe that He is*** (exists) ***and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.*** FAITH is essential. The second criterion is to walk in a ***“faith that worketh by love.”*** (Galatians 5:6)

**How do you get a vision for the area?**

You must cry out in your personal time of prayer for a love for the souls of men as it is found in John 3:16. Our Father in heaven ***“so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.”*** If what you are doing is connected to the love for souls; then you have a motive for walking and praying. It is not enough to just be out for a stroll and to have a time of “walking in the Garden.” Genesis 3:8-a—***“And they (Adam and Eve) heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.”*** That is a good experience; but you must have a vision for the Father’s value and love for mankind. Getting that vision is what I call the “closet experience”. Matthew 6:6—***“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.”***

When beginning to walk, it is essential to understand that this is likened in the natural to a new exercise program. Results that are highly visible and supernatural won’t necessarily happen right away. Perhaps you might have faith to begin with just 15 minutes a day. That will begin to get your five senses working.

Hebrews 5:14—***“But strong meat belongs to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.”***

This is not the closet relationship...but the closet relationship MUST be kept up. Most people in Christianity today do not have a personal relationship and garden experience of walking with

the Father. I have found that for 99% of the people who start walking and praying, the most difficult part for them is the actual getting out and doing it. What is done while walking and praying must be done in faith; and most people don't know how to operate in faith. So, much of it must be learned solely as you walk in faith.

When I share these principles and give the high profile testimonies, it must be remembered that those are nuggets gleaned from many mundane, ordinary hours of walking with the Lord. It takes faithfulness and steadfast commitment before these experiences come forth. If you could just go for a walk and find a nugget, everybody would be walking, looking for nuggets. But you can't. It is a hard discipline; and the body and the mind are going to fight it.

### **BACK TO THE BASICS:**

**Start in your own home...your property and the surrounding grounds.**

If you are just beginning to prayer-walk, start with small goals and targets. Don't worry if you are only taking the land "little by little." Let the Lord lead you into stronger and greater holds of the enemy, as He sees you are ready. You are not going to walk and pray to go and take down the Devil. The Lord will cast the Devil and his angels into the Lake of Fire. Our goal is to take the captives that the Devil has held. The Lord will take care of the Devil.

**If there is any sin in your life—get rid of it!**

Psalm 66:18—***“If I regard iniquity in my heart; the Lord will not hear me.”***

Any sin—known, or unknown—will hinder your fellowship with the Father.

I John 1:3-b-10—***“Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ...This, then, is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, ‘that God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.’ If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanses us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar; and His word is not in us.”***

Before you start walking, ask the Lord to cleanse you of any sin—known or unknown; and to wash you thoroughly with the precious Blood of Jesus. Claim the covering of the Blood of Jesus over your body, your mind, your subconscious mind, your subliminal mind, your soul, and your spirit.

Also, apply the Blood covering over your home, your family, friends and associates, which will protect you from diversions and distractions created by the enemy, which are designed to keep you from actually walking and praying.



Cover every form of communication to, from, around, and concerning you with the Blood of Jesus. This will clear the communication lines between you and the Father, and you can have complete faith that God hears you. You will not have to struggle with your own weaknesses. Once you have confessed them, you will be starting the prayer walking with a clean slate.

***“Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.”—Matthew 5:8.*** This is the purpose for walking and praying, that you may relate to God in every circumstance and then see Him move as you commune with Him and get your directions from Him; just like Jesus did while He was on the earth.

John 5:19-b—***“The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do; for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.”***

**It is necessary to clear the mind of all civil and personal matters before we start walking.**

Don't go walking if you are loaded with cares and troubles. If you have quarreled with your spouse and you are not in agreement, don't go out and walk without making it right with the spouse. It will hinder your prayers.

I Peter 3:7-12—***“Likewise ye husbands, dwell with them (your wives) according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life—that your prayers be not hindered. Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another. Love as brethren,***

***be pitiful, be courteous—not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise—blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that you should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile. Let him eschew evil and do good. Let him seek peace and ensue it; for the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open unto their prayers; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.***

Prayer walking is also effective, then, as a spiritual housecleaning for your own home. It is also important to consciously put on the Mind of Christ as per John 5:19—quoted previously; and also Philippians 2:5—***“Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.”***

These actions are done in faith—believing that the Father wants to fellowship with you and use you. Walking in this manner will bring the Church to the Father.

People believe that the main purpose of walking and praying is to take strongholds down. But the most important thing is to commune with the Lord.

In II Chronicles 20:3, we learn that first, Jehoshaphat ***“feared the Lord.”*** And then he ***“set himself to seek the Lord.”*** However, after experiencing a wonderful victory, we come upon a very telling verse which says, ***“Howbeit, the high places were not taken away; for as yet the people had not prepared their hearts unto the God of their fathers.”*** (verse 33)

If you get nothing more from this guideline than learning to commune with your Father in heaven, you will have gained eternal treasures. For we are getting back the fellowship lost through the fall in the garden.

## **STEP BY STEP**

**Now you are ready to start walking with the Father.**

You are ready to begin communing with Him; and to begin taking captive the many thoughts that come to mind.

II Corinthians 10:5—***“casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God; and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.”***

This will be a conversational walk, which should be mostly taking place in your mind between you and the Father, because other people are probably nearby and wouldn't understand what you are doing or saying. The first problem is: “What do I do with all these intruding thoughts?”

The answer is: Don't take the thoughts personally. What do I mean by that? The Word of God says in Colossians 3:1-3—***“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ***

***sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.***

How does a dead person react? If you truly believe this scripture, you can no longer take a single thought personally; but you must look to the Father above as to how you are, or are not, going to react.

Zero in on one, and only one thought, and say, *“Father, I just had this thought. I refuse to take it personally.”* This is the simple, but effective key, to learning to hear the Father’s voice.

Your conversation can go something like this: *“Why did this thought about this person walking his dog just come to my mind? Why did that person catch my attention? There are a dozen people out here. There are a dozen other things that could have come to mind. Why did I have this particular thought?”*

You are simply asking the Father questions. You are then beginning to communicate with Him. It is like conversation over a cup of tea. If a thought comes to you that has nothing to do with what you are seeing and experiencing with the five senses, don’t take it personally. Relate the thought to the circumstance around you. In other words, if children are playing, (or not playing), and you suddenly miss your own children, don’t take that thought personally. Check with the Father. Ask Him, *“What children need prayer here, Father? I gave my children to you already today. How can I be used by*

*You to pray for the children of this area? Is there anger of bloodshed? Are there needs here that can be addressed in prayer and declaration?"*

Don't be shy about asking the Father about the people and things that come to your mind. Ask Him for things of His heart—not THINGS—ask Him for SOULS. Ask Him, *"What is Your desire for my neighborhood...my own home...my friends...my enemies? You have looked over my home and community and wept. What is Your cry, Father? What is Your desire?"*

If you start doing this, you will come alive with the knowledge of the heart of your Father. Ask Him, *Show me Your heart. I don't know your heart. This person or thing is butting against me and intruding into my heart and spirit. I don't know what to do concerning it' but You have a heart and understanding and knowledge of this person (or circumstance). What do You want to say and tell and teach and cleanse me of?"*

Stay close to the Father—this is the key. His voice will begin to be fine-tuned and you will know that you know that you know that you have heard His voice.

If confusion comes to your mind, start rejoicing in the Lord and praising Him. This will reactivate faith; because confusion destroys faith. Joy will then come into your heart, which will bring desire to hear from the Father. This builds the love relationship. Without your eyes on the Father, in admiration, you won't hear the Father's heart. That is the most important part of hearing what God wants to

communicate to you while you are prayer-walking. Many people say to me, "I can't hear God's voice." Or, I never have heard God's voice." It is time for that to change!

**Next, remit sins of anything you see as obvious sin.**

If you see a person sin an obvious sin, it is your responsibility to remit that sin. John 20:23—"***whose soever sins ye remit; they are remitted unto them. Whose soever sins ye retain; they are retained.***" So, you have a choice—either to remit or to retain. To take the sin personally, is to retain it. To give it to the Father and to declare the sin has been paid for by the Blood of Jesus, is remitting it.

**You can then pray that the Father will send His goodness to lead them to repentance.**

**Then ask the Lord if you, personally, have any further responsibility for personal witness, prayer or confrontation.**

If you don't have peace to proceed with personal evangelism, then do as Matthew 9:38 says—"***Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.***" Ask the Father to surround them with Christians that will be a witness to them in every area of their life.

### **WHERE—AND HOW—DO YOU GO FROM HERE?**

**Is the Father showing you it is time to take strongholds?**

Then you need to come to the understanding of the cry of innocent bloodshed. It was then that the Lord began to give me visions of the places and souls where I was walking; and I began to hear the innocent blood crying from the ground.

Genesis 4:10—***“and He (God) said, ‘What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto Me from the ground.”*** It took me years to develop that sensitivity to the Lord. If you have never heard the innocent blood cry from the ground; then, by walking and faithfully exercising your senses, you will build faith to receive that sensitivity from the Lord. Or, if you have never had a vision from the Lord concerning the people or circumstances of the bloodshed of the area you are walking, then, by walking and faithfully exercising your senses, you will build faith to receive that sensitivity from the Lord.

Luke 16:10—***“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.”***

With this understanding, more understanding will come on what and how to pray over these areas.

**What needs to be done? And why—according to the scriptures?**

Innocent bloodshed and wickedness defiles the land. Hosea 4:1-4—***“Hear the word of the Lord, ye children of Israel; for the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By swearing, and lying and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth***

***blood. Therefore shall the land mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish, with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven; yea, the fishes of the sea also shall be taken away.***

***Romans 8:22—“We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.”***

Wicked acts that were committed in the past must be reconciled in the courtroom of heaven. These sins must be remitted according to the understanding of Romans 3:25,26—***“Jesus, Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.”***

## **A SAMPLE PRAYER AND DECLARATION**

**This prayer may be declared at any site where there is an historical marker or known acts of violence, seduction and murder, involving innocent bloodshed.**

*Father, according to Your Word, and in obedience to Your Word, I come boldly before You into the Courtroom of Heaven (Hebrews 4:16) I come in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, through the shed Blood of Jesus, the Body of Jesus, and the Mind of Jesus, which You gave so freely.*



*According to Your Word, and in obedience to Your Word, I renounce the sins, iniquities, and the hidden words of darkness all the way back to the first thought, word, deed and gesture, and to as many generations back as needs be. I renounce the corruption, all fetishes, curses, or Satanic ritualistic expressions that have defiled this ground. I render them void of power and expression from this time forth.*

*I remit these sins even unto the descendants of those generations that are alive to this day. I remit their sins and send Your goodness and laborers to finish the work of redemption, healing and reconciliation.*

*I ask You, Father, to cleanse this ground and release it from blood guiltiness. I ask You to return its purity and bring it back from under the curse and its groanings.*

*I say to you, earth, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, be free from this innocent blood and all records of transgression against you. Come back and be restored into life and fruitfulness, so that you may be a blessing as you were meant to be. I release you, earth, and call back life, and health, and peace. I lift off the heavy yoke of condemnation from the animals, birds, and humans, from the ground, all the way to heaven, so that the Father can bless.*

Now, you have begun redeeming the people and land back to the Father Who created it all. But more importantly, your personal response and awareness to the Father has been enriched; thus preparing us

as a “glorious church”, not having spot or wrinkle, and washed in the Blood of the Lamb. (From Ephesians 5:27). We will become that Bride “that hath made herself ready” for marriage, able to walk the aisle, lovingly, with the Father, arm in arm, to be presented to His precious, and only begotten Son.” (Reference scripture: II Corinthians 11:12.)

### **A SAMPLE PRAYER OF RENUNCIATION**

*Several years ago when I started traveling on foreign fields, the Lord led me to pray the following type of prayer. As the years have passed, I have been led through many circumstances while praying in countries from which our ancestors have come to the United States. During these times I came to a realization of the strongholds that have been built up from the iniquities of many cultures and the repeated sins of preceding generations. These strongholds were created because those repeated sins and iniquities were in direct violation to God’s Holy Word; and I also began to understand how they allowed high places to enter into lives, and gave opportunity for Satan to raise up strongholds in the lives of the next generations.*

*As these sins became commonplace, and even a vital part of those cultures, they then created a deep form of bondage. It is that bondage that needs to be broken off our spirits, souls, bodies, conscious minds, subconscious minds and subliminal minds. The subliminal include every form of communication to, from, around, and concerning us, including intrusive thoughts.*

*We can then begin anew and remind Satan the slate is clean; and from that time forward, we will not take one thought, word, or deed personally. We will only let it register long enough to take it to the Father, asking Him:*

Father, this thought that I just had is in an area in which I used to be in bondage. Colossians 3:3 says that I am dead to that old self and life. Now, the only way I can be concerned with it is if it is affecting someone else.

Father, who is battling with this in their life? As You show me, I will pray for them to experience the same victory You have shown me. Unless a burden for that person comes to mind, I will not allow myself to be in any way distracted by the accusing of the brethren (by Satan, that Accuser of the Brethren). I will now go on, while fellowshipping in my Heavenly Father in spirit and in truth.

Therefore, I, \_\_\_\_\_,  
being under the Blood of Jesus, claiming the Mind of Jesus, do hereby present my petition boldly before the Throne of Grace. (Ephesians 2:13-19; Hebrew 4:14-16; Philippians 2:1-11.)

I choose by my own will to renounce and reprove all works of darkness in my life and the lives of the generations of those to whom I have been joined. (Romans 13:12; I Corinthians 4:5; II Corinthians 6:14; Ephesians 5:11.) I include blood and adoptive relatives and any mates, such as lovers, seducers and rapists, wife/wives, husband/husbands, and children/grand-Children. I hereby renounce any and every oath, covenant, curse, fetish, gesture, and fleshly and immoral intimacies and unions that brought about iniquity in my own life, or anyone meeting the above stated requirements for bringing words of darkness to my own life.

[Take time with this portion, recalling to your conscious mind any known names and circumstances—especially if there have been

rapes or seductions that you know about, from or towards you, or any of your sexual mates. Take each person and circumstance individually to the Throne of Grace.]

I hereby choose to renounce **all** unfruitful works of darkness, and have no further fellowship with them from this time forth. (Romans 13:12; Ephesians 5:11.)

I do this through the Name of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior:

- Through His Blood that was shed for me.
- Through His precious Body given for me.
- Through His Mind that suffered beyond anything I could ever suffer.
- And through His Spirit that was given up and broken for me.

I do this so that my whole being may be completely set free from every iniquitous work of the past brought about by the sins of those before me.

I do this so that no Luciferian covenant, curse, or fetish from the past be laid against my account—in heaven or in earth. By this act, I hereby serve notice that the handwriting of ordinances written against me and my generations are blotted out—effective as far back as needs be to the very first thought, word, deed, or gesture. (Ephesians 2:13,14; Colossians 2:14.)

I do this so that from this day forth, I may go about serving You, Father, Your fear and counsel in everything I do. I submit my life unto you as a living sacrifice—holy and acceptable in Your sight, which is my reasonable service. (Romans 12:1)

Dear Heavenly Father, and Judge of the Universe, as I present this petition before Your Royal Courts, I thank You that You have heard me this day, and

granted my every expression. I know You did this solely because of what Your Son, Jesus Christ purchased on His Cross.

Thank you from the depth of my whole being for hearing and granting my petition. I am now free in deed, according to: (Romans 6:22; Galatians 5:1; Romans 8:1; Romans 7:24; 8:1; I Corinthians 12:27.)

**For best results:**

Now, begin immediately remitting people's sins, and learning the discipline of no longer retaining the sins you're confronted with daily. "We know evil—let's remit it." "We know good—let's be giving thanks as we see it and then we will experience a more balanced relationship with Jesus."

**This book is good for re-reading again and again, to teach you, as well as challenge you, to go forward everyday to reach the lost at any cost!**