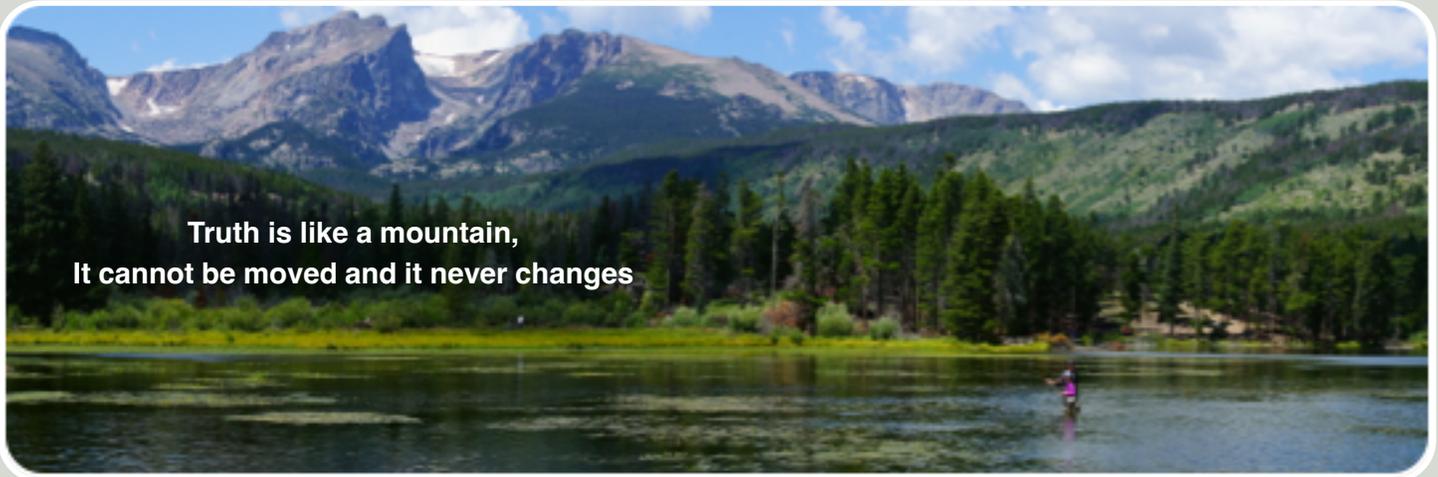


APRIL 2026

"TRUTH"

**A SURE WORD
FOR TODAY**



Truth is like a mountain,
It cannot be moved and it never changes

IN THIS ISSUE

FEATURE ARTICLE:

"Memories of Israel"

Page 2-3

A MINUTE WITH MISS LINDA:

"Finding Significance"

Page 4-5

PROPHECY UPDATE:

"Enough Already!"

Page 6

UPDATE

I want to take a moment to draw your attention to this month's feature article:

"Memories of Israel."

A pilgrimage to the land of the Bible should be on everyone's bucket list. Walking the same streets Jesus walked 2000 years ago is an amazing experience. Visiting the places where Jesus turned water into wine, fed the 5000, and walked on water is life-changing.

The Bible comes alive!

Miss Linda and I had the privilege of taking 26 trips to the holy land, and each trip gave us a unique experience unlike any other. In the "Memories of Israel" article, we take a trip down memory lane and share with you two things we experienced that were totally supernatural. These are not things everyone should expect to experience. But don't be disheartened, because you may experience something even more amazing. After all, it is the land of the Bible!

FEATURE ARTICLE: "Memories of Israel"

WARNING: You are entering the "TRUTH ZONE". You may not like what you read. At times it may make you feel uncomfortable. That is not our goal. Our goal is to speak truth that will provide spiritual guidance for you and your family in a time of great spiritual darkness.

You can be sure that what you read here will be TRUTH!

Miss Linda and I had the privilege of visiting Israel 26 times, and each visit left us with many wonderful memories. The other day, as we were reminiscing, we began talking about the top things we experienced. The list of honorable mentions was very long, but we quickly agreed that two experiences stood out above all the others. In this article, I want to share those two with you.

Coming in at number two was something that happened in 1996 when we took all our pastors with us to Israel. We knew this was going to be a great trip because we were a close-knit group who knew how to have fun. I shall never forget going to the valley of Elah, where David killed Goliath. Someone got the idea that it would be fun to re-create that scene, and soon different pastors were assigned different roles. The late great Bob Groeneman was chosen to play the part of David, and Charlie Smith was picked to play the part of Goliath. The others split up, with half playing the Israelite army and the rest playing the Philistines. It soon turned so comical and chaotic that our guide had to walk away, saying he was embarrassed to be seen with us. It was wonderful!

But it was on the Mount of Transfiguration that our second most memorable experience of all time happened. At the summit of the mountain is a small Catholic Church that is usually bustling with pilgrims, but on the day our pastors arrived, there was almost no one there. This was highly unusual, and I knew it would change if another bus filled with pilgrims arrived, so I urged our group to go to the church as quickly as possible for a time of worship.

Like most Catholic churches in the Holy Land, the church was dimly lit. At the door was a nun who gave us permission to go down to the altar area for a time of worship. But I was sternly told, "No charismatic, no Pentecostal!" We were guests, and we would obey the rules! Quietly, we made our way to the front of the church and formed a circle by the altar. Pastor Tom had written the purest worship

song I had ever heard, so I asked him to lead us in singing it together. The melody was written in haunting minor chords, and the words were simple yet deep. They were:

We worship you alone

We worship you alone

We cry holy, holy, holy is the Lord

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord

As we sang, our voices reverberated off the church's stone walls, and then something absolutely miraculous happened. The presence of the Holy Spirit filled that church in a way none of us had ever experienced before. We all dropped to our knees with our faces to the floor, in total worship of our King. To this day, I have never experienced anything like it again. Words cannot adequately describe it. It shook us to the core of our being and left us weeping and worshipping.

Soon, another group arrived, so I had to ask our pastors to quietly leave. As we approached the entrance, I noticed three priests had assembled, and one was asking who the leader of our group was. Immediately, I thought, "Oh, no, I am in big trouble!" But as I stepped closer, prepared to be excoriated, I saw tears running down his face. He hugged me and said, "My brother, I have been the priest in charge of this church for the last seven years, and never have I experienced anything like what just happened. I dare say that the last time something like this happened on this mountain, the only ones who witnessed it were Peter James and John." Truly, we had just experienced heaven touching earth in an amazing way.

Right now, you may be wondering how this could possibly be number two on our list. Well, maybe it should be number one, but we had another experience in Jerusalem that was possibly even more amazing. Keep reading, I will let you decide which should be number one.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Memories of Israel
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Over the years, the thing people said they enjoyed most was their time spent in Jerusalem. Each group was given four days to walk through the old city on the same streets Jesus would have walked. We visited the Garden of Gethsemane, where he prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." We then visited the house of Caiaphas, where Jesus was taken after his arrest. We descended into the same dungeon where he spent the last night of his life. The list goes on and on.

The day when we arrived in Jerusalem was always a very full one that began down by the Dead Sea, where we had spent the night. It started with a cable car ride to the top of Masada, then we hiked to the En Gedi waterfall, and later explored Qumran, where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. By the time we reached Jerusalem, it was late afternoon, and people were usually very weary, probably just wanting to get to their hotel rooms to rest before dinner. But on this particular day, God had something far better in mind.

Our guide always took us to a spot on the slopes of Mount Scopus, near the Hebrew University. Here, there was a small amphitheater where we could sit and look down on the Temple Mount and the old city of Jerusalem. No other tour buses ever came there, so we always had it completely to ourselves, and it was very special!

When folks had finished taking their photos, our guide told them about an ancient Middle Eastern tradition in which pilgrims entering Jerusalem would stop to offer bread and wine and then speak a blessing over the holy city. We then distributed pieces of bread, small Dixie cups, and wine. We had only two bottles of wine, and I instructed the guys pouring to be very careful, putting about an inch in each cup so we wouldn't run out. As I watched, I became very concerned because obviously, the spirit of generosity was on these guys. Sure enough, the wine ran out, and there were still eight people with empty cups. I

asked the guide if there was any chance he might have another bottle, but he didn't. What was I going to do?

As I contemplated my predicament, I heard a voice behind me say, "Pastor, I have more than enough and would be happy to share." It was Clark. Clark was an elderly gentleman who had joined the group at the last minute. His wife was in a nursing home suffering from Alzheimer's, and because of his commitment to her, he had decided not to go on the trip, but his family insisted he needed a break and were able to convince him to change his mind. I am so glad they prevailed!

His Dixie cup was over half full, so I told him to go ahead and put about an inch in one of the empty cups. Because others also had more than they needed, I thought this might be the solution to my problem. But to my surprise, after sharing some of his wine, his cup was still half full! I told him to keep pouring, and to everyone's shock, as each cup was filled, his kept getting fuller. People began to gasp in amazement. And, after filling all the empty cups, his was now completely full and running over. We had just witnessed an amazing miracle of multiplication!

As we rode to the hotel, the bus was strangely silent, not because we were tired, but because we were trying to process what we had just experienced. We had just seen something similar to what happened when Jesus fed the 5000, and most of us were in total shock.

So there you have it, these are the top two memories from 26 trips to Israel. Which do you think should be number one? I struggle to name either of them the greatest, because both qualify for the top spot. But as I have spent more time reflecting, I have come to the conclusion that what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration must be number one. Why?

Because...

Nothing is equal to His presence....

Not even a miracle!