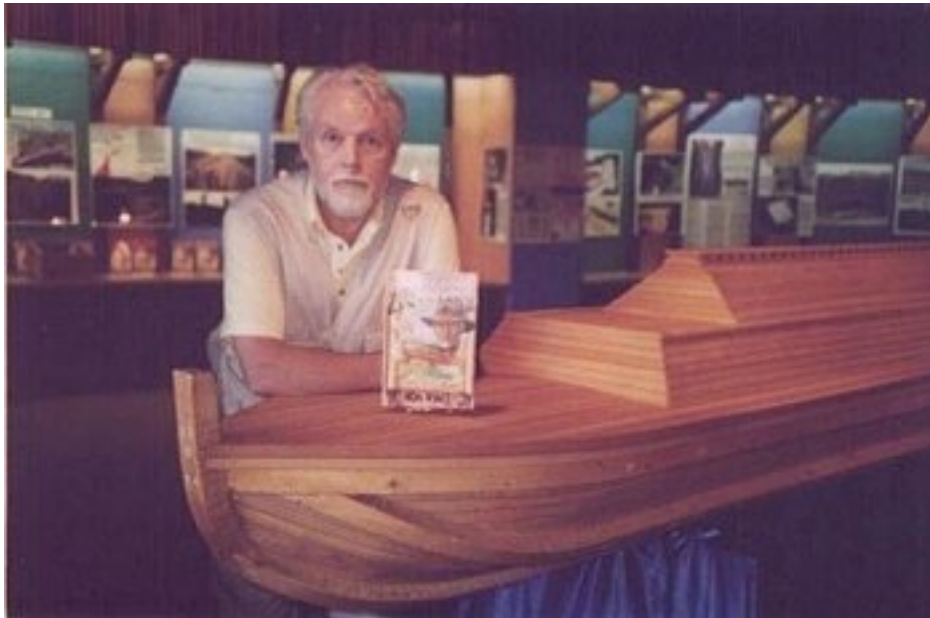


Who Was Ron Wyatt?

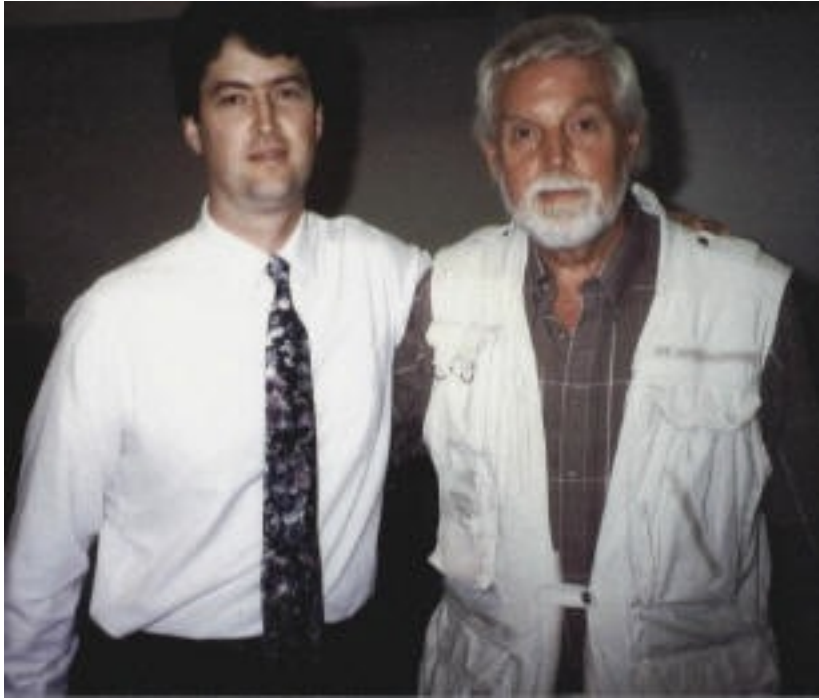


Ron Wyatt, 1933-1999, at the Gatlinburg Tennessee museum c. 1995

I first met Ron Wyatt in 1984, when I heard him speak at a church in Nashville. He was such a humble man in every presentation he gave, always desiring to lead people to the Lord. That afternoon he had some specimens from the Red Sea Crossing and Noah's Ark for us to look at after the program. When leaving the program he shook my hand at the door. I was truly touched by his sincerity, honesty and Holy example. I felt like I would like to do something to help him out someday, but at the time I did not have the funds to do so.

Later, in 1989, I heard him speak in Hendersonville, North Carolina at a Church. The pastor there had roomed with Ron at Highland Academy as a teenager, and had arranged for Ron to

speak Friday night, then for church, and in the afternoon for a question and answer period.



Your web host, Kevin Fisher, with Ron Wyatt in 1997, Nashville, Tennessee.

Ron was the most humble, God-fearing man I have ever met. He was not interested in fame or fortune. He was only interested in doing the Lord's will. He made great money as a nurse anesthetist, but gave most of it to this work, including traveling overseas 130 times. When he would run out of money overseas, he would head back to his job and earn more money to fund his work for the Lord. He lived in a duplex in Nashville during most of his work, desiring to spend his money working for the Lord, instead of on a beautiful home. In 1977, when the Lord was showing Ron that He had a job for him to do, Ron sold

his farm and used that money for this work. He did not have health or life insurance, as he would give the money he would spent on insurance premiums to the Lord's work.



Ron's dining room consisted of bookcases filled with research books, copy machine, various office tools. No fine china display case here folks. (Photo courtesy Jim and Sandra Pinkoski, who were visiting Ron's home.)



CNN- Sept. 27, 1991

Above: Ron on CNN displaying the deck timber of the ark

Ron grew up in Kentucky and lived most of his adult life in the vicinity of Nashville, Tennessee. He always had a love for biblical archaeology. One of his high school classmates told me that Ron was interested in archaeology even in those days, reading books on the subject.



Biblical archaeologists are rare these days as most of the learned archaeological world rejects a good portion of the Bible. Hershel Shanks, editor of the *Biblical Archaeology Review*, stated that most archaeologists do not believe in the Exodus of Moses. How could we then look to these men for the answers we are looking for in biblical archaeology?



When brother Ron was with us, he would always stress the necessity of becoming a follower of Jesus and obeying His Commandments. He was a devout student of the Bible, while retaining an extremely humble attitude. Sadly, Ron died in 1999. [His death was noted in The Tennessean](#) on August 5, 1999. World Net Daily interviewed him when he was on his deathbed, and he confirmed that he had in fact found the ark of the Covenant, as noted in this article:

<http://www.worldnetdaily.com/index.php/index.php?pageId=363>

Ron was on the level of a High Priest in my opinion. He was not a prophet, but a Holy man who devoted his life to the Lord. Just as Jesus was not understood, was ridiculed, persecuted and attacked by critics, so was Ron. Only a few could understand that Jesus was the Messiah in his day. Only a few today can see that Ron was a faithful follower of the Lord. Miracles after miracles were found in Ron's life, all evidence of the Lord working with him. It was only the High Priest that went into the Most Holy Place once each year to sprinkle blood on the Ark of the Covenant. So in our day it was only Ron Wyatt who entered the Most Holy Place, that cave, to take a sample of the blood of the Messiah and have it analyzed for the world to see the lab report when the Ten Commandments come out of the cave, along with the video of him removing the Commandments from the ark. There was never a second witness that went into the Most Holy Place in Moses' day. The people believed the man that was proven to be a man of the Lord.



Ron and Colonel Jim Irwin, who was an avid ark hunter. (photo courtesy anchorstone.com)

I am contacted by people around the world concerning the discoveries each day, but someone locally sent me a most interesting experience she had with Ron at his work. She was in the hospital for the delivery of her baby and Ron was to give her the anesthesia. Apparently Ron had prayed with her before the procedure. When the baby was delivered, it was still born, lifeless. She began to scream and cry, then she looked around the room for Ron. She noticed he was in the corner of the room praying for the baby.



Ron had a close relationship with the Father and went to Him for help in this desperate moment. As Ron was praying, a bright light began to shine in the room. A supernatural light.



The doctor and nurses in the room recognized something unnatural was happening. You see, God was saying, I am involved here. Something is about to happen. This is no accident. Then the mother heard the baby crying!!! God answered Ron's prayer that day. The mother said Ron was her angel. Today her son is a healthy young adult and she thanks the Lord for what he did.

There are many negative statements on the Internet concerning Ron Wyatt. They are untrue and are part of Satan's attack on the discoveries of God. Satan thinks by using unfaithful men, he can use them to tell lies about God's people and God's Treasure

and thus invalidate these beautiful discoveries. But these are unfair, illogical attacks that have a foundation of the forces of darkness and will not prevail, as God will display these discoveries in all their glory to the world during the Mark of the Beast showdown, then the end will come.

Before Ron ever found anything, he prayed to the Lord that He would help him find something that would lead someone to heaven. God answered Ron's prayer, many times over.

Kevin Fisher

Below Ron Describes His Testimony

MY TESTIMONY

The following experiences are highlights of my personal relationship with our wonderful and caring Lord. Before God, who cannot lie and to whom lying lips are an abomination, I present these experiences to you as real and the substance of my deep love and humble gratitude to Him, who with His son *"freely gives us all things."* Romans 8:32, and who *"is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think,..."* Ephesians 3:20.

As I became aware of the reality of God, I prayed that if it was not asking too much, He would allow me to have a dream in which I could see the earth restored or perhaps even heaven. Several years later, after I had prayed for this three or four times and had become convinced it wasn't His will, I had a vivid, "technicolor" dream; I was floating noiselessly through the air above a body of crystal clear water. The water appeared to be "alive" with multicolored and variously shaped fish and other creatures. Then, I looked up and all around and saw mounds of grass and flower-covered earth protruding from the water. On each of the mounds grew a massive tree whose amazingly long, low branches spread out in all directions and touched the tips of

identical branches extending from similar trees on the numerous other mounds. The leaves and branches seemed alive with breathtakingly colored birds and butterflies. After awhile, I became aware of the silence, the absence of any "motor" noise, and suddenly wondered what was propelling me up and over the water. Looking up, down and all around, I saw that I was simply floating through the air. I then looked ahead and saw that the water ended in a profusion of breathtaking flowering vegetation that included lilies, cattails and many others unfamiliar to me. Beyond these, a luxurious, multicolored valley with predominantly green and yellow vegetation swept away from me and upward to dark green hued mountains. I awoke immediately thanked our Heavenly Father for His kindness in answering a sinner's prayer.

Some time after this first dream and well into the hectic events involving Noah's Ark, the Red Sea crossing, how Joseph built the Step Pyramid for the pharaoh of the seven year famine, the site of the real Mt. Sinai, and several seasons of excavation that led to the discovery of the Ark of the Covenant and several other startling evidences of the crucifixion site, I was struck with a deep depression. Being aware of how God had miraculously helped me locate the remains of evidences and artifacts from every major event of the Bible, I was struck with the impossibility of my being able to handle the complicated business of getting the facts out to the people along with the significance of each discovery in the end times of earth's history. In a state of abject discouragement, I fell asleep and again, dreamed.

In this dream, I was in some unknown location high upon a ledge or something where it was possible to look out and see the entire world with its cities, seas and people. The people were scurrying about like millions of ants on an anthill. For some reason, I looked about for a means to get to the highest point from which I might shout and hopefully get some of their attention. To my left and high up on the side of a nearly sheer cliff face was a narrow ledge. Without hesitation, I decided to attempt to climb it. The loose stones and rocks under my feet began to slip and slide as I climbed. After what seemed like an eternity, I finally reached the ledge, pulled myself up carefully and turned around. I shouted "JESUS IS COMING!" The loudness and intonation sounded exactly right to me. Suddenly, everyone stopped scurrying about and stood looking right at me! Then, gradually the

frenzied activity began again, and the greater part of the people passed from my view. All that was left were a few small groups and individuals who continued to stand and watch. The dream ended, and upon awaking I realized that God adds whatever is necessary to our own feeble efforts to accomplish His purpose. I also was deeply impressed with the reality that while God's last message would be heard and understood by all, only a relative few would "love" the truth; *"And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved."* II Thessalonians 2:10. The majority would "love and believe lies" and therefore be lost.

"And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Luke 17:26.

As was my custom, in the early hours of December 22, 1980, I asked God for the privilege of witnessing to someone whom He knew to be ready to be witnessed to. I prayed that He would have me to say exactly what they needed to hear. I further prayed for the privilege of helping someone that was in real need. I have discovered that I am mostly unable to distinguish between those who are truly needy and those who are "professional beggars." After this prayer, I was strongly impressed to drive to Columbia, Kentucky, a town that was a good two and one half hours drive in good weather. However, the night before, a blizzard had hit Nashville, Tennessee, where I lived, and every road in and out of town was closed. I was on duty at Donelson Hospital for "in-house" O.B. anesthesia administration and wasn't too sure if my relief would be able to make it in. I silently prayed that when I called the state police office to check on the roads, if they said all the roads were closed, I wouldn't go. I called. Their reply was "unless it is a life or death situation, stay off the roads." I knew without hesitation that I was to go. Not knowing what I was to do or who it would be for, I brought along three copies of a book I found to be a marvelous presentation of the plan of salvation, and my small, marked Bible and set out.

I only saw four cars along the approximately 120 miles. Two of these were stopped in the middle of the road; one was a motorist with a wheel broken from his car and the other was a highway patrolman helping this motorist. My 1976 Dodge Maxi Van had chronic fan belt

problems with a great deal of overheating problems. After several long hours of miserable driving, I arrived in Columbia. The slippery road conditions convinced me of my need for a set of studded snow tires on the back of the van, so I pulled into the Columbia Tire Shop, bought a set and had them mounted. Still not having any idea who I was to witness to, I struck up a conversation with the owner of the shop. We discussed world events and some religious subjects, but the encounter didn't seem to warrant such a difficult trip through ice and snow. So, just in case this was why I had been sent here, I gave him one of the copies of the books, "The Story of Redemption," I had brought. He thanked me for the book, I paid for the tires and left. What now? Where was I to go? I decided that a cup of hot coffee would feel mighty good right then, so I pulled into a restaurant. I chatted with the waitress. Again the topics were world events and a little on religious subjects, but I doubted this was the encounter God had lined up; I gave her a copy of the book just in case. It began to get dark, and the return trip to Nashville began to weigh heavily on my mind. I believed the purpose of my trip hadn't been accomplished, but with the long, cold trip ahead and the absence of a single clue as to my mission, I decided to finish my coffee and be on my way.

I paid my tab and got in my van. The parking lot tilted toward the street, and I figured it would be easy to get out of the snow there. It started o.k., but as I attempted to back out, the tires spun and slipped to the side. It wouldn't budge. I got out to see what the problem was. After living in Michigan for many years, I usually had no problem getting myself or others around in the snow and getting "stuck" vehicles out of ditches. As I carefully examined the van, I knew there was no earthly reason for the van to be stuck. After spending about 30 minutes trying to get out, I gave up and went in for some soup and coffee to warm me up. Embarrassed, I sat down and ordered. People came over and offered to help me, but in my humiliation I said "thanks" and just sat a while and ate. Secretly, deep down inside, down where we all live, I began to resent the whole day's business, especially the humiliation of not being able to get in the van and drive out like the few others who came and went while I sat. For forty-five minutes I sat there, my resentment secretly smoldering, when I received a very strong impression to get in the van and go home. I felt a twinge of guilt over my attitude, but not knowing what else to do, I went to the van, started the engine and backed out into the street as if

nothing had ever happened! I headed in the direction of the interstate that would take me home.

As I drove carefully along the west-bound lane of the toll road, my conscience began to trouble me more. There wasn't anything I could do except go back and try again, however it would have been illegal to drive back to the exit on the wrong side of the highway, and the next exit was 22 miles west. I began to pray that God would forgive me for my willfulness and please not let someone go without what He had wanted me to do just because I was a jerk. Suddenly, from the median of the toll road staggered a dark form, falling and struggling to get to the side I was traveling on. Slowing down to see if it was a hurt animal, I realized it was a person! With a feeble wave of one arm, he signaled me to stop.

Unable to stop quickly on the snow and ice, I had to slowly back up to where he was. I swung open the passenger door and told him to get in. He was badly frozen; his hands and arms were blue up to where they disappeared into the sleeves of his lightweight coat. The point of his chin, his eyebrows, the tips of his ears and nose were white, indicating near frostbite. As I helped him climb into the van, I asked him what he was doing out there without a car. His speech slurred; I at first thought him to be drunk, but I remembered that extreme cold thickens the tongue and slurs the speech. He slowly raised his arm and pointed to the median; he had a car was what he was trying to say. Jumping out of the van, I crossed to where he had pointed and sure enough, buried deep in the snow, sat a red compact car. I returned to the van and told him I'd take him to the next exit and he could get a wrecker to tow it out. I could tell this distressed him.

"Please, mister, help me get it out; it's three days until Christmas, and twenty-three dollars is every penny I have in this world! I need it for my wife and children's Christmas."

"There's no way we can get it out of there," I told him. "And I don't have a chain or shovel."

"Would you please just try?" he pleaded.

He had a chain in the trunk of his car and thought maybe I could pull him out with it. Totally forgotten was the reason for my trip and the guilt at my apparent failure. Still uncomfortably cold from the day's activities, I waded through the snow to where his car was all but buried. Clearing the snow from the top and sides, I opened the trunk and retrieved the chain. Digging the snow from beneath the back of the car, I securely fastened the chain around the back axle and stretched the free end to the edge of the road. It just barely reached to where I could secure it to the trailer hitch on the van after maneuvering it to that edge of the road. This accomplished, I silently prayed, "Father, if you want this car out of the snow, You are going to have to do it. I sure can't."

At that exact moment, down the east lane of the road, which had been entirely free of traffic during my trip, appeared the headlights of two cars.

"Where did they come from?." the man echoed my surprise. Maybe we had been too busy to notice, but we both thought it strange, for the headlights of two cars are not easy to miss in the dark of a snow-covered landscape such as this.

The two cars slowed to a stop; there was no need for them to pull over to the side as there was no traffic. Four husky young men got out of each car.

"Can we help you?" one of them asked in a friendly tone.

"Yes; please!" we both resounded.

There were no women, no children or older men in either car; just the eight young men. Strange, I thought, but we couldn't ask for better help. The men waded to the car, placed their hands upon it and signaled for me to pull with the van. Within seconds, the car was up on the road.

"A piece of cake," someone said.

"Thank you, thank you..." we both said.

"You are welcome," we heard as the young men headed back to their cars, brushed the snow from their clothing and got in. They drove off to the east and, puzzled about missing their approach, I watched them leave. As they approached a dip in the highway, the cars slowly disappeared from sight. However, they never arose from that dip! There was no exit for at least two miles, and they hadn't turned around; they had simply vanished into thin air! I remembered Psalms 34:7 as I silently thanked our Father, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

I cleared the snow from his engine, especially from around the spark plugs and ignition wires. I got in, and it started easily. After a short test drive, I left the motor running, got out and climbed into the van where the man was sitting. I told him it was ready and I would follow him to the next exit.

"My hands won't work. Do you mind if I warm up a little while longer?"

"Of course," I replied. To save his gas, I got out and turned off his car, returned to the van and commented on what good fortune we had had.

"Do you believe in God, mister?" he asked me with almost pleading eyes.

Over an hour later, we had reviewed all the Bible texts on all his questions. I read to him with my fingers moving along the text so he could read along also. Finally, he briskly wiggled his fingers and said he was ready to go.

"Would you mind if I say a little prayer for you before you go?" I asked.

"Please,... please do." he said.

I prayed for him and his family and thanked God for helping us get his car out. When I opened my eyes, he was crying. With tears rolling down his face, he told me this was the best Christmas of his entire life. He explained how he drove the toll road every weekend to and from his work and how today as he returned home he had been driving

along wondering if there was anything to God, religion and the Bible. Then, without warning, his car had just swerved into the snow bank down inside the median. After two hours of waiting, no one had come along, and he had finally decided he was going to die right there in the snow. He told me how he prayed that if God was real, that He please take care of his family. Now, he knew for certain; God was real!

He asked me how he could explain all of this to his family, and I gave him my last copy of "The Story of Redemption." Suddenly, I realized what this trip had been all about.

Another time when I prayed the witnessing prayer was as I was returning from a weekend of continuing education classes in Williamsburg, Virginia. Driving along Interstate 81/VA and enjoying the beautiful scenery, I suddenly noticed my fuel gauge sitting on empty. I decided to pull into the right hand lane and get off at the next exit to "gas up". I passed a sign that said "Next Exit - 3 Miles". After I moved into the right lane, I found there were three cars ahead of me, all traveling about 45 miles per hour, so I decided I had plenty of time to pass them and still get back into the right hand lane to exit. When I pulled out to pass, the middle of the three cars pulled out in front of me and sped up even with the first car and held that position. Then, the third car pulled up even with me. I wouldn't have believed it was possible for a driver, who wanted to exit an interstate with two miles to maneuver before the exit, to get boxed in where it was impossible for him to make his exit without risking an accident. But I know first hand, now it is.

As we crept past the exit, I breathed a prayer that the Lord would keep me from running out of fuel before the next exit, which was 11 miles ahead. Anxiously, I watched the gauge and soon found myself pulling into a gas station on the next exit. After I filled up with gas, I noticed a Kroger store a few blocks away and decided to pick up some "Little Debbie" snacks and a soft drink so I wouldn't have to stop again for lunch. En route to the store, I noticed a "used book and clothing" store just opposite one of the entrances. I felt a strong impression to go in. However, the last thing in the world I needed was more used books or clothing, so I headed to Kroger and got my snacks. As I left though, I again felt a very strong impression to go in.

As I walked in and looked around, I saw a G.E.D. study guide that would be useful the next time someone asked for help with their G.E.D. test. Then I saw a blue jean jacket that looked like it would fit one of my kids. The place had been quite busy when I entered it, but as I went to check out, I noticed it had emptied. I assumed that the store manager was who I was to witness to as he and a lady, whom I later learned was his wife, were the sole occupants in the store.

Not knowing how to start any meaningful conversation, I looked about for something to start talking about. As I paid for my items, my eye fell upon a nice collection of arrowheads in the glass case beneath the cash register.

Three hours later, I had shown him, his wife and young son, who later arrived from school, how Joseph had built the first pyramid, answered many questions they had about religion and was asking if it would be alright if I said a little prayer with them before I left. I prayed a simple, direct prayer for their health, happiness and especially for their salvation. Opening my eyes, I saw tears streaming down all three of their faces. The husband and father, in a trembling voice, explained how he had been in church all of his life, was an elder and greeted members at the door of his church, but until that day he hadn't really known that God and His salvation was a reality.

The joy of going on God's errands is addicting. If I have not experienced a "divine encounter" for more than a week, I go into a state of depression and prayerfully seek out what has made me useless to God and His work. He, in mercy, always makes me aware of the problem, helps me straighten it out and puts me back to work. Friends, don't settle for a pretended relationship with God! You can and must find the real thing!

One last experience I want to share. In August of 1978, my two sons and I had the thrill of a lifetime. After a brief research on the site at which the ancient Egyptian army drowned while pursuing Moses and the Habiru (slaves), we decided to go to Egypt and check it out. We found the site, and after a crash course in scuba diving, right before we left home we were able to photograph the remains of three chariots on the sea floor. We then hurried home, gathered some equipment that would enable us to bring some of these artifacts to the surface

and went to Giza. There we met with and explained to Mr. Nassef Mohamed Hassan, the Director of Antiquities for the Giza/Saqqara District and who later became the Director of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, how the pyramids were built and gave him a short paper with diagrams for the machines and methods. We left, Mr. Hassan happily studying our paper, and us, with our permission to retrieve some artifacts to bring to him for evaluation.

We headed back to the site and began diving. While I was swimming underwater at about a 30 foot depth, marking possible candidates for retrieval from among several skeletal and chariot remains, I got severely sunburned! I, foolishly, didn't realize this could happen, and my feet swelled to the point that I couldn't get into my diving equipment. We were devastated. There was nothing for us to do except travel to Jerusalem and wait for our A.P.E.X. flight home, nurse my burns and possibly return to Egypt and finish the project.

Arriving in Jerusalem, we settled into a very uncomfortable but very cheap youth hostel. We did some sight-seeing, read a lot and in general had a miserable time. One day, I decided to visit the Garden Tomb. That was to be a place and experience never to be forgotten.

Inside the shop, I visited with the people who ran it and shared the discovery of Noah's Ark, how Joseph built the pyramids and showed them the photographs of the chariot parts from the Red Sea crossing site. They in turn asked me to stay during the two and a half hour closing time from 12:00 noon until 2:30 p.m. and look the Garden Tomb area over for possible archaeological remains. Returning to the hostel, I told my boys of my plans, and they decided to stay there and read. So, I returned to the Garden Tomb.

While looking through the gift shop for some books, I noticed a red haired man that looked like he had helped hang his last friend. I spoke to him cheerfully, discovered him to be an American, chatted briefly, wished him a good day and walked into the garden area that was to close very shortly. I was examining a site where some ancient coins had been found when I became aware that someone was standing behind me. Turning around, I saw the red haired gentleman. He inquired as to what I was doing. After a brief explanation, he said, "You are a scientist; do you believe in God and the Bible?" Two and a

half hours later, after answering his questions and showing him the answers in the Bible, I asked him if I could pray with him. He said, "yes," and when I opened my eyes, tears were just streaming down his face.

"God sent you to me," he said. He explained how he was a pastor and had been deeply and persistently impressed to come to Jerusalem and convert the Jews. He'd prayed for signs and gotten positive ones. He went on to explain that he had gotten the promise of the assistant pastorship at the only Baptist Church in Jerusalem but lost it when the previous one decided to stay at the last minute, after he and his family had sold their home and belongings and already arrived in Jerusalem. He told me how he had looked for work everywhere but could find none; how he'd borrowed money to send his family home. Just that morning, he'd gone to Haifa to ship their few personal belongings home and taken the bus back to Jerusalem. When he arrived back here, he said he'd felt a strong impression, which he was now inclined to ignore since his previous impressions had resulted in his situation, but nonetheless, he decided to walk the 42 blocks and had just arrived when I saw him in the gift shop. He'd asked the kind folks there if he could be allowed to stay there during the two and a half hour "closed" period, and they said o.k. Now, as the tears were still streaming, he said that now, for the first time in all his years as a minister, he had a saving message to preach.

I, in my disappointment at not being able to retrieve the chariot parts, asked him, "Why, since you are from Little Rock and I'm from Nashville, couldn't we have met maybe in Memphis or at least somewhere closer to home?"

"If you had known me before this experience, you would not have asked that question. I knew everything and wouldn't have listened to you or anyone else," was his reply.

Then, I shared with him my reason for being in the Middle East and my keen disappointment at not being able to complete what I had set out to do at the Red Sea. He then, assuming his role as a pastor and new friend, assured me that God had better plans than we had and would bring them about in good time. And if we were "teachable", he would

use us. The Spirit moved greatly within the both of us, and at this, we both went our separate ways of service, rejoicing in our loving God.

When we experience the "divine encounters", we can be sure that those we witness to will ultimately be saved and, in most cases, become effective witnesses themselves, the thief on the cross being one of the few exceptions to this. But this is only possible if we allow God to use us in His work.

The unspeakable joy of knowing with certainty that you are where God wants you to be, doing exactly what He wants you to do, can be yours. And then, one day, the unspeakable joy of seeing your family and others you have helped lead to Christ, walking the streets of gold, eating of the tree of life and drinking from the river of life eternally, will also be yours.

Ron Wyatt

THE WITNESSING PRAYER

I have shared with you my addiction to "divine appointments". God, in His mercy, has invited us sinners (in rehabilitation) to bear faithful witness to Him, His character and salvation. You, with me, can be certain that you are in His will by taking three simple steps:

- 1) Ask God, in Christ's name, to forgive and cleanse you of every sin that separates you from His will.
- 2) Pray the "witnessing prayer", that you may be honored of Him by being led by His Spirit to bear effective, saving witness and/or help someone for whom Christ died.
- 3) When He provides the "divine appointment", be totally honest and truthful whoever you witness to or help. There are a vast number out there who have and are bearing a false witness, but rationalize that they are doing God and mankind a service by "embellishing" the truth, making it more spectacular, "punching it up." The extreme end of

allowing Satan to lead you in this falsification of the facts is to become a destroyer of yourself, your family and others. God cannot lie. When we do, even if we "do it for a good reason", we separate ourselves from the only saving source of power in the universe.

Effective "divine encounters" are reconfirmations from God that we are in His will. Attacks by Satan and his hosts, both human and demon, are another reconfirmation of our walk with God. No attacks means we're doing Satan's will, not God's.

Even Paul knew the real enemy for he said, *"Wherefore we would have come unto you, even I Paul, once and again; but Satan hindered us."* I Thessalonians 2:18. So friends, be aware. The Word of God is not an idle tale when we are warned, *"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour"* I Peter 5:8. Don't believe those who tell you that if you are a true Christian, you won't have problems and everyone will love you. For that's a lie. Satan will disguise his evil and use as his agents those who are not Christians, though they may profess to be. *"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you"* I John 3:13. But remember His promise, in the words of Christ Himself, *"And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."* Matthew 10:22.

Again, our choices are to either work for God, share and enjoy His salvation throughout eternity, or to fall into the grasp of a merciless demon, and share total and eternal destruction in the hell-fires which will destroy Satan and his evil angels; the same fire God uses to purify this world of the last vestiges of sin and sinners before He restores it to its Edenic beauty and makes it the eternal home of the *"nations of them which are saved..."* Revelation 21:24.

Ron Wyatt