

Letter 21  
"From Sea to Shining Sea"  
2011-09-21

Dear Dan,

The two weeks I spent with my good friend (CB4) in South Carolina in May of 1997 were eventful in several ways. (CB4) was both a student and scholar at the University of South Carolina in Columbia, but he was on break for the two weeks I was there. That gave us time to spend together and to take in some historical sites. Of course, the Carolinas were part of the first thirteen colonies making them a little more notable historically than the states west of the Mississippi.

Prior to my visit, I had become aware and somewhat enamored with the story of the CSS Hunley (see [www.hunley.org](http://www.hunley.org)). Commissioned in the Confederate Navy, the Hunley was the first submarine that was ever successful in battle. I had learned some things about it reading online, and had watched a TV documentary on the subject.

So, one day we took off in the car I had rented and drove around. We went to the State Capitol museum, where they had a true scale mockup of the Hunley submarine, and other neat things found in museums.

We also went to the State Capitol proper, and the Baptist Church where the Articles of Succession were signed.

At one point we found ourselves in a courtyard of some historical building in the capitol area. After walking around the courtyard briefly we started to head back to the car just some feet away. I saw another man walking also in the courtyard about thirty feet of where we were.

Just then some things happened simultaneously. The motion of the man slowly walking got my attention, and as I looked over at the man his eyes met mine for an instant. At that moment the Gift of Discernment of Spirits became active in me and I knew that I was locking stares with a demon (in the man). I leaned toward the man slightly while my mind was calculating all this and he stopped short in his tracks. Then the Gift of Knowledge became active and I knew it was not "my time" yet to begin casting out demons. My friend, observing this event said, "What was that?" Since I really didn't know at that time, I just shook my head, shrugged and continued toward the car. All this happened within about three seconds, but I remember it clearly to this day.

The one thing remarkable that I remember is the look on the man's face. It was not angry, but what I would describe as a sickly kindness, one that would deceive adults. Like a corrupted form of the very subtle smile portrayed in Da Vinci's Madonna painting.

Another event happened this way. One night while laying in bed getting ready for sleep, I was listening to the walkman radio I had brought with me and perusing the various stations

on both AM and FM. I stopped on what sounded like a Christian station, and listened for a while. Then there was a break in the music and some announcements were made about upcoming events. One event in particular caught my attention.

It turned out that Petra was going to be in concert at a local Christian college within days. Petra is at the top of my list of most favorite rock groups, along with The Who and Jethro Tull. So I was grateful that the Lord had timed this so perfectly.

The next morning I approached (CB4) about going to the concert with me, and he agreed. We went. The concert was good, and we had a good time. Thank you Jesus.

On another outing we journeyed up to North Carolina, to Charlotte. Along the way we stopped at a place that had been planned to be a sort of Christian Disneyland, called Heritage USA. It was part of the ministry headed by Jim Bakker, who had been incarcerated and recently let out of prison, for supposed criminal activities associated with the enterprise. Jim Bakker had then written a book that described his ordeal called "I Was Wrong". I had read the book before going east and when I found out that Heritage USA was along the way to Charlotte I suggested we stop there to look around and maybe have lunch.

We made the stop and what I saw seemed to be pretty cool. It had the Peace of God there even though some buildings had been abandoned and the grounds were not kept up as good as they might have been. But we had lunch in what was a sort of shopping mall. I liked it there. I could go back anytime.

We made it to Charlotte in good time. Our destination was a place called Morningstar, a ministry founded and headed at the time by a Mr. Rick Joyner. I had read some books by Mr. Joyner and liked them. And, for a little while, (CB4) and his wife had attended church services at Morningstar.

We made it to an evening service. I sat in the back row and listened. At the end they mentioned something about having prayer for individuals. (CB4) mentioned something about going up, taking a number, and then being prayed for.

So, I went over to where the prayer booths were (made up of office cubicle dividers large enough for a three or four chairs around a table) and took a number.

When my number was called, I was led to a cubicle. There sat a man in his late fifties, and two young people, man and women, in their early twenties. The Elder led with prayer, and then the young people prayed. They were learning how to minister the prophetic word to others.

I had never seen anything like this before, but it made sense to me. There were two young people being mentored in the Lord by an Elder, doing those things that the Church is supposed to do. I remember afterward mentioning to (CB4) how I thought they were actually "doing it right".

The two prophetic words given to me about my life in Christ were simple and straightforward. One said that I was like a cowboy going after strays. The other saw me as a rock climber but that I didn't have many tools. The remedy was to pray for more tools.

After the prayer session I walked over to Rick Joyner and shook his hand, and his wife also as she was standing nearby.

All in all that was a blessed time there.

Another thing we did together was to drive south to Charleston. We drove through downtown a ways and found a place for lunch, and then we drove out to the bay where there is a Naval museum and where the ferry landing is to go out to Fort Sumter, where the first shots of the Civil War were fired.

We took the ferry out to the island and toured the site. Then we went back over the water and headed home.

I really enjoyed this time and see it now as a time of healing and learning. And, with our trip to Fort Sumter over Charleston Bay, I can honestly say I have been "from sea to shining sea".

So I pray the Lord will bring forth repentance from His Church in this Nation, forgive our sins, grant Mercy to the elected officials, destroy the unholy agreements with hell, and heal the land.

In Jesus Name, Amen.

Blessings...