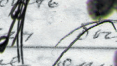
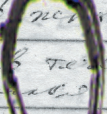
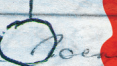
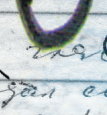
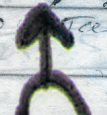
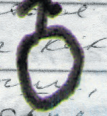
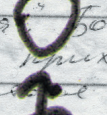
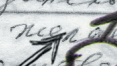
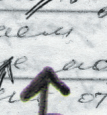
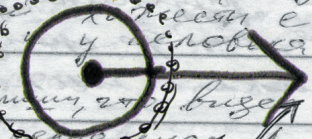


Бог поверит к человеку
и
как-то...
келу то больше...
и он передает это другим.
Того...
хорошо...
керины...
современность...
себя...
как...
Кем...
в...
воинство...
возвращаем...
и даже...
прихо...
Тайна...
и...
до...
я...
велик...
и...
Он...
кажд...
Мор...
Без...
в...
Он...
через...
и...
через...

ON THE WAY HOME



Childhood, Youth and Searches

I was born not far from the Sea of Japan. Those were the times of the Soviet Union, when our country claimed its dominion in the world.

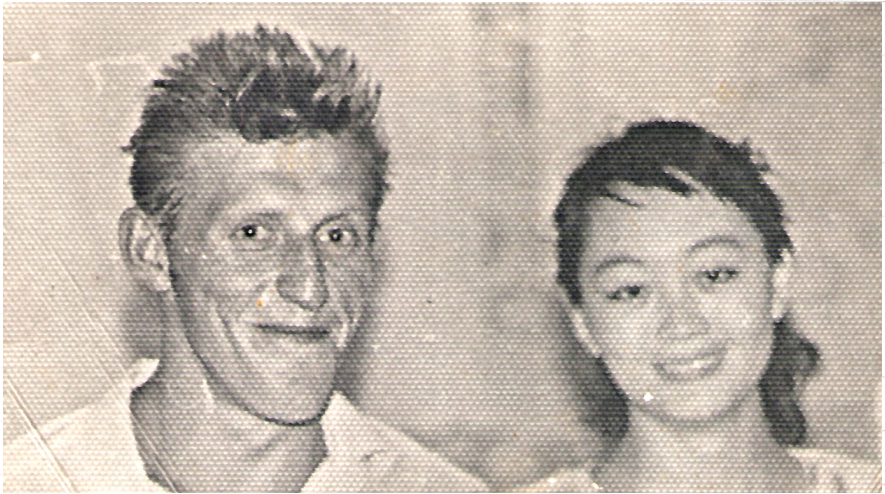
I remember myself very well as a little boy and my parents, the way they were.

My father was an officer, served in aviation and had the specialty of an aircraft and spacecraft engineer.

He was born in Lithuania – an ordinary village man, a genuine Balt, he spoke with an accent all his life spent in Russia. He was a man of high intelligence and excellent memory along with good physical shape – he was a Candidate Master of Sports in freestyle wrestling. I remember him as an educated and very kind man. Like many in those times he was a communist.

My mother was a Korean, originating from areas of North Korea. As she would say, one of her distant ancestors crossed the Amur river into the Russian territory to make some money for his family living. Later on during the Soviet regime their family was relocated to Central Asia, and there they lived together with other relocated Koreans. In the time of the so called “thaw” the gradually moved back, but to Artyom city now, and there they stayed. Since then mother had lived in Primorskiy region,





Parents in their young years

left for Kiev after a while to finish her studies at a Pedagogical Institute. I remember when I was 4-5 years old my parents would leave for work, and I would stay home alone. I would always feel someone's presence, sometimes I would even clown and make faces, because I felt someone was watching me.

I recall I was sometimes scared as a child: I was at times tormented by nightmares, but I was able to wake up on time, giving my own infant's mind to get awakened.

Then my father with the whole family was transferred to Eastern Prussia, Insterburg (now Chernyachovsk), the territory of Baltic where I went to school.

I remember I spent time in the yard with other boys – they were officers' children – sometimes we would fight yard vs. yard, went hiking or played sports.

After my father had been commissioned to reserve we moved to a place where my mother's many relatives lived, - to Primorskiy region, and since then we lived in the area. There in Artyom I went to the fifth grade of school, then I studied in Tavrichanka for some time, and starting the sixth grade – in Vladivostok.

Even then I desired something greater, than just a life of an ordinary boy, I wanted to excel in something, and I was thirsty for something unusual and wonderful.

In my youth I listened to the western rock-music, and different rock bands became a discovery for me and a window into the rock culture. We would get the recordings, listened to them with bobbin tape recorders, and it seemed the dream was coming

closer. After high school I didn't get into any Institute as I didn't do good in my late school years: those days I was already trying light drugs, which I liked.

I would smoke "the herb" or hashish and got a job in a place where I had free access to medicines and pills, also to ampoule drugs which could be used for making "the reaction". Its formula came from the West, only a few people in the city knew about it.

Once a guy older than myself gave me a shot, and I got addicted, spy on how to make this reaction and started producing the drug on my own. It was a very sad period in my life, because I was permanently out of myself, "high".

Before I would read books, I loved the classics, very often I would reread Dostoyevsky, Turgenev, Tolstoy... I really loved the experiences of spiritualization, inspiration. I would read out with "The Resurrection" by Tolstoy, go through spiritual struggles together with Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment" by Dostoyevsky, and I loved Shakespeare especially: Hamlet was a young hero for me who knew life and had a "mature" heart. I would read out with Didro, and of course, I loved "Faust" by Goethe. Faust was the apogee of a human personality among my other heroes - a man who made a deal with devil and fearless of the end, he devoted his whole life for searching his happiness. After all, by grace, when devil was already digging a grave for him, he got rescued because God saved him - not according to his works, but by His mercy.

Deep in my heart I felt I was like Faust, who started out on this journey of life, trusting some invisible providence, in hope that at the end everything will be all right. And through all my life I've been carrying it in my heart. There were times when, indeed, very serious troubles and misfortunes crushed upon me, but some invisible hand has all the time kept me like Faust.

When I turned 16, I was fired from work, and that was a miracle because due to this I did not get into prison, as all the precedents needed for this to happen were there. At that time I carried nunchuck with me and mastered it well. Once we got caught in a fight, they opened a criminal case, but didn't put us to jail, only put us on record. Soon I started using drugs constantly: often was engaged in searching and getting them. Once I met local hippie. It was a group of young people who dressed in jeans, wore long hair, listened to interesting music, was very good at avant-garde art and had their own narrow circle of communication - a commune that knows strange and interesting people in the city, so to speak, of their own culture. Together with them I listened to Russian rock, art rock, and discovered for myself the horizons

that were previously unknown to me. It so happened that my mother had to go to Kiev again for a heart surgery, already the second, because she had her first surgery performed by the famous surgeon Amosov when I was yet little

And so we went, because she was already quite "bad»: at such a young age (she was barely forty years) she had unceasing heart pains and swelling. Relatives helped us with money, and in Kiev we settled at one old lady's that we had known. She knew our family well, when mother and father studied in Kiev.

So I began to live with this grandmother, and my mother was in the hospital preparing for the operation. Once a day I was supposed to visit her, and the rest of the time I was getting to know the world that I wanted to know and it lay before me like an open book. Sometimes I attended Bach's concerts at the organ hall, buying tickets with the best seats, and at nights I would hang out, "eating" pills that I had brought with me from Vladivostok.

I met local hippies, and this world was attracting me more and more. Some of them I also introduced, as a guru his disciples, into the world of dreams and avant-garde vision of life. It was there, in Kiev, I made up my mind to take the hippie path and started off on it to reach a certain level for myself.

Then I had to return back home in Vladivostok, and mother stayed in Kiev for final treatment. We decided that she wouldn't go for that operation as her body might not endure consequences of the repeated surgical interference.

She was under treatment, and I left, and already at home with my friends, having made the decision to grow hair, I ultimately took the path of a searcher of fine matters.

I had simply given myself to this way: drugs, night sessions, get-togethers, parties and the search for something extraordinary and surreal became my lifestyle.

When mother returned, I had already been deeply engrossed in this environment. I would lie to her saying I was working, would bring medical uniform "from work", and then said I would go to St.-Petersburg to get into University because I had a inclination to visual art. In reality I went for "The Big Get-together", since Vladivostok was of no interest for me anymore, and I desired more and more of vast spaces and horizons.

I went to the Big Road to find myself.



In a flat for get-togethers

Way through St. Petersburg

And there now was finally St-Pete. Nevsky Prospect. The big get-together at «Saigon» cafe on Nevsky. Dozens and hundreds of punks, hippies, untraditionals, people with “quirt”, rock musicians, all kinds of random freaks and just interesting people. «People» would “fit” in certain groups on different «flats», find people for matching themselves in interests and level. There one could get drugs of any kind.

At that time St.-Peter was a relatively free city in Russia: one was able to stay a person looking for a way to oneself in an informal way. I was captured by this movement and, of course, very impressed with everything - I was then about twenty.

We had fun, lived in different «flats». New friends, new acquaintances. When the summer season came, in June, we would cut poppies around country houses, of which there were so many. And I always had opium, I could take it every day.

At that time, I already forged the prescriptions and prescribed correctors for myself that fit me, in order to take my favorite pills. I could mix them with other medicines, and basically live all the time in my own self-created, subtle, fairy world.

We “bombed” summer cottages, and everything was fun. Nights spent in the kitchen: coffee and cigarettes, drugs, favorite music, inadequate conversations, acquaintance with new individuals, with crazy, wonderful people.

I remember once we travelled by “thumbing” all over the Baltic States through Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania. Just went out on highways, thumbed, got the car and drove, sometimes we spent nights in stacks, other times at train stations or in new



St. Petersburg, in the Nevskiy Prospekt

places. In Riga there were also “people” who understood well about corrector, so we wouldn’t get too much “loaded” for the night, because everything was simple.

Sometime in summer my friends rented a cottage for me, and I took a bike and rode around the suburbs of St.-Pete to see the surrounding places. Suddenly on the way I saw the building of one Prayer House, a church. Went in. In one of the rooms I saw believers watching a film: I remember it as if now, it was a film about God’s people passing through the wide open sea led by Moses.

I walked out of there, closed the door and in the big hall of the church on the wall I saw an offering box for believers. At that time I was in such condition that deep inside could feel the fatefulness of this period. I grabbed the box, pressed my foot against the wall and tore this box out the whole way; then walked out. Together with my friend I opened the offering box. There was money there. Having fun, I drove on.

After repentance and turning to God, I had been regretting it all the time and really wanted to get into that church to see the place where I was, and possibly to testify that I had changed.

And God gave me such an amazing opportunity after fifteen years. Once driving by with a brother, we found this church. Having recognized it I entered in.

The service was ending, and several hundred people were worshiping God and singing. I approached one of the ministers and said I would like to bring repentance



Giving testimony in the church that I once robbed of the offering box

before this church. He invited me to come forward, go on my knees and repent. But I asked to repent before all the people, to tell them my confession because I had sinned against that church. The minister allowed, and they gave me the opportunity to stand before all the people of God in the congregation.

Publicly I shared that fifteen years back I had been there as a hippie, drug addict, sinner, saw the offering box hanging on the wall, tore it off and took the money. But today I came to testify that I am a child of God and had become a preacher myself carrying the Word of the Lord, the Gospel of Jesus Christ in all the places to which the Lord was taking me.

I also thanked the people of God for not cursing me, but most probably they had prayed and blessed the person who did such a terrible thing, because even an inveterate criminal would probably refrain from such doing, having at least some fear of God in his heart.

People were amazed, and the minister, already an elderly person, testified that he remembered that incident and in his heart there had always been a question: who was it that could do such a severe deed? I told everyone I had come to pay this debt. I prayed, thanked God for this repentance, brought a public prayer of gratitude, and quickly, while the service hasn't ended, so as not to attract too much attention, I ran down to the basement, returned this debt to one of the ministers of the church and disappeared. Glory to our Lord!

Coming back to the story of the get-togethers in St.-Pete. I remember, the time came when I began to get disappointed with this system. My old friends who were faithful to me, were getting rotten together with me, and we began to fight, ties got broken. Some who had not used drugs before began taking them, our relationship of friendship turned into cold interactions around them.

I remember one girl, Vika, who was hanging out with us at «Saigon». She was nicknamed "Baptist" because she was very kind and talked to hippies, unobtrusively sharing about the Lord with them. She was light, joyful, used nothing. Once, when she was helping us to get registered in her dorm, I offered her drugs and gave her a shot for the first time in her life.

A few years later, when I came back to St-Pete, I happened to be in one apartment and recognized her. It was already a dried out one, addicted to the dose, she could not speak with me for a long time, as she was absorbed with making a regular dose. It was a horrible and sad picture, which I still very much regret. I was looking for what to do next. New attempts to accomplish something, rock concerts of another

type of ideologues did not console my heart. There were always drugs, a small box full of pills was always in my pocket too, I could either share it or not share, but my world began to shrink, and walls around me were growing higher and thicker. I started to isolate myself. What I despised in other people I now found in myself.

Once together with a friend we decided to get involved into criminal. Those were the dashing nineties, when the country went «collapse», and one could do lots of illegal things unpunished: it was possible to buy guns, to sell things easily. And I thought, “Why not? Perhaps money will help me. And I will try.”

And, indeed, I made several attempts with such affairs. On one occasion I was miraculously rescued and escaped chasing. Deep in my heart I felt I was taking somebody else’s path. I was becoming rude, dirty, disgusting to myself. I used to love literature, enjoyed it, avidly reading about some character, cried along with the author, and now danger was warming me up.

What’s now? My heart was turning rough. I was engaged in primitive stuff - robbing people, as the last of the last. And I could not go on like this, because apathy was growing in my heart.

I decided to quit - quit everything, just leave for home. So I did. I quit all my fellows and friends and just went back to my city to stay alone with myself. Having returned home in my apartment I remained alone and fell into a deep depression. “Drug knockouts” began.» By that time my mother had already died, I did not make it to bury her, did not see her dead, and my father was in another city.

It was a really difficult period in life, there were not only drug knockouts, but also psycho knockout. Era of another kind of drug began - a stimulating one, like doping. We «drove it», drew it out through chemical reactions; at nights in our flats we would take shots in huge doses driven to hallucinations, mixing the drug with «wheels» and other drugs, it was just something ... The dark world of absurd, fears and paranoia ...

One day, walking with a friend in the street, having a dose with us, right in the syringes, to be able to “get to highest”, we ran into a police patrol, which was watching over the area. When they asked for our documents, we said we were coming back from our friend’s funeral, and seeing our condition they believed we were in deep mourning and let us go. The sadness of the heart was so great that it was easier to make up the legend of a dead friend than to play adequate friendliness.

At the time one drug came along, it was discovered in our city which «carried you away» with a very small dose . One could so get into “trips” that later he would see himself from aside lying on the floor or lose his own self, it just split into small pieces.

Very often in these trips I visited the underworld. Sometimes I “walked” the same way and even recognized drawings on the walls of the underworld, so much familiar they were to me. By an effort of will I met my dead mother. Returning from there I often found myself sobbing, in tears, but no matter how much I suffered in those trips, it was still easier for me there than here on earth.

On one of these “trips” I was taken in a very powerful vision. I suddenly felt I was being carried with great speed and power somewhere up above, with huge acceleration and huge power, like a small bubble in carbonated water, being pushed up into outside. And when I had reached up, I was given to see with my eyes only, as if from below, the heavens. Thousands and thousands of white beings were rejoicing there; and both their rejoicing and their greeting me were so loud, noisy and powerful that later on in the Bible, in the book of Revelation, I read the most matching definition to this mighty sound – “the voice of waterfalls, the voice of thunders and the sound of many waters”. After I had returned into my body, I realized it had been Paradise. One could die of bliss there.

When I made another effort willing to go back there, because it was such a great bliss there, suddenly, in a twinkle of an eye I found myself in a totally different



world. I began flying downwards, underground and got into as if the center of the earth. Red air around me was blazing with heat like in a furnace, naked bodies of men and women piling one on top the other were stretching far to the horizon... Piles of men and women... Those were the bodies that were watching their own pain, their end and tragedy, but had no spirit, therefore couldn't move or order themselves to do something. They were able only to watch their own horrible condition.

I remember not seeing my body as I was in the spirit, but I felt a disgusting smell, and a thought that sounded in my mind, was this: if I stay here even a little longer, I will die from only this death stinking smell, which fills this place. I realized it was hell.

When I returned to my body I found myself sitting in my own vomit, and the man who was watching over me in this "trip", my guide, said: "Say nothing, I got it all". One could see I had been in hell. It was the most horrible picture I had ever seen in my life... Neither before nor after have I ever had a more terrible experience.

After that I thought deeply because what I saw was no carnal fantasy, I had never before seen either heaven or hell and never even thought about it. But then I saw everything with my own eyes and realized there was an eternity and there was God in this world.

Being in such a state of confusion, I did not know what to do next. And then through one friend I got an opportunity to go to America through a guest invitation to one person I didn't even know. They said he had believed in God, become a Christian, that he had a big family; that he used to live in my city, and then, having moved abroad, continued to serve God there, that he often abided in prayers, fasting and in the Spirit.

He sent me an invitation and said that if I came, he would help me to settle in the States. There was nothing left but to accept this invitation. I had neither a profession, because I had studied in many places, but hadn't finished any of them, nor a job. It was a chance to flee from myself. And so I fled.

Daring Wolf

A lone wolf having tasted of freedom
Rushed over the fence and... got born back again
Brothers were dragging him back
into damp caves
Hunters kept firing him at the back
The fence burning with hellish
flame stood in the way
And fear and loneliness swelled in his throat
... Yet the wolf tore himself off and...
made it beyond
He left his pack and brothers beloved,
Both arrows and shouts of hunters,
A house safe and the wolf-maid
... Oh, what awaits you beside the wild freedom?
Losses, fears, the ways of unknown?
You are the lone wolf, a pilgrim of failures,
...insane for the idle...
Still wandering in the wilderness
But if you are restless – then run not
complaining
And may the Lord help not to flee, but take over
...and deliver such spoils...
That will open the eyes and feed hungry
hearted...
Both strong and weak ones
But... run with no turning back

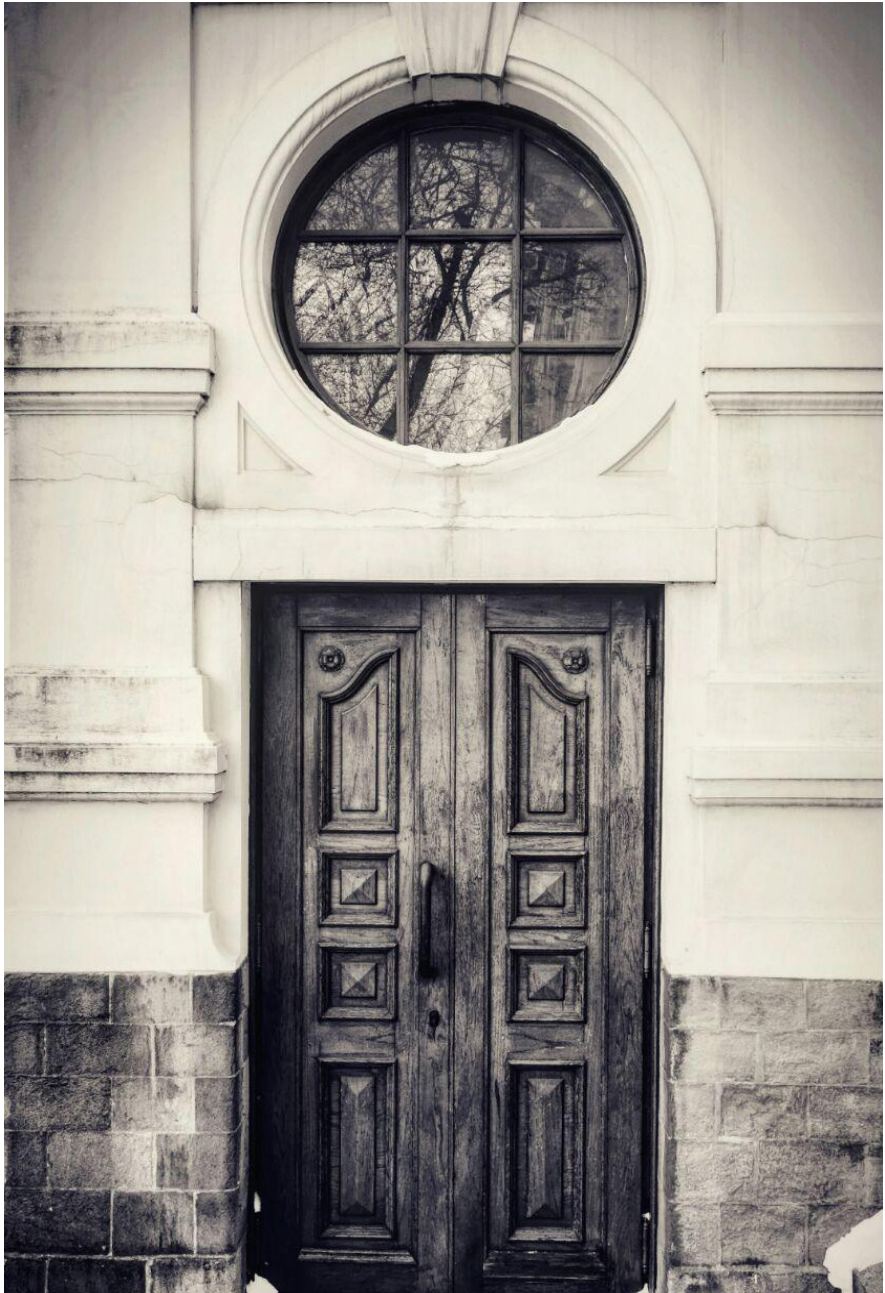
Valentine

When I was in school, I had a very good friend. His name was Valentine. We were very close souls and hearts. While being together, we could stay silent for hours, be in complete stillness, as if contemplating it. Without him I was like half a man, but with him I felt whole, very strong. We dreamed of leaving this country once and settling somewhere in London.

In our youthful dreams we talked how we should agree on one city where there will be a very big rock. If we ever lose each other, if life takes us apart, then, having arrived in this city, we would find this big rock, and there will be a note with information about one other. So, if we part once, we'll be able to find each other. We seemed to feel that the day would come when destiny separated us. I still feel very guilty before him, because I haven't kept my word about the meeting, which we agreed.

Valentine was taken into army, and he tried to keep himself there, in order not to be imbued with a "global" idea, but to preserve independence and free thinking. I sometimes visited him. He was to be demobilized soon, but still sought not to imitate other soldiers, keeping himself lonely and holding in his heart to the freedom of thinking.

When he returned the army, I had already decayed and made new friends. Valentine was like a voice of my pure conscience, and when he met me, I already



wore long hair, lived in my own world with new friends, but we knew we were real and quite clearly I understood he was my true friend.

Once he came to my new company, he looked at me and said: "Roma, let's quit everything and leave from here!" And I answered him: "Let's do it!" We bought train tickets for «Vladivostok-Moscow» train, got in a two-seat compartment and through all of Russia travelled to Moscow, to the west, to stay together, alone, and to find the way, which we dreamt of in our youthful conversations.

Valentine wanted to stay alone, and we decided to part for a while: he stayed in Moscow, and I went to St-Pete. Then I had friends there too.

Shortly I was walking along Nevsky Prospect and heard someone call me by name. Turning round I saw Valentine. He came from Moscow, and, as it seemed to me then, was concerned about something. Or maybe somewhat disappointed? He said: "Let's leave even from here! Let's go to the Baltic by "thumbing". And we agreed to go.

While still on the train on the way to the west, we agreed that if something separated us again, we would then «go into the mountains» and meet in Kazakhstan. Earlier when I worked in theatre, and our troupe was on tour, I saw those snowy white mountains, and would tell him about it, and dreamed to go to such mountains one day to find myself, find the meaning, find the most important.

I said to him that even if he did not go, I would go there alone. And we agreed that if we didn't find each other until August, if we got lost in our country, then August 15 to 20 from 6 pm to 7 pm we would wait for each other at the main post office for five days. And we would meet and go together, leaving everything, go to the mountains.

But fate had me whirl up, I got carried away, forgot, fell asleep. And one day, coming back to my senses, I remembered that I had broken my promise about this meeting. I had sinned against my friend, had not kept my word. The dates were gone. Days August 15 to 20 stayed behind, I had not come to Alma-Ata, didn't let him know anything about myself, I was just enjoying myself and «having fun».

I thought and continue to think so even now that Valentine was waiting for me, but I was already decayed, split in two, and maybe even in three.

But he was pure, like the voice of my pure conscience, of my aspirations for my own light and pure dream.

After that I never saw him again. He continues to live in one of the rooms of my life as a light angel. If he were alive, if he were with me now, - I am sure, he would be walking next to me, glorifying Christ the same way. Because we were as close as one soul.

Whether it was a person or a light angel sent to my life - I still do not know. But even now I have heartache because I betrayed him. At the same time I feel warm and gentle presence of hope. Beautiful wondrous light in face of this man was with me throughout my youth. Light and pure dream of a high image of Valentine has never left me. Amen.



To the friend gone

Whether you were Angel or human -
I recall and cannot comprehend
Our common dreams
Made me stronger than the strongest
Without you

I was as if half a man,
But together – more than the whole world
Where is this that you are gone to?
At what turn did you leave me, got lost?
May it be that you are sitting some place,
...quietly waiting?

By the big Rock, where in our dreams
we would secretly leave a note
telling the most important... and fresh...
But where is He, the Rock?

In what city, what nation, what big
mountain under the sun?
...Will I hear again? Will the sweet spirit
of our childhood come back?
Of pure love of the dream and exploit?
Will I recognize you again?

A sensible presence of another life,
A penetrating silence of wisdom

A quiet delight of unearthly forgiveness
A tender hope of everlasting bliss
... You are near. And you live in one of the rooms of my being...
I am glad... and I do not regret Was it you?
Or was it your Angel?
Who helped me to meet my Messiah?



Getting ready for escape and encountering eternity

I was preparing to flee from myself, “get mixed up” in America, find local hippies and eventually get to Amsterdam, which was a hippie paradise. And there, «having gotten mixed up», find my destiny. If something went wrong, take the «golden shot», and that would be it, the end of the move.

I was preparing to play trumps. I had nothing to lose except for my own life. Behind myself I had pain, disappointment, failures, and ahead was the unknown. But deep in my heart I felt a great longing for something greater, and some vague hope smoldered in my heart.

When I already had my documents fixed and was solving some issues with Visa Department, I was rejected to leave because of some detail of the process. Having walked out of the office, I sat down and thought: «What should I do now, if I can't leave from here how should I live then?» And at that moment a man approached me and gave a small booklet which had something about Jesus and His love written on it. I looked, thought for a while, closed it and took with me as a heavenly sign, like an Angel's feather fallen from heaven...

I still began preparing for departure, saying goodbye to my friends, many of them asked me how it would happen, but I didn't know, just had to go forward like I had before.



An international passport photo

Once I got the Bible in my hands. I touched the Holy Scripture. Some preparatory work began to happen within me, and I started to think: what would I lose, what awaited me and what would happen if nothing worked? I remember walking around the city saying goodbye to it. I had quite a different perspective at it: I may never see some of those places again.

Once I came to my friends' apartment, and one of them began speaking something absurd, ridiculous through the closed door. I looked at it as if from aside and saw how ridiculous he was, how stupid it all was, how empty the life was that I had lived behaving just like him. I ran to another place - and there was the same thing, and there they wouldn't let me in either, and there again they were speaking some nonsense... And I got so good and warm in my heart, because I felt that I no longer wanted to be in it, I did not want to live such a life, I was created for something different!

I ran to the park, and the growing joy began to arise in my heart. Suddenly I realized that there was another life, another world, and in an instant my heart was warmed by the revelation that GOD, as it turns out, IS! This thought overshadowed me. I lifted up my eye to the sky and saw heaven, and this heaven saw me, I realized with all my being, with the last cell of my body I realized that GOD WAS, and THIS

GOD HAD SEEN ME AND WATCHES ME! What am I to do now? Where have I been before? How could I live without Him? And how can I live without Him any longer? No!

I remember a thought came to me: "What do you think, for all your deeds and crimes will you now be forgiven?? No, you have to go to hell because you deserve it!" Then I cried within my heart, «Yes! Even to hell! I'm ready go to hell I am not afraid! If only with GOD!"

Having only this kind of faith and the knowledge that God existed, I was ready to descend even into hell! And I remember another thought came to me that I was ready to forgive everyone - such a love filled my heart that I was ready to pray even for Satan. I thought: how great God's love is that He can forgive even Satan. I felt my face beginning to shine.

Falling on a bench I began to cry. It happened in the park, in spring, in March ... I remember birds came and began chattering and jumping from branch to branch, suddenly wood chips started falling, they fell on me or beside me - I don't remember, but I felt so good! I saw these living birds, this sky; I was just crying because now I knew: GOD IS!

Suddenly a man came to me, he was full of admiration. As I understood later, this was a temptation. I got scared, I immediately realized that this was the enemy. This young man said: "Ooooh! How powerful it is! How strong it is!" He didn't explain what he was saying, I just saw he admired what had happened with me. He saw my face and his eyes were drilling my inside to my very heart. He was admiring me, and I saw him give me a cup of pride. I did not accept. I closed my heart. Immediately, from the first seconds of my conversion I saw Satan. How much interest he had in me!

Then I still felt the radiance within me for a while. I ran, got on a trolley bus and went to share this joy. I felt that everywhere, everyone around was looking at me because my face radiated light. I was full light, joy, happiness and bliss. Having run to one of my friends, I began telling what had happened to me, what I had just experienced. And I saw how avidly he was listening to me. I was telling him avidly and he was listening to me avidly! At the end of my story, he said: "Hold on to this! Don't turn aside!" I was happy and ran on.

I don't remember what was after, how I got home, I remember one thing: the next day I also left the apartment and said, «Oh God, if it is You, if You are there, give me another glorious day today as yesterday!" And again the power of the Spirit filled

me with such power that I ran, and it seemed to me I was making giant leaps. I was running over the city, over the hills, then the sea was still covered with ice, and I was saying goodbye to it, praising God. Such happiness was overflowing my heart! Now I was realizing I was eternal, I was accepted, I was adopted, I was a son!

This feeling of great happiness that filled my heart continued the next day and for some more time...

Sometime one friend, who also, as he said, was a believer, came to me, and when I testified to him what had happened to me he said I had been born above and left. Suddenly I wanted to tell about it to everyone in the world, and the same moment I saw out of the window another friend coming to my house, she used to take drugs before. When I opened to her, she began to testify to me about Jesus. I said I knew the Lord because Jesus loved me and I had accepted Him with all my heart.



Los Angeles, California

Valley of temptation

But I didn't know what temptation was. One day my old friends came. They brought drugs. Girls, guys - all came to me to have fun. And I wasn't able, neither knew nor understood what was going on. I only remember waking up in the morning as if in total darkness, as in a garbage pit: some kind of people, dirt, sin surrounded me, I was defiled... defiled by sins... And a great weight was in my heart. Joy was gone, but faith remained, knowledge remained, memory of that heavenly, pure, holy. But it was no longer in me.

After that I fell into great sadness. I was told that God was, and I myself could talk about it, but I had no joy, there was only guilty feeling in me, a suppressing heaviness ... It was a whole season, I don't remember how long it lasted, but it was a very difficult time.

Suddenly someone convinced me that I was rejected by God, that God was so pure that He could not accept me such because I had betrayed Him... Lord, help!

Once having watched a movie of a cult director, where the devil was shown as influencing a man, I remembered Faust and decided to take a step that he once took. I made a deal with the devil, entered into a covenant with him: I took my own blood because I knew a covenant had to be signed by blood, made solution by mixing



different liquids, and called the name of Lucifer on the Bible. I gave him my soul in exchange for him giving me everything I would ask from him...

I swore on the Bible, and I remember how I began to use occult practices. I never read any literature on the subject, but was instructed. Gulping the liquid, which made myself, I proclaimed my desires into the spiritual world. Some people who were stronger than me in the past came to me, and within a chess game I suppressed them. I could feel many of my requests being fulfilled. And so I experimented further.

It was one of the heaviest stripes in my life. At home I wore a black robe on which I painted dark occult swastika symbols. In my usual trips under psychological drugs I entered, as through a door, the spiritual world. At nights I saw demons. Sometimes there came one I could call for. He would take my hand and we would fly over the street, over the yard, over my city district. He was neutral, in a gray cloak. Taking my hand he silently, without uttering a single word, carried me in the air, and we hovered over the city. It was a horrible period in life. I once woke up and saw two demons, huge and majestic, seated in two arm-chairs in my room. Sometimes I saw demons enter into people: literally like dogs they would break into the pores of human flesh and penetrate the inner man.

It was a horrible time. At that time I very often stayed alone with one drug and could "shoot it all" within one night. Entering the «trips» and sobbing while getting out, it seemed like I was aging for decades and was losing my own «self». Instead of strengthening in my inner man I ravaged and devastated him.

It was during that period that I experienced the revelation of paradise and hell... It was a horrible period ... I knew about God, but as if had been rejected by Him. Like a naughty kid, went to Satan to provoke the Lord, deep inside probably expecting, if He would save me...

I'm so grateful to the Lord that He did save! He came to me and did not leave!

I remember that the power of darkness was so strong in me, that I did not even close the door of my apartment. Sometimes I would go to walk for a long time and left the door purposely open for someone to enter there. When I went to bed I didn't lock up either because I was not afraid: there was so much darkness in me it couldn't get scarier anyway... I felt I could curse and kill a man with one word. It seemed to me if I told a man to die, he would die.

People in the house yard behind my back called me Abaddon or angel of the abyss. At nights I walked in the streets and slept during the day time. I hardly saw the sun. I nailed thick blankets on my windows in order not to see the daylight. Pentagrams

were drawn on my walls, and in the room there stood a wooden idol, in whose mouth I often put pills. In my loneliness I was simply perishing in darkness.

And in this condition I was found by my Shepherd, Who set out on a long journey, into the thick woods of my soul, amidst demonic faces flickering out of darkness, to search my lost soul clothed in dark robe.

My Lord, I give You praise!



New life

One day they knocked into this darkness. Two people entered my door, whom I saw for the first time. Those were guys, young people from Moscow, who came to Vladivostok, as they later told me «by prompting». They rushed in happily and began saying: «Jesus loves you! He died for you so that you can live forever! »

Like a spider out of a den, like an ancient relic out of a damp cave I spoke to them: «Can Jesus forgive me for all that I had done?» They were kids compared to me: we were of the same age in flesh, but I was already an old man in my spirit. My long hair was hanging almost down to elbows, cigarette smog, drugs, syringes, pills, and ... grief, disaster and pain that surrounded me – that was all my life presented. They said to me, “It doesn’t matter for us what you did before, we want to say that Jesus is stronger than your sin, and if you repent, Jesus is able to save you!”

For me it was the last chance, and I thought: if they leave now, I’ll perish! Nothing is left for me, but to cling to Christ. And then I said, «If Jesus can forgive and accept me, then baptize me right now!» They looked at each other in bewilderment - those were young guys, as I later learned, they were converts themselves, but they said, «Yes, we can! We will baptize you! «And right in my apartment they filled the bathtub with water and with my elbow long hair I undressed and stepped into this bathtub full of water. They baptized me, plunging my head in the name of the Father, and Son, and the Holy Spirit!



After being born again, first days in faith

When I rose from the water I believed with all my heart and accepted this hope and this salvation. I remember I immediately asked them for the Gospel, and they gave it to me. These young guys were very much rejoicing and walked out exulting.

And I was left alone in my apartment, but I WAS A NEW MAN, having entered into a covenant with my Lord. I did not know Him, but I just returned to the One Whom I once experienced...

Will He indeed accept me?! Can I really hope that I will be saved after all that I have done?! And I did serious things: burned photos of my mother and could meet her mixing ashes in liquids and performing various witchcraft rituals. I could not even tell anyone about them, because as soon as I tried to share with someone, immediately I received punishment, vengeance from the dark forces: when I was just about to talk about something like that, I immediately got burns, all my hands were burned... I realized that there were spiritual forces, which isolated me from other people. And people themselves no longer wanted to see me. Those who used to be close to me now shunned, feeling evil coming forth from me and constantly accompanying my appearance like a dark aura.

And here I am baptized. Has Jesus accepted me? Is it really that He has taken me for Himself? I remember one friend came and brought me ampoules; not able to restrain myself, I hit the kitchen window and cut my hand real bad. But inside my heart there was such a joy!!! I looked at the blood on the floor; it was pouring and pouring out of me, and thought: "Lord! Could this be all the punishment You've punished me for all my sins that I've done!!!" Joy filled my heart. I remember I asked her to quickly give me a shot, she was driving the drug into another arm because I couldn't do anything with the wounded bandaged arm. But the blood was pouring and pouring more, and there was a feeling that all of the drug was pouring out of that hole.

Joy, joy, joy!!! We called for an emergency, fixed tight bandage to stop the blood. The emergency arrived and quickly took me to hospital. They were about to make an operation with general anesthesia because it was supposed to be a complicated one, there was a threat of losing my hand ... I asked them to put the Bible next to me, then the Gospel, which those brothers gave me. The doctors fulfilled my request, put the gospel next to me, and I was «gone»...

When I woke up, a splint had already been put on my hand, I was absolutely bald, just done with a razor, and I was lying naked covered with a blanket. When I opened my eyes and came to my senses, it was a different world ... I was different! My heart

was different! I was crying! I looked out of the window, there were some birds, and I cried: they were alive! The sky, spring, people around me, and I myself am alive! I'm different! I AM WITH GOD! And those brothers, having learned about what had happened to me, sent me a note saying: "Hallelujah, brother! Now we are one family in Jesus!" (I was delighted: how come, I - and in the family of the Holy God?!)

I looked around. There were several people in the ward. I pulled the blanket tight over myself as I had no clothes, and next to me lay the Gospel. I remember how

later I walked out into the corridor and suddenly saw a woman sitting in the «smoking room». I immediately asked her a question: «Do you believe in God?» And she said, "Yes!" And I said, "Take this." And immediately gave her my Gospel. Deep inside I realized I must share this happiness.

My struggle began since that moment. Back in the ward I felt I had received a gift: as soon as I fell asleep I would see events that later actually happened. I began to feel that I had entered the spiritual world, it opened up for me. The Bible became clear: as if a voice spoke out of this book, and it began to breathe; I could feel a fragrance coming from it - not cigarettes, not smoke, not drugs, but the fragrance of the Holy Spirit.

In the ward I read the Bible out loud to my neighbors, because those men, I thought, should listened to the Word of God.

Friends came to me, brought different drugs, tranquilizers, alcohol, hashish, I tried, but I had no "way" for it. On the contrary, I felt sick, and I began to struggle, began to feel and understand that God desired me to stop using drugs.

I struggled as I had never tried to quit them before, on the opposite, I had always sought to get "filled" with them. They were in the way to that joy, that purity, that clear vision that the Lord gave me. I would throw pills out of the window, but then again picked them up, struggled, repented, suffered.

Once a friend came to me, and we smoked "khimka" with him. I got so sick! I got back, returned to the ward, began to read my Bible, and suddenly I got scared. I clearly realized that God did want me to break off with drugs for good and never to use them again. Terrifying words in the Bible revealed to me, about the judgment of Egypt, the prototype of sin, and I feared. I started promising God that if He removed His hand off me, then I would leave this sin forever.

I remember once I went for a walk, wandering over the hospital territory. I was reading Peter's letter then and suddenly I felt the breath of the Holy Spirit. I got filled with faith and realized that if I asked for something now, God could give it to me. I

got scared and said, “Lord, not now, I have to understand You! Must comprehend everything first and then I shall ask!”

Lord, I praise You!

After being discharged from the hospital when my wound had not yet been healed, I once went for a picnic with my friends from the past.

It was probably my last picnic with them, because it was there that I realized that we were going different ways. Things that my former friends spoke of, what they joked about did not impress me at all . It was so small, so low, so alien ... When I spoke to them about my things, they asked me not to “load” them. And I realized I had to find my own people, my family, and set off on a search. If the whole world shouted that there was no God, I would stand alone, knowing deep inside myself that God was, and I must find the people who know Him.

So I headed off to search for God in churches. I went to the Catholics, Orthodox, Evangelicals, - different places where I could only find believers. God gave me a gift - to actually see God's presence. Where it was, I saw a glowing light as if pink or the color of light, and I could also smell the fragrance of the Holy Spirit. In some places it was stronger, in others less, and it was wonderful.

Then one day I found myself in one community. There were mostly elderly people, grandmothers. We gathered in an apartment because those were the 1990s, the post-Soviet time, time after persecution and oppression of believers.

It was a church baptized with the Holy Spirit, and there was true love, true jealousy and passion. And I thought if there was an Apostolic Church in the world, then there was the plainness, purity, holiness, true jealousy, genuine fire. This is the Apostolic Church. I stayed in it. And I thank the Lord it became the way it became.

Praise You, my Lord, amen!



The Screaming Bird

My soul is like a screaming bird
That screams herself out,
but no sound is coming
Someone has forced her
and made her breakdown
Don't you feel sorry,
Don't you feel painful?

Something is wrong with each one
And even the best has no notion...
Of where he is from and where he's heading
And where the end will find him

Birds are streaking around
Filled with speechless craving
The pain is sweet in your throat, but
The answer is slipping away...
Again

Will the circle break off as a goodbye,
Will I rise from abyss as a hero?
But will anyone hear my silent cry,
But will anyone know my soul?

Can such one be loved by any?
Can anyone grant him tender
The heart is thirsty for heaven
God is the soul's one desire



The White Man (Farewell to Hair)

I want to remind that before the operation I had long hair that I had not cut for about three years. For me they were very important. I had nightmares that they were cutting my hair, or I was cutting them myself. Often in drug trips I would hide in them. They were my idol and had some mystical meaning to me.

It's hard to say how I could have got rid of them. But when I was operated on, I saw a very amazing vision.

I remember lying on a white table, and a white man is standing at my feet, a man in white clothes. A very familiar face, familiar person. Internally I knew we had been acquainted, I had met him several times in my life before I visited the spiritual world and experienced suffering. It was him, I knew him and he knew me.

And there he is standing at my feet and cutting my hair right to the root. I ask him: "What are you doing?" And he answered me, saying: «This is dirt, this is uncleanness, it has to be removed.» And suddenly I understood it with my heart: yes, it is. I trusted him and exposing my head, said: "Then cut it! Remove it!" He began to cut the hair, and I was giving access to all parts of my head, and then he took a razor and shaved me bald. Suddenly he took out a vessel with some liquid and poured it on his hand

and began to anoint my head with this liquid. And such bliss fell upon me, such ecstasy and delight that I lost consciousness.

When I woke up in the ward, I was absolutely bald, naked covered with blanket, with a splint on my arm, and a new heart was in my chest.

Probably for about two weeks I lived as if in a dream, was flying in the air. I literally floated above the ground – such delight came into my heart along with healing of my wounds! Tears ran for several days almost with no seizing. My heart was healed, it melted like wax. God gave me a new heart!



Church life

I get back to the story of how I got to the Apostolic Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. This church consisted of amazing old people. The gifts of the Holy Ghost worked very powerfully in this church: the gifts of prophecy, the word of knowledge, interpretation of tongues. It was commonplace when a prophet could raise his voice and prophesy, declaring the future or speaking a word of edification from the Lord. The church gathered quite often, several times a week.

After leaving the hospital, I was looking for a job that I was able to perform, since my hand had not yet healed, and got a job as a janitor.

Early every morning I would sweep my site, and when students walked by to school, I was almost done, and then I went to serve God: bought some food products, took them to grandmothers, ran to the church meetings, preached the Gospel, fasted, often went to the forest to seek God in fast and prayer. I was very much afraid then to fall away from faith.

When I was on my way to work in the city, while sitting in a tram I would hide my eyes, to not even look into the world. There were almost no young people in church, and so together with these beautiful elderly people I was edified in faith. It lasted for about two years.

In my early years of believing I did not know what to do and what could be next. It was not yet known to me from the teaching, if I was baptized with the Holy Spirit. I



Water baptism in the local church

saw people praying in tongues, but I could not, I did not have this gift, I was not versed in the depths of the Scripture. But in my heart there was very strong presence of God, and I knew I had God.

Once, being with some people who were nearing God at my place, I separated from them and kneeling down, cried out: “Lord, do I have the Holy Spirit?” And there suddenly I saw a vision. Bright and clear. Out of my womb, from the area of my belly, came out a huge stream of water into heaven. This was a river full of water that broadened to infinity, going up to heaven. I saw this vision, exclaimed and jumped up with happiness - such bliss filled me, and I was filled with the Holy Spirit. I opened the Bible, and my gaze fell on this verse: «The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, for He has anointed me.”

I started jump, dancing, hopping, ran out to friends and said: «Do you feel it? Do you feel it? What do you feel here?” They said, «Nothing, everything is fine, we are going to bed». I said to them: “Look, how strong the Lord’s presence is here! What a powerful presence of God!”

Since that time the Lord began to edify me by the Spirit. He gave me the gift of «Urim and Thummim», and I could understand the will of God on the necessary occasions. He also poured on me the blessing of nightdreams.

I was reflecting on what to do and how to live further on: should I confess all my past crimes committed before repentance, or has the Lord forgiven me - I did not



With ministers of the Church of Christ who had gone times of persecution in the USSR

know. One thing confused me - whether I would betray my fellows or deceive justice. It stopped me before the choice.

And I began to pray and wait upon the will of God on what I should do with my past.

Then the Lord revealed to me the parable of the Good Samaritan. When a man beaten by robbers, whom a priest and a Levite passed by, had a Good Samaritan stop by him, who bandaged him, poured oil on his wounds, set him on a donkey, took to a hotel, even paid two denarii, so that the hotel's owner could use this for the benefit of the suffering one. When I was reading this, God's Word was touching my heart, and I heard inside my spirit: "Go and do likewise!" Then I realized that all my life I must serve my God. I must raise up the fallen ones like the beaten one in this parable beaten, like was I myself.

I prayed and asked, "Why, Lord, did You not saved me earlier? Why did you allow such severe trials, such sufferings, such evil that I did to the people?" And the Lord spoke into my heart with an understanding: "So that you know that there is no place from where I could not raise anyone up, there is no such pit in this world where I could not come down and get a man. And how I raised you up, so you raise up the others. «

I began to draw closer and closer to the Lord, get strengthened by the Spirit, read the Scriptures, sing psalms. Before I used to listen to different music - rock, art rock, psychedelic. And there I came to plainness and sang wonderful and marvelous songs for the glory of my Lord. I realized I was to become a member of the church and dedicate myself fully to the end. Although there were people who tried to talk me out of it, asserting I should think more, I knew one thing: I only need to get to the Lord. And I prayed, seeking God's face.

Soon I saw a night dream. I am walking with a group of Christians, and another group of Christians was walking towards us. Joyful with air balloons they ask something from that group where I was, and mine did not give it to them. We went to different directions away from each other. I asked my fellow travelers: "Why didn't you give them what they asked for, because you had it?" And while I ran to those to give them what my people had, I got lost. I went back to my group, but they were no longer there, and I didn't know what to do next. Then I ran forward.

And there I see myself running along a straight path, and my feet are sinking in pebbles ankle deep, and it's hard for me to run. But I keep running, running and running and come to a place where under a shelter, as if under a tent without walls, in the middle stands a high stone. And next to it are construction tools - gas welding, cutter, sledgehammer - all that is needed for construction. There is some kind of construction happening in a distance.

The stone is pure, blue, like a crystal, the cornerstone, polished smooth, radiant. And it's not that easy to recognize that it is precious. Only having gazed into it and

having understood, penetrated, one could comprehend it is of very great value.

Suddenly I heard a voice from heaven. It was the voice of God, Who was saying that the work of the man who did the construction was tried and tested by fire and everything burned down, only this stone remained.

There was a feeling that the fire was of such power that soot and ashes burned out and there was not even the smell of smoke left. But the stone remained standing unshakable.

I was amazed and didn't understand that dream to the end. Then it stayed all day before my eyes. I ran to one grandmother, an elderly sister, and we began to read the Bible together.

One Scripture in Corinthians revealed to me where it is written that each of us builds his own house, only some build of hay, wood and straws, and others of silver, gold and precious stones, - the work of each one will be tested by fire. And we need to build so that our house stands through the fire. I realized that the Lord had spoken to me. And I understood that I would build the House of God.

Once a prophet came to our church. Brothers and sisters prayed, and he spoke what the Lord revealed to him about them in visions. During my prayer, he saw a priest with whom angels carefully checked each fold of clothes. And he shared it with the church.

I ran to my beloved sister, already a grandmother, Tatiana, and shared this with her. She also had a Word from the Lord and was a prophet. I told her gladly that the Lord was preparing me for priests. And she said: "I know. The Lord also revealed to me that He has been preparing you for ministry.» She was just so wise not to tell me about it, but to keep me from the temptation of getting proud.

The Lord performed miracles in my early age of faith. Once, it was even before my water baptism, before I became a son of the church, the community of Christians of Evangelical faith, I was walking down the street. And suddenly I saw a beggar who was begging for alms in the subway. He was without one leg, it was not there almost up to his hip.

I met him and spoke to him about Christ, blessed him. When we parted and I took a tram home, suddenly a strong spirit of reproach came upon me.

I thought, "I'm going home, I'm a son of Christ, a Christian, and this man to whom I gave alms remained in the street. And I have the opportunity to take him to my place, but did not do it. «

I felt ashamed. It was already very late, and I didn't go back, but at home I prayed: "Lord, forgive me my sin, lack of love, and, if possible, give me a chance to correct my mistake, give me mercy so that I could change this situation."

That night I went to sleep. And suddenly in the middle of the night, I don't remember when it was maybe two or three o'clock in the morning, the doorbell rang.

I opened the door and out of the darkness of the entrance hall came out a face - it

was that beggar without one leg. He was standing on crutches right in front of my door! He said: «The Lord God has sent me to you.»

I got very frightened, but in my heart there was such gratitude - because I saw the wonders of the living God! God loves me so much and is so close to me! I let him into my house, and for some time he stayed with me. We ate together, we prayed together, we read the Word of God together.

And before I was to receive water baptism, this man had disappeared: he simply was not there anymore. I have never seen him again. The Bible says that “you yourself being unaware have shown hospitality to the angels.” I can’t tell whether it was an angel or a man. I can say only one thing: for me it was the face of God.

I received water baptism, as God teaches in His Word, became a member of the church. The pastor of the church was an old man, a wonderful brother. I learned a lot from him and am very grateful for having a very good model to imitate in the very beginning of my belief - my brother, pastor Vladimir. I remember him as my spiritual father. After the service he would feed me, and then let me go on my affairs. He took care of me. He often took me with him on evangelism trips, gave me to preach. And so I grew up at his feet, and at the feet of those precious grandmothers, the vessels, the prophets, who were so wise and gentle that, indeed, I understood the fear of the Lord was the true wisdom.

I continued to work, quietly and peacefully, lived modest and was growing up in the Word of God, among the people of God. I tried to preach wherever I was, and sought to draw near to the Lord. I often went into the forest, fasted, prayed, read the Songs of Songs about my lord and tried to keep my heart pure.

Once brothers who were bishops came to our meeting, they oversaw the Far Eastern Region. Those were brothers from the Ukraine, Moldova, Novosibirsk. They took me to be tested for the priesthood.

In those days I was reading the books of the anointed, especially Oswald Smith, who described the thirst for the awakening. Such people of God as Charles Finney, Brainerd, John Wesley and many others sought the Lord, thirsted, prayed at nights, seeking the will of God. And I fell in love, fell ill with the Revival.

On nights when I worked as a watchman, I prayed that Jesus Christ would pour out Revival on our city and country.

Moscow School of Christ

As I said, during my young spiritual age, I longed for Revival. Working as a watchman on one of the construction sites, I often ascended a mount, looked at the city in the lights and prayed, prayed, prayed that the Lord would pour out the Revival.

At that time I served church simply preaching the Gospel at meetings, helping the pastor on trips and carrying different kinds of evangelism and charity ministries.

Once we received an invitation letter to the Bible College in Moscow. It was a miracle for me - an answer to prayer. It made my heart so happy because I felt God's call – He has heard me and is leading me further, directing me on His road. It was necessary to present a testimonial from the pastor and write your vision of the Revival - that was the condition for admission to this college. I wrote what I thought about the Revival, about how I long and pray for it, and how I see it.

Because I believed and still believe that the Revival, the Great Revival is yet to come to this earth.

After a while, I received an answer that I had been accepted in the college. Having said goodbye to brothers and sisters, being in a testing period for priesthood, I

asked for the church blessing, prayed on my knees, the church blessed me and let go to Moscow in peace.

On the plane I felt I was flying towards a big road, closer to the Lord. The school, which was called «School of Christ », lasted for three months. And I was very much blessed and glad.

One of the strengths of this school was that a big emphasis was placed on prayer life. From early morning we learned to pray to God for one hour, focusing and interceding according to His will. So every day we took one hour, like soldiers, to build up our spirit.

Then there were classes – teaching on Revival, on the Holy Spirit, on the person of Christ, on the Blood of Christ, on the new perspective at the church. I was getting real food, many answers to my questions. There were other subjects that were also edifying and blessed. We were taken care of by brothers-pastors, prisoners who supervised this school.

It was run by an American preacher, a very strong minister - Bert Clendennen, but those brothers visited us and served our souls – through confession, the Lord's Supper, just having discussions in the love of Christ.

One day the teachers said we were to write our vision of where we will go after school to work. The vision of this school was that its students should start new churches and spread the Kingdom of God. But I could not even dare to think I could come up with a ministry, I prayed and revered in order to receive an answer: what am I to do next. I knew I was supposed to return to my church that had sent me. But there an answer was required - what I would do next, where I would go to serve. In my imagination I had some kind of a village, maybe in a place where the church was needed because in our city there was already church.

At that time I did not fully understand God's will regarding church planting, so I was thinking of how I could serve in some village where there was a need.

And so, being in those struggles, under some pressure of a quick answer I was supposed to give, nothing was left for me to do except enter a fast and wait for an answer from God.

Some time on the fourth day of fasting and prayer, in this need, I learned that one of the three bishops came to school, he was the overseer of our region. He could remember me. I came up to him and said: "Brother, they expect an answer from me, where I will serve, but what can I say, how can I know where the Lord is sending me? How can I take it upon myself, what the Lord is not giving me?" And he said that

according to the teaching of our brotherhood he was bringing a revelation about me since I was in my testing period. He was just on the way to my city in order to perform the holy ministry of ordination – of deacons, presbyters and bishops. I was very happy about this and said I could not be ordained there because I was here in this school, I still needed to study, and he replied that in this case he needed to look up the revelation concerning me.

He said, «Come to my hotel room tomorrow, and I will tell you, what the Lord thinks of you and what word He has given for you through different prophets.» He brought revelation for all the ministers for ordination, and among them there was supposed to be a revelation for me as well.

Of course, that night was very stirring for me, I prayed and expected. I was in awe and was wondering: how did the Lord see me, what He thought of me, how He saw my future, what awaited me? In the morning, I ran to this blessed brother, a former prisoner who suffered for Christ, and he met me with a smile and joy: “Brother, I have



Graduation of the Bible school 1992, Moscow

revelations about you, given through four vessels. I am not obliged to give them to you according to our teaching, but since you fasted so and searched, here, take it.» And he gave me a note in which there were four revelations, perhaps, from different prophets, whom I had never seen. I didn't even know what city they were from and what nation. There was the Word said into my life.

With this word I was comforted and strengthened throughout all my later life in Christ Jesus, during further my ministry. For me it was a great joy, because there I received a confirmation that the Lord was directing me further into His ministry and appointing a priest.

This great joy had fulfilled! In one of the four revelations it was said that during the prayer for me there was a vision where a priest was shown, and it was said: "I have chosen you, so that you may carry out My work."

And today I still believe in this word. I do my best to carry out His work with faith, diligence and obedience.



The beginning of "House of Life" church

After graduation I returned to my local church. I came and said: «Brothers and sisters, I came back and now I am at your disposal. Knowledge has been deposited in me, and I can share it whenever you say. But the vision of this school was planting new churches.» Some bishops supported me, those were new ordained bishops.

At that time, my father returned home, and we lived together.

I remember the day came when we began to preach together with him and started a new church.

We went off the tram at a tram stop and walked towards the city center, rented a Philharmonic concert hall, put a banner that we got just a few days before the opening of the church. On the banner there was the face of Christ and it was written: "Receive Jesus!" We made brochures where we wrote that a new church was starting the next day and went around the city, handing them out to the right and to the left to all people, saying that tomorrow new church was opening, that will be the church of the Living God!

The church had begun. At first just a few people came, a little over ten. I myself sang psalms from the song book, then I preached about the Lord Jesus, His sacrifice,

how to repent, get reconciled with God, how to get saved, how to hope, how to pray.

Young people came, and the church gradually began to grow. People would bring offerings, and we moved onto self-support. Then we began to rent new places, get together, pray, preach the gospel, and in that way the church was being strengthened.

The first water baptism was about twelve people, some of them have become ministers today, pastors, ordained priests. It was wonderful.

As I mentioned, shortly before the start of the new church my father had returned home. I shared that he was a kind man - a former officer, a communist, a man with an analytic mindset. He remembered me when I was a drug addict and led a hectic life. But there he saw me a believer. And we began to live with him, the two of us - father and son.

I testified about Christ to him, but now tried to do it with wisdom. We remembered our dear mother, and, behold, she was not with us, we were left alone. I, a young man



The first water baptism

and he, my father, whose life had come to ruins. Having a very high quality education, he graduated from academy, he suffered from an alcohol addiction, struggled with it for a long time, falling and rising again, and was very broken in this life.

One day, when I returned home after one of the meetings, my father told me that a miracle had happened to him. After reading one of the brochures that I had, he found a prayer of repentance in it. Having read this prayer on his knees before God, he repented and suddenly heard a voice behind his back: "My son! I have kept you for My Father, and if you die for sin, you will be born again!"

He got up, went to check the doors to make sure he was in sober mind, sat down and wrote down on paper word for word what he had heard in his heart. And he thought: «When Roma returns, I will ask him about what it was.»

When I came, and he told me about what had happened to him, I got swept over by joy. I explained to him that it was Jesus Himself and pointed at two proofs of this: firstly, Jesus said in the Gospel: «I will come Myself to my people», and secondly, in the letter of Jude it is written "kept by the Lord Jesus Christ and sanctified by God the Father.» Father's function is to sanctify, the function of the Lord Jesus Christ is to preserve for His father. After a while, by our prayers, he experienced the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was a very powerful experience: he rejoiced, was filled with happy children's laughter. I had not seen my father so happy for a long time.

Since that time father began to seriously search for spiritually. Sometimes, coming home, I would find him praying, he prayed not one hour or two. He would walk and cry out, he was often visited by very powerful deep revelations.

One evening, when I was praying with sister Tatiana, the grandmother, from whom I drew a lot of edification, I uttered a prayer that surprised myself: "Lord, may a revelation come today through my father to our church». I went home and went to bed.

The next morning my father returned from his job, woke me up and said: "Roma, get up! Do you imagine what I saw last night?" And he told that when he was gradually falling asleep, he saw such a vision: John the Baptist was teaching disciples in a classroom, and father was one of them. He showed them a church history chart: how from the period of the first Apostolic Church it began to cool down and moved into the period of warmness, then in the period of coldness, and then in Martin Luther's time it began to rise again. Then the instructor showed his students different denominations - Orthodox, Catholics, Baptists, Pentecost, and the line on the diagram went up higher and higher. He saw what denominations were

marked how: warm and hot.

The apogee of the height was the level of the Apostolic church. The rising line almost touched the point of the Apostolic church, and then father exclaimed and asked the teacher: "What kind of a church is this, which keeps rising higher and higher?" And he heard an answer: «This is the Church of free worship!»

It was a very powerful revelation for us. It became literally the vision of our church. And today, having already gone through many years of ministry, we continue to comprehend how deep this revelation was, and it still is our way and vision in ministry.

That way, living with my father, we prayed together, grew up in Christ and moved on along the way following Jesus Christ. The church gradually multiplied. Those were «Dashing 1990-s», troublesome times in our country, everyone did what he thought necessary. But the church was strengthening in Jesus.

17, 24, 31 янв, 7 фев
воскресенье
в 10.00.

РОССИЯ ДЛЯ ХРИСТА

ЕВАНГЕЛИЗАЦИОННОЕ
БОГОСЛУЖЕНИЕ
ОТКРЫТИЕ НОВОЙ ЦЕРКВИ.

*Почему невинные страдают? Возможны ли чудеса?
Вечный Бог хочет открыть вам Себя.*

НАШ АДРЕС: ул. Ленинская - Филармония
малый зал, 2^{ой} этаж.

**Итак, оставляя времена неведения,
БОГ НЫНЕ повелевает всем повсюду
ПОКАЯТЬСЯ**

ВХОД СВОБОДНЫЙ ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО „ВЕЧНОСТЬ“

Sister Tanya Sazykina

At that time I had long been in fellowship with the wondrous, beautiful sister Tatiana. It was a grandmother who could hardly move around her apartment due to age and illness, but was filled with the Spirit of light, joy, fire, and great love. The Lord granted me to know her, and she was indeed the person whom God had sent me as an Angel, who loved me so much and deposited in me so much good in Jesus Christ.

She helped me to overcome doubts about other tongues. Then I got offended a lot, struggled, doubted, and one day, when praying with her, the power of God came upon me, I started speaking and received this gift.

The gifts of the Holy Spirit worked powerfully through her, and many brothers and sisters in church knew what power of God rested on her. Young people always tried to go to see her and stay there because when we came there, hardly dragging our feet, spiritually tired, carnal, we would fly out of there as if with the wings.

Such love, such spirituality and wisdom was with her! Not in words, but in awe of God. There I learned to pray. At first like a little sparrow next to the eagle, I fluttered my little wings and ran out of power very quickly - ten, twenty minutes, but later we could pray for hours. She taught me to pray in the Spirit because she was a very powerful intercessor. She prayed five, eight hours a day. Sometimes when I stayed



Sister Tanya by her house

with her overnight early in the morning, at about four or five am, when it was still dark outside, I heard her already praying in the kitchen and interceding in the power of the Holy Spirit.

She prayed a lot in tongues. Sometimes I even neared her bed because she was a prophetess and often in a dream she sang or prophesied. I would near her bed on my knees and during her sleep asked the Lord about something, desiring to get a word from Him. The Lord spoke to me through her sleeping.

Brothers and sisters, and she herself told that once the Lord healed one sister's eyes through her saliva after a prophecy. She told me how two or three times she was taken in the air. One of these times was seen and then testified by other people: she was taken right out of their sight and carried away to her home on the mound where she lived in her house.

Often during prayer times in her apartment God marvelously gave me prophecies through her. Sometimes I asked God questions at home, and, coming to her, I received revelations and answers through her. She knew a lot about me: where I had been, with whom I had prayed, how long I prayed, sometimes she revealed it to me, and I saw we very closely connected in Spirit. So the Lord revealed knowledge to me through her and taught me about love and unity.

It was a great training time. Love and gifts of the Spirit - what a wonderful combination! At that time I experienced first encounters with the demonic world, with the obsessed people, and had the first experience of casting out demons with the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was a time of spiritual youth. And it lasted for about two years.

One day Sister Tanya told me: God had revealed her in prayer that we would have fellowship with her as a son with his mother for about two years. So it happened. Then she passed into eternity.

In our conversations we agreed that when she died I was to tell how to bury her, and I decided that there would be some conditions. First, we will cover her coffin with blue cloth of the color of heaven. And the second - at the funeral service there won't be any sad songs, only joyful. So we did. I am very grateful to the Lord for such a precious vessel in the Body of Christ. In her I saw the light of heaven, received faith and love through her life. Now she is in eternity!



In sister Tanya's home

Awakening in the Institute of Arts

Once in our new born church one sister brought a prophecy she received. The revelation said we should go to the Institute of Arts to preach the Gospel because God had opened the door there. We believed it, and I went.

Having come to the Institute of Arts, I went to the professors' room and said, "The Lord sent me to you to preach the truth of God." There was a woman sitting there, as I later learnt, a Professor of History of Philosophy, who exclaimed: «Praise God!» She told me that she had just approached the subject of Christianity after teaching sections of Islam, Buddhism and other religions, and was confused by her lack of knowledge about Christ, by her ignorance about God. Therefore she was afraid to approach this subject and wanted to stay in harmony with her conscience. And there was I. We got acquainted, and she gave me her students, several faculties - artists, musicians and theater students.

It was an amazing time. She expected lectures from me, and of course, I was not professionally trained in this skill because already then I tried to hold on to



Preaching in the central square of Vladivostok

the principle so as not to repeat the same thing twice while presenting material. Moreover she herself was present on my subjects and listened to everything I said with pleasure and great attention. One was supposed to teach in class for an hour and a half, which was very long for me - because without experience of training it was necessary to speak in such manner that it would be interesting for creative people.

The students were different: artists were tough, gloomy; musicians were more or less communicative, and theatre people were joyful, impetuous, emotional people.

God gave me wisdom. I asked intercessors to pray for me, especially during my lectures, and God put on my heart such themes as "Jesus Christ is the star of the Bible", "The red thread of the person of Jesus through the Bible", "Our days in the light of Biblical prophecies «or "The history of Israel in The Bible." I realized that for creative people who are studying for their higher education in the field of arts it will be very useful and interesting to know these subjects. I myself preached with great willingness, pleasure and interest, and I think, the Lord blessed it.

The movement began. Sometimes I led students to prayer, we would stand up all together and prayed, sometimes I taught them how to pray at home when they were left alone before God. I called my lectures sermons because I really preached about Christ, about salvation, about repentance and life with God.

God opened a wide door into the Institute for the Gospel. An awakening began there. One friend of mine today, an artist, was nearing Christ then. He was strengthened in the Lord and began to serve God while continuing his studies at the Institute of Arts.

Artists, theater people, musicians began to come to Jesus. There came some young artist ladies, some of them later became the wives of pastors, ministers of God in our brotherhood.

My wife, Galina, by the time of the awakening at the Institute was already a believer, went to the Baptist community.

She listened to my sermons in the classroom when I preached in her year. She thought I was some new Baptist, and a new church had started in our city. Because, as she could observe, I spoke right about the Lord. She decided to go to our church and see. Then the church was young, there were a lot of young people and we prayed strongly and radically crying out to the Lord earnestly as the Holy Spirit gave us. She got scared, as the teaching in her church was different. But she couldn't do anything with herself - tears flowed down her cheeks and even poured down her sleeves.

The Lord baptized her with the Spirit, and she began having strong persecution from the side of her family. Out of love her relatives began to oppose what had happened to her, but the Lord had the victory, and she withstood these oppressions and preserved the gift that the Lord Jesus Christ gave her. Today she is in wonderful relationship with relatives, because God is the God of peace and love!

The Institute was buzzing, some professors came to our meetings. I went to preach at the Institute very often and preached the Gospel openly.

The professor who gave me her students confessed to me in a private conversation that despite having a large personal library she put only one book on her reading table, and that book was the Bible. She began to read it with great desire and, oh, miracle! - she began to understand it! I prayed for her and felt the presence of the Holy Spirit, how the Lord loved her and blessed her kind heart, because she had become an open door for students, who were to enter the Kingdom of God.



March of Jesus in Vladivostok streets



Wedding

So creative people became the foundation of the church, they were our future leadership team, the youth. We all preached passionately, prayed for three hours very often, sometimes more, crying out to the Lord for Revival.

I remind you that those were the 1990-s, at that time there were not so many churches, and therefore it was a very, very new, amazing and wonderful event in our city. This is how our church was growing up.

There were different times. We searched, longed, broke through, prayed. At one point we came in touch with one movement - radical charismatic with its extreme manifestations – we stepped into this river, but soon saw we were losing depth, reverence and holiness.

Brothers-ministers from the traditional church of Christians of Evangelical Faith were a good support for us in those times, and having fellowship with them, we felt we were lacking the depth of knowledge. And we needed to make it up in sanctification, purity, the truth of God.

This brotherhood was led by prisoners of the Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for the Lord and for the faith in their times. They spent twenty years or more in bonds. The bishops I knew were glorious and wondrous brothers. I still believe I am not

worthy to untie the belt on their feet, because they are much more glorious and have more Christ in their hearts than I do. I still need to strive and reach up to their faith.

And we returned to the brotherhood, but in our heart we felt the call. The Lord continued to draw us, draw into the fields, draw not to look into the past and not to pour the new wine in the old wineskins, but keep searching for new ways of accomplishments for our Lord Jesus Christ.

We began to use contemporary methods of Evangelism, new principles in the practice of God-service, and so it eventually happened that again we had to move by ourselves.



Evangelization

New Wave

We got focused on the lost souls. In heart we made the decision never to speak evil or criticize our fathers who imparted us such glorious and precious faith, laid a good foundation and basis - the values of holiness, humble ministry, reverence before the Lord, the fear of the Lord and the pure genuine simplicity and sincerity before the Lord in keeping the commandments of God. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever, amen. I am so thankful to the Lord for the brothers and sisters who deposited pure Gospel in me from the very beginning. Glory to You, Lord!

We began to preach the Gospel wherever the Lord gave us, even being imperfect, maybe even not fully sanctified, but stretching forward.

So we started the ministry to drug addicts. Once a girl, a drug addict, turned to the Lord. Sveta sincerely came to the Lord, and we took care of her in the early days, kept her, shepherded her, and through her we entered the world of drug addiction. She took us to dens, to “feeding spots”, where they sold drugs and where the young guys died. By that time I had not used drugs for many years and already was far away from this world. But the Lord brought me back there, like that Gadarene, who was set free, and to whom it was said: «Go and tell what God has done to you.»

The Lord thus began to direct us to ministering to drug addicts for whom we had been praying for so long. The movement began. We were getting to know more and more guys, and later on with co-dependent, «mommies», poor women who did not know where to turn for help. It was a «12 steps» group in which drug addicts’

mothers had tried everything and had no results. And there they saw the drug-free Sveta. Some of them knew her as a drug addict, also many drug treatment doctors of the city knew her, who could in no way help her. And there she was - living, glowing, happy in the Lord Jesus Christ, exultant before her God - she became the beginning of the glorious ministry of setting many addicted guys free.

We served the mothers of drug addicts, and they brought their children to church. But something bigger was needed because drug addicts were returning to their environment again. And we opened a rehabilitation center. We rented an apartment and began to learn serving such guys. The Lord instructed and taught us how to do work with drug addicts.

First people started getting saved. Girls, guys were coming to Christ, getting baptized in the Holy Spirit, and the movement began.



Rehab center on the mountain, Vladivostok

Today there are already numbers, tens, hundreds of families made up of former drug addicts, have been born in our brotherhood. Many young women, whom we took away from the “highway” where they were selling their bodies for a dose of drug, have become beautiful wives and wonderful mothers. We have a lot of children from these blessed families - former male and female drug addicts.

There are families that were formed by HIV infected people, and these couples have absolutely healthy children. People from the criminal world, drug addicts who had gone dozens of times through treatment in the regional narcological dispensary as well as clinics both in Russia and abroad, today have the status of completely healthy, restored people. The Lord Jesus Christ has accomplished this work. This merit is neither mine nor ours, we are well aware of it because these guys love the Lord so much!



After Water Baptism

When this kind of people started coming to church we realized that they needed to be given something bigger than just freedom from drugs. We believed according to the prophecy said in Isaiah that the Lord would choose a people for Himself out of jackals and ostriches, which will declare His glory. Jackals and ostriches are people resembling drug addicts and alcoholics. Jackals - cunning, vile, who steal the spoils of the weak, - that is the best characteristic for a drug addict. And ostriches abandon their eggs, the Bible says about them that God did not give them wisdom, they do not care for their children, - like alcoholics, leaving their families, their children. We started working with these people, we believed they would not only be transformed into God's children, but would also declare God's glory.



Bible Schools

Soon we opened the first Bible school. Before that time we studied the history of Missions devoting whole church services to studying it. We saw that messengers of the Good News in the nations had paved the way with their own lives. We delved into their destinies, studied, dreamed together with them about the blue vast spaces, sang songs, tried to imitate their faith and exploit.

Those were simple people: students, single women, people who made mistakes and then rose again, fell in depression, lost their dear and beloved ones, but still continued.

Praying and dreaming about sending new people to new places, cities and new countries, we longed for it.

And it happened. Who do you think was the first one to go there? These former drug addicts, people who used to be in service of the devil, became the best servants of the Lord! Today probably over 80%, maybe 90% of our ministers, ordained pastors and workers are former male and female drug addicts. And the Lord Jesus Christ did it! All the glory, honor and might be to Him alone! Because He gave us the spirit of pioneers-discoverers.

There happened both standstills and searches, we would arrive at new decisions for leaps of faith; there was misunderstanding, different difficulties in church, but He gave us His love to Him and glorious ministers who even today continue serving the Lord faithfully, though they may fall and make mistakes, but they stand upon the truth of the Lord. Hallelujah! Praise our Lord, amen!



The Bible school graduation

Sniper Visitation

An airplane, like another double,
Claiming to get in the original frame.
You reap what you have labored
In the previous chapter.
Here is the new city and the airport.
Here are your brothers and sisters that trust you.
Why? They trust God, Who saved them;
This is why they left for this alien, distant, hostile city,
trusting the Higher Providence with their lives.
Among them there are newly baked families.
As little children they nurture
The blessing babies
As kids nurture their dolls,
Smiling wide with their mouth, toothless yet a short while ago.
Jackals and ostrich hens; thieves and ruffraffesses,
Today happy, busy,
the church kind of little Jesuses...
They've been living their own lives for long whiles
Adjusting loftily to new conditions,
Dressing in markedly busy style and grown up clothes.
And here I am, at the house threshold .
Wow! Visitation!
Can sense the beginning of moving with Jesus.
We are tough guys! It all works with us here.
Cities and nations are, of course, subject to us already.

Forward, with Jesus, elbow to elbow,
back to back, a bomb at the belt,
and Holy Spirit in their bosom!
Then – the most important comes increasing:
Two or three days are given to embody the revelation;
To follow most accurately and wisely
the spirit of multiplication,
“For the most successful explosive growth
in the success of the good-succeeding”.
And now, you’ve set the target:
Shoot – and you have the PERFECT HIT,
you always hit it perfect.
Like a sniper-piper of the planter’s spirit...
Now, the Apostolic church will surely grow.
And what is next – AIRPLANES again.
But in my soul... so soon again... tedious
Perhaps it is... TIME TO HIT THE ROAD???



Tibet

Even before I believed, I dreamed of Tibet. The image of Tibet as of something high, inaccessible, a promised land, attracted me all the time. In the spiritual search of God and higher reality I sometimes even called upon Shambala, being captured by the teachings of Roerich and touching the basics of Buddhism.

When I believed, I began to think about Tibet from another side, and in my heart I had a dream to visit Tibet, and if possible, by the grace of God, to preach the Gospel there. But I did not dare to go there by myself, being in the fear of the Lord. I wanted to go there only after I was sent by God. I simply prayed and waited.

One day a missionary name Aaron came to our city. He was a Jew and spoke at one of the closed conferences about how he served the Lord in Vietnam during the war.

Once while saving himself from the bombing, hiding under the bed from the explosions, he received a revelation to return to Vietnam with his family and continue to preach the Gospel. He was obedient. Some soldiers were saved through his ministry. One day, sitting in one of the meetings and listening to the sermon of his disciple, a disabled soldier who was saved through him, he heard a voice inside his heart: "Go to Tibet, I am sending you to Lhasa!"



He did not know anything about this country, but he packed up, and, being obedient to God, went there. There he experienced another revelation, and, having returned to his home in America, according to the revelation, he made the Gospel of John in the Tibetan language in red cover with golden letter imprints. He did this, and two years later, disguised as a tourist, dressed in jeans and having grown a beard, with the Gospel hidden in a player, returned to Tibet.

While seeking the guidance of God and being in one of the monasteries, he heard a voice within himself and the command to walk up to one monk. When he approached him, the Lord said to give him the gospel. Aaron handed the book to the monk. And the monk, looking at him, wept and said that two years ago he prayed to God that He would reveal Himself to him, because in his soul he felt anguish and the desire for deliverance. And suddenly he saw a vision: a white man with a beard came up to him and held out a book, it was a book in red cover and with golden letter imprints, and a voice sounded from heaven: "This person will give you a book, read it, and in it you will find the way to salvation!" The monk testified to Aaron: "You were the man of the vision." When I heard this story, I was very impressed, and after the meeting, coming up to Aaron (and at that time I was to go on a mission trip



to North Korea), I asked him to pray for me and said that I dreamed to visit Tibet . Something touched his heart regarding me, he prayed and said he would try to send me a Gospel in the Tibetan language. With this we parted.

I waited for this package as for a sign. And suddenly, after some time, I received this precious package with small books of the Gospel in the Tibetan language. For me it was a sign, such a treasure! I asked for a blessings from trusted brothers, got ready for the journey and headed off.

Before that I had been instructed through dreams about Tibet, and understood that a ministry was possible for me there. Before my first trip I received a very interesting word in the spirit that I would have to fight with beasts. I wrote this revelation down on paper and put the date, realizing that I would actually have this experience.

When I arrived in Lhasa, I immediately began to fast, and for three days I asked God to guide me in distributing the New Testaments in the Tibetan language, which I brought into this country.

I was very impressed with the loyalty of the Buddhist monks who did prayer walks in the morning and evening, reciting prayers and “earning points” for future reincarnation. I was handing out the Gospels under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and saw in this, indeed, a great blessing. I also abided in prayer and fasting and served the way I could. But suddenly, at one moment, a few days after my arrival, I experienced a strong visitation of faith that I could drive through all of Tibet and get to Everest.

This mountain had always attracted me, and with very great enthusiasm I dreamed of seeing it with my own eyes. And now, having gone through very difficult vicissitudes, doubts, prayers and breakthroughs, I am sitting in a “Jeep” with a driver who could speak neither Russian nor English, and we are driving silently through the whole of Tibet, through villages and towns, along the roads and bumps, through mountains stretching forward towards Everest.

On the way I distributed the Gospel in various remote villages, prayed, continued to fast.

And the miracle happened, I saw Everest with my own eyes. We went up to one alpine village, which was already on the threshold of this famous high mountain, Chomolungma. I was out of myself with happiness and didn't even pay attention to the pressure, although it was very strong. I crossed the river and ran with great joy to meet Everest.

It shone in its splendor in the sun. The weather was clear, I ran towards it, and, of course, it was a very long distance to it. Climbing over the mounds of stones and passing the small lakes that I met along the way, suddenly the thought came to me: "And what about the beasts? Are there living creatures here?" Because there wasn't a blade of grass around, only stones, stones and stones. People were no longer around for a few kilometers, I think, not a single living soul - either ahead, or behind, or on either side.

And suddenly I turned sharply back and saw a huge snow leopard, who crossed the decay, my way back, and hid behind a large boulder. I saw him literally in a split second, within a moment, as stretching on the ground, he hid behind a large boulder. Through this boulder was my only way back, and it was impossible to go around it - there were high mountains both on the left and right.

It was scary, because the beast was huge, and I realized with my whole being that he hid there in hunt of my soul. A blue, light blue huge wonderful leopard. Not a soul around. And I had only a backpack and water with me. But the word I had received while still at home and written it down on paper, encouraged me, and I thought: «If God revealed this word to me, it means He wanted to warn me so that I can live.»

If you ask me why God had to do this, I do not know. But I still think and rejoice that God takes care of us and speaks not only narrowly directed about salvation, but God is the Creator of all living things, and He is the Giver of life, He is the Artist, and He is our Father.

I was strengthened with this word and began to release my whole inner potential. I began to shout and demonstrate aggressiveness towards this beast, to show him that I have an offensive character and can stand up for myself. I began to descend straight to this boulder, as it was the only way back. Shouting, making warlike sounds, throwing large rocks, I began to approach the boulder behind which the leopard was hiding, and shouted out the Name of my Lord Savior. So I passed by this boulder, and the leopard did not let himself be seen, he was still hiding behind the boulder, and let me go to live.

Having returned to Lhasa, I was very blessed. Later God gave me more opportunity to return to Tibet, distribute literature, testify of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Today we continue to pray for this country. And the beautiful souls of Tibetans - open and hospitable, pious, we believe, one day will submit themselves to our Lord Jesus Christ! Amen.



Church planting and missions

The Lord revealed to us that we must begin Bible schools. We realized that saved drug addicts, newly repented people, youth should not just sit in the “back row” of the church, but should mobilize to go further and carry the Gospel to different places. What I and my closest assistants can no longer do alone, that can be done by people who crave and burn.

Of course, we took risk sending our missionaries out to different places with no certainty that they had already matured. Therefore, Bible schools became essential.

We first held them in Vladivostok, in our homecity, and sent missionaries from there.

Later we spread and began to hold them both in Siberia and in the West, reached Moscow, Kaliningrad, Central Asia, sent teams to Mongolia, Cambodia and later to Europe. We understood we must build mission centers.

God gave us a vision – to spread the kingdom of God to the ends of the earth; and a strategy – through planting churches, having Bible schools and conferences as means. Bible schools were established in different regions, where there were churches that planted their own new churches. And later, after these Bible schools had been over, we held conferences, which resulted in sending out new teams and the ordination of ministers-priests.

This is a great joy. At each conference, we receive God's Word, God's revelation, God's vision, again and again we see and meet new brothers and sisters in the guild of ministers-officers. We experience strong love and unity in the presence of God, when we join together in our faith, and see and hear these inspiring testimonies of God's miracles. So every year in different regions of Russia we do short-term Bible schools, and then we send graduates to new cities and places to plant new churches.

The Lord has given us wonderful and wondrous revelations on this way.

At first, we did not know where to get finances, provision for missionary teams. Many people ask us today: "Who sponsors you?" We understand that the Lord God is the One who really sponsors us. We decided not to wait for someone to come from abroad and give money, not to wait for someone to offer sponsorship, not to wait for someone to do our work for us. But we ourselves took up the responsibility for our country, for the land, for the generation.



House of Life in Cambodia

Faith, faith and faith only! We prayed and asked: “God, where can we get provision?” And the Lord revealed to us: “You give them food!” We made a call to our people to bring what we had, and even if there are only five loaves and two small fishes, this must be enough when broken by the Lord Jesus Christ.

At our conferences we gather offerings for missions, for ministries. People know that by investing in this, they invest in the kingdom of God. Then we help our teams to get tickets, provide them with house rental payment for one or two months in a new place, the cost of communications, and send them forward. This is a “one way ticket” for our missionaries – for those who have a living, strong, powerful faith. They will be able to do their work, which the Lord Jesus Christ has laid upon them. This is a wonderful and wondrous thing. We rejoice and exalt before the Lord for giving us such a wonderful gift!

There was also a revelation in case there is still not enough finance for the whole team. The Lord said to us: “Buy your way.” Sometimes you have to pay for the prophecy. Once Jeremiah was told: “Buy a linen belt.” He could have argued: “Lord, but give me money!” No, take your own and go buy it. Once God told him: “Go, take an earthen jar and break it before the eyes of the elders and prophesy!” He could have said: “Lord, but give me money for the jar, I will not break mine!”. No, go get your own jar and break it.

Some of the prophecies that the prophets were supposed to release cost money. A true prophet is ready to pay for his prophecy. And therefore, our teams, which still lack finances after the offering had been gathered for them, remain in their homes until they earn money for their way. If a person is willing to pay a price to go on a mission, I think he has a fairly good motivation to accomplish the missionary exploit in a foreign country or an unfamiliar new city.

The Lord also gave us the revelation «Sail off to the depth.»

Those churches that felt barren thought they had done everything possible, but it hadn't worked, had to open their eyes to see new depths. Peter said: “But we fished all night and did not catch anything!” The Lord answered him: “Sail off into the deep and throw the nets on the other side of the boat”. There are places where there is no fish, but there are places where the fish is already prepared and there is lots of it.

The Lord granted us these wonderful revelations, and thus led us and is leading us along the path that we are to walk. He revealed to us the knowledge of the prophetic dimension, the dimension of God's presence, where the supernatural happens.

Today we continue to search, continue to dream, continue to dare. We still make



House of Life Orphanage (India)

many mistakes, are not yet complete and not perfect in our own eyes, more over, in the eyes of God, but we accept our adoption, our sonship with God. We accept His holy grace and strive to go forward, towards our dream – to get saved, to reach our Lord Jesus Christ, as He has reached us. Lord, bless us!

We call to believe, to go forward, regardless of different tendencies in denominations, in the Body of Christ. We have focused not on diseases in the Body, but on the dying world, because the need there is much greater. And we call all those who long to see the supernatural, to see the wonderful and wondrous before the Lord, go forward, stretch, rise.

No matter how you have fallen, wherever you have declined, come back! Get up, rise, go, run, leap and fly forward, to the Lord Jesus Christ!

May God bless you and all of us, so that in this generation we could preach the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and all the nations could hear the Word of God and come to know our Lord Jesus Christ! Amen!

Saved in Children

In our saved children
I stretch myself into my own deliverance
In them I find "my own"
Christ, God's fool and the Strict One,
In them I gain hope and courage
To continue going... strong

With their eyes, newly open
and not quite enlightened yet
They gaze intently into my heart,
... so strict...
and so warm...
as if making an effort to distinguish...
the VOICE...

They test and evaluate me,
As if trying and matching me up
with the FATHER...
Is this my Dad?
Like the wise old men-judges...

But... in their unearthly Angelic
seriousness
I draw my strength...
And... isn't my Christ that Way?
Is it not Himself?

Бог говорит к человеку

и как-то ^{во}мощнее ^{во}возраст-
кем-то больше (толщ, 268 Д-ж
и он передает это знание



«Позднего Симу Челвер» Бог настолько насек и возмани,
хороша. Это совершенства, развивается внутренней
совершенства (позднего Симу Челвер) у нас. Но как-то не
себя сходятся, а как и у человека, так внешний вид

Кстати, что в
в материальном
воинского возмани
возмани, не
и даже лопат
приходит от

звездеть, то
должны быть
когда действ
всегда впер
пергаем с

Тайна; Бог з
Кей, приходит
всправляе к
и.з. Бог как-то
до выше, как
на уровне дух
вечно / тайна

важно, любое
и гар. Ма не
виз; я не вхожу
когда зает стр
и меню, и.з.
нежен позног Бог

и Бог
Он
слух
На
в.н.
ср
Мор
Воз
по
То
гно
В оан
ср
Он
Нес
пероз

к
востоме,
воинс. и од
земл. Одр
забаво
терр-терр
Виде
и (ревност
не Богн ак
неисел
тебе, ер
ср
Богн