From the Jungle Through Las Vegas to Heavenly Encounters

LYNNIE WALKER
Endorsements

"Lynnie Walker has written one of the most remarkable books I have ever read. It reads like the book of Acts. This wonderful narrative tells how God can use ordinary people like Lynnie and Dennis Walker and raise them up to do extraordinary ministry for their Lord Jesus. Beyond the signs and wonders and heavenly encounters, my good friends, Dennis and Lynnie are people of godly integrity. They both were raised in godly homes and all their grown children love the Lord. They are the real deal and this book will impact your life. I highly recommend it!"

Dr. Che H. Ahn
Harvest International Ministry
Pasadena, California
www.harvestim.org

"Lynnie and Dennis Walker are close friends and we have enjoyed reading their personal stories. They have taken us from childhood, to finding each other at a very young age, getting married and living in the remote jungles of Peru, and on to heavenly encounters today.

As you read about their faith being tested and growing to maturity, an understanding of how God deals with each of us will become clearer.

Just as God has chosen them, He has chosen you to do mighty exploits for Him. As you read the exciting incidents in their lives, you will be encouraged to seek your own destiny.

From the Jungle... Through Las Vegas...To Heavenly Encounters is an exciting, challenging book you will enjoy from cover to cover."

Dr. A.L. and Joyce Gill
Gill Ministries
Big Bear, California
www.gillministries.com

"God is creating a beautiful tapestry in each of our lives and Lynnie Walker's book, From the Jungle, Through Vegas, to
Heavenly Encounters demonstrates this adventure in exciting detail! She candidly shares her own journey, which gives you keys to develop a keen sensitivity to the voice of the Lord. It will challenge you to step out of your comfort zones and radically obey His voice ... then fasten your seat belts!! What we do on earth really does matter in heaven ... and for all eternity. Lynnie challenges you to a fresh heart-to-heart connect with Jesus so the divine synergism will cause you to obey without negotiating! She also stretches your ability to observe the initiatives of heaven and bring it to earth through the gifts of the Spirit; to do on earth what you see in the heavens! They that know their God will do exploits. Lynnie and her husband, Dennis, are doing just that—doing only what the Father shows them to do!

Jill Austin
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From the Jungle...

Through Las Vegas to...

Heavenly Encounters

Lynnie Walker

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Dedication

In the Old Testament, people built piles of rocks as memorials to what God had done. Today we write books.

I dedicate this book to my Lord Jesus Christ in thanksgiving for all He's done throughout my life.

I also dedicate this book to my husband, Dennis—half of whom this book is about!

To both our parents, Jack and Gladys Enlow and Frank and Allene Walker, who brought us up in the fear of the Lord. (Before I sent this to be published, my father passed away. I am grateful to God for him and for his godly influence in my life).

To all the wonderful people who have impacted my life—mentors, friends, and family.

Finally, this book is dedicated to my three children and their spouses—to our oldest, Tracie, and her husband, Paul Ogando—to our son, Denny Walker, and his wife, Aimee—to our youngest, Kelly, and her husband, James Kallas. I love you and am grateful for your dedication to the Lord. May you go far in God!
Acknowledgments

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Thanks to my husband, Dennis, for his computer skills and for answers to countless questions I asked.

And special thanks to Alicen Curtis for the creative cover design. She traveled to Las Vegas to take photos of the Strip for the cover.

All of these donated their time and energy, and I pray God's special blessing on their lives.
Introduction

Although born in Orlando, Florida, I lived on the mission-field for seventeen years in Peru, South America-seven of them with my husband, Dennis. The desert coast, the high Andes Mountains, and the massive jungle give expression to the geographical variety and beauty of the nation. Every Peruvian knows I learned Spanish in the jungle region because of my "Charapa" accent, although it has adjusted over time to fit in with all the Latin American accents I have been exposed to.

Since 1985, we have lived in Las Vegas. Though different from the jungle, with the desert landscape, surrounded by bare, colorful mountains, it also has a unique beauty of its own. Beyond the landscapes, are the lives the Lord longs to touch. I have learned that we must love wherever God has us live, in order to be effective in ministry. I have also lived shorter seasons of my life in Mississippi, Missouri, Florida, Texas, and Georgia. Dennis has lived in Washington, California, Missouri, Michigan, Georgia, Texas, and Florida.

When I wrote this autobiography of Dennis' and my life experiences, I realized I was using a different format by writing very short stories. This book was written to meet the needs of the busy person who may only be able to read a short segment at a time.

It is my desire that our search for more of God will help you in your search for Him. God is not a respecter of persons, what He has done for us, He will do for you as you seek Him in faith.

Author,
Lynnie Walker
Chapter 1—The Jungles of Peru

Simple, Primitive Living

Anaconda in the River

As I squatted to wash clothes in the chocolate-colored river deep in the Peruvian jungle, I suddenly saw a dangerous anaconda slithering nearby. I had spent several years washing, bathing, and drinking from one river or another, but this was my first encounter with a water snake.

"Dennis, come look!" I called to my husband, who was dipping water from the muddy river into a barrel, which we would allow to settle and use for drinking water. He jumped into a canoe and chased after the anaconda, making chopping motions with the oars. He either killed it or scared it off, but at least it wouldn't be bothering me anymore!
Sharing a "Treat"

After I hung out the clothes on a line near our hut, we went to the village meeting room where we all ate together in a thatched, unwalled building. The meal was the usual monkey soup with boiled green bananas. That meant the hunters hadn't found any other game that day. On good days they would fetch a deer, a wild boar, a capybara, fish, or turtle eggs. After eating, I climbed the stairs to the second floor of our thatch-roofed hut.

"Debra, come up here! I have a treat to share with you," I called. She was a young lady from Montana—the only other North American here—who lived on the lower floor of our hut and helped run the village school.

She climbed the wooden stairs, the only part of our house held together by nails instead of vines, to our "living room"—a porch with two hammocks. I uncovered my precious stash: some of the leftover yucca from lunch. She burst out laughing. "Lynnie, we must be in bad shape if this is called a treat. I thought you had candy or something like that to share." But we were hungry and somewhat malnourished, and the salted, starchy root tasted amazingly good, especially since that day it
was roasted instead of boiled. The crops hadn't produced much yet, so anything new tasted good.

**Isolated from News**

Here we were, living deep in a jungle village, so isolated that we only received mail once every three months. News of important events, such as the military coup that had overthrown the Peruvian government or the death of my grandmother, didn't reach us until months after its occurrence.

**Walk of Faith**

Dennis and I had come from the United States with no financial support, yet I was content in the thought that we were doing the will of the Lord for our lives. That had always been the desire of my heart even from a young age. I felt very close to God as I lived close to His creation here. There was a certain peace here, although at the same time, it was a real walk of faith without the usual securities of life.

**Rugged Jungle Trip**

We were so deep in the jungle at Pisqui (*pronounced "peace-key"*), that it took two days to arrive there by boat from the nearest city. We slept on beaches by the river along the way, pitching our mosquito nets like tents. Then we faced a rough four- to six-hour walk, slashing our way through the fast-growing jungle with a machete. The path was mud, which was as slick as oil beneath our feet. Our obstacles were many—enormous tree roots, waist-deep swamps, and the many streams that eventually fed the great Amazon River. These streams were traversed by felled trees, which were almost as scary as the rushing water below.

The first time I made this trip, I was so exhausted I wanted to give up along the way. And yet this was the only route in and out, and everything was carried on people's backs. I saw short men carry trunks full of schoolbooks and supplies. They slid a "pretina" strap over their head, and carried incredible loads on their backs. Dennis carried our daughter on his back.
I arrived at the village, dripping wet with sweat, and was amazed to suddenly see a clearing with huts built in neat little rows in the middle of nowhere. Our two-story hut loomed above the rest. Dennis had come at an earlier date to help build it. A tiny, elderly lady with a single-tooth grin was sweeping the dirt grounds with a cluster of branches. How could she have made it here? I was determined that I would begin a vigorous routine of daily work-outs so I could make it in and out of here without feeling as though I was dying. As time progressed, I was able to jog for two-hour stretches through the jungle, even going on a fishing expedition once.

**Overcoming Jungle Fears**

I had to face and conquer many fears, including the possibility of encountering jaguars and the "shushupi" snakes, which were one of the most deadly. They actually chased humans, and we were told to throw an article of clothing their way to distract them if we were attacked. We learned to stay away from a certain tree that was home to a species of fiery, stinging ants. Wasps were a constant menace. And because paths through the jungle were rather vague, it would be very easy to lose our way. We "gringos" had much to learn from the natives for our survival, but soon we learned the jungle ways and settled into a daily routine.

**Typical Day—Both Spiritual and Natural**

We would start the day with morning devotions for the village. I would play an accordion and my husband would strum a guitar as we sang worship to the Lord, and then we would share the Word and a thought for the day. I began teaching school to the village children along with Debra. The previous school director hadn't even known how to read. I spent hours handwriting math problems in each notebook for my group of students, as they had no textbooks. I read to them from the few books we brought, and they did some reciting. But one by one, as the students mastered reading and long division, their parents felt it was a good time to "graduate" them to the fields. Here, the
need for workers was greater than the need for scholars.

Dennis spent his days hunting, fishing, or working in the fields with the men, and ministering the Word at nights, either in our village, or in another along the river.

During school breaks, I worked in the fields along with everyone else, planting corn, rice, beans, and peanuts. The men would burn a patch of the dense jungle, chop the trees down, and we ladies would help them plant. We would poke holes in the ground in rows with long, wooden stakes, throw a few seeds in each hole, and cover them over with our feet. We wore plastic boots or tire sandals and would climb over the fallen, charred trees as we worked. During breaks we would drink "mazato," a milky, white liquid made of sweetened, fermented, mashed yucca, or we would have mashed peanut or banana drink.

Learning to Like Strange Foods

Debra and I could not understand why the natives liked boiled green "platano" bananas, which they ate like bread with every meal. It tasted so waxy, we would jokingly say, "Please pass the candle." We went so far as to take a poll among the villagers to see if we could get a majority to allow the bananas to ripen before serving them at the meals. But we had no luck; we realized we were simply out-voted. Even the drinks were often made of boiled, mashed, green bananas instead of ripened ones.

We learned that the saying, "Hunger is the best sauce" was true, and we learned to eat many strange foods. We ate roasted grub worms, which tasted like bacon, snake and alligator meat, and amazing varieties of fruit. We also had deer, jaguar, wild boar, large rodents, and other wild game and birds. We went through withdrawals from sugar the first three months we were there, and then found that papayas grew wild, so we began keeping a good supply of them on our porch to satisfy our hunger for sweets. We would scoop them out with a spoon, eating half at a time. A few months later, sugar cane was harvested, and we enjoyed the sweetness of the juice after it was pressed through a machine, powered by a harnessed horse.
walking in a circle.

**Mosquitoes—and Nets**

Mosquitoes were the bane of jungle living. Even though I sweltered under long pants and sleeves, I didn't dare go without them. Dusk brought swarms of them like fog, and I tried to have my two-year-old daughter, Tracie, and myself back under a mosquito net by sunset. But often we were still eating supper or washing dishes and just had to swat it out as we went. At one point, Dennis passed out butterfly nets to the kids who would run through the village catching "balls" of mosquitoes, bring them back to him, and he would give them each a piece of candy until the candy ran out. Nightfall brought some relief from the cloud of mosquitoes, and the jungle symphony would begin with the sound of crickets, the whistling siren noises of many birds, the screeching and howling of monkeys, and a host of other exotic sounds.

**Tarantula on Shoulder**

One day, while pulling the dry clothes off the clothesline, I saw out of the corner of my eye a huge black thing crawl out from the clothes I had slung on my shoulder. I looked more closely and saw a hairy tarantula three inches from my cheek! With the flip of my hand, I sent it flying away from me!

**Daily Survival**

One fact of life I learned here was that it took working all day just to survive in the jungle—growing our food—picking and cleaning it—shelling peas or peanuts—pounding the rice in a "pilon" to get the husks off and winnowing it—scrubbing pots and pans with sand by the river—chopping firewood for cooking in an open pit—sewing our clothes by hand—soaking the clothes in a tub by the river—scrubbing them by hand till my hands were raw or using a scrub brush on the jeans. Clothing had to be washed every day because of mud and mildew. If the soap ran out, the natives invented some black concoction that looked like tar, made from plants, but I never tried it. Only once
did I cry in frustration and that was when I ran out of a small bag of laundry soap. Dennis quickly took some "farina" made from dried, fermented yucca, trekked for four hours through the thick jungle to the main river, and when a boat passed, traded the farina for some soap.

Even though we worked virtually non-stop from dawn to dusk, we found time for another survival technique—laughter! We took a small monkey as a pet, dressed her, kept her on the porch, and shared the abundant papayas with her. Our daughter loved it. Then we would swing in our hammocks, sing, play games, and maybe enjoy an occasional treat—especially when sugar cane was finally harvested. We would chew on a stock while the juice ran down our chins.

**Primitive Living**

We lived at the level of the people, as we had no support from the United States. Conveniences, such as electric lights, were unavailable. Small cans with kerosene and a wick were used for lights at night. A few had kerosene lamps, and a pump-up lantern was used for meetings. In the thick darkness, the stars shown like sprinkled glitter in the skies, a beauty rarely seen in our well-lighted cities.

Living quarters were simple. The people flung all their clothing over a rope strung across each single-room hut. The only privacy was the inside of mosquito nets perched over each bed. Dennis made us a makeshift closet with a piece of plastic as a door. We slept on a foam pad on the "pona," a bamboo-like floor. We collected letters on a nail as an alternative to the banana leaves used on the way to the outhouse. The outhouse looked like a hairy hut, made of palm branches, perched along the river.

Houses were made with hand-split boards tied side by side with vines, leaving wide cracks between each board, and when Dennis had previously visited this village, the children glued themselves to the walls to look in and spy on this "gringo." So before I arrived, he built us a house on stilts, knowing I wouldn't
appreciate this lack of privacy. Even then, the children would file up the stairs and stand there for hours staring at us. I finally had to request that they not come up without permission.

Tracie and the Indians

One day the ladies asked if they could take our two-year-old daughter up-river. They needed to find some lard for cooking and would trade for it in some village along the way. I consented, perhaps foolishly as a naive, young mother barely out of her teens, and they took her on the several-hour walk through the jungle and then by canoe, upriver to an Indian village. The tribal people were scantily dressed in colorful clothes, and their faces were painted. The Indians soon gathered around Tracie as they had never seen a blonde person. An elderly man, looking from afar and dim of eyesight, said, "They've caught a white
monkey!" They touched her hair and looked her over and said, "We'll trade two for her." The ladies holding her assured them she was not to be traded, and when they left, the natives loaded Tracie down with gifts of pottery, eggs, and beads. I was grateful when she returned safely, and realized it may have not been the best idea to let her go. Yet I had wanted to win the people over by letting them know I trusted them.

Hunting and Fishing

From Dumb "Gringo" to Jungle Pro

Dennis became almost as adept a hunter and fisherman as the jungle-born natives, learning how to handle, avoid, or kill the many exotic animals they encountered. But while he learned the required jungle skills, the natives withheld no hilarity at his expense. Fortunately, Dennis was an unabashed learner and never gave up, and thus he won the love and respect of the people.

Anaconda "Comes to Life"

Dennis went with a few natives on a hunting trip, trying to find game to nourish the village. After a few days of trekking through the jungle, Dennis spotted a large anaconda resting on a logjam over a small river. It was motionless, even when he shot over its head, so he figured it was dead. He decided to stretch it out to see how long it was. As he yanked its tail, suddenly the snake came to life, turned its massive head toward Dennis, and began gliding slowly toward him. Dennis raised his over-under shotgun and shot him between the eyes! He wanted to take the snakeskin home, but when one of the natives told him it would weigh at least a hundred pounds, he quickly changed his mind. This anaconda was more than fifteen feet long.

Alligator Feast

On another occasion, Dennis and a group of men had gone on a two-week fishing expedition. They only took a stalk of green bananas with them as they were supposed to survive from
what they could find along the way. They found nothing to eat the whole first day. That night an alligator kept surfacing along the shore of the river, but each time they reached for a gun, it submerged. The next day they finally netted a large alligator. They were very hungry as they had not eaten much in two days, so Dennis offered to cook the meal. He prepared a feast of alligator meat and alligator eggs fried in the fat found on the beast. Alligator meat is quite tasty.

Caught in His Net

For net fishing, the native men showed Dennis how to stretch out the round weighted net with his hands and his teeth, balance from the bow of the canoe, and throw it spread wide into the water. The first time he tried to do it, he lost his balance and fell into the water, trapping himself under the net! The natives thought it was great fun to watch him struggle out from under the net and try it again and again. He soon became quite proficient. Dennis could always tell when he caught piranhas, as he would draw up the net with holes in it.

Piranhas, Eels, and Stingrays

Dennis learned that piranhas were dangerous to humans only in schools or if one was cut and bleeding. Actually, they were quite good to eat. As far as Dennis was concerned, stingrays and electric eels were much more to be feared. He once saw a beaver-like "majas" come to the edge of the water. Dennis couldn't believe it as he watched an eel electrocute the animal to death. After seeing this, he suddenly had a healthy respect for these snake-like creatures. He saw the painful effects of stingrays on more than one brave man, including my brother, Danny.

Danny came to visit for a few months and was an avid outdoorsman. On a hunting and fishing trip, he shot a large anaconda. He cut the snake open, and found a six-foot alligator inside its belly, swallowed whole! Later, as Danny fished in a shallow lagoon, the jagged tail of a stingray stabbed him. The pain was so excruciating that one of the small native men carried
him on his back for hours through the jungle, all the way back to the village. Danny's leg infected, and he was laid up for a month recuperating. Fortunately, he did not lose his leg to gangrene as others had. This incident did not stop his love for Peru, which led to future ministry in the nation.

**Schools of Fish**

One night, Dennis and a few men gliding along in a canoe, heard a commotion of splashing in the river. It was a school of fish that had stopped at that spot for the night. The men pulled over and fished all night catching hundreds of fish. They dried and salted them, and brought them home, much to everyone's joy.

**Almost Taken for a Ride**

On a large tributary of the Amazon River, Dennis was handed a large hook with a hunk of meat on it, attached to what looked like a clothesline. The Peruvian men said they would walk up farther and leave him to fish in that spot. Dennis wrapped the thick nylon chord around his hand and before long felt a tug. The rope tightened. He could tell the fish was a big one! He figured it would soon wear itself out and he could pull it in. Suddenly he realized it was not only cutting off his circulation, but that he was about to go for a ride! He quickly shook his hand free of the line, and whatever fish this was took it all, the bait, the hook, and the line. When the men returned, he learned they had omitted the last bit of instruction: tie the line to a tree! 'What kind of fish is this?' he wondered. When they eventually caught one, and he saw that it was larger than a man, he understood why he couldn't pull it in with his bare hands.
Superstitions

Extracting Native Oil

The people were steeped in superstitions and we attempted to confront the complete lack of logic of these silly ideas. They believed that white men extracted oil from the natives so they could use it to run their airplanes. In fact, when traveling by canoe, Dennis often faced the rifles of men in passing canoes, until they were out of range, because they feared he might kill them for their body oil!

Lemons, Dogs, Rainbows, and Mermaids
They believed women could not pick lemons or the lemon tree would die. If a dog caught wild game, a pregnant woman could not eat the meat or the dog would die. If you pointed at the rainbow, you'd get a rainbow burn. And they all had stories of encounters with mermaids and people who lived underwater.

**Onion Patch Ordeal**

One day Dennis was gathering wood for the kitchen, and stood near an onion patch. He was severely reprimanded and was told to get out of there! He let them know he was being careful not to step on the onions. Then they explained that his male body odor would dry up the onions!

**Confronting Superstitions**

The amazing thing was that many of these superstitions would come true. I'm sure they were governed by demons that kept these people in bondage through their fears and beliefs, which had been passed down through generations. We attempted to counter these beliefs by explaining how they could not scientifically be possible. They simply told us, "Maybe it doesn't happen in your country, but in our country it does." Soon we realized we could only confront these from a spiritual standpoint. We taught them about their new position as a believer in Christ and told them they were not subject to these laws any longer. Now, they could live above them. They were willing to believe it this way.

**Overcoming Demons**

Demonic activity was very common throughout Peru, especially in the jungle regions. Altar calls brought prayer requests from individuals who had their bed moved around, or had seeds or objects thrown at them during the night by demonic forces. Some lived in fear because "tunchis," or demons, chased them through the jungle. Dennis had a chance to teach them that they needn't live in fear once they had accepted Christ, and that they had authority over the enemy.

To emphasize his point, one day he told them, "In fact, if
you are afraid to command these spirits to go, just tell them to come see me and I'll take care of them!" A couple of days later, a man got up during morning devotions and gave a testimony. He said he was walking through the jungle and a demon began to chase him. He turned around and said, "Go see brother Dennis!" And he was thrilled that it worked! Of course, we never heard from this demon, but it was a first step of courage for this new believer.

Dennis was told not to go into a certain part of the river because everyone who did so had died because the spirit of the river in that area would kill him or her. Dennis said this was silly and jumped into the river. Suddenly he had an overwhelming desire to breathe under water, and it took all his effort to resist the temptation to do so. There were in fact strong demonic spirits that ruled in certain regions more than in others. It would take an understanding of strongholds, and following the direction of the Lord to confront them, which we would learn later and put into practice.

Jungle Cures

Thumb Re-attached

One of the men in the village came to Dennis to show him a problem with his thumb. We were the main source of medical first aid for the villagers, but Dennis had been gone on a trip, so the man had treated the injury himself. He had been chopping wood and accidentally chopped through his thumb with only a small piece of flesh still attached. He scooped some tree resin called "sangre de grado" (blood of grade), slapped it onto the wound, and put the thumb back in place, wrapping it with a dirty rag. When Dennis saw it a couple of days later, his heart sank as he imagined it becoming infected or worse. If not cleansed properly, minor scrapes could turn into major infections in this damp, warm climate. He asked to take a look at it and the man unwrapped it carefully. Amazingly there was a thin brown line where the cut had occurred and it had no infection! Before long, the thumb healed and the man was again able to strum his guitar.
Later, we found out that this tree sap has both antiseptic and anesthetic properties.

**Teas**

Teas were used for various purposes and could alleviate common ailments. "Una de gato" had anti-inflammatory properties. "Manzanilla" was used to calm the stomach. Others were used for digestion, relaxation, and pain relief.

**Life and Death**

**Babies Born Yearly**

Babies born into the community were so common, that it produced less excitement than the birth of a calf. With no training concerning birth control, except for the little I could share with a few of them, babies born yearly were a way of life. One seventeen-year-old already had three children. The head of the village had twenty-six children, and was on his third wife. The other two had died. We always knew when a woman was still recovering from the birth, as she would walk around with a white bandana tied around her forehead with a pale look on her face. Chicken soup was the cure-all. We encouraged them to try spinach from the garden to replace the iron they needed.

**Immoral?**

Dennis and I stopped at a dairy farm along the river one day to buy some milk, which was scarce in these parts. The owner asked us how many years we had been married, and we answered, "Three." As he saw we only had one child, he shook his head and remarked, "We Peruvians are so immoral. We have children every year."

**Death—a Part of Life**

Because we were two days from the nearest hospital, we could not treat major accidents or illnesses. One little boy fell and broke some ribs. Within a short time he died. A man was bitten by a poisonous snake, and didn't last long. All-night
funeral vigils would be held in honor of these who had passed on, but then life would go on as usual. When I asked one elderly woman how many children she had, she replied, "I had fourteen, but only seven lived." Here in the jungle, death was a normal part of life.

**Hearing God, Saves Life**

My brother-in-law, Jim Drown, came to visit us deep in the jungle. Dennis met him at the main river port, and they began the several-hour trek to the village where we lived. As they sprinted through the heavy jungle, Jim suddenly shouted for Dennis to stop. God had shown him that there was a snake on the other side of a log they were about to cross. Sure enough, they peeked over, and saw the most deadly snake in the jungle! God had saved their lives.

Jim also knew about loss of life, as he and my sister, Kathy, lost the life of their dear first child to illness in another part of the jungle, causing them deep grief. Decades later, Jim would hold massive crusades to lead thousands to the Lord in the land where they had laid their baby to rest. He heard God's call to bring the message of eternal life to hundreds, in spite of tragedy, just as he had heard God's voice earlier in the jungle, which saved Dennis' physical life.

**Village Government**

**A New System Needed**

When the chief administrator consulted Dennis, he advised him to try a new system which was to allow each person to choose what area they wanted to work in, and to be responsible for it from start to finish. If they failed in their area, or if they succeeded, it would be their responsibility. Under the current system—assigning new jobs each morning—both morale and food supplies were low. The man was skeptical because he thought they would all choose the same areas, leaving some undone.
When he finally agreed to try it, all areas were covered evenly! They were then given suggested goals to accomplish. Suddenly the men began to work hard to see their areas succeed even putting in extra hours. Soon the village had more than enough food to eat, and even to sell.

**Principles that Work**

Even though Dennis was only twenty-three years old, the Lord had given him wisdom in principles both in natural and spiritual areas. He knew that if you release people into areas of responsibility without hovering over them unnecessarily, it produces growth, maturity, and responsibility.

![Dennis teaches Bible along the rivers, writing in the sand.](image)

**Not Know-it-alls**

We had won the hearts of the natives, because we didn't pretend to be know-it-alls. We listened to them, learned from them, and readily ate their food—something most Americans would not do. We respected them for their farming, fishing, and survival know-how, and they respected us for the spiritual training, equipping, and authority-in-Christ we imparted. Even
though we were living the life of "Tarzan and Jane," we were content in the fact that we were serving the Lord.

**Crowned Chief**

Years later, Dennis took a trip to this area which had been ravaged by terrorism, to encourage the people, and when he got back, had this story to tell me. At one point on the trip, the motorized canoe had to pull over for the night due to blinding rain. Dennis found a hut on stilts, but the occupants wouldn't let him in. They instead allowed him to sleep on a porch outside the hut, so he pulled his jacket tightly around himself, pulling the string for the hood around his face, and settled down for the night. The next morning he woke up with every inch of exposed skin swollen from mosquito bites.

He arrived at the village for the first time in ten years to find that several villages had gathered to celebrate his arrival and hear him preach. He was asked to perform a couple of weddings at the meeting, and at the end of it all they brought out a feathered head-dress and crowned him “chief” of the area! It was quite an honor.
Chapter 2—My Childhood

Growing Up

Living Many Places

When I was a year old, my parents, Jack and Gladys Enlow, had completed Bible School and became missionaries to Peru. We lived in various cities in the mountains and the jungle where they taught Bible School and pastored churches. Every few years, we would go home to the United States for a year's furlough, visiting various supporting churches.

It was definitely a life on the move for my family, which grew to eight brothers and sisters. At the age of six, I was sent to missionary boarding school, a requirement of our denomination. I had two older sisters in school by then, but I'm sure it was traumatic for my oldest sister, Jody, who went alone the first year. We lived in large dorms where strict rules were enforced by dorm parents. Bible memorization was vigorous, and I remember reciting the sixty-six Books of the Bible before my first grade class. We looked forward to Friday Night Fun Night with all the games, and loaded up in buses on Saturdays to go swimming. Throughout the years, I attended various schools in both Peru and the United States, and by the time I finished High School, I had moved thirteen times!

Jesus My Savior

When I was seven I had my first genuine encounter with the Lord. My Dad brought an evangelist from the United States to speak at our church in the jungle city of Iquitos. I remember having such a conviction come over my heart as he spoke that I went forward, weeping to accept Jesus as my Savior.

Baptism in the Holy Spirit
When I was eight, my parents, who had been hungry to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit for ten years, received a forty-page letter from a pastor in the United States, with instructions on what to do. They went into their bedroom and powerfully received, with the evidence of speaking in tongues. When that pastor came to visit, the Holy Spirit broke out over the entire church my parents were pastoring, with half of them receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Our maid would go to pray at night and spoke in fluent English when she prayed in tongues even though she didn't know a word of English. We would sneak up to the door of her room at night to listen to such phrases as, "Jesus is coming soon" and "Jesus is wonderful."

Rejection

Then persecution began. The denomination that had sent my parents as missionaries to Peru objected to speaking in tongues and my parents had to keep quiet about it or resign. So they resigned. Yet people began to be healed and delivered and filled with the Spirit in various cities as my Dad traveled throughout Peru. Years later, when I was fourteen, my parents, now stationed in Pucallpa, were asked to remove their children from the missionary boarding school, because of their beliefs concerning the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, even though the school was supposed to be open to all Christian religions. We had top honors for the school and I had just given a speech as top student of the school for graduation. The principal of the school ran into my Dad one day and said, "I can't believe we can stoop this low as Christians. These are orders from headquarters in the United States, but your children are welcome to come to all extra-curricular activities." So my brothers continued on the soccer team, and we attended plays and other events, but school for us was at home with my parents, both educated teachers.

Restoration

However, God is a God of restoration. Over the years, one by one, many of the Peruvian pastors who had objected to my parents' beliefs, came for reconciliation when they were also
baptized with the Holy Spirit. They, and others, began to open doors for us children, when we became adults, to minister throughout Peru. With our spouses, some of us held conferences or sang in concerts, some of us planted churches and ministered prophetically, and others evangelized in healing crusades throughout the nation.

Eventually, the boarding school was closed down and part of the property was donated to a group of handicapped Peruvians, treated as lepers, who formed a church under Dennis' and my oversight.

Pastor Victor, himself crippled, started a school for the handicapped, and taught job skills for those crippled or lacking limbs. Their influence grew to where many were added to their church, and they went—crutches and all—planting churches up and down the river.

I had not seen the place that had been given to them yet, but when my brothers, Johnny and Danny Enlow, went to hold a large pastors' event there in Pucallpa, we encouraged them to stay at our church property there, as they had dorms to sleep in. Later, my brothers excitedly called and told us that the property was our former boarding school! Now, over thirty years later, they were miraculously escorted down the hall to their separate bedrooms and to the very beds they had used as children, while they shook their heads saying, "I can't believe this is happening!" This was a supernatural phenomena and sign from God that he had seen it all!

**My Parents' Missionary Work**

**He Traveled the Most**

My Dad, an excellent Bible teacher, traveled extensively throughout Peru by burro, riverboat, single-engine plane, bus, and even on foot to the remotest ends of Peru. He was known as "the missionary who traveled the most." He impacted many lives and was used to raise up ministers and churches throughout Peru and to plant seeds of the gospel. Many were saved, filled with
the Spirit, healed, and delivered.

**Rescuing a Woman**

He had lots of stories to tell us kids when he got home. He told us how he once rescued a little old woman who got swept away in a cold rushing river. Even though the rocks bruised up his legs and he had to swim hard, he didn't mind at all, especially since he was baptizing her at the time!

**Deliverances**

My Dad was greatly used in deliverance and learned that doors of the enemy had to be shut in people's lives to past experiences with witch doctors, spells, and demonic involvement, even after they were already saved.

Amazingly, the denomination with whom my parents used to work would send Dad their demonized so they could be delivered! Once, they sent the president of one of their churches from upriver who had become totally demonized. He was so wild that a room was built for him, and only his mother would venture in to toss him some food. My Dad would go in for daily sessions of casting the demons out, and I went with him one day, riding on the back of his little motorcycle. I watched through the cracks of the cage-like building and saw the man crawling around like an animal with a belt hanging from his mouth.

Once, the man stood up on his cot ready to pounce on my Dad and said, "You, ONE, come against us, who are a legion?"

"Yes, but I come to you in the name of Jesus. Get down!" The man slumped and fell, as my Dad caught him. Then he proceeded to cast more demons out of him.

As I rode home on the back of my Dad's Honda50 motorcycle, I looked up into the star-studded sky and asked for more of the reality of the Lord. Even though I fought many fears, especially when I saw the demonic working in people like this, I truly loved the Lord and had a tender heart toward him. I was seeing Satan's reality and wanted to see God's reality even more.

For the final phase of deliverance for this man, we sang and
praised the Lord as my Dad worked with him at our home. He was totally set free and returned to a leadership position in his church. I was seeing a visible manifestation of the power of God to deliver, in a very real way.

**Mom's Prayers**

Both my parents spent much time on their knees in prayer, but I especially believe that my mother's prayers impacted our family. It became "normal" for missionary and pastors' kids to rebel from walking with the Lord, maybe because of expectations put on them. Missionary kids had the unique challenge of never feeling like they fit in either culture. But I believe it is much to Mom's credit that, even though a few of their eight children went through short times of rebellion, today they are all serving the Lord with their spouses and children, several of them in missionary work.

**Family Living**

**A Visiting Preacher**

When I was about ten, my Dad invited a preacher from California, named Frank Walker, to come speak in our church. As soon as he and the team arrived from the airport, we kids took their muddy shoes and cleaned and polished them. We washed their clothes in the tubs out back, and served them eagerly. It was such a treat to have visitors from the United States!

They were amazed at the sight of our household of eight children which my parents ran quite efficiently with lists of chores for the week. We would simply get up and do what was on our list. We also had daily family devotions and personal Bible-reading times we were expected to fulfill and check off on a chart. We had memory verses to learn, plus home-schooling. I guess we didn't know any different but to do it all! This preacher took pictures of our family with six girls and two boys and took them home to California to his family of five boys and a girl. He told his boys, "One day I'd like one of you boys to marry one of
those girls." Years later, that preacher would become my father-in-law. Dennis jokingly says he was the only obedient child.

**Dad's Humor**

My dad had quite a sense of humor, cracking jokes at every occasion. Even when it came to his relationship with my mom, he was light-hearted. Often he would call out to us kids, "Don't look kids, don't look!" and when we were all looking, he would say to Mom, "I could smack you good," and give her a kiss. Their relationship was a great example to us.

**Creative Beginnings**

When I was ten years old, I became interested in music since my family was musical. My dad had led choir during denominational days, and my mom played the piano and sang, I learned to play the pump organ, accordion, and guitar. But I was especially fascinated with the piano, listening to arrangements on tapes by the hour as goose bumps arose on my arms with the thrill of it.

I wrote songs, poetry, stories for my brothers and sisters, and sketched their portraits. I drew artwork for ministry articles my Dad wrote and printed on an old hand-crank ink mimeograph machine. I also began sewing, and made myself my first dress from a piece of fabric I received as my sole Christmas gift. Without any patterns, I laid it on the ground, cut it out and put it together. Amazingly, it fit!

**Spanked for the Last Time!**

My sister, Debbie, and I had to walk a long way back and forth to some short-term music lessons being offered for free. (We were raised in pairs, and she was my partner growing up). One day we got into an argument over who's turn it was to carry the books, and, behaving equally stubborn, ended up leaving them on a doorstep on our way home. Needless to say, our parents sent us back to retrieve them, but the books had disappeared.

Justifiably needing to be disciplined, and being the oldest,
my dad had me come into his room first. I leaned over his lap and he spanked me soundly. Then he sat me on his lap, talked to me, and wrapped his arms around me as he prayed for me. I'll never forget it. Although it was not fun at the time, I would look back on it as a great example of loving correction. I was in fifth grade, and it would be my last spanking.

**Family Fun**

We were normal kids who goofed around, teased each other, and got silly. We played volleyball, hopscotch, jacks, marbles, and soccer with our Peruvian friends outdoors, and put on family skits for the neighborhood children.

Dad played games with us for hours when he wasn't traveling, preaching, or pastoring the church. Mom faithfully called us to devotions once or twice a day, and Dad read the Word. They had us pray, memorize scripture, and answer Bible questions.

Once, after Dad had read from the King James Version about how Moses' anger had "waxed hot," and he had thrown down the tables of the law, he asked my little four-year-old sister, Tammy, one of the Bible questions. "What did Moses throw down from the mountain?" "Hot wax!" she replied. We all had a good laugh.

**Helping Others**

Since we were raised among needy people, we developed a desire to help others. It became a habit to go through our closets regularly, and find clothing or other belongings to give to the needy. We kids loved to help poor families, and would often walk long distances to their homes, to drag their clothes home in bags to wash them by hand, mend what was torn and sew new clothes.

**Living by Faith**

When we left the denomination, our support was cut off, and we began "living by faith". I still don't know how my parents did it, but I saw them on their knees a lot! We kids would sell fruit
from our back yard to have money for food, and my parents started teaching English classes to support us. We lived it up when birthday money came from the United States, and would head to "La Favorita" ice cream shop. Sometimes we just had popcorn or pancakes to eat, but we never went without. During morning breaks from school, we always had our ration of Coca Cola, which my dad made sure we always had on hand. When he went to preach in various churches, people were faithful to give offerings, even if it was a chicken or eggs, which were a blessing to us.

One of the difficulties we faced was that Peruvians believed all Americans were wealthy, so they would come by the house and ask for money. My parents would offer to pray for them, and would help at times. But, one time I heard my dad tell someone truthfully, "I only have five soles left to feed my family tonight." The man left angry, sure that my dad had lied to him. The one blessing from this is that all who became part of our ministry did so because of their love for the Lord, and not for the financial benefit. That is why they remain faithful to walk with the Lord to this day. We have seen missionaries who paid the workers well, but as soon as they left the country, their ministries fell apart. It was indeed better for the Peruvians to focus their eyes on Jesus, and not on the "rich American."

Sensitive to the Lord

I was very sensitive to the Lord as a child, but maybe a bit too conscientious of "doing good," often tattling on the others and being a perfectionist. But, thank God, He helped me gradually overcome that attitude, as I received a revelation of God's love and grace.

At one point, I took my sister, Sandy, barely five, under my wing. I taught her and led her to the Lord about four times just to make sure it "took"!

Strange Flight

When I was about eleven, and was returning to the United States to live with my grandmother for a while, I flew on a
cargo, four-propeller airplane which was the cheapest way to travel. Once, on a previous flight, it had landed with only one propeller still functioning. The plane I was on stank terribly as it was full of boas and monkeys in cages.

When I arrived in Miami, I was surprised at how detailed the customs officials were inspecting my luggage, even searching in the toes of my shoes. Later I found out that cocaine was being transported inside the animals. That's why a few of them had toppled over dead, as the bags inside them burst. Needless to say, that was the end of that airline.

The Move

When I was about twelve, my family moved to Miami for a year where I was baptized in water and also baptized in the Holy Spirit. We lived in the home of Sam Fife, the man who had written the letter to my folks and began a Christian movement called "The Move," which was quite cutting-edge in the 1960s and 70s. My dad, Jack Enlow, and Frank Walker, my future father-in-law, began to travel and minister with Sam, preaching on healing, deliverance, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the gifts of the Spirit, the five-fold ministry including apostles and prophets for today. We belonged to this movement for many years, but eventually it got off track with control and error, so both our families left it at about the same time.

To Bill Britton's

When I was fifteen, my family moved to Springfield, Missouri, to live for about a year to be a part of Bill Britton's church, and print some booklets at his print shop. Bill Britton had recently visited us in Pucallpa, Peru where Dad wrote "Bible Names and Their Meanings," and my parents translated the book, "The Feast of Tabernacles." Dad also put out teachings in Spanish and English of his own. In Springfield, we helped assemble Bill Britton's booklets in the print shop. Today some of them are being re-circulated, such as Eagle Saints Arise, and The Harness of the Lord.

During that year, I was asked to be the piano player for the
church, and thoroughly enjoyed the influx of young adults who came to be a part of the Bible school, where my parents taught some of the courses.

I found a box of letters from some girl to a 'Dennis' in the attic of the parsonage we lived in, but I left them alone. Later I would find out that he had also lived there for a time and helped work in Bill's print shop.

**Meeting Dennis**

During that year, I rode with my family to Lubbock, Texas, to attend a conference. There I met Dennis, whose family had come from California. It was mutual attraction at first sight! We were both so "stylish". I had made myself a full-length "maxi" dress with a short, fringed jacket. I had long straight hair parted down the middle. He wore cool bell-bottoms and suspenders, and played a twelve-string, electric guitar. Dennis sang with all his heart with a great voice and exuberant motions. He had been ordained as an elder and was preaching the Word at eighteen years of age.

We were inseparable throughout the conference and then with sad hearts parted ways to return home. A week later Dennis proposed to me by telephone. I was fifteen and he had just turned nineteen! My dad asked Dennis to wait until I was eighteen to get married, and we did.

When he spoke to our church leader about his intentions toward me, the pastor told him he had better pray about living in Peru since that is where I was from. We lived apart from each other in various states in the United States until my family moved back to Peru, where we were married.
Chapter 3—Dennis' Childhood

Growing Up

Impacted by Latter Rain and Azusa Street

While I was being raised in Peru as a child in the 1950s and 1960s, Dennis was being impacted by the Lord in California. Raised by parents, Frank and Allene Walker, who were pastors in California and Washington. They had been impacted by an overflow of the Latter Rain Movement. They also interacted with some who had been part of the Azusa Street Revival. They saw the Lord move in healings and miracles, with the restoration of the gifts of the Spirit. The five-fold ministry was being preached and many prophets were prophesying in the 1950s and '60s.

Family Healings

Healings frequently occurred in Dennis' family. His brother, Doug, was diagnosed with polio one day, and the doctor told his mom to rush him straight to the emergency room at the hospital. On the way there, Allene stopped at home and called Frank out to the car where they prayed for him. When they arrived at the hospital to begin his treatments, they found nothing wrong with the boy! The doctor later asked, "You didn't take him straight to the hospital, did you?" He knew they believed in praying for the sick, and the Lord had shown his power to heal.

Dennis, the fifth of six children, became very ill as a baby and screamed in pain whenever he was touched. One night his parents brought him to church on a pillow believing God would heal him. During the meeting the Lord asked Frank a difficult question. "Will you offer your son, Dennis, to me?" He struggled with this request and wept the whole meeting, thinking God was asking to take his life. The Lord asked him again, "Will
you offer him up to me?" Finally, Frank surrendered and said, "Yes, Lord, I offer him to you!" Suddenly, the guest speaker, David Schock, walked over to Dennis and laid hands on him. Dennis was instantly healed!

**Tommy Hicks**

A revivalist named Tommy Hicks came through to minister in the church that Frank and Allene pastored in about 1957. As he would wave his hands over the congregation, everyone in that section would fall under the power of God. Many healings occurred.

Dr. Hicks was used to begin a mighty revival in Argentina in the 1950s, and prayed for President Peron to be healed. When Peron was instantly healed, he opened the doors for Hicks to hold revival meetings in large stadiums at no cost throughout Argentina. The power of God fell as many were healed and saved, and a mighty revival broke out.

When Tommy Hicks was getting ready to leave the Walker's church in California, Dennis, just five years old, ran up and handed him a coin as an offering. Dr. Hicks grabbed his hand and said, "This makes us partners in ministry!" and he blessed him. Without knowing any of this, many years later, a prophet of God, Lou Engle, told Dennis that he had the mantle of the revivalist Tommy Hicks on his life!

**Revival Meetings**

Dennis' family attended many healing revival meetings including those of William Branham, A. A. Alan, and Oral Roberts, as they were always seeking the presence of the Lord wherever He was moving. They fellowshipped with several who had been impacted by an overflow of the Latter Rain Movement, such as Dick Iverson, Leonard Fox, Dr. Wyatt, David Schock, David Copp, and Violet Kitely, and were blessed by their ministries. At one point, Dennis went forward at an altar call for those who would give their lives to missionary work.

**Rebellious Years**
Dennis was saved as a child, but during his teens, he rebelled. Years later, I joked with him that while I was in Peru picking lice out of my brothers' and sisters' hair, he was beginning to experiment with marijuana in California. We were definitely in different cultures!

**Turning Point**

Dennis hit a turning point at about the age of fifteen. At this point he was living a double life, appearing okay at home, but doing drugs at school. He had decided he didn't have enough self-discipline to live the Christian life, and had given up. Being so miserable internally, he would often pick on his sister, till one day it ended in a shoving fight. Their caretaker said she was going to report to his parents what a "devil" he was.

When his parents got the report from the lady, they headed home. Dennis laid in bed expecting to be disciplined as usual, but had decided in his heart, "They can say or do whatever they want to me, but I'm going to be like a rock and not feel anything." They didn't come into his room, so he thought, "They're just making me think about it first." Finally he thought, "I'm going to go force their hand and get it over with, but I'm not going to feel anything." So he stormed into the kitchen where his Mom was.

"Well, don't you have anything to say to me?" he snapped.

She paused, looked at him, and said, "Yes, there's something I've been meaning to say. We love you."

Dennis was not prepared for this at all, and suddenly the rock inside of him broke. He went to his room and wept, because he knew these were God's words to him. He heard God say, "Even when you are doing the worst that you can, I still love you."

At that point, Dennis prayed in total surrender, "Lord, I've been such a failure. If you can do anything with my life, I give you permission." Dennis' mother had prayed asking God what to do, and He had given her the words to say. Her obedience unlocked the door of surrender in his life.
A Budding Minister

From that point on, Dennis dedicated himself to studying the Word, listening to the Lord, hearing tapes, and eventually preaching. His mom continuously encouraged him to hear the voice of the Lord, personally. The Lord used his Dad to let him grow as a preacher. They would go on the road throughout the United States and Frank would allow him speak from time to time.

His Parents' Ministry

Anointed and Gifted

Both Dennis' parents are powerful preachers and teachers of the Word, and have moved in the gifts of the Spirit. Allene was very anointed as a musician, worship leader, intercessor, and as an expounder of biblical truths. Frank was a "weeping" prophetic preacher, who often had words of knowledge concerning people, which would open them up to the Holy Spirit.

Discipling Others

Frank and Allene ended up discipling many young people into ministry, with a total of about thirty living in their home at one time. Communal living was quite vogue at that time, even in the church, and served its purpose as an alternative to the "free love" communal living in the hippie movement which was going strong in the late 1960s and early 1970s. During this season, a mighty outpouring of the Spirit, called the Jesus Movement, occurred among the hippies, sweeping the nation, and transforming much of a generation.

Trained to Hear God's Voice

Needing Direction

At age seventeen, Dennis had his first job installing radios in police cars, as he specialized in electronics. But one day he was
laid off work, and he sought the Lord for direction in his life. He asked his mother to join him in prayer, so she went to one room and he to another as they waited on the Lord. They came together later and had the same word from the Lord—Dennis was to go to Springfield, Missouri, and help Pastor Bill Britton with his printing ministry. So Dennis called, and they were delighted, saying he was an answer to prayer since most of the laborers were going away for the summer.

**The Test of Giving**

Dennis counted his money, and there was barely enough for a bus ticket, but not for food on the trip. His parents lived on such meager offerings, that they couldn't help him. He knew not to ask people for his needs; but instead, he asked the Lord.

That weekend, a black preacher came to visit Dennis' parents. His Bible was falling apart, and the Lord told Dennis, "Give him ten dollars for a new Bible."

"But Lord! If I give him ten dollars, I won't even have enough for a bus ticket!"

"Give him ten dollars," the thought came again. As the preacher was about to leave, Dennis slipped him a ten-dollar bill and told him God wanted him to have a new Bible.

Dennis shut himself in his room that evening and began to talk to the Lord. "I thought I had heard from you about going on this trip. It's time to go, and now I don't even have money for the bus fare, so what do I do?"

"Pack your bags!" he heard. So Dennis packed his bags and went to bed.

The next morning there was a knock on the door. A family from church was taking a road trip and had stopped to say goodbye. They were going to be stopping off in Springfield, Missouri on their way. Dennis said, "What a coincidence! I'm going there too; maybe I'll see you."

"It's too bad you're not packed or you could jump in and ride with us right now," they offered.
"I am packed!" he answered. So at their urging, he rode with them and they even insisted on paying for all his meals. He arrived at his destination with money left in his pocket, all because he had obeyed the voice of God.

He worked through the summer, and then the regular crew of guys returned from their trip. Dennis' previous boss wanted him to come back to work, and he returned home, all in God's perfect timing.

This was one of many life lessons in learning to be led by the Holy Spirit which would be so useful in the mission-field of Peru, and even beyond.
Chapter 4—To Peru

Challenging Arrivals

Desperate to Learn Spanish

Dennis headed to Peru at the age of twenty, and when he arrived, he decided to call my Dad, who wasn't sure what day he was arriving. Dennis discovered that the airport phone was an old style with no numbered dial, where you had to talk to an operator, but he couldn't speak a word of Spanish! So he sat there trying to figure out what to do. Finally, a taxi driver walked up to him and spoke to him in English, offering to help. After getting charged way more than he should have for a ride to his destination, Dennis was determined to learn the language.

He took Spanish lessons for several months, and forced himself to think in Spanish throughout the day. He was bold to try out the language, mistakes and all. One day, when the floors were wet, he asked everyone to please remove the watermelons from their feet! He eventually tried preaching, and in one village, preached a whole sermon on how Jesus washed the disciples feet in a potty. He couldn't understand why everyone laughed, and even the pastor poked fun by saying, "Now I know why Peter didn't want his feet washed!" But in spite of the trials and errors in learning, within a short time he became fluent in Spanish, as a speaker, a writer, and a translator.

Small Plane, Precarious Trip

A few months after he arrived in Peru, I was in Florida and our church leader in Miami asked a church elder, who had just obtained his pilot's license, to fly my sister, Debbie, and me back to our folks in Peru. He consented, and the trip was unforgettable! It ended up taking four days to get to Peru in the single-engine airplane because of the constant need for gasoline,
and bad weather. Sometimes the engine would die in mid-air and he would crank the propeller from inside. My sister and I took turns as "co-pilot." Don, the pilot, would swing the steering wheel over to our side and we would fly the small airplane up and down over the clouds like a snowmobile.

We stopped in various towns of Nassau, Jamaica, Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru. In Colombia, we landed in a small village in the middle of the jungle, and were told the gasoline "may come in tomorrow." They said an American lived up the path, and pilots would hang out at his place, so we went to see if he could offer us a place to stay. What a fiasco! There were full-length nude pictures all over his hut, so we politely, but very quickly, left. With no other alternative, we spent the night in the plane, fighting off mosquitoes. The next day, gasoline arrived, and we continued on.

Our pilot had only a visual license, not instrumental, so we simply turned around whenever weather looked bad. At our next stop, we were glad to see an airport tower, and asked the traffic controller for a weather report. To our dismay, he merely craned his neck to look off in the distance and decided it looked fine. Dubious, we took off, and yet again quickly came back to wait out another approaching storm.

Near the end of our trip we had no choice but to bounce through a storm, flying high over the Andes Mountains in Peru, as we had no other place to land. God's grace kept us from crashing into any mountain since we could not see where we were going. Finally we arrived in Lima to find that my parents and Dennis, my fiance at the time, had been fasting, praying, and looking for us daily at the airport for four days.

**Bus Crash**

The bus ride over the mountains to Tingo Maria was over a winding, narrow, unpaved road and took twenty hours. We rode with the chickens, pigs, and screaming babies. The altitude combined with hairpin turns caused many to be sick. During the night, on the high Andes Mountains road, with very little oxygen
to breathe at fourteen thousand feet, the bus driver fell asleep. My dad yelled out to him as he saw him miss a turn in the road, but it was too late. We crashed into a beer truck parked by the side of the road at the edge of the precipice, and glass and beer sprayed back over us. My parents were quite banged up, and my sister's foot was crushed under a buckling seat. We caught a ride to the nearest hospital in the back of a passing pickup truck.

We spent the night in hospital beds, taking oxygen because of splitting headaches from the altitude. We were in Cerro de Pasco, and at over fourteen thousand feet, it is the highest city of its size in the world. We were amazed to see kids playing soccer outside, when every step would knock the wind out of us.

The next day Dennis and I caught a taxi to cross the mountains and my sister accompanied us with a wrapped bandage on her foot. My parents stayed behind long enough to get our luggage from the wrecked bus. Finally, we all arrived in the jungle city of Tingo Maria and continued on to the community outside of town, Inti, which became our home for the next few years. Our entire trip had taken us from the desert coast, over the high mountains, and down into the high jungle.

**Jungle Wedding**

Eight months after I returned home to Peru, Dennis and I were married. I was now eighteen and he was twenty-one. I made my own wedding dress and baked a small chocolate cake, made from the cocoa beans growing in the cocoa trees nearby. The church folk decorated our plain, wooden church with beautiful flowers from the jungle. Dad married us during a Sunday morning service. The elders prayed and prophesied over us, and then we returned to our seats for the rest of the meeting.

For our honeymoon, we took a canoe ride upriver to town, as the rains had washed out the bridge. In Tingo Maria, we found a new hotel that had just opened, so we decided to try it. Unfortunately, there were no drapes yet, so we asked for a room high up as all the rooms faced each other. The shower had cold water, the bed was a hard, hay mattress, and our first meal
included a cockroach in my fries. But we were married! And we were in Peru to serve the Lord.

Our New Baby

A year later, in 1975, our beautiful first daughter, Tracie, was born. At a very young age she became fluent in both English and Spanish. People on the street would reach out and touch her soft blonde hair, an unusual sight in our jungle town.

Self-sufficient Living
We lived in various jungle towns, beginning in Inti, and grew our own food. I cooked from scratch, sewed and hand-washed our clothes, taught school in the communities, and played the accordion for meetings. We raised farm animals and Dennis worked the fields, swinging a machete for hours a day to clear the land of jungle weeds, planting seed and harvesting crops. (Dennis still has a callous that remains from that machete). He also played the guitar and preached the Word wherever we were.

God's Provision

The Lord led us and provided for us time and again. One day when we lived at Inti, Dennis felt that the Lord spoke to him to travel to Pucallpa to minister along the river. Dennis had to be in Pucallpa by a certain date to catch the boat that would travel the river. He had asked God for the financial provision by a set date in order to make the trip. We had no money, but trusted that the Lord would provide. The date arrived and he waited most of the day for God's provision, and finally figured he must have missed it, so he put his work clothes on and when back out into the fields to work.

Suddenly, a neighbor who was walking by a path heading to the river, stopped, looked at Dennis, and asked him if he'd like a ride into town. Dennis was surprised, because normally the neighbors stayed away from us. Most of them were growing and selling cocaine, and were afraid we would inform on them if we saw anything. In fact, we had informed once when it was being done on our property, and large sacks of cocaine were confiscated. But, surprisingly, this man was offering him a ride to town!

Dennis replied, "Sure, but I don't have money to pay for the boat ride."

"That's alright, I'm offering to take you at no cost."

So Dennis ran back to his room, changed clothes, packed quickly, and took the canoe ride from Inti to Tingo Maria.

He arrived at the home of a friend, Mario, who mentioned
that he had heard Dennis was going on a trip.

"And how are you getting there?" Mario asked.

Dennis had no money to go by plane or by bus, but he figured the bus would be cheaper so he said, "By bus."

"Oh no, you must go by plane! I will buy your ticket," Mario insisted. So he took him to the agency, just when they were rolling the gate down to close for the day. "Wait! I must buy a ticket for my friend!" he called, and because he was well known in town, they consented. And so the Lord provided for Dennis' whole trip to Pucallpa, on the very day, but at the last possible moment.

Mario's family had previously taken us in when I was pregnant with Tracie, and paid a doctor to attend the home-birth. Meanwhile, Dennis assisted Mario in his export butterfly business.

**A New Church is Born**

While we stayed in Mario's home, he and his family were still attending the Catholic church, and became involved with a Charismatic Catholic group. The Charismatic movement was sweeping the world in the 1970s, and the Holy Spirit was sweeping through many mainline churches. In this church, there was still not full acceptance among the head priests. A charismatic priest had just been sent away, and the small Spirit-filled group was left without a leader. So the people asked Dennis to come speak there, and asked me to play the organ, so we did.

Several began to be saved and filled with the Spirit. We even visited the convent and a nun was baptized in the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues! She knitted booties and a sweater in preparation for our baby, and was a very bubbly, loving person, but soon she was sent away to another town by higher ups because of their concern for her experience. Before long the whole Charismatic group of people, hungry for the Lord, was asked to leave the Catholic Church. They became part of a new church plant in Tingo Maria.
After Tracie's birth, we moved back to the community farm at Inti, but we would make regular trips to Tingo Maria to minister at the new church group meeting there.

Cattle-buying Trips

One day, Dennis and a group of men decided to buy some cattle and horses, and found a Peruvian guide to show them the way over the mountains. The walk became more difficult as they climbed higher, with the air becoming thinner and the cold more penetrating. Before long, they had climbed above the tree line, where they decided to sleep for the night. Suddenly, an icy penetrating rain fell, and their bedding was drenched, so they decided to keep walking to avoid frostbite. Their feet began to go numb, their backpacks felt heavier, and they were absolutely exhausted. Then the guide fell to the ground and said, "Leave me here to die! I can't go on anymore!"

Dennis yelled at him, ordering him to get up! He was not about to let him die and leave them stranded! The guide reluctantly continued on.

A small, adobe hut with a smoking chimney appeared off in the distance. What a welcome sight! When they arrived there, they realized that this place was strategically located here on the pathway over the mountain pass, as a stopping place to serve hot food to weary travelers. Dennis and the team were happy to have a hot meal and gathered around the fireplace to warm themselves. Dennis extended his extremely cold feet toward the fire. Suddenly someone warned him, as he did not realize that his plastic shoes were melting! He had no choice but to wear the warped soles the rest of the journey.

Even though the guide had estimated that the trip would take only a couple of days, it actually took ten! Descending into a valley, they saw people reaping grain with a sickle and finally arrived at the place to buy cattle. On the return trip, they had to blindfold the animals they had purchased to lead them carefully over logs stretching across mountain passes. Rivers looked like ribbons, hundreds of feet below the makeshift bridges.
After a few days, they met up with a single, long line of mountain men, trotting along a path over the mountains with small bundles tied to their backs. A man riding a horse and holding a rifle was behind them. Suddenly, this man stopped Dennis and the men with him and asked what they were doing in these parts. They explained that they were simply buying cattle, and the guide assured him that it was true. The realization sank in that these men sprinting over the mountains were carrying bundles of cocaine to be smuggled out of the country, and that they took this route to avoid being caught. The leader, herding them along like animals, wanted to make sure Dennis was not part of the American Drug Enforcement Agency. Dennis probably would have been shot if his guide hadn't been known in the area! Finally, Dennis and the others came home, totally worn out and with full-grown beards.

Sleeping with the Pigs

Another time, the son of a neighbor offered to show Dennis another place to buy cattle "a la vuelta," or just around the corner. So Dennis went walking with him, and "just around the corner" ended up being a trip lasting all day. In the evening, they realized they were going to have to spend the night somewhere, and the boy said he knew someone up ahead with whom they could stay.

When they walked up to the home, they were met with rifles drawn. Seeing a white "gringo," they probably suspected he must be a "pishtako." He was coming to kill them and render their fat for oil to run his private airplane! It was amazing how widespread this superstition was. The young boy assured them he was just looking for farm animals to buy. They were invited inside to eat, and Dennis was asked if he liked beef. "Oh, si," he responded exuberantly as he was starved.

They brought him a bowl of soup filled with hunks of beef in it. He dug in, but was repulsed by the sour taste. It looked like there was a little bit of rice floating in the soup, and he attempted to keep eating, as this was a way to show acceptance toward the ones serving it. Suddenly the "rice" was dropping...
from the rafters. He looked up and saw a big slab of beef hanging from the rafters, and maggots were crawling all over it! Now he realized what he was eating, and why it tasted sour.

Since the family filled their one-room hut, they offered to allow Dennis to sleep on a board under the stilted house. So Dennis stretched out on the board to catch some sleep. What he didn't realize was that this was the very board that the sheep and goats slept on, and the pigs wanted to snuggle up for warmth! So he had to fight them off all night. After a sleepless night, and no luck at finding the animals he wanted, Dennis and his young guide headed home.

**Promise of Revival in Peru**

After a couple of years, we moved from Inti to nearby Rondos and lived on a coffee plantation, and then moved on to a remote area in the jungle called Anuya near the Pisqui River. During those years Dennis traveled and ministered in various cities and villages throughout the country.

At one time he traveled by bus to the northern coast of Peru with Mike Grimshaw, a missionary from England who was living in Peru. On the trip, Dennis had a visitation from the Lord, where he sensed the Lord sitting next to him in the bus. He spoke to him that he would be part of a great revival in Peru that would sweep the nation and showed him a vision of fire sweeping the map of Peru. The experience so impacted him, that he has held it in his heart as a promise from the Lord from that time.
Chapter 5—Leaving the Jungle

Turning Breakings into Blessing

Illness and Discouragement

We returned to the United States for a six-month stay. We traveled and ministered with Dennis' folks around the country and worked for a time in Miami. Then we went back to Peru, where we expected to live for the rest of our lives. When we arrived at Tingo Maria, our plan was to go deep into the jungle to live and minister. Our plans, however, were disrupted when I learned I was pregnant, and became very ill with a gall bladder infection.

During this time, Dennis began to go through a time of discouragement, re-evaluating all he believed in, and further postponed our plans. I didn't understand what he was going through, didn't respond well, and tensions grew in our marriage. Several months later, out of the blue, Dennis' grandmother felt to send us money to bring us back to the United States for our baby to be born.

Babies Born in Texas

We flew from Lima, Peru to Miami and traveled with Dennis' folks from Florida to Cedar Hill, Texas, where a family asked us to stay until the baby was born. We attended a church where we became friends with a man who was an orthodontist working with a team of cleft lip and palate specialists in Dallas.

Only God knew ahead of time that our son would be born with a cleft lip and palate. He probably would not have survived in the jungle. It was a time of breaking for me, and I felt quite helpless as our baby was taken from a home delivery to the hospital, where we had to learn how to feed him. At this point, Dennis drew close to me, thanked me for our son, and asked that
he be named after him. It was an embracing of the breaking—a place of surrender, of unconditional trust in God, and of character formation—and our marriage was strengthened in a time that could easily have been strained further.

Our new friend hooked us up with the team of specialists, including one of the best surgeons in the nation who lived close by. The Lord in his grace and mercy had used every seemingly negative event in this season of our life, and turned it for our own blessing!

We moved to Lubbock, Texas, where Dennis managed a stereo store for several years, and where our daughter, Kelly, was born. We realized that our dreams of returning to Peru were not to be, as she was also born with a cleft lip and palate, and the two youngest would need surgeries throughout their growing years. Yet we embraced this time of breaking in our lives. Little did we know that the Lord had bigger plans for us!

**Breakings Turn to Blessings**

We learned a very important lesson. As we gave up our plans and dreams of living in Peru for the rest of our lives it was a time of death of our dreams. Yet God amazingly turned these times into stepping-stones to greater blessings as we entrusted ourselves to the Lord!

After our children were born, someone gave us a word from the Lord that the birth defect was not because of sin, but to manifest God’s glory. I came to understand that in our fallen world, imperfect things happen. Years later, we would see that God used the very mouths of our lovely children in ministry. All three of them became anointed worship leaders, as they sang beautifully, played instruments, and were used to prophetically minister the word of the Lord.

**Transitions**

From Texas, we moved for a year to Atlanta, Georgia. While there, in 1984, the Lord had us leave the "Move," the Christian group we had belonged to for over twenty years that was now
Leaving the Jungle

operating in legalism and control. We began to attend a small church led by the Cameron family from Scotland. They showered us with love for three months as we wept, while we received the unconditional love of the Father. This was such a necessary step in our lives, and we will always be grateful for it.

Around this time, Dennis' brother, David Walker, called us from Las Vegas, Nevada, asking us to pray about coming to be a part of the church he co-pastored, maybe to start a mission's work.

We decided to visit my parents in Orlando, Florida, my birthplace, and to take our three children to Disney World. On the drive home, the Lord spoke to us that it was His will for us to move to Las Vegas.

In the next church meeting back home in Georgia, a lady stood up and said, "This word is for someone here. You have been here one year and the Lord is closing doors behind you and opening new doors before you." We realized we had been in Atlanta for exactly one year! We had the confirmation to head for Las Vegas.
Chapter 6—To Las Vegas

Doors of Expectancy and Breakings

Humble Beginnings

We loaded up, and moved across the country to Las Vegas. During our first church meeting there, a man who didn't know us turned to Dennis and prophesied, "The Lord says He has closed doors behind you and opened new doors before you!"

So we began adventures in the Lord in Las Vegas, a place we would never have thought to live, that were full of both trials and blessings. We started out living in the garage of the home of Dennis' sister, Dara, and began a wallpapering and painting business so we could set our own hours, in order to also give time to the work of the Lord.

No one knew us at church, and no doors were opening, so Dennis would come to the church secretary to ask how he could help. She had him repair doors, hang wallpaper in the bathrooms, and paint the walls. For several months, he readily served in these ways.

After struggling with the business for a couple of years, it seemed we were further from the call of God on our lives. The promise that Dennis had heard from the Lord years ago, that he would be part of a great revival in Peru, seemed totally out of reach, and he became more and more discouraged.

Mountain Top Surrender

Dennis decided to do something about it. He got up one morning, took our son, Denny, with him, and went to climb one of the mountains surrounding Las Vegas. There he cried out to God. He asked God why He had given him hopes and promises concerning Peru when we were further from its fulfillment than
ever. In fact, all he was doing was coming home a different color each day from painting houses! He was offering up some serious "complaining prayer." But then he got quiet to listen to the Lord's reply.

"Who is God?" God asked. "You, or me?"

"You are, Lord."

"What if all I have for you is to become a good, Christian painter for the rest of your life?" "I'll do it, Lord," he replied.

Then he built an altar of stones, found a dry, twisted piece of wood and placed it on the altar as a representation of himself, and offered himself anew to the Lord, releasing all expectations. It was an Abrahamic moment, so to speak. All Abraham's promises were found in Isaac, but God asked him to offer Isaac up. And Dennis offered up all his expectations and promises. When he did so, it was a point of breaking, of surrender, and of faith. Dennis came down from that mountain with the weight lifted off, and with peace in his heart. He would be content with whatever came his way.

We have learned that before every level of promotion in the Lord, he takes us through a new level of breaking and surrender. It's so important to embrace these times.

**Confronting Terrorism**

Very shortly thereafter, doors in Peru began to open sovereignly. In 1989 Dennis put together a crusade where about 8,000 attended each night. During the day, we held training for about five-hundred pastors and leaders. This was during a time of terrorism in the nation of Peru with the Shining Path guerrillas. About thirteen mayors in a row had been killed. We had been warned not to go to Peru because of the danger, but we felt God said "Go." Our message was "Christ is our Peace" which believers plastered in signs all over the city of Pucallpa.

Military presence was strong around the city because of terrorism. Even young boys had been recruited as armed guards around the airport, and barbed wire blocked entry for any not
traveling.

On a live TV interview, Dennis was asked the question, "Do you believe in violence as a means to social justice?" It was a volatile question because if he said "yes" then he was in danger with the military police, and if he said "no" he was in danger with the terrorists.

Then God gave him an inspiration. He asked this question, "Where do wars come from?"

"We don't know," they responded.

"The Bible says that wars come from the lusts of men's hearts. Which of the political options can change the hearts of men?" Dennis asked.

"None."

"That's why we're here. To bring the message that Christ can change the hearts of men."

During one of the crusades, a bomb exploded outside the walls of the stadium. A man came forward later and said he had actually planted the bomb under the platform because he had wanted to kill us "gringos," including our daughter, Tracie, who had done a couple of interpretative dances during worship. The convicting power of the Holy Spirit fell on him, and he moved the bomb outside the stadium before it exploded. He then came forward and gave his life to the Lord.

During this crusade, many were healed, blind eyes were opened, and about two thousand accepted Christ as their Savior. Hundreds of pastors and leaders were taught, housed, and fed during that week. Months later we heard reports that after our visit there, violence had stopped. The message of "Christ is our Peace" had born fruit.

Las Vegas, Our Home Base

While Dennis was waiting on the Lord in a hotel in Pucallpa, Peru, preparing for this crusade, the Lord spoke to him that we would not be returning to Peru to live permanently. The Lord said to raise up a Spanish-speaking church which would be
a launching pad to reach Latin America and that we should buy a home in Las Vegas.

The Lord miraculously provided a home for us to buy. On the day of closing, we lacked most of the down payment, so we gathered the family together to pray. Right then, a friend who worked with us came to the door. He usually had no money, but during our trip to Peru, God had blessed him, and he loaned us what we needed for the down payment. Within two months, we were able to pay him back, as God blessed our business.

In 1989, we started a Spanish congregation in Las Vegas and continued to serve in the English-speaking congregation. By now, Dennis had become more known in ministry, and was an elder in the church.

We are so thankful to the Lord for Christian Life Community church in the 1980s and 90s, for the intimate worship, for drawing new ones to the Lord, and for the love and care shown in home groups. Even though the church would eventually go through splits based on various differences, it was an important step in our Christian walk.

**Marriage Seminars**

For the first time in our lives, we attended seminars and church "sweetheart banquets" which impacted our marriage. This was a new experience for us as we had not been taught on marriage in the group we had been in. This had put an unnecessary strain on our young marriage. As a result of these teachings, which blessed our marriage, Dennis and I began giving marriage and child-rearing seminars in various churches in the United States and Latin America. During ministry times, we allowed the Lord to deal with root issues in marriages, and healings came.

One pastor and his wife came to us for a private appointment as a last resort to save their marriage. Before we began talking, Dennis suggested we wait quietly on the Lord for a few moments to hear what he would say. Dennis wrote down what he heard were the root causes of the problems, and set the paper
aside. Then he allowed them each to speak of all their complaints against one another as Dennis listed them on a whiteboard. After a couple of hours, they were finally done. Dennis drew a large "X" through the list, and said, "None of these are the real problems. They are only the symptoms. Are you ready to deal with the root issues?" They agreed.

As we took them to separate rooms to pray for them individually, Dennis whispered in my ear that the woman had been raped by a family member. Turning to her, he told her to tell me something she had never told anyone. Then he took the husband to another room and we each ministered to the root issues. The words he had received from the Lord had been true. As a result of past wounds, they had each made inner vows that they would never be controlled by the opposite sex, and the walls of contention were destroying their marriage. After we were done ministering, breaking inner vows, leading them to release people who had hurt them to the Lord, and asked the Holy Spirit to heal the hurts, we had them meet together to talk privately and build one another up. They thanked us and drove back home to California. A year later, we heard from them that the marriage had totally turned around the day we met, and the church was doing very well. The Holy Spirit had healed a marriage in one session!

**Moving In Healing**

**Healing Seminars**

During the late 1980s and early 1990s, we began attending training conferences by John Wimber from the Vineyard Christian Fellowship in California to learn how to pray for the sick by listening to the Lord. We were taught that sickness was caused by spiritual, emotional, or physical reasons, and as we listened to the Lord, we could get to the root cause. We had only known the traditional Pentecostal style of praying that often looked anointed, but didn't produce much fruit, because we were copying prayers and mannerisms we had learned, instead of listening to the Lord.
We helped form a Healing Prayer Team at our church in Las Vegas and began holding seminars. People with healing needs came to us for appointments.

A Marriage and Womb Healed

On our very first appointment with a couple who had both marriage and healing needs, we felt to pray for them separately. Dennis and another brother took the man for prayer, and I and another lady took the woman for prayer. Not only did the Lord turn the marriage around by focusing in on the root issues of displaced anger toward parents, but He totally healed the woman from a tumor! She said that when she went for the biopsy, the lady doctor checked her, then walked to the window, then checked her again. Finally she asked her, "What did you do? There is nothing there!" She quickly explained what the Lord had done. This healing blew our minds, and built our faith.

Cancer Disappears

One woman with thirty-nine tumors in her abdomen came to the office we used for healing prayer. She had no hair because of chemo treatments, but they hadn't helped. As we waited on the Lord, the Lord spoke the word "abort" to Dennis. When he asked the lady what this word meant to her—he didn't feel she had had an abortion—she thought about it for a minute. Then she remembered that her mom had told her that her dad had tried to abort her by kicking her mother in the stomach. Her father had wished her dead. She continued by telling us that her mother had told her later that she wished she had never been born. This was death wish number two. Now she felt that if she died, her husband might get saved. She had joined them in the death wish over herself. The curse over her life was a death wish. We led her through prayer to break these curses and to release forgiveness towards her parents. Immediately, we felt a heavy blanket of peace come over the room, and we just soaked in it for a time.

A week later, she went to California for her scheduled CAT scan. After going through the procedure, they called her in to
have it done again as they thought maybe the machine wasn't working. When they tested again, it showed that not one tumor was found! Shortly thereafter her beautiful red hair grew back and her healing was complete.

**Witchcraft and the Tumor**

One woman who came for healing prayer was a Cuban lady with a cancerous tumor. We soaked her in prayer, waiting on the Lord. Suddenly my husband got a word of knowledge. "Have you been involved in witchcraft?"

"No, never!" she replied, so we continued waiting on the Lord in prayer. Nothing changed, so we had her come in the following week for another appointment.

Again, Dennis asked her, "Are you sure you were never involved in witchcraft?"

She emphatically replied "No" again.

This continued every week until the seventh week when Dennis asked her again if she hadn't performed some kind of witchcraft. She finally mumbled something about having mixed a potion and done a little something to make a bad neighbor move away, but that was all. Dennis let her know that what she had done was witchcraft, and that it had brought a curse on her life, which included this tumor in her body. He led her in prayer to renounce and break what she had done, and to ask the Lord to forgive her. She readily complied.

As we waited on the Lord, suddenly I could feel in my body where her tumor was, which was a word of knowledge. So I laid my hand on her where I felt it and commanded it to leave. I felt it leave, since I felt the sensation leave my body. I exclaimed, "It's gone!" Immediately, I covered my mouth and said, "Oops."

We had been trained not to tell people they were healed, but to let them discover it for themselves, and to have it confirmed by a doctor. The reason was simply that in some circles of the Christian faith, many were being told to believe they were healed even if they didn't see the manifestation, which often
resulted in guilt and condemnation for "not having enough faith." So no doctor's care was sought, in the name of "faith", and no prayer of truly hearing from the Lord was pursued. Yet, in this instance I believe a word of faith rose up in me as a result of truly hearing from God. "Faith comes by hearing."

We told the woman to have it checked by a doctor, and sure enough, the tumor was totally gone! The spiritual root cause of witchcraft had been revealed and broken, and the tumor had to go.

**Planting Spanish Churches in Las Vegas**

**Restoring Wounded Pastors**

During our years in Las Vegas, the Lord had us plant several Spanish churches either directly, or by restoring wounded pastors back into ministry. We ministered to these pastors, gave them renewed vision, and hooked them up with various English churches. This provided them with a building to meet in, and provided the English congregations with a Spanish outreach. Several of those churches are still going strong today.

**Clown Drummer**

When we began to raise our first Spanish church, we started with an interesting group. Our drummer, Liz, usually came to church straight from work dressed as a clown, since that was her business. So we had a clown drummer! Liz begged Dennis to help her husband, Manny, a musician who was into drugs and alcohol. Dennis hunted him down in bars or in his dressing room at the casino between shows. Finally, Manny gave his heart to the Lord, as Dennis led him, and after a season of growth in the Lord, became our worship leader.

**Releasing a "Son" to Greater Ministry**

After several years of discipleship and faithful service, Manny and Liz met with us and told us their ministry would better fit in a church in town that ministered to ex-drug addicts and alcoholics. We prayed about it with an initial pang of
sadness in our hearts, yet we agreed. Even though Dennis had led Manny to the Lord, he knew that Jesus is the head of the whole church and that we should have a kingdom vision. So we had the pastor of the other church come to our meeting one Sunday, and we transferred Manny and Liz over to this pastor and blessed them to follow the leading of the Lord in their lives. Their ministry blossomed and mutual love between us continued.

Before long, he and his wife began ministering in various outreaches, even to other countries. Finally, he became pastor of a church in Las Vegas before passing away from diabetes. At the funeral, several ex-drug addicts told us of the impact Manny had had in their lives. Today Liz still works as a clown, has a TV ministry to children, and travels abroad to minister to children. We had released them to God's direction for their lives, and the fruit was good!

**Freed by Jesus**

A lady with mental problems came to our church, unable to drive or work any longer. She needed heavy medication to keep her sane and calm. She received prayer and suddenly felt the power of God go through her body. Before long, she was totally off medication, driving a car, and working again!

Another woman came to church and began manifesting demons during worship. Dennis asked for my Dad, who was there at the time, and a team to take her out of the service and minister to her. An exuberant deacon, Jorge, who was somewhat new in the Lord, was observing the process of the woman being delivered. When my Dad commanded the spirits to leave, Jorge ran to the door and, like a good gentleman, opened it so the demons could leave! We loved it. He was so excited to see her finally set free that he barged into the Spanish service, interrupted Dennis' preaching, and shouted, "How do you spell relief? J-E-S-U-S!" Everyone laughed and rejoiced as the woman was brought in totally set free!

**Less Work, More Pay**

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While we were raising up the Spanish congregation, Dennis and I were working hanging wallpaper, texturing, and painting. But we were having a hard time making ends meet. Finally Dennis went to the Lord in prayer. "Lord, I need more work to make ends meet," he said. Then he got quiet and listened to the Lord. Surprisingly, the Lord gave him a list of four clients and told him to call them up and tell them he could no longer work for them. He questioned this, reminding the Lord he needed more work, not less, but he obeyed the Lord. He called the four clients up and asked them to find someone else to work for them.

Amazingly, from that time on, we worked less hours, but made more money! This allowed us to give more time to the work of the Lord. I'm glad God understood what we really needed. Before long, the church took Dennis on as a paid pastor, but I continued to hang wallpaper for several more years to help supply for our home.

**Hispanic Culture**

As the church grew, I counted nineteen Spanish-speaking countries represented. They had come to live in Las Vegas from all over Mexico, Central American, South America, and the Caribbean Islands. After a time, we were able to distinguish where they were from, just by their accents. We found that we had to be careful not to use certain words that were offensive in some countries, yet not in others. Also some cultures had shy, quiet people, while others had loud, boisterous personalities. Sometimes people got offended with one another, yet they learned to love one another as the Holy Spirit moved in our midst.

I learned that folks from Argentina like to begin birthday parties at ten p.m. and go until past midnight. They eat pasta, Mexicans eat tortillas, and most other Hispanic nations eat rice. I learned that when you are invited to a Spanish baby shower at a certain time, it might not begin for a couple of hours. Greetings and farewells are formal, with women being kissed on the cheek, and children are trained from a young age to be courteous.
Adults pitch in to help one another. When they found out we needed a new roof on our house, a large group of men came one Saturday and installed it! Another time they painted our entire house. They loved eating potlucks together, and we often found weekly excuses to do so. They were a people full of love, fellowship, and cultural traditions.

Many became saved and filled with the Holy Spirit during our years of ministry, and we had a radio program for a time which included news of interest to the Spanish community, dramas, a "message for the heart," and women's themes which I addressed.

Raising the Dead in Las Vegas

Visiting Relatives in Heaven

On the way to the hospital in Las Vegas, where a dear lady from Cuba was dying, Dennis asked the Lord what to do about her. The Lord spoke to him that she and her husband had been very critical and bitter toward some leaders in the church, and that repentance needed to come so healing could flow. He had no way of knowing this in the natural as we had just returned from a stay in Peru. When he arrived, he went straight to the husband and asked him if he wanted his wife to live. He seemed surprised at such a question and replied, "Yes."

"Well then you need to repent of the sin of criticism and bitterness towards the leaders." The man fell on his knees and repented, saying it was true. Under Dennis's direction, the man also repented on behalf of his wife who was in a coma.

Dennis walked into her room to see a horrible sight. Her body was puffed up to twice its size, and she was being kept alive by machines. He walked up to her and commanded life back into her. Then he turned around and left the room, as he sensed he had done what the Lord had told him to do. He stopped outside the room, and by word of knowledge, told the daughter that her mom would be back because she wanted to see her grandkids grow up.
Later the woman told her story. She had already died and
gone to heaven and seen some of her relatives who had died
before. She greeted them, but told them she had to go back
because she wanted to see her grandkids grow up!

When Dennis commanded life back into her, she came out
of the coma, and a couple of days later, was released from the
hospital! She is still alive today, not only seeing her grandkids
grow up, but also her great-grandkids.

No Brain Waves

On another occasion, Dennis was called to the hospital as
the baby of a family in the church had drowned. The mother had
been bathing the little one, when another one of her children
answered the front door and a man came in. She quickly called
another daughter to come watch the baby, and left her in a tub
seat, while she ran to the front door, trying to get the man to
leave. He was dressed in white and was forcefully promoting
some new religion. By the time she got him out of the house and
returned to the bathroom, she found that the baby had slipped
under the water as the older sister had not understood what her
mom needed. The baby was not breathing.

The mom frantically called 911, but by the time the
ambulance arrived, several minutes had passed. The paramedics
put the baby on oxygen, and rushed her to the hospital where she
was hooked up to machines and a respirator.

After being notified, Dennis drove to the hospital, and asked
the Lord what to do. The Lord told him to ask the parents what
they wanted and He would do it.

As he approached the parents in the corridor of the hospital,
the medical staff was advising them to say goodbye to the baby
as she was brain-dead. They were going to disconnect the
machines. As the grieving parents headed toward the room,
Dennis asked if he could go in with them. Since he was their
pastor, they were glad to have him with them.

When they arrived in the room, Dennis asked them directly,
"What do you want from the Lord concerning your daughter?"

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The mom replied, "I want her back, even if she ends up with brain damage. I'd be willing to care for her the rest of her life." And the husband agreed.

So Dennis walked up to the baby and commanded her to come back. Then he turned around and left as, again, he felt he had completed what God told him to do. The nurses came in and unplugged everything, but the baby began to breathe on her own!! Within a few days she was released and sent home, with no apparent damage.

On the front page of the Las Vegas Review Journal, the head nurse and doctor were quoted as saying this was a "miracle baby." They had no medical explanation as to why she recovered. That baby grew into a normal young lady.

Satanists in Las Vegas

Infiltrations and Threats

Throughout our years in Las Vegas, we had infiltrations into both our English and Spanish congregations by various Satanists. Some were blatant and would come before each service to invoke spirits through their "runing" which were hand signs to attract demons. They brought satanic Bibles with them. Others came in supposedly looking for "help," but were sent to waste everyone's time. Before long, we got to be expert at spotting them, and we would just motion for some prayer warriors to stand behind them and start praying. Soon, they would take off running!

A Psychic Eye bookstore across the parking lot from our church held satanic meetings. Someone, possibly them, sent us faxes with goat heads on them, threatening us to leave the area "or else." One of our strong, warring couples actually went into the store, asking the Lord to hide who they were, slipped into the back room of the store where there was an altar set up, and broke the powers there, while the workers were busy tending to clients up front! We won the victory through prayer, and the Psychic Eye finally went out of business.
The Demonized Lady

Once, a woman called the office and asked if we helped demonized people, or if we sent them away like the other churches did. The secretary asked Dennis, and he immediately got a word from the Lord. "Tell her we help people, but we help them when we feel to and how we feel to."

Soon the lady showed up. After a few strange antics, Dennis was called to come quickly. There outside the bathroom, the woman was writhing on the floor, foaming at the mouth, and one of the brothers of the church was trying to cast the demon out. Dennis asked the secretary to call 911. He walked over to the woman and told her to knock it off because they had just called 911 to come take her away. Suddenly, in mid-writhe, she stopped, looked up at him and asked, "Who's going to pay for it?"

"You are! You're the fool who's on the floor!"

She stood up, pulled herself together, walked out, and drove away in her car, just as a fire truck pulled up! The brother who had been trying to cast the demon out asked Dennis if she didn't have demons. "Of course she does. But the Lord showed me when she called, that she likes the demons so she can get the attention of church leaders and become their main ministry. That's why I told her that we help people when we feel to and how we feel to."

Dennis walked outside and motioned to the fireman that the woman was driving away.

"Were you trying to cast demons out?" the fireman asked jokingly.

"Didn't get a chance," Dennis responded, smiling.

Blending in to Destroy

At one time, both my parents and Dennis' parents were living in Las Vegas with us, loving to see a time of fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit through renewal in our church. During one of our meetings, Dennis' dad observed all the people.
lying on the floor being touched by the Lord, and he commented, "They are all under the power of the Holy Spirit except for that young lady." And he pointed her out. It was true. The manifestations were similar, but there was a strange stare in her eyes, and then she began foaming blood at the mouth.

After quite an ordeal with her, we realized she did not want help but was there to wreak havoc. So we decided to fly her back where she came from. On her last day at church someone caught her thrusting her arm repeatedly in the air and releasing various spirits into the building. She was strongly confronted by a leader who asked what she was doing. Since she was being sent home anyway, she decided to confess. She had been sent by a satanic coven from California to infiltrate our church and destroy it, either by killing someone, causing division, or through seduction. We were on a list of churches that were a threat and were marked for destruction. She was in a panic and kept saying, "They didn't give me enough time! They didn't give me enough time!"

When we took her to the airport to send her home, she sat there in the departure area and began "runing" with her fingers to invoke spirits. Suddenly, people started coming to her from all over the waiting area, offering her ice cream and asking us why we were sending her home! The spirits in her must have been attracting the spirits in them. We waited there until we were sure she was on the airplane. Praise God! We were a threat to Satan, and yet his plans could not prevail!

**English-Speaking Congregation**

**Accommodating a Twenty-four-hour City**

Since people work shifts throughout a twenty-four-hour day in "the city that never sleeps," it is not easy finding meeting times for everyone. Churches in town began to offer a variety of time slots to choose from. Early services were especially offered for those who had worked night shifts.

**All are Welcome**
One Sunday, we had a woman walk in wearing a bikini! Another time, a man who had surgery to become a woman attended. Of course, we loved them all the same, as they all needed Jesus.

There was an entire family who got saved, but they would pick up donuts and coffee from our coffee bar, and file into church with the food as though it were a show! One Sunday we had a water baptism and the mom asked if she could be baptized. We said, "Of course!" After being baptized, she came to Dennis wanting to speak to him. She let him know that she was feeling a little bad about her job, and wanted advice as to whether she should change professions. He asked her what she did for a living, and she replied that she was a nude dancer! Thank God for the Holy Spirit's conviction.

Many casino-workers felt that their work place was their mission-field. Prayer meetings and Bible studies were held at break times. New ones were getting saved and delivered as they were taken to home meetings. Some churches would temporarily hold meetings in casino conference rooms, and employees would walk in and get saved. One of them was a fifty-year-old woman who later attended our church, and is now a missionary in Africa. She led a drug-addicted prostitute to the Lord who was dramatically transformed by God's love. Years later she became a missionary to France, planted a church under our oversight, and became a recognized intercessor in Europe.

One man, brought to church, was severely "messed up" and thought he was Jesus. We took him through deliverance and had him live in our home for a year. Today he is an associate pastor and a worship leader in town.

Some musicians and dancers from the strip got saved and began to serve the Lord at our church. One drummer was also Wayne Newton's drummer. His mother, who used to perform as a singer and dancer on the strip and traveled with Bob Hope for the USO, joined our worship team. She is a faithful woman of God who also has a ministry to a Senior Citizen's home.

One man, who plays Elvis on the strip, faithfully came to
our church after working all night, raised his hands to worship on Sunday mornings, paid his tithes, and went home to sleep.

We learned that the city where sin abounds, grace does much more abound. Hundreds of Christian churches have multiplied in Las Vegas to accommodate those hungering for the Lord.

**Renewal in Las Vegas**

**Impacted in Toronto**

In 1994 we were impacted by the renewal of the Airport Christian Fellowship in Toronto, Canada. Dennis and his brother, David, were asked to accompany other pastors from California to discern if this move was of God, so they went. From the very first meeting, they had to hold on to their seats, as they felt drunk in the Spirit. They had learned to recognize the presence of God, so they looked at each other and said, "This is God."

They saw God move on people's bodies. It was as if the power of electricity was moving on them, with many shaking, falling, and having other such manifestations. They saw the effects of God's power to bring inner transformation as well. Their "box" of how they thought God would move was blown apart, and they were massively blessed.

The heavenly Father was demonstrating his love in a tangible way as people wept, shook, or laughed. The heavy presence of God was being poured out, and was very transferable. As people came to receive, they would carry the mantle home to their congregations.

**Outpouring in Vegas**

Dennis drove from the airport after returning to Las Vegas from Toronto, in time for the Spanish service, which met on Sunday nights. The Lord told Dennis to watch whoever was being touched by the Lord the most during worship and to ask if they wanted more of Him. One of the ladies was weeping as she
worshipped the Lord, so he called her up and asked her if she wanted more of the Lord and she said, "Yes!" As he prayed for her, she fell under the power of God, and began shaking and laughing under the power of the Holy Spirit. This continued for a couple of hours, and was a new occurrence in our church. Dennis stepped off the platform to take a baby's blanket to cover her.

After a short preaching, Dennis asked for all those who were hungry for more of God to come forward. Almost the whole church came. The anointing fell on everyone as they fell under the power of God. Some wept, some laughed, some shook, some got drunk, and some just lay there, unable to move. I personally felt like a heavy blanket of peace was laying on me and I wept with the reality of His love and presence.

One teenager began to weep for over an hour. His father became concerned and tried to shake him out of it. He asked Dennis what he had done to him. Dennis replied, "I didn't do anything. It's the power of God on him. The Lord is doing a work in him." The dad left him awhile longer. Suddenly, the boy began to laugh and laugh as he continued to lay there under the power of the Holy Spirit. After about four hours, Dennis advised the dad to carry him home, and that he would be fine in the morning.

Little children lay for hours under the power of the Spirit. One five-year-old, who was a little rascal, lay very still. Finally his mother came over to check on him. He looked up at her and said, "Look, Mom, I can't move!" The presence of God was very heavy.

Testimonies

The next week, we heard the testimonies. The father of the teenager who cried and then laughed came and said that he didn't know that his son had been planning to commit suicide. When he was weeping under the power of the Spirit, God was healing him of all the reasons he wanted to end his life, and when he began to laugh, he was totally free! The mother of the baby,
whose blanket Dennis had borrowed, testified that when she went home and covered her six-month-old with the blanket, he began to laugh and laugh. Many were healed of hurtful events in their lives, and everyone felt the love of the Father wash over them.

Our three children were so impacted by a personal encounter with the Holy Spirit, that it transformed their lives forever. Tracie was caught up for a couple of days, receiving visions of coming events. Kelly's favorite pastime became to intercede in prayer with her friends as she received visions from the Lord. Denny's very character became tender as he wept and worshipped in the presence of the Lord. All three fell in love with Jesus as never before and I never had to be concerned for their spiritual life from then on.

I wept as I drove down the street, one day, saying, "Lord, this is what I had asked of you as a child riding on the back of my dad's motorcycle, when I asked for more of the reality of your presence." I was strongly feeling his presence and was falling in love with Him as never before.

A few churches in town were impacted by renewal, and we all began to have joint meetings from time to time to be refreshed in this great outpouring of the Spirit.

Harvest International Ministry

Prophetic Conference Impacts Us

In 1995 Dennis and I went with some friends to attend a conference in Pasadena, California, at Harvest Rock Church, pastored by Che Ann. It was a prophetic conference, and during a time of impartation for pastors, the prophets spoke over us that the Lord was launching us into a new phase of ministry. They said we were "pregnant" with many new churches. Little did we know that soon afterwards, the Lord would take us back to Peru for a season where our two churches would multiply to nine, and later to eighty churches in several nations.
Values "Click"

We joined Che Ahn's network of churches called Harvest International Ministry (HIM), which was just starting up, becoming part of the apostolic team along with Che Ahn, Lou Engle, Rick Wright, later Jim Goll, Jill Austin, and others. It is a network of networks that reaches around the world, and we had a network of churches, mostly in South America. We especially appreciated the values of H.I.M., which were Renewal, the Prophetic, Brokenness (humbly submitting to God's dealings), Church Planting, and later, Prayer, Healing Evangelism, and Mercy Ministries. What impacted us was that in one meeting, Che Ahn humbly shared how the Lord had dealt in his own life and marriage. Since Dennis loved to preach on the power of brokenness and on hearing the voice of the Lord, this caused us to "click" with them.

Planting Churches in Peru and Brazil

Turning the Spanish Church Over

After having pastored for seven years in the Spanish church in Las Vegas, we felt the Lord tell us to turn it over to our associate pastor whom Dennis sensed needed more challenges in ministry. We went on a two-month road trip across the United States and even into Mexico, asking God if he wanted us to start another church somewhere else. At every location we asked God, he said, "No." Feeling like we were left with no ministry clarity, we returned to Las Vegas, sat in our kitchen, began to talk, and suddenly felt like God said, "Go back to Peru for a year."
Back to Peru for a Year

In 1996, we moved back to Peru for a year. Our two youngest were now teenagers and had never left the United States. It was not easy to leave their friends, but the Lord graced us all for that year. Denny and Kelly quickly learned Spanish, got involved with the youth, and became part of the worship team in our church in Huanuco, pastored by Edgar Iturri. Tracie, our oldest, who knew Spanish already, became secretary for a missionary pastor friend in Lima, Robert Barriger, and was tour guide for foreign youth mission groups. She hosted a TV program for a time, which was like an MTV Christian program for youth. She sang in concerts, including a Billy Graham youth conference. It was a year of stretching and ministry for all of us.

Brazil Opens Up

During that year we received a call from Brazil. A man had previously come through Las Vegas to see Dennis, interested in planting a church in Brazil, so Dennis gave him teachings and instructions on how to begin. Now it was a year later, their church had grown to over a hundred, and they needed help! So Dennis made a trip from Peru, where we were now living, to
Brazil and imparted into the church and leadership. We continued making regular trips, and before long, the network grew to ten churches.

**Bible School and Church Planting**

While in Peru, we started something new. We raised up a Bible house to train leaders to plant churches. We rented a home, built bunk beds, and had about a dozen single young adults move in with Pastor Edgar Iturri and family, and the training began. The local church provided food for the home. The students were taught Bible knowledge, how to move in the Spirit, character development through a disciplined schedule in the home, and they became a volunteer force for the pastor. He would send them to pray for the sick in hospitals, to lead home groups, and to minister at altar calls.

After several months, we asked people in the church if they had relatives in other cities who would be willing to sponsor missionaries in their homes so they could raise up a church. We got a list of cities and sent the students out two by two, and in one year multiplied from two churches to nine. After several years, it grew to over fifty in Peru.

Commissioning of the first Peruvian church planters. They were trained in the Bible house.
Near the end of that year, we received a call from David Walker, Dennis' brother who pastored the church in Las Vegas, asking Dennis to return and become Senior Pastor of the English congregation. God was leading David to plant a church in another area.

**Called Back to Vegas**

**The "Organic" Nature of our Ministry**

Dennis and I looked over what God had done over the past fifteen years. There had been so many changes. Never did we think we'd become Senior Pastors of the English-speaking congregation we had joined years before in Las Vegas! Even though we had been ministers and missionaries before arriving, we were not known here when we arrived in 1985, so we simply started serving. Dennis went from repairman at church, to praying for people, to home group leader, and then to elder. In 1989 we had become Senior Pastors of the Spanish church we planted, and during that time, Dennis served in almost every area of the English congregation. He led worship for a time, and I played piano up to seven meetings a week in both congregations, and served in women's and children's ministries in Spanish. Now, in 1997, we were being asked to come back to Las Vegas and become Senior Pastors of the "mother church." Our ministry had grown in directions we hadn't imagined as we stayed connected to Jesus, the vine. We returned to Las Vegas and became pastors of the church.

Dennis felt he should "replant" everything fresh, so he asked everyone in leadership to resign, and yet to keep functioning in their area of ministry. We re-ordained those who were functioning, and those with only titles, were encouraged to find a place of ministry function. We believed in having "Barnabas vision" to see past people's faults and see their potential in Christ, just as Barnabas looked past "Saul" to see "Paul." Before long, we ordained quite a few into areas of ministry.

Dennis began to preach on the "organic" nature of the
church—that as each one is plugged into hearing from the vine, Jesus, the church would become self-organized. It should be like a natural body that functions normally as it follows directions from the brain. We discontinued all departments of the church and asked people to hear from the Lord as to where they should serve. True, some areas of ministry didn't get filled right away, but people began to grow up and hear from the Lord. It was great to watch the Holy Spirit move in various areas, including among the children. As the Holy Spirit fell, they interceded for others, laying hands on a map, and then prayed prophetically over one another. They were also connecting with the head, Jesus!

**Intercessory Prayer**

**The Burden from the Lord**

When Dennis became senior pastor of the English congregation, I prayed about returning to the music or children's ministry, but the Lord spoke to me to simply get involved in prayer. I sensed the burden of the Lord himself when I saw a vision of people in Las Vegas sliding into hell and I began to weep and cry out for their souls.

**Variety of Expression**

I began leading the women of the church into prayer and intercession. I gave a weekly Bible teaching, and then we broke up into four prayer groups and prayed. The groups began to form themselves by personality as they each chose a different style of prayer. We had the "waiting on the Lord" group, the "shouting, commanding" group, the "weeping, intercessory" group, and the "prophetic declarations and actions" group. When a new person would come, I would tell them to pick the group they felt most comfortable with. It was great to watch the variety of expression, yet the unity of the Spirit. We were breaking through in the Spirit over our city, state, nation, and world.

**Claiming Nevada for the Lord**

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Before long, I became the Nevada state prayer coordinator for the United States Strategic Prayer Network, a nation-wide prayer movement. In 1999 we staked the boarders of the whole state of Nevada in prayer one day. At exactly the same time, we drove wooden stakes into the ground, with scriptures on them, at the roadways entering our state. We proclaimed the entire state for the Lord. The weather changed throughout the state in that instant. Even the weatherman on the nightly news said that the day had begun calm, and suddenly a mighty wind blew in! It was a sign of something happening in the spiritual realm. One man saw a host of angels sweep in.

Weekly, we began to prayer walk the streets, the casinos, and the businesses. We prayed at seven mountains overlooking Las Vegas and repented of the sins of the church and of the city. We proclaimed the unity of the body of Christ, as we invited pastors from various churches to take turns serving communion from the mountaintops. Independent Spirit-filled pastors to Anglican pastors came. Each had their unique style, and we chose to unite based on the blood of Christ. Then we prayed and prophesied over the city.

**Tearing Down Satanic Altars**

One day the Lord told Dennis to climb a certain mountain for prayer. He put it off for a while until he felt it more insistently. So he got up one Saturday, drove as far as he could, and continued climbing by foot to the place the Lord had told him to go. When he got there, he found a dip in the ground and a strange sight: a large upright stone surrounded by a circle of thirteen stones. Surrounding that was an even larger circle of stones.

He tried his cell phone, which amazingly worked, and called a brother who used to be involved in Satanism and described the sight. He was told that it represented satanic covens in the city and that this was a temple site. The large stone in the middle represented a demonic entity, producing a spiritual stronghold over the city. They prayed together to break the powers of darkness represented there. When Dennis got off the phone, he
felt led of the Lord to totally break the altar apart, stone by stone. At the very last, he picked up the center stone and threw it down the mountain to break it to pieces. He heaved it up, threw it down, and when it hit the ground, a great explosion reverberated across the valley. It rather surprised him until he saw a mine in the distance where a blast had just occurred. The Lord showed him that it was a sign to him of the impact in the spirit realm.

Different ones on my prayer team began to be led by the Spirit and located seven satanic altars where covens had proclaimed darkness and curses over the city, and we tore them down, stone by stone, breaking the curses. We even found a sacrificial knife at one of those spots where blood had been spilled. At two other sites the stones were laid in a very large broken cross (peace symbol) which they use for sending curses, with samples of hair, house numbers, cloth, etc. We reversed the curses and proclaimed God's blessings over the city.

Our protection in these situations came from attacking from the high position instead of the low position. In other words, we would only do what we felt God told us to do. From His position, we have protection. If we do something just because it seems like a good idea, or because someone else did it that way, then we move outside of God's authority and protection. Another way to describe it is arising to the third heaven position to fight the second heaven principalities.

Changing Neighborhoods through Prayer

One day, Susana, one of the intercessors on my leadership team, went to a neighborhood with a high murder rate, mostly gang and drug-related. She asked the police for a list of locations where the murders had occurred. Then she led a team to pray at each point, to ask God for forgiveness for the shedding of blood, and to ask that the blood of Jesus cover each of these spots.

A week later, the police from the neighborhood came to her and asked, "What did you do?" She explained that they had prayed. "Since you prayed, there has not been any crime in this
To Las Vegas

neighborhood for a week! Would you like a list of more places?" he asked. The atmosphere of a neighborhood was changing!

**Prayer Leads to Evangelism**

Before long, we added afternoon evangelism to Saturday morning prayer. We began knocking on doors of many apartments near our church, asking if they needed prayer for anything. I was amazed at how many responded. If we sensed openness, then we would talk to them about the Lord. Hispanics were especially open, and I was amazed that I could lead so many to the Lord. One day I thought it was just too easy, and I wasn't sure if they were being sincere. I talked to an elderly man about the Lord, but instead of leading him in the sinner's prayer, I just invited him to our Spanish service. After I walked away, I suddenly felt convicted that I should have led him in a prayer anyway, and that the Holy Spirit could worry about the sincerity of heart. So I said a special prayer for him and asked the Lord to please bring him to church for another chance to receive the Lord. He did come to the next meeting, and came forward to receive Jesus as his Savior!

One Easter, I baked twenty-two small loaves of banana bread, took them around to my neighbors with a Happy Easter flyer which included the salvation message. On another occasion I went with a notepad, asking for all my neighbors' prayer requests. I was desirous of sowing seeds unto salvation in a variety of experimental ways.

Over time we learned not only to knock on doors, but to look for opportunities wherever we went, and to hear from the Lord as we spoke to people. When a cashier complained of a sore wrist, I offered to pray for her. She accepted prayer right there while someone waited in line! After I prayed for her, she thanked me and said she was already beginning to feel the pain leave.

When a neighbor lady came looking for her lost cat, I took advantage of the opportunity and prayed for her cat to return. She came by a week later happily telling me her cat had

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returned, and she was telling all her neighbors about the prayer.

**Prophetic Evangelism**

One afternoon we went to Starbucks for some coffee with several of the family, including my brother-in-law, Jim Drown. He volunteered to pay for the whole group, and just then a lady walked in and he said, "I'll pay for her, too." She soundly objected, but he insisted and won out. While the rest of us went to find a table, Jim and the lady waited for the coffees. He struck up a conversation with her in a friendly manner. Then he received a word of knowledge. He said, "God wants you to finish that book you've begun to write."

"How do you know I'm writing a book?" she asked in disbelief.

"God told me." He replied.

"I'm an agnostic. I don't believe in God."

"That's alright. He believes in you." Then he continued talking to her and suddenly said, "And the Lord wants to heal that deafness in your left ear."

"You're really freaking me out! How do you know that?"

"God told me. And I can see that you are ready to receive Jesus as your Savior. Will you take my hand and repeat this prayer after me?"

"I can't. I'm agnostic."

"No, you were agnostic, but now you've had evidence of God and you know he's real." He kept insisting with her. "Come on, you can do it."

"You're the third person who has talked to me about Jesus this week," she said. She finally took his hand and prayed with him to accept the Lord as her Savior.

Jim brought her to the table and said, "Meet a new sister in Christ!" She began asking how we could know things about people, and Dennis began explaining to her that we receive spiritual senses after we are born again, and can hear from God.
Suddenly he asked, "Can I pray for your knees? God wants to heal your knees."

"You're really scaring me. How do you know about that? Do you see something on my knees?"

"No, I just feel like God told me that."

"I used to skydive and I fell wrong a couple of times and really messed up my knees. Okay, you can pray for me, but don't touch me, because this is still new to me." He agreed with her request and said he didn't need to touch her. As he prayed for her, the pain left her knees and she was healed!

Then she said, "Maybe I needed to take some evidence with me of the reality of God in my body, so I could know I wasn't just imagining things."

She kept trying to leave, but kept coming back, overwhelmed by it all. Finally, my daughter, Tracie, told her, "I keep hearing the words 'manos de ayuda,' which means 'helping hands' in Spanish. I see God using your hands to help others."

The woman shook her head in amazement. "Helping Hands is the name of my business! It provides jobs for Spanish-speaking women!"

By now the lady was thoroughly blown away. This was evangelism based on hearing from God that tears down all other philosophies and resistances. Jesus said he performed miraculous works so "that people might marvel." Dennis has preached that when people marvel, or "freak out," it is a sign that their philosophies, worldviews, and opinions are crumbling under the revelation of Jesus.

Las Vegas, Launching Pad to World-wide Ministry

Expanded Vision

Las Vegas became our launching pad to the nations. We had fought the idea of moving beyond the Spanish-speaking world
until Vangie Abalos, one of our faithful leaders, told us that God was sending her to Paris to intercede for France. She did so, and started a successful women's ministry. Later she planted a church. Soon she became intercessory head of a network of churches throughout Europe, which opened doors for us to minister in six nations. Thus, we were launched into Europe.

Meanwhile in Las Vegas, Dennis told me that he would be Senior Pastor of the English congregation for about five years, and then turn it over. Actually it took six years to go through a transition of becoming apostolic oversight of a network of churches we planted out. The transition to multiple church groups was not all a "bed of roses" because of misunderstandings between some leaders. But we chose to commit each one to their call in the kingdom of God, some with us, and some joining other great networks. In the end, we became overseers of several ministries in three languages in Las Vegas, and were launched into full-time ministry around the world. Doors opened to parts of the world we would never have thought of, such as Malaysia, Kenya, Italy, Austria, Germany, England, Switzerland, Canada, and more of the United States.

God had truly expanded our vision. Years before, we thought we would live the rest of our lives deep in the jungles of Peru. Discouragements, sickness, and breakings were used to shake us out of our limited vision and now we were seeing God's greater plan for our lives.

**Stretched in Ministry**

If anyone would have told me, years before, that I would one day be speaking before crowds, I would have told them they were crazy. Growing up as an extremely shy and fearful person, I was content with a quiet, daily routine. But living on the mission-field, and being married to a man with a call on his life, who loved "living on the edge," caused me to be stretched out of my comfort zone. I'm especially thankful to our first Spanish congregation in Las Vegas for allowing me to grow. I began by nervously reading my teachings and learning to handle a few bossy people who would try to take over. Finally I grew to
where I was speaking at women's conferences in Peru, Mexico, Cuba, and the United States, and in various conferences with Dennis. The passion for ministry grew within me as I saw people's lives being transformed around the world.

Airplane Salvation

I loved seeing the lives of individuals being changed along the way. As we flew from Las Vegas to Peru one night, I sat next to a Peruvian lady who was obviously having a hard time. The plane hit some rough winds and was bouncing along quite vigorously. The poor woman was gripping the seat and repeatedly doing the sign of the cross. I knew she was terrified.

"Would you like me to pray for you so you won't be so frightened?" I asked her in Spanish.

"Si," she responded. So I prayed for her, but she continued with the same symptoms, beads of sweat forming on her forehead.
Finally I said to her, "The problem is we are praying to a God that is far off from you. You need to ask the Spirit of Jesus to live inside of you, and then the peace can come from within. Would you like to repeat a prayer to ask Him to come in to your heart?"

She nodded her head. Anything that would help! So I led her in the sinner's prayer to accept Christ as her Savior.

A peace settled over her, and she relaxed. She fell sound asleep and didn't awaken for the rest of the bumpy flight! The peace of God within her had taken over.

A Witchdoctor Confronted and the Blind See

In Tingo Maria, Peru, Dennis and a couple of our team were driving to a meeting, when suddenly they saw a "brujo" gathering a crowd, selling "snake oil" and doing magic through witchcraft. Dennis and the two others with him stood around the crowd and began to quietly speak in tongues and bind the enemy.

Soon the man began losing control and barking words in the middle of his speech like "get out," scaring the people. The witchdoctor had two little boys helping him, and Dennis felt that if he could just touch some of the articles he was using, the demonic power the man was using over the people would be broken. So he asked the boys to give him the articles they were having the people handle. But the man got so nervous that he grabbed everything and shouted, "You can't touch them." He then picked up a machete and waved it menacingly. So Dennis placed a hand on one of the young boys and began to pray for him. This agitated the man so much he began to frantically pack up his things. Finally, he pointed to Dennis and the other two and shouted, "These are spies from the CIA." He then grabbed the boys and ran off.

Dennis stepped up and shouted to the crowd, "Yes, we are spies, but not from the CIA. We are spying on those who are deceiving you with the power of Satan. And we're here to show you the way to the truth." They began to preach the gospel as
people lined up to get saved or healed.

One blind man asked for prayer. Dennis prayed for him once, and he began to see light. Then he prayed again, and the man began to see vague shadows. He prayed again, and he was totally healed and saw clearly! After this happened Dennis needed to run to the evening church meeting.

News spread quickly of what had occurred. People began to stop the team on the street and ask them to go pray for a sick loved one, or they would bring the sick to them. The Lord moved in a powerful way as many were saved and healed in the city.

A Quechua Lady Gets Saved

After a crusade where about a thousand had been saved, bad weather stranded us at the airport, twelve thousand feet up in the Andes Mountains of Peru. Even though we had splitting headaches and freezing extremities from the altitude and cold, I struck up a conversation with a mountain lady of Incan descendant, who spoke Quechua and Spanish. She was an educated obstetrician and delivered babies all over the mountains. I was fascinated by all her wonderful stories. I also noticed that she was a very dedicated Catholic who had prayed through her prayer beads earlier. But I also knew she needed a personal experience of salvation, and I prayed for an opening.

"God is really using you to help so many people all over this area," I commented.

"Well, life is short, and we need to do good works while we are here," she explained.

That was my opening!

"Did you know you can live forever as a free gift? Have you ever said a prayer to invite the Spirit of Jesus to live within you so that when your body dies, you can live forever in heaven? His Spirit inside of you can lead and direct you in this life, also, with all the decisions you need to make."

"No, none of the priests have taught me that prayer yet," she
replied earnestly.

"Would you like to say it now, repeating after me?" "Yes!"

A young lady had been listening next to us, and another girl on the other side. They asked if they could join in as well! So I led them all in the prayer to accept Christ, to fill them with His Spirit, and to direct their lives.

"Wow, I feel all warm inside. It feels good," said the other young lady as she rubbed the goose bumps on her arms. When I asked her about her grandmother sitting farther over, she encouraged me to please lead her through the prayer as well! After briefly talking with her, the grandmother accepted Christ as well.

**A Russian Lady Accepts Christ**

At the same airport in Peru, I began to speak to a blonde, Russian lady. She had married a Peruvian official and spoke Russian and Spanish only. So, in Spanish, I began to ask her what she believed about God, and she replied that it had been banned from her nation for so long that she did not understand much about God. I explained to her the whole message of God's love, and the provision of cleansing from sin through Jesus Christ.

I ended by simply asking, "Would you like to say a prayer to accept Jesus into your life so you can be cleansed, live forever, and be led by Him in this life?"

"You mean, right now?" she asked in disbelief, maybe thinking it should be done in a "holy place." "Yes," I replied, smiling.

"You mean, with you?" she again asked, maybe thinking it should be done by a 'holy man.'

"Yes," I replied, matter-of-factly.

"Sure," she shrugged and grinned, and I motioned her to have a seat nearby.

She repeated after me, and accepted Jesus as her Savior right
there. I was amazed at how, even though she had been raised in an atheistic nation, there was virtually no barrier in her mind to accepting Christ. I encouraged her to read the Bible, and one of our team members gave her his Spanish Bible.

**Seeing What the Father is doing in Heaven**

Wherever we went, Dennis began teaching on healing the sick in the same way that Jesus did. "I only do what I see my Father in heaven do." Since Jesus had temporarily laid his divine attributes aside as shown in Philippians 2, and performed healings as a man under the direction of the Holy Spirit, we are to do so also. We look into heaven, see what the Father is doing, and copy it here on earth.

**Healed From Cataracts, in Mexico**

At a meeting in Mexico, a woman came forward wearing thick glasses as she had cataracts. Dennis stepped back, closed his eyes and looked into heaven, and saw a picture of Jesus putting His thumbs in a sweeping motion over her eyes. So Dennis thought, "Yes! I can do that, Lord!" So he stepped forward, asked her to remove her glasses, and swept his thumbs over her eyes. Then he said, "Open your eyes!" When she did so, she screamed and began waving her glasses in the air, saying, "I don't need these any more!" Her eyes were totally cleared of the white milkiness and she could see clearly!

**Forgiveness, the Key to Healing**

This truly built the faith level in the crowd who had come forward for prayer, so the next lady came up for healing expecting the same quick results from terrible pain in her head, neck, and back. As she walked up, the Lord spoke to Dennis, "She needs to forgive her husband." So he asked her, "What did your husband do that you need to forgive him for?"

She grabbed her head as a demonic force of pain came over her and she cried, "Oh, my head, my head!" as she covered her face. Dennis finally pulled her hands apart saying, "Work with me or I'll have to leave you like you are. What did your husband
do?" With difficulty she began explaining that her husband had abandoned the home when the children were young, leaving them in financial hardship.

"Are you ready to forgive him?"

"Yes."

So he had her cup her hands in front of her, as he went through the motions of symbolically pulling her husband out of her heart and putting him in her hands. Then he pulled out abandonment, abuse, financial failure, and other areas out of her heart as the Lord directed him, putting them in her hands.

"Now they are in your hands and in your power. Are you willing to offer it all up to God, the only true Judge?"

"Yes." She raised her cupped hands up to the Lord, and when she spread her hands and released it all to the Lord, the pain in her head, shoulders, and neck all disappeared.

"Tomorrow you will wake up and find even more healings," Dennis told her. The next day she came to the meeting and told him that her jaw had been healed. She hadn't been able to close her jaw properly for years, and during the night the Lord totally realigned it!

"The Van Is Yours!"

In Peru, Dennis had a word of knowledge that someone had acquired a vehicle for business, and that someone else was trying to take it away.

A man came forward and said the word was for him. He had acquired a large van to use in business for tourist groups, and a company was trying to default on the contract and not let him have it.

Dennis declared by the word of the Lord, "The vehicle is yours!"

Within two days, the vehicle became his! Later, the man would drive us around Lima to attend meetings when we arrived from the United States, using the vehicle he had acquired.
Unusual Directions for Healing in Peru

At a conference for pastors in Peru, Dennis spoke a word of knowledge concerning prostate problems. Two men came forward needing healing in that area. As Dennis waited on the Lord for the first man, he heard Him say, "Hit him real hard in the stomach."

Dennis was taken aback and began to question the Lord. "Lord, he's already got a problem there, and if I hit him, it could really cause some damage, couldn't it?"

"Do you want to see him healed?" the Lord asked. "Then hit him real hard in the stomach."

"Can I do it with my hand open?" Dennis inquired, still questioning the wisdom of this.

"Yes, but hit him hard!"

So Dennis pulled his hand back and gave it to him hard.
Later, he thought maybe he should have warned the poor guy first, because he had been waiting there with his eyes closed and his hands partly raised to receive a nice prayer for healing. But instead he got his breath knocked out! Probably in shock, the man sucked it up and "took it like a man."

Unfortunately, the man next to him saw all this happen and began to look back toward his wife, seemingly with an expression of "Help!" and "What did I get myself into?" But he must have decided he could take it. He turned around, closed his eyes, raised his hands, tightened his stomach, and grimaced his face!

As Dennis began to swing his hand back to repeat the previous scenario, the Lord spoke to him, "I didn't tell you to hit him."

"Okay, then what do you want me to do?"

"Put one finger lightly on his forehead."

So, with the man clenched and ready for it, Dennis simply put one finger on his forehead.

The next day, both men came to the meeting and testified that all symptoms had left and they were healed!

Just as Jesus had prayed for three blind men in the New Testament, each a different way, so the Lord had given different instructions for the same need, and they were both healed. The Lord looks for those who will follow his directions instead of following formulas from the past. Even Moses did not enter the promised land for falling into a rut instead of obeying God's voice. He struck the rock as he had done before when God had told him to just speak to the rock the second time. Amazingly, water still came out. But God is looking for those who will respond to fresh dialogue with him.

**The "Blanket" Healing**

In 2003, we were staying at a mountain cabin outside of Las Vegas while our new home was being built in town. Some family and friends came over to visit, and our brother-in-law,
Craig, was telling us of pain in his legs related to diabetes. As we continued to visit, suddenly Dennis said, "Craig, I just saw a picture of something to do. Can I try it? The worst it could do is mess up your hair." Dennis had caught an initiative of heaven—he had seen something done in heaven, and wanted to do it here on earth.

"Sure, go for it," Craig replied.

So Dennis grabbed a small throw blanket off the couch, threw it over Craig's head for a minute, and then yanked it off. When he did so, a wave of power rippled across the room. Two of our friends were talking with their backs turned to us. They were pushed towards the wall. "Wow, what was that?" one of them asked. Then on the other side of the room, the power of God hit Dennis' sister, Dara, and she began to weep. Craig just looked a little stunned.

We continued visiting, and suddenly Dennis noticed that Craig was standing on the wooden floor near the fireplace and moving up and down on his toes. "What's going on?" Dennis asked.

"I can't make my legs hurt! Usually I have lot of pain in my legs standing on a hard floor, but I've been standing here a long time, and there's no pain!" Craig exclaimed.

"You Will Have a Son"

Dennis was ministering at one of our new church plants in Las Vegas, when suddenly he turned around to one of the ladies on the worship team. She and her husband had not been able to have any children and had been married for a number of years. "Within a year you will have a son!" he declared.

Shortly thereafter she not only became pregnant, but later found out it would be a boy. Now they are parents of a healthy son. We have seen the Lord graciously grant children to several who had been barren, as it was spoken into being by the word of the Lord.

A Cyst Disappears
On another occasion at the cabin, one of our Spanish pastors, Jose, and his wife came to visit us for the day. We talked about the things of the Lord, and had some hearty soup together. As they were getting ready to leave, I asked if we could pray for Rosita as she had a large, painful cyst in her ovary and doctors wanted to perform a hysterectomy.

As usual, we just got quiet and listened to what the Lord would instruct. Dennis saw a picture of the Lord with his ear to her womb, so he asked, "What do I do with that?"

The Lord said, "Do on earth as you see in heaven." So he asked me to put my ear to her womb.

As I did so, Dennis felt to put his hand on her head, and the words came out spontaneously, "The Lord says He hears your faintest cry." Suddenly Rosita began shaking all over, fell to the floor, and began laughing and crying at the same time for several minutes.

Finally Dennis asked her what was going on. She exclaimed, "I have never felt this way before!" She got up, still laughing and crying, and began moving her leg up and down and pressing her abdomen.

"What are you doing?" Dennis asked.

She was trying to find the cyst. She cried out, "The pain is gone and it feels empty!" Weeks and even months later, we kept checking on her, and all symptoms were gone!

**Foot Bones Come Together**

A lady came forward at a meeting in Georgia. As Dennis approached her, he received a word of knowledge. "You have a problem with your foot, don't you?" She nodded and he asked a woman nearby to lay hands on her feet. He then commanded every bone to come into place. He moved on to pray for someone else.

Then he glanced back and saw the first woman standing up and down on her tiptoes with her shoes off. "What's going on?" he asked her.
"Look at my feet!" she exclaimed.

"They look normal to me," he commented. "That's the point!"

Then she explained that a horse had rolled over her foot years ago, crushing every bone in her foot to no more than an inch long. After many surgeries, her foot still was in pain and cocked out to the side when she walked. Now it was straight and there was no pain!

"Hot Water" and Gallbladder Healing

Dennis was ministering at a conference of conservative pastors in Cuzco, Peru. They were anxious to be taught on the prophetic ministry, but, ironically, had been taught that healings, miracles, and the gifts of the Holy Spirit were not for today. Dennis began by teaching about receiving the initiatives of heaven and bringing help from heaven to earth through the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

One of the pastors then asked Dennis to pray for his wife who was at home and very sick. She was in severe pain with gallstones, but could not have surgery, as she was pregnant. She was literally asking God to take her life, as the pain was too intense for her to bear.

Dennis went to their home and found her rolled up on a mat in pain. Dennis waited on the Lord to show him what to do. He saw the Lord give her about a quarter cup of hot water, so he knew he was to "do on earth as he had seen in heaven." He asked the husband to bring a cup of hot water. When he did so, Dennis made sure it was not too hot and poured it out to be the exact amount he had seen. He then prayed over it, asking that the very life of heaven be imparted. As the lady drank it, an incredible heat filled her body as she felt the power of God go through her.

The next day, Dennis preached another session, and then paused to ask the pastor how his wife was doing. The man said, "She's sitting right in front of you!" Dennis did not recognize her as she looked so different. He then called her up front.
She stood and testified before all the pastors about the prayer for her at home, and how ill she had been. She explained that as she drank the hot water, heat filled her body, and the pain left. She was totally healed!

The pastors now believed that miracles were for today. Several were healed and filled with the Holy Spirit, as they were all hungry for more of God.

**Jesus, the Heavenly Chiropractor**

Debra, who had lived with us in the jungle twenty-seven years earlier, came forward for prayer in Montana, and as Dennis stepped up to her, he received a word of knowledge. "Lynnie, lay your hands on her hips. God wants to straighten them along with her lower back." She said it was true, that she had experienced much pain because of misalignment, although it was not apparent.

As we laid hands on her lightly, the bones began popping loudly into place.

"Did you hear that?" she exclaimed. God was doing a heavenly, chiropractic job!

These kinds of results certainly beat the shouting, spitting, or copy-cat prayers we used to pray. Those prayers may have looked spiritual, but they didn't produce much fruit. Being led by the Spirit is definitely better!

**Demoniac Freed by an Initiative of Heaven**

In Peru, we were holding a crusade in the plaza and a demoniac came into the crowd, yelling, fighting, and writhing on the floor. He shouted, "Come down here and fight me!" to those of us on the stage, as Jim began preaching the salvation message and Dennis translated. The attention of the crowd was on this man, and several ushers tried restraining him. One of them got cut in the face. The enemy was using this young man to divert the attention of the crowd.

Suddenly, Dennis received "an initiative from heaven" of what to do. He told Jim he felt to go down and confront this,
which Jim agreed to. On his way down the stairs he asked for a bottle of water. He went down and pealed about six ushers and pastors off the young man. Amazingly, the demoniac seemed to be pinned down to the floor, possibly by angelic beings, even after the other men were all off.

Dennis did what he saw in a vision to do. He sloshed water on the man's face and stomach. The young man reacted as though acid had been poured on him. After Dennis got the name of the young man from his mother nearby, he got down close to his face and said, "Anderson, do you want to be freed from this?" With difficulty, he nodded "yes." "Then you must renounce your involvement in witchcraft," which is the word of knowledge he had received. He led him through a prayer to renounce witchcraft and to close those doors to the enemy, which he repeated. Then he said, "Now you must give your life to Jesus. Are you ready to do that?" He nodded "yes" and repeated a prayer to accept Christ as his savior. Then Dennis asked him, "Do you want to stand up?" He nodded and stood up. "Give me a hug," Dennis said. And he gave him a hug. "Now, come up the stairs to the platform and tell everyone what just happened."

The young man came up to the platform and announced to the whole crowd that he had gotten involved in witchcraft two years earlier, had eaten something from a witch doctor, and had become demon-possessed. Then he said, "But Jesus just set me free!" The crowd cheered and the young man sat calmly onstage the rest of the night. Hundreds responded to the altar call and came forward to accept Jesus Christ as their savior.

The young man began to attend all the day conferences to learn all he could. The following day, after I taught a session, I gave an altar call for those who wanted to be baptized in the Holy Spirit. This young man came forward and received along with about fifty others. Dennis prophesied over him in another session that God was going to use him greatly.

Several pastors followed Dennis home the night the young man was set free and asked Dennis how he had done that. They
had been fighting the demons in this young man for two years! Dennis told them to attend the day conferences to learn about "catching the initiatives of heaven" to do the works of Jesus, and to hear and see from the Lord what to do in each situation. Even the act of throwing the water was not a formula for deliverance, but was a direction from the Lord for this particular situation. Dennis then told them about the five spiritual senses that believers must activate and use.

Praise God, what the enemy had intended for disruption of a crusade gathering, the Lord had used to bring himself glory, and as a teaching example for the pastors.

**Impact of the International School of Ministry**

Around 2001, we learned about the International School of Ministry, a video Bible School of some of the best Spirit-filled teachers in the world, such as Jack Hayford, Joyce Meyers, Reinhardt Bonnke, T.L. Osborn, Marilyn Hickey, and many others. We took the course, and then began carrying it overseas to other churches, as it is translated into about seventy languages.

We sent the video Bible course to Pastor Edgar Iturri and his wife Doris, who are overseeing our network of churches in Peru. We did not know that Doris had not been filled with the Holy Spirit yet, but she was so hungry for God, spending at least two hours a day in prayer.

One day she previewed one of the video CDs on Supernatural Living by A.L. Gill. When he began leading viewers into the experience of receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit, she also yielded herself. Suddenly she saw a large dove fly into her bedroom and land on her head. She fell under the power and began speaking in tongues.

Her husband called us four days later, a little concerned about her. He explained to Dennis that she could only speak in tongues now, and he was asking if she would ever speak Spanish again. He proceeded to explain that he had even taken her to the market to snap her out of it, but she asked for everything in
tongues! Finally he discovered that she could write in Spanish. Dennis told him that this was a sign and a wonder and not to worry about it. God knew what he was doing.

Doris continued speaking in tongues for a total of fifteen days. And the whole spiritual realm opened to her. She was caught up to heaven and saw wonderful things. She also could look at someone and know things about them because she could see words written on their chest. She became a "seeing prophet."

One day, a young pastor came into the church and Doris saw the word ADULTERY written on his chest. She privately asked him who he was having an affair with, and he insisted that she was terribly mistaken. That he had been with no one. Then she asked him, "Then why do I see it written on your chest? I will ask the Lord what her name is." Shortly thereafter, the Lord gave her the name of the young lady, and she went to her and asked her if she was having an affair with this young pastor. She broke down and cried and said it was true. Needless to say, the young pastor finally confessed and was removed from ministry for a season of repentance and restoration.

The fear of the Lord fell on the church, as secret sins were revealed. Others were encouraged in the Lord as the Lord spoke prophetically to many through Doris concerning the call of God on their lives. Once, the Lord showed her that a young man was about to commit suicide, and when she lovingly spoke to him, he wept and was set free. The Lord revealed secrets to her about people on the street, her hairdresser, or those in the market, and many of them were saved as a result.

We finally called Berin Gilfillan, the founder of International School of Ministry, and told him the effects of the CDs in Peru. He put us in touch with A.L. Gill by telephone, and he rejoiced with us. Later, we met him and his wife, Joyce, and have since grown to love them as a spiritual dad and mom, as they are to many others around the world where they travel. We also brought them to Peru a couple of times to minister at our yearly conferences. When Doris saw A.L., she told me, "I didn't know he was that tall, but the two angels on either side of him
are even taller!"

Later, our daughter, Kelly, would marry James Kallas who works at the International School of Ministry headquarters in California, and our other son-in-law, Paul Ogando, also began to work fulltime for I.S.O.M., partly as a translator. This ministry is reaching millions around the globe with a wonderful foundation of discipleship in the Lord.

Teachings

As we teach, it has been our desire to call everyone into doing the works of Jesus. Dennis and I have taught on hearing the voice of God, developing the five spiritual senses, intimacy with the Father, intercession, the prophetic ministry, catching the initiatives of heaven, open heavens, healing, leadership, marriage and family issues, women's issues, the organic church, the presence-driven church, the forerunner company, and such teachings as the nine deadly embraces that come through taking an offense. What excites us most, is when we hear of people grabbing hold of the truths, and moving into a supernatural walk with God.

New Vision for Las Vegas

As we moved into full-time traveling ministry, we thought about leaving Las Vegas. However, one prophet after another kept, saying, "Don't you dare leave. Revival is going to break out, and you'll miss out if you leave. You've sown here for years, and carry spiritual authority here." So we sold our old house, bought another in town, and settled in to seek the Lord for the city.

In 2004, the Lord began to give us a vision for an Apostolic Resource Center. This would include a school of ministry, a free resource center, and a prayer center. The training center would activate people into prophetic evangelism, healing the sick, ministering inner healing and deliverance, and would include a biblical foundation through a video Bible school. The idea is to bless the whole city, and it is open for anyone wanting to be trained to do the works of Jesus.
Changing the Church at Large

We believe the Lord has spoken that he will be changing the face of the church at large. He will remove his grace from old methods that have worked in the past and church will not be as usual. We're not sure what this will ultimately look like, but we know He wants to shake and mobilize the whole body of Christ to be a mighty army to do His works in the world.
Chapter 7—Heavenly Encounters

On Earth as in Heaven

The Tent

In 2002, Dennis went with a group from our church from Las Vegas to Abbotsford, Canada, to attend an Open Heavens conference with Todd Bentley and Patricia King. On the way home, Dennis and the team had some time on their hands, so were praying about where to go and spend their time before the flight home. They were riding in the car like "hot coals of fire," feeling the presence of God, when suddenly each of them saw a vision of what to do. They all saw themselves waiting in the presence of the Lord in various locations. One saw a lake, another saw a forest, and the other three saw a park.

"There's our exit!" Dennis exclaimed. They all looked to see the sign: Lake Forest Park. So they took the exit and were sovereignly led by the Spirit for a forty-five minute drive. Everyone in the car would sense the same direction to turn as they came to each intersection, whether it be left, right, or straight ahead. Finally they all heard the Lord say, "Slow down and look on the left." They came to a small hidden park called "The Gem of King's County," where they parked and spread out to spend time with the Lord.

Two weeks earlier, in one of our prayer meetings at church, one of the ladies, Maria, had seen a vision. During the weekly prayer meetings, we would spend forty-five minutes in silence, listening to the voice of the Lord while worship music was played, and then gather to share what the Lord had shown us. Maria had shared that she had seen a vision of herself in a field of white daisies. Now she saw it at the park and exclaimed, "There's my field!" and plopped herself in the middle of the field of daisies.
Dennis found a large rock and climbed up on it, offering himself as a living sacrifice to the Lord. As he waited, he heard the Lord speak to him clearly, "When you go home, I want you to buy a tent. I will meet with you in the tent, and I will restore to you the Feast of Tabernacles." He knew that the Feast of Tabernacles was the third great feast that the Israelites celebrated. The first great feast, Passover, was celebrated on the very day Jesus died on the cross and symbolized the experience of salvation. The second great feast, Pentecost, was celebrated on the very day the Holy Spirit fell in the upper room in Acts 2, and symbolized the experience of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The third great feast, Tabernacles, was celebrated by each Israelite dwelling in a small booth, and symbolized God dwelling with man. Dennis excitedly jumped from the rock, and began telling a couple of others about this instruction.

As he was speaking, he suddenly looked beyond them and saw a tree with its branches cut off along the sides, and chopped off at the top. He heard the Lord ask him, "Can this tree live?"

"Why, Lord?" he asked.

"If I were to judge my church today and cut off every branch that does not bear my fruit in my way, this is how my church would look."

An anointing of intercession rose up within Dennis and he shouted out, "I command you to live!" It stunned the couple he had been talking to, and he had to explain to them what the Lord had just told him. The three immediately went into deep intercession, crying out to God concerning the state of the church.

When Dennis got home, he immediately went to the store and bought a little pup tent, big enough for only one person. He began to move the furniture around in the living room and set it up. I didn't understand, and asked him if it shouldn't go outside. He explained that this was a prayer tent, and proceeded to explain what had happened on the trip. I consented, and he requested that when he was spending time in the tent, he not be interrupted, as it was to be a set-apart time to meet with God.
Before long, he was having experiences with the Lord, sometimes being caught up to heaven. The rest of the family began to take turns in the tent, and also had great times with the Lord. When we zipped the tent shut, it blocked out all distractions, and raised our level of faith to hear from the Lord. We would put on soft worship music, take a notebook or laptop into the tent to write what the Lord would say, and even if we fell asleep, we felt it was okay, as God often spoke anyway—sometimes in a dream. It was a refreshing experience.

We began to realize that there are realities in heaven that are literal, but not physical. In other words, these were not visions to be interpreted, but that there is a real heaven on the spiritual plain that is just as real as the physical realm, and certainly more permanent. And that we are commanded to "seek those things which are from above where Christ is seated."

**Rocks are Alive in Heaven**

In one of the first experiences Dennis had of being caught up to heaven, he was walking along a pathway in heaven. Along the sides of the path were some rocks, and the rocks were looking up at him! He was quite surprised to see rocks with eyes, but the Lord spoke to him, "In heaven, everything is alive. That is why if my people won't praise me, the rocks can cry out, and the trees of the field can clap their hands."

Then he said, "Remember Aaron's rod? It spent one night in my holy presence, and suddenly it burst forth with life, with bud, leaf, and fruit. And remember the tree you saw in the park where all the branches were cut off, representing the condition of my church? If my people will take time in my presence, overnight they can produce the life of heaven."

**The Sea of Resources**

On another occasion Dennis saw a vast emerald green sea in heaven that seemed endless. "What is this?" he asked. Whenever a question would come to his mind as to what something meant, the answer would immediately follow.

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"This is the sea of my vast resources for every need," the Lord replied. Dennis knew this didn't just mean financial provision, but this was the source of supply for every need imaginable. It was limitless. He knew that if God's people would spend time in heaven, as we are commanded to in Colossians 3 where it says, "Seek those things which are above," that we could draw on the endless resources of heaven for every need. Heaven's resources are accessed by faith and are not limited by earthly laws of science, physics, math, and reason.

Matthew 6 begins with instructions on closing the door and seeking God in the secret place, and ends with God's abundant provision. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God...and all these things shall be added unto you."

**Provision from Heaven**

One day I crawled into the tent to wait on the Lord and I briefly lifted to Him a request for provision for an upcoming trip to Paris, France, where we had a new church plant. Then I lay quietly in the presence of the Lord, just loving Him, and didn't think about it again.

Suddenly I saw a hand extended to me from heaven, and it was full of pearls. I physically reached up and took the pearls. I took this as a representation of God's provision from heaven.

A couple of hours later, a lady came to the door and said the Lord had spoken to her to give us an offering for our trip. She had never done so before, nor since, so I knew this was the manifestation of provision I had received from heaven.

We flew to Paris, and when we arrived, Pastor Vangie, who had moved from our church in Las Vegas to plant the work in France, told me she had something for me. She said the Lord had told her to give me a gift. Then she brought me a bag containing a complete set of pearls, with necklace, bracelet, and earrings! Now my "pearls from heaven" had manifested themselves here on earth in two ways.

**His Love Revealed from Heaven**
As I spent time in the tent, I began experiencing the tremendous love of the Lord. They were such precious experiences, that to even discuss them seems to cloud what had happened. Suffice it to say, I would walk with Him, sit with Him, and talk with Him. He would kiss my face with a love that reached to the very depths of my being. I even saw Him looking lonely if I hadn't taken time with Him.

The Bride Unveiled

During one of Dennis' tent experiences, he had a heavenly revelation of the unveiling of the bride, representing the church. He saw layer after layer being unwrapped, and could sense the growing anticipation of her complete revelation. He trembled, as he could feel the emotions of the Lord as she was being unveiled, and he could sense His deep love for her. Finally her beauty was revealed in all its fullness. She was lovely, spotless, and radiant. She was then given a season of time to prophesy before the coming of the Lord, and before the marriage of the Lamb.

Heavenly Instructions for Intercession

I couldn't sleep one night, so I got up to pray in the tent. As I was lying there, suddenly I heard, "Pray for protection for the people of Wisconsin."

I pondered, "I don't know anyone in Wisconsin, and I don't even know where it is." But I prayed anyway, and in the dark I wrote "Wisconsin" in a small notebook, so I could remember I had prayed in case I fell asleep.

A couple of days later, there was a news report that Wisconsin had been hit by a series of tornadoes, destroying churches, stores, and homes, but not one person had been killed!

Another time the Lord flashed pictures of different ones before my face and gave me words for each of them, and instructions on how to pray for them. The faces of these people came from around the world. Some, I telephoned later, and others I just prayed for. I had learned that the Lord often gives
us information for prayer, and not always to share. I knew they were on God's heart, so I followed His prompting.

**Emergency Prayer Imparted from Heaven**

At the beginning of 2004, I was awakened during the night with the urgent thought, "A bomb is about to go off somewhere in the world, and you need to get up and pray that it be averted." I began to question if this was my imagination, and besides, I was too tired to get up. But the message came again, stronger as an "inner audible voice."

So I got up, went to the closet and knelt and prayed that the plot would be exposed and that nothing would happen. I continued to pray as the Spirit led me, and then I heard, "It's done. You can go back to bed now."

I got up to go to bed, but then I knelt down and added a quick request. "Lord, it would really be nice to hear about this on the news tomorrow, even though 'a bomb that didn't go off wouldn't normally make the news." Then I went to bed.

The next morning after I awoke, I told Dennis about what I had heard during the night. He said, "Well, let's turn the TV on and see what's on the news."

We turned CNN on and there was the breaking news: "A large bomb was found on the tracks in Spain." It proceeded to explain that a railway worker had found the bomb. It was rigged and ready to blow, but whoever had the detonator must have gotten scared off somehow! There had been a previous bomb that had exploded some days before, killing hundreds of people. The news of the bomb greatly overshadowed the installation ceremony of the newly elected leaders. Wow! It really did make the news!

I came to a humbling and awesome understanding of God's ways. On earth, He has given authority to mankind. He has chosen to work through His people. He woke me up, and perhaps many others, to release His power in this event. All I had to do was say what He was telling me to say, and He responded! How could it get any easier? 

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Inner Healing from Heaven

During the renewal outpouring of the mid-1990s, I had heard of many people being supernaturally healed of internal issues, such as hurts, unforgiveness, and lack of a father's love. Now it was 2004, and I was still dealing with the fear of traveling, which was a big deal now that we had been launched around the world. As I spent time with the Lord in the tent, he was healing me.

Once, I saw myself with Jesus, and He wanted to take me swimming in a rushing river. I told Him I was afraid of swimming in that kind of river. He replied, "Don't be afraid, I'll hold you." So He put His arms around me and took me swimming. I felt very refreshed. Then He took me up on a cliff and told me to jump into the river. Again I told Him I was afraid of heights. He said, "Don't worry, I will hold you." So He took me jumping from the cliff, into the river. We swam and then He swept me up from there, flying into the air! I realized that the Lord was having me face my fears, and setting me free as He held on to me.

These fears had taken hold when I was a child in Peru. I had traveled to boarding schools on muddy roads, sliding to the edge of the ravines and cliffs. I had flown on airplanes over the Andes Mountains before there were pressurized planes, and had to suck tubes of oxygen during flights. Our ears would burst with pain, and we would get sick to our stomachs. Narrow, dirt roads on the Andes Mountains made passing other vehicles precarious. I battled fears of swimming, of heights, and of enclosed small places.

Years later, another event in Peru added to my fears, as we brought a team from Las Vegas to do a crusade in a high, jungle city. The plane we were to return on was not large enough to accommodate all the passengers needing to travel, but after much debate, the airline finally consented to take everyone. First, they said, they needed to make "some minor mechanical adjustments." The next thing you know, a little boy hopped up onto a wing, unscrewed the gas tank, gave a big suck on a hose,
and began to siphon some of the gas from the plane. I guess they figured if they were carrying a heavier load of passengers, they would lighten the load another way!

We climbed on board, filing on to the two benches facing each other. The children piled in the tail section in between the luggage, and the pilots were in the open cockpit upfront. As we sped down the runway for take-off, the pilot yelled, "I don't think I can get this off the ground with all the weight in the back! Pass the luggage forward!" So we quickly passed it forward onto our laps. The climb had to be immediate as we were surrounded by high mountains. As we climbed, a lady from our team started crying and I just tried not to look out the window.

On another occasion, Dennis and our son, Denny, were tire-rafting downstream, and slammed into a logjam caused by a bridge that had been blown up by terrorists. They got banged up, and Dennis had to claw his way through tree branches underwater. This was the third time that Dennis faced possible drowning in Peru, yet the Lord had been merciful.

These are just a few of the "fun" stories that contributed to my fear of travel. I had received some ministry from a couple, John and Glenna Miller, whom I was translating for in Peru, as they presented their seminar called "Taking the Land" which dealt with deliverance from many inner issues. I had seen many go through radical transformations through their ministry. When they ministered to me, the Holy Spirit freed me from the entry-point where fears had come in. On the next bus ride over the Andes, I slept the whole way, which was a miracle.

Now, years later, God was faithful to minister directly to me in this area, as I spent time in His presence. He assured me of His care for me. From then on, if fears gripped my heart, which occurred much less frequently, I just focused on His face, and peace would come. I began to actually look forward to traveling!

**Correction from Heaven**

On another occasion in the tent, I was loving on the Lord,
and was sensing His great love for me. Suddenly he whispered in my ear, "You know the way you sometimes respond to Dennis, and it makes him react? I don't want you to do that anymore, okay?"

"Okay, I won't." I immediately responded. It wasn't something I had even been aware of before, but now it made sense. He spoke to me in such love, that it didn't feel like a rebuke, even though it was. This was the best method of correction I had ever felt! It was bathed in love, for the betterment of my marriage, and it tore down any resistance.

Car Accident Revealed

As I sat at my kitchen table early one morning with my prayer journal, listening to the Lord, I had a "light" thought, which I knew was from the Lord as it did not come with fear. He let me know that someone in my family would be in a car accident. I had learned that the Lord often gives these kinds of warnings, not so we accept them, but to pray against the plans of the enemy. So I prayed that the blood of Jesus would surround every member of the family, and that God would protect each one.

That evening, our daughter, Tracie, came home late from the university, brought by a friend. She embarrassingly let me know that her car had been totaled in an accident. I asked her how she was doing and she said, "It's so strange. I don't have a scratch on my body!" The Lord had indeed protected her. Then I thought maybe I should have prayed protection around the vehicles, as well!

"Translated" to Minister Healing

Dennis was waiting on the Lord in the tent, and suddenly he saw himself flying over the earth. He saw the ocean, then the land, and eventually he was flying over a range of mountains, and down some valleys. Then he recognized it as being Huanuco, Peru. He saw Pastor Edgar's house, flew through the walls, and landed by his bedside. Pastor Edgar had been diagnosed with severe heart problems and had been told by his
doctor to quit pastoring or die. Instead, he took a several-month sabbatical to recuperate. Dennis walked over to him where he was sleeping, laid hands on his chest, and commanded new strength for his heart and renewed vision in ministry. Then he walked around the bed and prayed for his wife, Doris, that she would have a renewed encounter with the Holy Spirit. Instantly, he was back home in the tent.

Dennis told me about this experience, and I told him maybe we should call and see how Edgar was feeling. Maybe something had happened! So, we called, and Dennis asked Edgar how he was doing.

"It's so strange. Suddenly from one day to the next I'm fine."

"And your wife, Doris. How is she?"

"She suddenly has had a renewed encounter with the Holy Spirit and has been speaking in tongues ever since!"

Even though Dennis was not translated physically, it appears he was spiritually. In the New Testament, Phillip was translated physically to fulfill God's purposes, and Paul said that even though he was absent in the flesh, he was present in the Spirit observing the order of the church. What Dennis experienced was definitely stretching our understanding of what God could do with us, yet this was "normal" in the New Testament age!

**The Archives of Heaven**

We ministered in Tijuana, Mexico, where Pastor Martha Velarde put us up in her home. During the night Dennis got up to pray and went to the couch in the living room, as there was no space to set up the prayer tent we traveled with. He began to wait on the Lord.

Suddenly, he was caught up to heaven where he saw the light from the throne shining on a building. He was fascinated by the fact that he could not even cast a shadow as he walked next to this building. He was told it was the archives of heaven and was asked if he would like to go in. He responded, "Yes" and was immediately inside.
He found himself in a low dungeon-like cave, which was musty and dirty. "Can this be heaven?" he questioned. "Maybe I'm mistaken somehow." But as before, whenever he had a question, the answer would immediately come to him.

"This is the place where Paul and Silas were imprisoned and put in shackles. As they praised me, the power of heaven came to earth and shook the prison and they were all set free." Suddenly Dennis realized that the archives of heaven did not contain papers or files, but scenes of actual events that had taken place on earth.

He was taken to another room. In this room, a young, single mother was sitting at her kitchen table in a humble apartment, crying out to God for wisdom in raising her son. The Lord spoke to Dennis, "Every tear and every trial that my people go through is recorded here in heaven."

He was told that these scenes were recorded for two reasons. One, so the angels can view them throughout eternity to see the trials and victories of God's people. Secondly, this was the body of evidence that would be presented against Satan on the Day of Judgment. Dennis began to weep in His presence at the awareness that what we do here on earth, matters in heaven for all eternity.

After this encounter, he felt and saw the presence of the Lord fill the living room where he was praying. The Lord told him, "Now I am graduating you from a tent to a room. By faith you can fill a room with my presence."

**The Upper Room Secret Place**

One day in prayer, in 2004, Dennis saw a vision of a loft in the walk-in closet of our new house, which had an unusually high ceiling. So he bought some redwood and built it as he had seen it, finishing it out with carpet, pillows, a small stereo system, and a ladder to reach it. We began spending time with the Lord there instead of the tent.

**Intimate Prayer**
We have learned that there are two parts to prayer. First, we give out, through petitioning God, worshipping, and praying in the Spirit, and it usually involves us talking. The part we often miss is the second side of prayer, which involves being quiet, stilling our mind, listening to His voice, looking into heaven, and opening up to receive. To facilitate this, we often put on soft, instrumental worship music, so we can simply "soak" in His presence.

There are times when I have used a prayer journal to write my requests and praises, and then I get quiet and write what I feel He is saying to me. With an analytical mind, I have needed to do this to train myself to hear Him. I keep my Bible by my side, as he often gives me a passage to confirm what he is telling me.

Many times spent with Him have been purely acts of faith where not much seems to be going on. Quieting my busy mind and unloading my burdens are key. As I move from introspection to focusing on Him I become refreshed, renewed, and empowered by his Spirit.

Time spent in the Secret Place greatly affects public ministry. If we try to minister and neglect our time with Him, the Lord could say, "I never knew you." The Lord simply desires relationship. He's lonely for us! And He who sees in secret, rewards us openly.

**Partners with God—Heaven Meets Earth**

How humbling and awesome! "Giant God" moves through "Human Ant." Amazingly He has also chosen us as His partner and bride and has delegated His authority to us. The Lord so much wants to have relationship with us that He has chosen to co-labor with us in world events. We are His extension from heaven to earth as we "catch" what He's doing through the Holy Spirit. That's how we can heal the sick, raise the dead, cast out demons, multiply food, overcome gravity, and move in the miraculous. The fullness of His kingdom rule will come when He appears again, but we can begin to access it now!
In writing this book my goal has been to encourage every reader to move into an exciting, supernatural, intimate relationship with God. This is His desire for every believer. Spend time in His Word—spend time in prayer—spend time with Him until He fills your very being and you will experience the supernatural in your life.

Dennis and I are excited about the future! We expect to have more and more encounters with God. We look forward to many more years of ministry. *Heavenly Encounters From the Jungle to Las Vegas* is only the prelude to what God is going to do.

www.DunamisARC.org
In the jungles of Peru, South America, where Lynnie and her husband, Dennis Walker, served as young missionaries, they hunted for food, washed clothes in the river, learned survival skills, and faced jungle superstitions.

Most of all, they grew to love the Peruvians as they lived with them and taught them the truths of the Word of God.

In 1985, they moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, in the United States—probably the most unlikely place to choose—where the Lord taught them many lessons in ministry.

They have learned this—that as we live in the secret place of the Most High, and learn to hear His voice, we can bring the love and power of heaven to earth, causing transformation wherever we go.

These stories are meant to encourage everyone to believe that the resources of heaven are available, even now, for all who love God, seek Him, and do on earth what He’s doing in heaven. "Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

"Lynnie Walker has written one of the most remarkable books I have ever read. It reads like the book of Acts..."

Dr. Che H. Ahn
Harvest International Ministry
Pasadena, California

"It will challenge you to step out of your comfort zones and radically obey His voice..."

Jill Austin
Master Potter Ministries
Hollywood, California

"...an exciting, challenging book you will enjoy from cover to cover."

Dr. A.L.,
and Joyce Gill
Gill Ministries
Big Bear, California

Lynnie Walker currently lives in Las Vegas with her husband, Dennis. She speaks at conferences and has written booklets and magazine articles. Lynnie oversees prayer for the state of Nevada with the United States Strategic Prayer Network. She and her husband oversee a network of churches both in Las Vegas, and in countries world-wide. They travel extensively in ministry together and see healings and miracles occur. They have three grown children who are serving the Lord with their spouses.