



NON-PROFIT



TAX-EXEMPT

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature” MARK 16:15

July 2018

FROM US TO YOU

Has God made you a special promise that has not yet occurred? If you love and serve Jesus Christ and have accepted Him as your Savior and Lord, you are His child (John 1:13-14). As such, God loves you (John 16:27). Therefore, He may have made you a promise of something He plans to do in your life. Has this happened to you? Perhaps the promise was made a long time ago and you are becoming discouraged. Do you worry that you might have misunderstood the Lord? If so, this message is for you. Because God always makes His promises look like they couldn't possibly come true. Then, when it seems most impossible, He makes it happen!

When Abram was 75 years old, he and his wife Sarai, had never had any children. Yet Abram trusted God. And when the Lord told him to leave the land of Er, of the Chaldeans, and follow Him, Abram obeyed. As a result, God made him a promise. He told him that he would be the father of many nations (Genesis 12:1-3). However, years past and Abram still remained childless. Yet when Abram was 99 years old, God told him, “No longer will you be called Abram; your name will be Abraham, for I have made you a father of many nations. I will make you very fruitful; I will make nations of you, and kings will come from you” (Genesis 17:5-6 NIV). Yet, the son of promise wasn't born until Abraham was 100 years old and his wife was 90!

Joseph, a young shepherd boy, was hated by his brothers (Genesis 37:4). Yet God gave him a promise in a dream. He was told, metaphorically, that his father and eleven brothers would bow down to the ground before him (see Genesis 37:9-10). However, before it occurred, the Lord made it look impossible. For his brothers sold him into slavery (Genesis 37:28, Psalms 105:18-19). His father thought he was dead (Gen. 37:31-35). And Joseph was taken to another country, Egypt. However, God gave Joseph the ability to interpret dreams. So, when Pharaoh had a dream about a future famine in the land, Joseph explained it (Genesis 41:1-37). And he knew what to do about it. Therefore, Pharaoh put Joseph in charge. Then the famine started. “And all the countries came to Egypt to buy grain from Joseph, because the famine was severe in all the world” (Genesis 41:57 NIV). Among them, were his father and brothers. “Now Joseph was the governor of the land, the one who sold grain to all its people. So when Joseph's brothers arrived, they bowed down to him with their faces to the ground” (Genesis 42:6 NIV). It looked impossible for a long time. But God specializes in the impossible! “...What is impossible with men is possible with God” (Luke 18:27 NIV).

Another example of this is in the life of David, another young shepherd boy who loved the Lord. Like Joseph, God's hand was upon David, and he was hated by his brothers (1 Samuel 17:28-29). So when the prophet, Samuel, came to Jesse to tell him that God was going to anoint one of his sons the next king of Israel, Jesse never even considered that it could be David. Jesse called all of his other

sons to Samuel. But none of them were found worthy by God. So Samuel “...asked Jesse, ‘Are these all the sons you have?’ ‘There is still the youngest,’ Jesse answered, ‘but he is tending the sheep.’ Samuel said, ‘Send for him; we will not sit down until he arrives.’ So he sent and had him brought in... Then the LORD said, “Rise and anoint him; he is the one.” So Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the presence of his brothers, and from that day on the Spirit of the LORD came upon David in power...” (1 Samuel 16:11-13 NIV).

Can you imagine what a wonderful promise this was for David, to become king? But King Saul was still alive and he felt that his position was being threatened by David. So, instead of David's life getting better, it got much worse! David spent years living like a hunted animal, sleeping in caves and hiding for his life. For King Saul was trying to kill him (1 Samuel 19:1-15). Yet David finally became King of Israel (2 Samuel 19:22) and the prophecy came true.

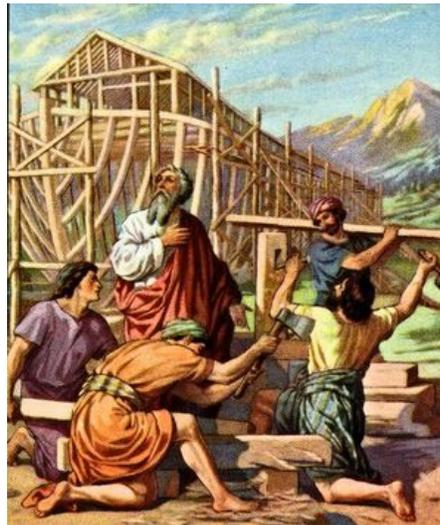
Let's not forget Noah. His love and dedication to God actually preserved the human race (see Genesis 6:6-8). God promised Noah something that seemed absolutely impossible! For up to that time, there had never been such a thing as rain. “But streams came up from the earth and watered the whole surface of the ground” (Genesis 2:6 NIV). Then, “...God said to Noah, ‘I am going to put an end to all people, for the earth is filled with violence because of them. I am surely going to destroy both them and the earth. So make yourself an ark of cypress wood; make rooms in it and coat it with pitch inside and out’” (Genesis 6:13-14 NIV). Can you hear the laughter Noah must have had to put up with, especially when he started rounding up animals for the ark! But God had the last laugh, and only those in the ark remained alive!

You might be thinking, “That was so long ago. Times have changed.” However, Jesus said, “Just as it was in the days of Noah, so also will it be in the days of the Son of Man. People were eating, drinking, marrying and being given in marriage up to the day Noah entered the ark. Then the flood came and destroyed them all” (Luke 17:26-27). When God makes promises to His beloved children, He keeps them!

After the Jews rejected their Messiah, Yeshua Hamashiach, whom Gentiles call Jesus Christ, God scattered them all over the earth. They learned different customs and languages. But the Lord promised them they would eventually be brought back to their own country, Israel (Jeremiah 29:14). That prophecy became a reality in 1948!

While we're on the subject of seemingly impossible prophecy, Anne's article this month, “God Protects Those He Loves,” explains the earliest prophecy of this ministry. It seemed so unlikely. We didn't even have any position at our church. But here we are!

In the Lord's Service, *Eric and Anne Kaestner*



God Protects Those He Loves

By Anne Kaestner

It was the early nineteen eighties and my husband and I were on our way to my brother's wedding. We were in Virginia, near the end of our destination. The traffic on the road was heavy and everyone seemed to be traveling very fast. We had a custom van in those days. We were in the left lane of the expressway, keeping up with the traffic which was going about 70 miles an hour. Suddenly the van started jerking out of control. As Eric tried to control it, I became terrified. We were surrounded by vehicles all around us! We had just gotten a flat tire. I screamed out "Jesus help us!" Then I looked out the window and, to my amazement, the other vehicles were way in the distance. Eric moved the van over to the grassy area on the right and I thanked and praised God as my husband changed the tire. That was one of many experiences where Satan had tried to kill us! Since early childhood, long before we were married, I had lots of other life threatening experiences.

In fact, the devil tried everything he could to keep me from accepting Christ as my Savior and Lord and becoming Born Again (John 3:3). My Dad was an American citizen. He and my mother had met while he was stationed in England during World War 2. They married in the United States, but my mother decided that she didn't want to live in this country anymore. She was 21 years old, and missed her big family. So, a year after their marriage, she went on what was supposed to be a short vacation to England and refused to return to the United States. My dad loved her so much that he moved to England to be with her. He got a job and stayed there for 9 years. That was until he received a letter from his brother telling him that his mother had been diagnosed with lung cancer. The doctors gave her from 6 months to 2 years to live.

Dad went back to America to see his mother before she died. Perhaps it was guilt. I don't know. But he refused to return to England. I was six years old at the time and my parents were separated and an ocean apart. Dad's mother, my grandma, was a strong Christian woman who had been praying for my salvation since I was a newborn. She had briefly visited England at the time of my birth. I believe she had told the Lord that whatever it took, she wanted me to be Born Again (John 3:3)! My mother considered herself a Christian because she occasionally went to a church and because, in those days, England was considered a Christian country. So, in the hope of pleasing Grandma, she sent me to Sunday school.

I heard about Jesus there and God's love for us (see 1 John 4:8). But it was assumed that, because my family went to a Christian church, we were already Christians (Acts 7:49-51). However, at the church in England, no one ever taught me that I needed to be reborn spiritually in order to get to Heaven. I didn't know that I needed to repent of my sins (Luke 15:7) and ask Jesus to come into my heart and control my life. But, ill as she was, Grandma kept praying for me. In fact, she prayed that God would allow her to see all her grandchildren before she died. My brother had just been born about six weeks before Dad received the letter. And my sister was two years younger than me. Grandma was from an Italian ancestry and had been widowed at only 24 years old. Therefore family was important to her, especially her grandchildren. We were the only ones she had! So the proverbial "tug of war" went on between my parents. After two years the situation culminated in Dad threatening divorce. He said that he had seen a lawyer who told him that he could probably gain custody of his children. As a result, Mother finally acquiesced and brought us to

America.

We had probably been in America about a year when one day two young women and a group of children came to visit Grandma. The women were Sister Sarah and the other was Sister Gerta. They ran the "Release Time" program at the Pentecostal church where Grandma had gone. People from her church were frequently coming over to visit Grandma. But this was the first time that any children had come. After their visit Sister Sarah suggested to my mother that my sister and I go to their "Release Time" meetings. The church, she said, would send a car to pick us up and take us home. The children with them were about the same age as us. Mother asked me if I wanted to go. When I found out that I could get out of school an hour early every Wednesday, I was all for it. Someone told Grandma that we were going to her church and she was delighted.

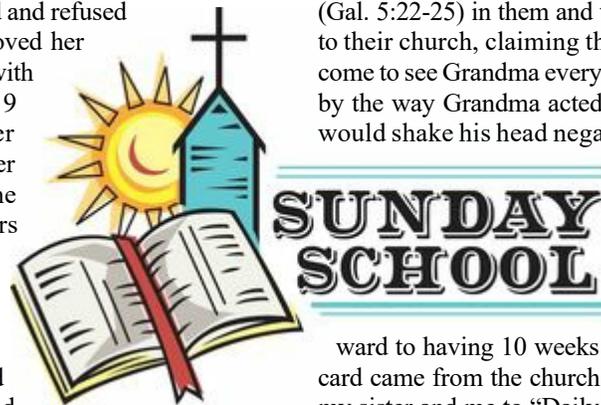
People from Grandma's church, and some from the "Salvation Army" (where she first accepted Christ as her Savior) continued to visit her often. Either my mother, my sister, or I would open the vestibule door to them. And they would go up the steps to Grandma's apartment. A woman from the church showed up one day with cleaning equipment. I heard my mother tell Dad, "Have you seen your mother's floors lately? They are so clean! And her bathroom too!" Mother could see these Christians had the fruit of the Holy Spirit (Gal. 5:22-25) in them and was impressed. But she still refused to go to their church, claiming they were too fanatical. The doctor would come to see Grandma every once in a while. Mother was embarrassed by the way Grandma acted. She said that after the exam the doctor would shake his head negatively. He knew she was dying. Mother

told us later that, right in front of the doctor, Grandma raised her arms over her head and said, "I'm coming Jesus. I'm coming to You soon!"

School year ended and so did "Release Time." I was looking forward

to having 10 weeks of vacation before school began. Then a card came from the church addressed to my parents. It was inviting my sister and me to "Daily Vacation Bible School." I would have to get up early for 2 weeks of my vacation in order to attend. I cried, I begged, I tried in every way to talk my mother out of signing us up. But, thank God, it didn't work! For toward the end of the two week program I gave my heart to Jesus. Sister Sarah saw me kneeling at the altar and put her arm around my shoulder, kneeling next to me. Then she led me through the sinner's prayer and I accepted Christ as my Savior and Lord. I have never been the same since! Grandma heard about it and was ecstatic! I began attending Sunday School and really enjoyed it. When I was 12 years old, I even spent a week at the church owned summer camp where I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit (Acts 19:1-6).

Shortly before Grandma died I went upstairs to her apartment one day and was surprised. I had never seen her so happy. Despite her horrible pain, she looked beyond joyful! She said that the Lord told her that He was going to give me an important ministry. Then, when I was still 12 years old, I woke up one morning and Mother told me that Grandma had died during the night. She had been suffering for 6 years after the diagnosis of lung cancer and made medical history at the hospital. But, before she died, she knew that her most desperate prayer had been answered. Now she had gone home to be with Jesus. After that, my life began to take a different direction. For my parents decided to move to Long Island, where they bought a house. The school I went to was better than the one I attended in the city, but I would be leaving my best friends behind. And, even worse, I would no longer be able to attend the church I had come to love.



At that time I couldn't understand why God allowed it to happen. However, years later, I realized that the Lord didn't want my relationship with Him to be confined to one church, or even one denomination. For, although the people at that church were godly Christians, they tended to lean too much toward legalism. They didn't think that Christian women should wear any makeup. And they didn't believe that Christians should ever go to a doctor, or even look in a medical book. That, they taught, was not living by faith. So I came to disagree with some of their doctrine. For even Luke was a physician (see Colossians 4:14). I eventually began reading the Bible for myself. And I came to my own understanding of what God expects from us. I also learned how much the devil tried to stop this ministry before it even got started! As I said at the beginning, there were many times that the Lord worked miracles to keep us alive!

I had so many close calls on the road, even before we were married, that it amazes me the lengths that God goes through to protect His loved ones. For example, I was on my way to work one day and had just gotten off the bus. I was about to cross the street in front of it when suddenly the bus driver beeped his horn so loud that it startled me. I looked up at him just as a car came whizzing past me at high speed. If it hadn't been for the bus driver's quick action I would have stepped out in front of the car and been killed! The bus driver smiled and mimicked me in a friendly gesture, clutching his chest as I had done.

My husband, Eric, also had close calls before we married. When Eric's mother, Gerry, was alive, she used to like to invite us over to her house for dinner, especially on special occasions. She had a very loquacious nature. Consequently, I found out more about the Kaestner family from her than from Eric. One topic that she mentioned often had occurred before Eric was born. She gave birth to him when she was 43 years old. But it almost never happened! In those days some doctors frowned on women giving birth when they were over forty. Perhaps that explains it. According to Gerry, the obstetrician she saw had a prestigious reputation. However, he told her that she wasn't pregnant. That the bump growing inside of her was a tumor that would have to come out. She told me that an appointment had been made for her to go to the hospital and have it removed. The neighbors all gave her gifts and everything was set. But, at the last minute, Gerry got second thoughts. So she called the obstetrician and canceled the operation. The doctor was very angry. "That tumor has to come out," he told her. "It will only keep growing bigger." And of course, it did!

Years later the devil tried to kill Eric again. Upon graduation from high school, Eric had the opportunity to go on vacation with two of his friends. They were on the beach in Bermuda one day, and Eric and his friend, Bill, decided to go in the water. Apparently the beaches in Bermuda are not like the beaches they were used to on Long Island. They were not very far from the shore when suddenly the ocean floor Eric was walking on made a sharp drop. One minute his feet were on firm sand and the next minute the water was over his head. Not being a good swimmer, Eric started to panic. He says he almost drowned before Bill pulled him out.

Eric and I met and married in April 1980. But getting an apartment to live in was difficult that year. To save money by eliminating the broker, I bought a list of apartments for rent from another company. But every time I called up about an apartment, it had already been taken. Finally, I got so discouraged that I told the landlady what trouble we were having finding a place to live. "Oh, don't worry about that dear," she told me. "I have another apartment that's for rent in the same building." It was a bit more money but it had two

bedrooms instead of the one bedroom we had asked for. I thought it would be great as a nursery when we had a baby. But that was not God's will. Instead it eventually became an office and a different kind of nursery. For, years later, that was where I started writing newsletters that we began sending to prisons across the country. The letters we received from inmates amazed us. They were so full of love and encouragement! And the chaplain letters told us how much the inmates enjoyed getting what they called "Bible Studies." I learned that, instead of feeding a human baby, that office became a nursery where I would feed prison convicts on the "Bread of Life" (Mark 14:22) Jesus Christ!

That first Christmas in our new home was not what we had expected. A few days earlier, I had come home from work to find our front door had been broken open. We were burglarized. All they took was my jewelry, which was insured. But it was a scary experience! We had planned to have Christmas at my parents' house. However, we were unable to leave the apartment as the front door was not replaced until after Christmas. My neighbor across the hall had seen the crooks breaking our front door, but didn't call the police (Luke 6:31). Then she left for work and they burglarized her apartment next. In the years that we lived in that apartment, the building had been burglarized frequently. But we couldn't afford to move. One day we returned home, after visiting the church I had gone to on Staten Island, only to discover the fire trucks outside our building. There had been a fire in the building next to ours and the fire fighters broke into our apartment too, fearing the fire would spread. Broken glass was all over the floor as they had smashed the sky lights.

The new door we received from the Landlord was our third, in about five years. But it was the most burglar proof. And since they would eventually try again years later, it was a blessing (Romans 8:28). For it had a four-way bolt, one on each side, including the ground. So they gave up trying. However, that wasn't the last time the burglars attempted to get in. The scariest time was one evening when we were home! Eric had gone to bed. And I had been resting on our couch in the living room. It was about two o'clock in the morning.

But we had to have the windows open as it was very hot. I was listening to soft music. Little did I know that there was a street gang outside our building that had noticed the open window. It was the window by an alleyway, right next to a busy main road. So I didn't think that anyone could get in without a ladder. And that, I thought, would get the attention of passersby. I also knew that we were only two blocks away from the police station.

I decided to go to bed. So I walked toward the room that, several years later, became our office. I wanted to close the window. At least the bedroom was air conditioned. However, the Lord knew what was going on outside. And He was protecting us even then! I was very calm as I walked toward the window. It was as if God had put me in some type of trance. For I didn't realize at the time what was happening right in front of me. The street gang hadn't needed a ladder to get up to our second floor apartment. There was enough of them to do it piggy-back, one on top of another, circus style. It must have been the leader that was in front. You'd think I would be scared! It reminds me of the time that the angel delivered Peter from prison. And none of the guards even knew what was occurring as Peter and the angel calmly walked past them (Acts 12:7-11).

As I entered the room and headed for the window, the young man in front was just about to climb through it! However, it wasn't me that screamed. It was him! I don't know what he saw, but the fear that came over him wasn't coming from me. For at only five foot three and petite, I wasn't any

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God Protects Those He Loves (Continued From Page 3)

challenge for him at all. He looked at me and let out a shriek. Then he turned to the man next to him and told him to get down. The man asked him why. And the one on top, said it again with more authority and a terrified tone in his voice, "Get down now!!!" I calmly walked over to the window and closed it. Then I went to bed. About an hour later, I woke up with a start as the Lord made me aware of what had happened. I know it wasn't a dream! For God brought it all back to me vividly! Looking back on this now, I believe it must have been an angel that he saw. The next day we went out and bought bars for that window!

I can remember in particular one summer evening years ago, when I decided to walk to the store to buy some milk. I passed by a bar as a drunken man leaned in the doorway. "Hi girлие," he said as I walked past. However, his smile quickly faded when I ignored him and kept walking. He began to follow me, calling out insults and using foul language all the way. After a block or so of this, I became alarmed. I went to the fire station seeking help, but the downstairs door was locked. No one else seemed to be on the street, and except for the occasional car speeding by, no one was around to even call to. Another block went by, with the angry drunk getting even closer and more hostile. Then I suddenly remembered. "I'm not alone," I thought. "Jesus is with me all the time. His Holy Spirit lives in my heart." I began to pray silently for help. But before I had even muttered more than a few syllables, a police car suddenly appeared as I approached a side street.

"Where did that come from?" I thought. It hadn't been there a few seconds ago! It seemed to just appear in the distance, and before I knew it, it had stopped right in front of me as it approached the road. I waved to the officer, and told him what was happening. "Get in," he told me. And he drove me safely to the supermarket. We made some small talk on the way, and he told me how some people like to start their celebrating early, and the police always ended up with a load of drunks to deal with right before a holiday. I had forgotten that it was the Friday before a Fourth of July. It was only a short trip, but all the way there, I was thinking, "I wonder if he's really a cop, or one of my angelic body guards in disguise?" (Psalms 91:11-12 and Hebrews 13:2.)

Over the years, Satan never seems to give up. One of his many frustrated attempts to kill us took place on a trip down South in May of 1988. (That was the same year we started this ministry.) We were in Tennessee traveling along the interstate when a sudden loud noise could be heard, and a strange odor started creeping through the van. We managed to continue on for about another half an hour after that until we arrived at a trailer park. Much to the annoyance of the owner, we were leaking fuel. Apparently, prior to our trip, Eric had taken the van to a muffler store in order to have a new exhaust system installed. The technician must have failed to tighten the brackets that hold the exhaust system in place. As a result, the exhaust pipe slid and laid against the gas tank, which was made of a plastic material. The heat of the exhaust pipe burned a hole through the gas tank, causing gas to leak out. Moreover, the gas that we purchased in Tennessee was extremely flammable due to the addition of ten percent alcohol. It was a hot, sticky afternoon, with a bright sun out, and a temperature somewhere near 90 degrees. "It's a miracle the van didn't blow up with us in it," Eric told me as we got out.

Then there was the trip we took to Israel in 1984. Prior to the trip we'd been mildly concerned about the possibility of terrorist attacks in the area. But the Lord put my mind at rest when He gave me some special scripture one night, after I'd been praying (Psalm 121). The day of our trip we all gathered together at the airport.

Everyone on the tour sat in the airport lounge while our tour director read us some scripture before we began boarding the plane. It was the exact same scripture that God had given me! This was confirmation! It was on that trip that both Eric and I were water baptized in the Jordan River, the same river that Christ Himself was baptized in (Matthew 3:13). It was also on that trip that a major terrorist attack took place in Jerusalem. Five people were shot to death. In fact, the shooting took place at a tourist attraction exactly one hour before we arrived at the very same spot!

So many times the Lord has saved my life. But that doesn't seem to stop the devil from trying to end this ministry. Even before we had a ministry he was trying to prevent it from happening. Like the time, years ago, before I met Eric. I was coming back from an interview for a job, which I didn't get. It was a very snowy winter day. I was unfamiliar with the area. So I didn't know that the road I took had such a steep downward incline. I had an old car with equally worn out tires. When I realized how icy the road was, it was too late to turn around. For it would have been even harder going uphill on that road. So I tried to slow down as much as possible. I prayed that it would be safe going downhill. I knew that once I got past the green light at the intersection the road would at least be level. Then two things happened. The light changed to red as my car began to skid. I was terrified that I would hit one of the vehicles crossing the intersection in the other direction. I pressed down hard on my breaks but to no avail. There I was sliding rapidly right down toward the cross street. Then, in a panic, I decided to try throwing the gear into park. Thank God it worked! But then I needed my transmission repaired.

God always seems to have someone available to help me when I get into trouble. I was leaving my office one day, intending to walk across the parking lot to the pizza restaurant. I was about half way there when suddenly something came up behind me and pushed me over, face first into the ground. There was nothing slippery on the ground and no one behind me. Non-Christians will have trouble believing this. But just as God is more active working in the life of His children, the devil is more active attacking us too. But only when God allows it (Luke 22:31). Job is a perfect example of that (Job 1:1-22). However, whenever the severe trial is over, God will always send someone to help us recover. Sometimes it may be an angel in disguise (Hebrews 13:2). After the Lord's 40 day fast (Matthew 4:2) God sent angels to minister to Him.

After my fall in the parking lot, a man came over to help me. But a woman was there first. She assured him that she would take care of me. I had never seen that woman before, or after. Yet she had me get into her car and she drove me home. She showed so much concern for me, it was almost as if she knew me. On another occasion, when I was in my twenties, I was involved in a traffic accident going through an intersection. Another "good Samaritan" came right over to my car. She was with her family. She told me to sit in her car, then she went into a store and came out with a cup of water for me. I hadn't even asked for it! However, she was so kind and understanding. It seems that God has made this kind of thing a trend. As Christians, we will always go through tests of faith. And the closer to the Lord you are, the harder the tests will be. Yet God always seems to have someone available just at the time you need help. Sometimes it may be an angel in disguise! It's one of the joys of knowing Christ.

"For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways; they will lift you up in their hands, so that you will not strike your foot against a stone... 'Because he loves Me,' says the LORD, 'I will rescue him; I will protect him, for he acknowledges My name'" (Psalms 91:11-14 NIV).

