



Sons Of Issachar Edition!

A Newsletter for those who understood the times and knew what to do!

Kingdom Life Ministry

Volume 5—Issue 56

March, 2007

Dear Bethany,

“What If It Had Been Your Boy?”

“Say, papa, can I go with you?” asked a little boy of his father. ‘Yes, son, come on,’ said the father, as he threw the axe over his shoulder and accompanied by a friend, went to the woods and felled a tree.

“The little fellow said: ‘Say, papa, can I go and play in the water at the lagoon?’ ‘Yes, but be careful and don’t get into deep water; keep close to the bank.’ The little fellow was playing, digging wells, picking up stones and shells and talking to himself, when pretty soon the father heard him cry, ‘Hurry, papa, hurry!’

“The father leaped to his feet, grabbed the axe and ran to the lagoon and saw the boy floundering in deep water, hands outstretched, a look of horror on his face as he cried, ‘Hurry, papa’ hurry’ the alligator has got me.’ The hideous amphibious monster had been hibernating and had come out, lean, lank, hungry, voracious, and seized the boy.

“The father leaped into the lagoon and was just about to sink the axe through the head of the monster when it turned and swished the water with his huge tail like the screw of an ocean steamer, and the little fellow cried out: “Hurry, papa; hurry, hurry, hur----“The water choked him. The blood-flecked foam told the story. The father went and got men and they plunged in and felt around and all they ever carried home to his mother was just two handfuls of crushed bones.

“When I read that, for days I could not eat, for nights I could not sleep. I said, “Oh, God, what if that had been my boy?”

“There are influences worse than an alligator and they are ripping and tearing to shreds your virtue, your morality.

Young men and women are held by drugs, others by corrupt practices, drunkards crying to the Church, “Hurry, faster,’ and the church members sit on the bank debating over what a proper meeting should look like, sitting there looking at plans for bigger buildings and even bigger budgets. “Hurry.” They are splitting hairs over foolish things, criticizing individuals or other churches, instead of trying to keep sinners out of hell, and the lost are crying to the Church, “Faster! Faster! Faster!”

‘How many will say,

God, I want to be nearer to you than I have ever been before. I want to renew my vows. I want to get under the cross.’ How many will say it?

“Your fingers would remember their old strength better, if they grasped a sword-hilt”
(Lord of the Rings, Two Towers)

As we prepare for the Round 8 in Philadelphia I want everyone to know that we are being strengthened in our inner man everyday for what lies ahead. The call has gone out for those whose knees are not weak and whose vision has not faltered to come and fight alongside of us for our land and families.

Every man dies but not every man really lives! There are many in the body of Christ just sitting around biding their time till they die trying to just get by in hopes the enemy doesn’t notice them while all day his knee

is upon their neck and his foul breath is upon their face? Do not be deceived by the spirit of complacency. It sounds and looks so good but it is rooted in fear and it tears at a person's destiny.

Let my voice be heard through out the land that today is the day of the church's deliverance from that foul spirit. That spirit that bears the mark of our cursed self that demands its just reward as king over our life. It tells us when to rise up and when to sit, who to listen to and who not to. It is a hundred voices in our own mind that confuse and belittle us till we are but a pawn in its control. And the one who sits on the throne usurping the power of the cross and the true King is our own self.

A spirit of lethargy has come across this land of ours and it is a heady drug of choice for many. It robs us of our fight. Many of my friends who once stood ready for battle now want to find contentment in the fact their swords are hung behind closed doors and their shields are rusted and unused. It would do us all good to remember the strength that once coursed through our hands and legs and the proud way we all stood when the wind of the spirit was at our backs and the cloud of glory was before us.

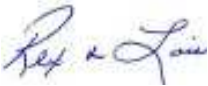
Men and women we were then for when we had something to die for we had something to live for as well. And if this finds some spark within you of days gone by then remember this, "Your fingers would remember their old strength better, if they grasped a sword-hilt once again."

Lift your heads for a new wind is blowing!

We are entering a new season. The door is open and the time is now for men and women of valor to arise and enter in. I ask that you dig out your old prophetic tapes and look once again upon the dreams of your youth for the wind has changed directions and is blowing the promises of God upon His children.

Test this for yourselves, lift your head right now and see if there is not a new wind a blowing. A wind of promise and of adventure. Ah yes, the wind is blowing and there is a battle to fight for the King of Kings.

The tent is ready, the land stands silent in expectation as the 'Kings Men' rise up to take back the land.



Rex and Lois

As we get ready for 2007 and the campaigns that are before Kingdom Life Ministry will you consider joining ranks with us today in the work that is at hand.

Each man should give what he has decided in his heart to give, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace abound to you, so that in all things at all times, having all that you need, you will abound in every good work. As it is written:

"He has scattered abroad his gifts to the poor; his righteousness endures forever."

If you would like to ***Join Our Ranks TODAY — In Helping Us Help Them!*** Then please go to our Response Card, check the appropriate box and include a check in the envelope provided.

Thanks and God Bless

We are a 501 C-3 tax exempt organization