

## Call of God

I was born on a farm way out in the sticks. We didn't even have gravel on our roads until the late 1940s. We were considered poor, but we never went hungry or without clothes. Our main transportation was horse and wagon or horse and sleigh in the winter. Dad had a 1929 Chev 1/2 truck he would use to haul sheep, wood or whatever he could sell in town, 26 miles away. A trip to Wetaskiwin had more planning in it than a 2000 mile trip today.

Mom was a Bible believing Christian, a little under the law, but nevertheless a good God fearing woman. There is my oldest sister Connie, then Shirley and me. We had no church so mom would read the Bible and tell us kids about Jesus and the Old Testament stories. Ever since I can remember, mom would tell us how the doctor told her to never get pregnant again after Shirley as it would kill her. She wanted a son so much, she said she spent many hours in prayer asking God for a son. She told God that she would give her son, to Him even before I came along. Well God heard and answered her prayer although at the beginning things weren't the best. She continued to thank God for a healthy son and easy birth. One time when she was praying, she felt a surge of power go through her and it seemed as if I flipped over in her womb and everything was good after that. I was born January 9, 1942 weighing 10lbs. 11oz. and the birth went well.

As far back as I can remember, when it come my turn in our family devotions to pray, I would storm heaven and when I couldn't think of what to say, I would switch to a babbling that didn't make any sense but it sure made me feel good inside.

When I was around 5 or 6 mom said that at my age baby talk wasn't except able anymore. I remember feeling totally devastated, but at that time we knew nothing about the infilling of the Holy Spirit.

Dad raised about 120 head of sheep and I would stand on a fence or manure pile and preach to these sheep, when I couldn't think of anything else to say, I would switch to my secret language. It not only made me feel good, but I remember the sheep would settle right down, chew their cud and listen till I was done. Oh by the way, I

had nobody saying it was childish, the sheep liked it. (My sheep know my voice and come at my call [John 10:27](#))

Up until I was 14, I served the Lord. Then I had a very unsettling experience with a local church and it's elders.

I would not darken the doors of any church until I got hooked on my soon to be wife who was a very staunch Lutheran.

I never explained to her the plan of salvation, I just would say, if we died today we would both end up in hell. Thanks to her brother that sent her a couple of books one written by Kerbin Salem and one by Hal Lindsay. These books brought her under such conviction she was always crying. Of course I thought the reason she was crying all the time was because I had done or said something and it was driving me nuts trying to figure out what.

On November 11, 1970 we went to the Edmonton Revival Centre as there had been people from there that had dropped off pamphlets. And my wife being under conviction wanted to go. We didn't know what to expect, but I agreed. They had purchased the old Tivoli Ball Room, an old dance hall we spent many Saturday nights at. It seemed a little weird as we walked in, but my wife was crying anyway. The preacher that night was a farmer from Saskatchewan and his message was about (Daniel 5:1- 27) Belshazzar and the hand writing on the wall --- "You are weighed in the balances and found wanting". Well-- when he made the alter call, my wife was up front like a shot. Me on the other hand, being more reserved and analytical, reasoned within myself.

"I have tried so many times to serve the Lord but I just can't live up to the law, there are so many religious hypocrites today, and I don't want to add to them.

Then I thought that maybe if the wife serves the Lord now - maybe I can? I'll give it one more try".

So I went up front and when I knelt down and said Lord forgive me, it was like a high voltage current went from my head out my toes. I felt so clean and I couldn't stop bawling, a happy cry, I don't know how else to explain it. The wife and I were both overcome with joy and thanksgiving.

They had services five nights a week and three times on Sunday, and

the first thing I said when we got home, was there is no way I'm going to church that often. WRONG! We were so hungry for God and his word that we couldn't stay away.

Revival Centre was exactly what it was, they brought in ministers from all over the world. Some were ordained but most were not. Each one had a different ministry, boy talk about growing in the Lord. This was like what's found in the Bible, 1 Cor 12: 28-31. If the churches would only allow this today, but are so full of fear that some of their old regulars may get their nose out of joint (Rev 3:19).

In 1971 we moved to the Bible Camp (previous Memoirs) and grew further in the Lord and by faith learned to heed his voice. God said to me, it's time for you to go out preaching and get your feet wet. Well-- I told the Lord that he knew I couldn't make notes, not even when I was in school. He gave me the portion of scripture in Mark 13:11 take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.

I was scared, but said okay Lord. For our first service, we rented the I.O.O.F. Hall in Wetaskiwin, Ab. and placed an ad in the local paper of the upcoming meeting. Of course with my great faith I figured I had better help the Lord out, so I spent days preparing my first sermon.

The night of our first service came and the first part with the family singing and people participation went fairly well. Then came the time for the message! I read the scripture and then tried to follow my notes, needless to say it was terrible, kept losing my place and so on. I sent up an SOS prayer and said Lord HELP! "YOU SAID" to go out,

Well I don't know where the wind came from, but it blew my notes all over. I said thank you Lord, and just started to talk about the scripture that was read. For 40 minutes I felt the anointing of God and it was like I was listening to someone else speak. Over all these years, He's still the same with me!

In the Spring of 1972, God spoke to my spirit and said, "go to Saddle Lake".

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to

<http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken