

#15

## THE VISION

In 1972 we had moved our mobile home to a friends acreage about five miles east of Edmonton. (mentioned in memoir - Lawnmower) We pastored in Saddle Lake as well as traveling around the north-central part of the province holding meetings wherever the Holy Spirit led us.

We attended midweek services at a little Pentecostal Church on the outer East side of Edmonton, it was called the Beverly Pentecostal Church and the Pastor was Rev Magnus Borsheim. They started up an outreach called Misionettes for girls 6-16 and Crusaders for boys the same age group.

They were a small congregation and needed volunteers to help, so seeing the kids were in that age group and I had to bring them in anyway, so I said I'd help The crusaders was run on a similar pattern of Boy Scouts except it was Christian centralized and the pledge was Ephesians 6:13.

**Eph 6:13** Wherefore **take unto you the whole** armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

We started off that fall with about eight boys. We also had crafts and activities for the various age groups and they could earn badges to sew on their sash which was part of their uniform. The crusaders was set up by the P.A.O.C. (Pentecostal Association of Canada), they set out the curriculum and uniforms and badges which we had to purchase.

I was ask by Magnus If I would look after the spiritual end of it, I didn't know what to do, so I prayed and ask God what these young boys needed that would draw them to Jesus and glorify him. I strongly felt led to start with our pledge and a time of sharing a testimony of some kind and then a five minute sermonette on their level, but not compromising the

word of God and to run it on a military setting. Now this was not what the PAOC curriculum was, but I have always chosen the Holy Spirits leading over mans rules. The beginning would take about 20 minutes and then we would break into the age groups for crafts or activities. There were badges for memorizing scripture and after a few weeks I offered a badge for anyone that would give the five to ten minute devotional sermon. At first I had to really encourage participation, but by Christmas they were begging to do it.

Also the boys told their friends about all the neat things they were doing at Crusaders and the eight boys grew by Christmas to over 30. We also took the group out camping, fishing, ball, floor hockey and whatever. But in all things I emphasized the Christian attitude and lifestyle. The groups would take part in some of the Sunday Services in full uniform reciting the scriptures they had learnt and given their badges they had earned, of course most of these young people were local non church families. Now they were so excited in what they were doing that when they were involved in a Sunday Service, they made sure their family was there to see them.

The Sunday School attendance exploded and with them encouraging there family to come, that little church was just plain to small. From 1975 to the fall of 1977 those 8 boys and 9 girls grew to over 150 and the congregation of around 50, to over 300. You see what following the leading of the Holy Spirit will do. Man says you can't have good old fashion morals and discipline as you will scare the young people away, it was just the opposite here and always will be as long as God has the lead.

Now all this took place because my brother in the Lord Pastor Magnus Borsheim had a dream to reach the

community they lived in, for Christ. He sought the Lord, then stepped out in faith and put it into practice. He is a quiet man of God and I learnt so much from his example and ministry.

During this time, I was approached in 1976 by a Brother and Sister in the Lord to start a fellowship in Fort Saskatchewan. 20 miles North and East of Edmonton and 10 miles North of where we lived. After seeking the Lords leading on this, we felt it was of God. So we rented the I.O.O.F. hall and run an add for a couple of weeks that we were starting the Fort Saskatchewan Full gospel Fellowship with services being at 2 pm every Sunday. We had about 50 people the first Sunday. Now I knew my calling was not that of a pastor as we had started other fellowships before and always got them going and then turned it over to others to carry on. We started in the summer of 1976 and I turned it over to the P.A.O.C. in the fall of 1977.

It grew from 50 people to 35 families in a little over a year. We Built a portable Baptismal tank and all those that got saved, also got immersed in water baptism.

I found out afterward, that the P.A.O.C. had tried twice in a ten year period to start a church in Fort Saskatchewan but both times it failed. I guess it wasn't in the Lords timing.

In the spring of 1977 things seamed to be ho hum in my life so I ask God for a purpose in my life because the bible says: **Proverbs 29:18** Where there is no vision, the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he.

So the Lord gave me a vision and in this vision I saw a huge parcel of land overlooking a huge open valley running South but mostly West, with fair sized timber on the foothills. I saw log buildings that were large enough to house several people and the people ranged in age from teens to adult. There was

livestock as it was a working ranch. Those there worked as part of their healing and therapy. Up a rise to the North and West of the main building was a small grove of trees with a natural type of alter in it and was overlooking another little valley.

On a downhill slope to the South East of the main building, about 500 yards was a grove of pine trees with a small creek running through it and in this grove it was set out for RVs.

Up a bit of a rise to the North East of the main building was 3 or 4 houses where the fellow workers lived. This vision was so real, and It has never left my conscious mind and it has been 27 years. Now 35 years.

For 27 years as I have traveled North America and this vision has burned in my mind. I have looked for this place but have never seen it yet.

A little over a year ago I really felt led to look on the internet. There was a place out by Rocky Mountain House and by the pictures it was somewhat similar but different. I felt strongly that we should go and look at it.

As I prayed about it I argued in my spirit as to why this wasn't the place. The more I argued, the more compelled I felt we should go. So I phoned and set up an appointment to have a viewing. My friend and Board Member Ed, took off from work and we drove out and went through the facilities.

It was confirmed that this was not the place and I felt discouraged as to why I felt so strongly to go look. I thanked the Lord anyway and He came back with:

**as in obeying the voice of the LORD? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice,** and to hearken than the fat of rams.

I had peace for about eight months and again I felt to look on

the internet, I found a ranch in the interior of BC that had a picture of the valley, hills and timber but no buildings, this is the closest I have ever come to seeing the vision in reality. I prayed and said Lord I will go look, but before I could find someone to take me out. The place was sold and I had inner peace about it.

There is a place near Calgary, Alberta that was the first place I had seen on the internet and it only had a cameo picture which looked promising but the price was ridiculous so I put it on the back burner. I kept going to the web site to see if they had added any pictures and they hadn't. So last month I wrote them and ask if they would send some pictures of the buildings and surrounding terrain which they did, and there is no resemblance at all.

I will never forget this vision as long as God keeps me in my normal senses, but the urgency has diminished. Now I don't know if this will still come to pass, or if it was given me to keep from Proverbs 29:18. like King David's dream died in 2 Samuel 7: 1 to 13. I will still thank and praise God for his infinite wisdom and love and the vision that has kept me charged for 27 years.

Bro Ken

ps: as of 2010 it is 33 years

Then I picked up a hitchhiker

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken