

# Sons Of Issachar Edition!

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

Kingdom Life Ministry

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## The Fiery Cross!

In times gone by tradition has it that a Scottish Chieftain who wanted to summon the clans together because of a dispute would make a small wooden cross, light the ends and dip it in blood. This burnt cross was given to a fleet and dependable messenger as a seal and this messenger would carry it throughout the glens and over the crags, across the lochs and into the cottages to all manner of places where the clansmen were to be found.

When their eyes would take in the burnt cross every one of them whether he be a shepherd, farmer, merchant or artisan would gird themselves for battle and rally instantly to his chieftain. When the fiery cross would appear the clans would arise in mass.

On the streets of Philadelphia a fiery cross has appeared and the clans are assembling because the battle lines have been drawn. A band of brave hearts from all across this nation of ours are gathering under a blue and white tent and are walking the lines with purposeful strides and set deep within their eyes is a look that knows the battle that looms before them is what they were destined for.

### **“I hated myself and everyone else. But! I loved you if you had a dollar for me.”**

It was like any other Saturday afternoon at the tent. I was sitting at a table in back of the tent talking to a group of homeless men that had come in to grab some burgers and dogs when this young man asked if he could join us. After eating for a while he began to tell me his story and I got to tell you it made me sit up and listen. But here are the words that John, the former gangster said that hot and humid afternoon.

*“The first time you set up this tent in the park I was here getting high. Then I noticed this guy Bill following me all around. No matter where I went it was like he was following me so I asked him if he was following me and he said, “No! Are you following me?” It was crazy.*

*So I went over to another part of the park and was getting high on rock cocaine and this sister from the tent comes over and she prays over me and when she does I came off my high. It was senseless; I mean I couldn't feel the affects of the drugs anymore. So I decided to sell the dope I had and when I did I noticed the people I sold it to were getting high off the same dope I couldn't get high off of just a few minutes before. How crazy is that?*

*It was all crazy and on Sunday night you were taking the sound system down for the night and you all gathered around me and spoke in tongues over me and afterward I went back to get high but I still couldn't feel anything.*

*Next thing I know there is Bill again and he gets me to come back over to the tent and a bunch of you lay hands on me and start to pray.*

*But something strange happened to me. It was like a 200-ton brick was lifted off my shoulders. It freaked me out so much that I came off the chair and hit my knees right here in this tent and asked God to help me. You see, “I hated myself and everyone else but I loved you if you had a dollar for me.” That was the type of guy I was. I mean I still struggle with stuff but something is different and I knew it right away and even though I have slipped a couple of times it's not the same, there is something different inside of me.*



The bullets were whizzing by my head and I heard God speaking to me.

*The next day I was walking along and I found myself right in the middle of this shootout with these other gangsters. It was wild, bullets were flying everywhere and all of sudden it was like I had this out of the body experience or something crazy like that. Bullets were whizzing right by my head but I don't get hurt and **I hear this voice talking to me and I just knew it was God** so I went home and told my mom that I was going to detox and get my life straightened out.*

*Now you need to know my mom and I have been running drugs around here for over thirteen years. So when I walked in and told mom what I was going to do she looks up at me and told me, "Pack my bags cause I'm going with you and were going tonight!"*

*So we went to detox and we were there one month and God just cleaned us both up. After I got out I met this girl named Jen, we fell in love and we want to get married right here under the tent where I was given a chance to change. I want to say thanks for all that you are doing and for being here to help guys like me.*

We all sat listening to John as we ate our burgers and dogs but by the time he finished our burgers were laying cold on our plates. When he finished I watched as John looked long into the eyes of Jen who had come and was now sitting beside him and slowly they both looked up and smiled the sweetest smile you could ever have seen.

### **'A Cup Of Cold Water'**

The curse of Satan is very visible here on the streets. By prayer the eyes of the blind are being opened to the potential that God sees within them all. To see hope birthed within their spirits is very precious to behold and cursed is the man that believes that drugs, gambling and liquor are the cure for the loneliness they feel inside. We all walk by the problem each and every day and try not to let it get inside of us. But the truth of the matter is simply this, what feeds the unquenchable fires of Satan's lust are the youth within our country.

But I say, let God arise in the hearts and soul of each Christian and nothing will be impossible. Let men and women all across this nation of ours take a stand for truth. What is truth? *That each and every person is precious in the sight of God and His will is that none shall perish in the fires of hell, but live eternally with Him surrounded and covered with His love.*

Are you not stirred against the complacency that has settled in over the heart of the church? A person that has nothing to live for finds himself with nothing worth dying for. There is a cross that has been burnt and dipped in the blood and is passing through this land of ours and it speaks out against the complacency that is happening all around us. When you look into the eyes of those who have lost all hope there is a cry that goes forth that is louder than any trumpet blast. It is a cry that pierces the very heart of God and asks us this question. "Will you not give a cup of cold water to these who are in torment of spirit and soul?"

We are asking that you help us help them. If you can't come then share in the load by helping us financially and by covering us with your prayers. Let your eyes take hold of the fiery cross and let the wind of the Spirit give strength to your spirit.

**Again we say thanks for your continual prayers, your friendship and your contribution of...  
'A Cup of Cold Water'**

Much love and appreciation,



If you would like to come alongside of us in providing "A Cup Of Cold Water!" please go to our contribution page. Thanks and God Bless

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