

ESCAPING THE POTTER'S HOUSE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MEMOIRS BY FORMER
MEMBERS

JOEL CROSBY

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*To the current members of The Fellowship: May this book open your eyes to
the corruption and hierarchy of your pastors.*

*To the former members of The Fellowship: May this book serve as a voice to
those who have been shunned.*

To everyone: read your Bible in context.

INTRODUCTION

The network of churches falling under Christian Fellowship Ministries goes by different names: Potter's House, The Door, Victory Chapel, Lighthouse, or other variations or translations. A city name may be attached to the building.

In 1970, Wayman Mitchell, a licensed (not ordained) Foursquare minister, requested and was appointed as pastor of the Foursquare church in Prescott, Arizona. This was during the heyday of the Jesus Movement, and Mitchell began discipling hippy converts, teaching them to actively pursue opportunities to win other new converts. Many effective methods at the time included rock music and skits in public, as well as meeting weekly in a rented building.

Gradually, the idea developed to disciple these new converts or give them on-the-job training and apprentice them as pastors. This method of apprenticeship and church planting (starting new churches in other cities, states, and countries) seemed successful.

In the early years, this network was known as The Arizona Fellowship, then after crossing state lines, simply as The Fellowship. The idea was that they were a like-minded fellowship of churches cooperating to evangelize the world. At the time, this seemed to be a worthy cause a Jesus Freak could stand behind.

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Somewhat concurrently, a friend of Wayman's from Bible school had also garnered a following of churches when he was tragically killed in an accident with his family. Wayman quickly moved in and approached these churches, which were under the name Christian Fellowship Churches, ostensibly about rejoining Foursquare. Agreeing to this, everything was signed over to Wayman, who then merged them with his own churches and began withdrawing from Foursquare. In current Fellowship terminology, Wayman rebelled against Foursquare.

But in 1990, a group of churches that had followed Wayman in leaving Foursquare, or had been established afterward, withdrew from The Fellowship. Wayman viewed this as a betrayal, an act of rebellion, but it was the first of a series of defections that made Wayman more possessive and controlling.

In the aftermath, the changes taking place in The Fellowship accelerated. Wayman became distrustful and controlling while excessively fawning over his accomplishments became standard posturing among those lower in The Fellowship hierarchy.

Standards of behavior were established, and members acquired a status based on their level of vetting and the duration of their loyalty to the organization. Pastors were expected to sign documents relinquishing all claims and rights to church property, equipment, and even members. Members participating in services in a visible way, i.e. on the platform, were required to sign documents of conduct that, among other things, forbade ownership of something as mundane as a television.

And, as with all things corrupt, stories arose of abuse. These stories were consistently denied or blamed on the victim. The records go back thirty years. There were also consistent reports of systematic interference in family relationships when one member was not supportive. Online groups for ex-members share frequent complaints concerning the extortionary method of fund raising that took place in nearly every church service and certainly played a major role in financing the semi-

annual conferences every six months. These conference churches supported twenty-five or more baby churches.

Along the way, new doctrines were adopted to justify everything unbiblical that was developing in The Fellowship. A major factor in what went awry in The Fellowship was the incorporation of all ministries into the role of pastor. Actually, the role of pastor as it is portrayed in The Fellowship is false, but it involves every authoritative function described in the Bible, including kingship, all rolled into pastor. This sets the stage for abuse.

This book tells the story of a number of ex-member's experiences in their own words. The participants include a cross-section of members of different support groups of ex-members of this organization from several countries with a wide range of impact. Some used ghostwriters while others wrote their own experiences. That was harder than it sounds.

If you weren't sick of perverted religion already, read on.

—Dennis Crosby

PREFACE

Sometimes we don't want to minister to all the people on a personal level. We want to be a big-shot. We want to stand and give declarations to the people. We want to manipulate them to do our will, and we want to give commands and orders.

—Ron Simpkins, *We Can Take the Land*

There's a lot I can say about why I started writing this book; I could start by describing how and why new members join this church, how a good first impression gradually transforms into a life that revolves around the church. I could make my case by explaining how that aforementioned first impression is akin to love bombing and that all members are manipulated in one way or another from the moment they step foot in The Door. I could argue that the abundance of church activities one is expected to attend consequently isolates them from friends or family due to a lack of spare time. Maybe I could walk readers through a breakdown of the B.I.T.E. Model of Authoritarian Control by Steven Hassan and explain which points are applicable to the Potter's House and why.¹ Or perhaps I can start where all rebels start—by disputing tithing, how it's an Old Testament law established to provide for the Levites and is not required under the New Covenant.

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Maybe, instead of debating over doctrines, I can make my case through something I didn't even want to discuss with my parents before I left the church: the personal experiences of former members. But I've already added those to the main contents of this book. And these experiences weren't my initial motivation for writing this book (they simply serve to make my case). Neither was the fact that many who shared their story in this book—and far more who haven't—were shunned, ostracized, and kicked out of the church where God himself had supposedly placed them. At least, according to their interpretation of 1 Corinthians 12:18. Here I go, finally resorting to debating over doctrine after all.

Should I step on dangerous ground by arguing the Holy Spirit hasn't been involved in the church as he was in the eighties? Back then, the song services reached a point where the congregation spontaneously erupted in tongues and praise; when you prayed in tongues in the prayer meetings, no one noticed, because everyone was. But now, tongues is scheduled as part of the service at the end of the last song prior to the offering. It lasts no more than two minutes, if that long. And prayer meetings are usually quiet unless there is a visiting pastor. No, I can hear your argument already: But that's not the case in my church! And that's what makes it so difficult; depending on who your pastor is and who his pastor is, the collective experiences of Fellowship members will differ greatly.

I've spent a long time thinking about this preface: what to write and what not to. Finally, I thought I had it: I would make my case how The Fellowship always states they are a book of Acts church, but they are really more like the church of Corinth. Rather than being led by the Holy Ghost, they are led by their flesh and by sinful men. But then it struck me! That's why I started writing this book. Not because I disagree with their manipulative practices, because of the collective negative experiences of former members, a lack of the Holy Spirit, or even that they ended like the church of Corinth. I wrote this book because—and I do not say this lightly—The Fellowship follows *man* and not God.

What I mean to say is this: The way The Fellowship operates and the amount of power a pastor has is unbiblical and reeks of cultism (which they were aware of). Steve Cooper, the author of *Go Ye: The Arizona Story*, said this: “Why shouldn’t a pastor take disciples under his wing and raise them to his level of ministry? Immediately, many are turned off. The idea smacks of cultism. Pastors will become spiritual dictators.”²

Let me explain, generally, churches refer to the five-fold ministry as the basis for leadership functions in the church. These are based on the well-known passage in Ephesians 4:11. However, The Fellowship sees all the ministries as subordinated to the pastors, except for apostles, which are seldom mentioned. This is even more bizarre when you take the list given in 1 Corinthians 12:28, which doesn’t even include pastors.

Titles and positions are a common focus in churches. What the Bible describes are functions—and in the case of functions: you either do or you don’t. However, The Fellowship makes pastors central to everything, and nothing is allowed to function without the pastor’s consent.

There are many sermons about the authority of the pastors. Nearly all are based on Old Testament passages about the authority of kings, which explains a lot about how The Fellowship (dis)functions. And it’s based on taking Bible texts out of context.

Certain functions mentioned in the Bible are explained as actually referring to pastors anyway, such as Acts 20:17 and 1 Timothy 3:2. Of course, the Greek uses different terms in these passages, not pastor. But in The Fellowship, the pastor holds these functions automatically.

The text in 1 Timothy 5:19 is even used to justify ignoring complaints against pastors, although the text clearly says *elder*. This is because elders don’t exist in The Fellowship, so they substitute pastor whenever the Bible mentions elders. But the context of 1 Timothy, in particular verses 1 and 2, proves this word does not mean *pastors*. And besides, since The Fellowship teaches that women can’t be pastors, they would never give that meaning to the second verse.

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As a result, pastors are the only acknowledged authority in The Fellowship and they are given the same degree of authority as an Old Testament king with Wayman Mitchell at the top. In fact, the bylaws that came out in 2004 even state that the pastors of local churches only *hold* the church for The Fellowship. They have no claim to anything in the church and function on the basis of derived authority. (For more information on this, see Appendices I, III, and V.)

In the early days, sermons were commonly about restoring the dignity of the local church. Only gradually did the messages morph into being pastor-centered. In time, the only pastor that mattered was Mitchell, and the local church lost all its dignity to the organization.

Taking all of this into account, it's not just a couple of pastors with bad intentions—or even those with good intentions who fell victim to their own sinful lifestyles. It's the overall organization of The Fellowship, it's the source, Wayman Mitchell—who, from the start, was preaching a doctrine that would only have one possible outcome: a religious organization where leadership has ultimate control over members' lives. In short, it's a cult.

Here are Wayman Mitchell's own words on the matter. "This world will never be our friend. We will never be accepted. The moment you're accepted by this world, you are no longer a citizen of heaven—you're a defector. You are a betrayer. When this generation or society accepts your life-style, testimony, or religion, you're a traitor, a lost colony. You are no longer a colony of heaven."³

As the church grew, Wayman was no longer interested in saving souls for God's kingdom; he was only focused on numbers and would be a nightmare to anyone who stood in his way. If any member posed a threat to church growth, he had them removed from The Fellowship—no matter who their pastor was and what city or country they were in. Pastors are to be shepherds. What shepherd would cut a sheep off from his flock?

Churches that split from The Fellowship were met with a lawsuit over church real estate, spending millions of money donated to the Prescott church by their members and the pastors of other Fellowship churches.

One such example is what happened to the church in Fiji. All of this was done just to “make a point”, as Wayman stated.

Leadership constantly preached about a common enemy, sometimes known as *the world* or *worldly*—terms that can be filled with whatever content they choose at any time. This was also linked to betrayal, treachery, or treason. It’s no surprise that members of this church often become distrustful of anything their pastor didn’t approve of: chiropractors, abstract art, television, social media, rebellion against the church, homosexuality, martial arts, alcohol, earrings on men, and fat people (gluttony).

Anyone who left the church was labeled a rebel. As pastor Darren Mundane from the Potter’s House in Hurstville, Australia, puts it: “A refusal to do the will of God is called what? Rebellion. Let me take that one step further. A refusal to do what your pastor asks you to do is called what? Rebellion. Some people say: ‘I don’t have to do what you say.’ And no you don’t. But if you don’t, you’re rebellious.”⁴ This is even more ridiculous when you take into account that Wayman Mitchell first rebelled against the leadership of the organization of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel (ICFG) when he split from them. Wayman was guilty of rebellion himself—the very thing he called witchcraft.

I lost track of the times members of The Fellowship have tried defending their church against me by stating the Potter’s House (or their pastor) had saved them from a sinful lifestyle or even death. They said that their pastor was a brilliant man of God and they were thankful to know him. But it wasn’t the church and neither was it their pastor that saved them—they’re crediting their pastor and their church for what Jesus has done. “Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are yours” (1 Corinthians 3:21).

I attended a conference when a prophecy was released, declaring that Wayman Mitchell would not pass away but would bear witness to the second coming of Jesus Christ. However, in September 2021, the news of his passing shook The Fellowship. The Potter’s House in Prescott created a tribute with Wayman’s former desk and a plaque bearing the

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church's logo, along with the inscription: "The majority of sermons that have touched and blessed your life were written by Pastor Mitchell on this desk."⁵ Additionally, another pastor commissioned a piece of art depicting him and Wayman Mitchell seated at a table, reminiscent of Leonardo da Vinci's renowned painting, "The Last Supper" and also called "The Last Supper."⁶ Is this not idolatry? Is the Potter's House the Catholic Church with Wayman Mitchell as their Pope?

In a trailer video that circulated on the internet announcing an upcoming documentary were several extracts of sermons by other Potter's House pastors. One of these extracts said: "There's only one apostle, one man that came with the instruction package. Could you imagine where we would be without our apostle? Could you imagine where we would be in our ministry without the ministry and the teaching of Pastor Wayman Mitchell?"⁷

Wayman Mitchell had always insisted The Fellowship had a unique calling from God just to preach and not do anything else other Christian churches might do, such as organizing charities and community events. This also included Mitchell's private interpretation of what discipleship is, seeing the will of God fulfilled in another human being—which takes the form of heavy shepherding. Allegedly, during one of his sermons, he claimed he got this idea from the shepherding movement (which was exposed as a cult); thus Wayman reproduced the errors men have created in the past.

Problems arise in the discipleship process because it isolates an individual from other Christian sources; it keeps them from learning outside knowledge. And students don't challenge teachers. Everyone is taught to unquestionably believe what they are told.

The Potter's House sees discipleship as a success; the disciple becomes a pastor and continues The Fellowship pattern, creating a circular system that reproduces itself in the victims. Mitchell said that disciples were called Christians in the book of Acts, that God intended all Christians to become disciples. The word disciple and Christian were used interchangeably.

According to their own online sources, The Fellowship now consists of over three thousand churches in more than 125 countries. Each of these churches has their own pastor who is seen by The Fellowship as an entrepreneur. They plant a church and work a full-time job while they evangelize on the side to recruit new members until they have enough members that support their church financially to allow the pastor to become a full-time minister. All church property, however, is owned by The Fellowship—even if it was bought with the local pastor’s own money.

Though there are so many different churches with different pastors, the atmosphere in the churches doesn’t vary much. They uphold a certain standard. That standard drips down from Prescott to all the other (baby) churches through activities and International Bible Conferences.

As I stated earlier, depending on who your pastor is, your experiences will differ greatly. This is why I’ve used this preface to show that the source of The Fellowship—the founder, Wayman Mitchell and his doctrines—is the main factor as to why there are problems in this church and, most importantly, why this church is a cult. It is also why I’ve chosen to add ten stories by former members from all over the world: to illustrate The Fellowship is an abusive church system with victims across different countries, continents, and cultures.

I believe many good people are in The Fellowship who simply don’t know any better. Once you discover there is a problem in the church that you don’t address, you’re essentially perpetuating the problem. When you neglect to take action on a problem that doesn’t align with God’s will, this gives the devil free rein. It allows false preachers to infect Jesus’ flock with false teachings, to abuse people for their own personal gain, and to do as they please without being held accountable.

The Bible never asked us to remain silent against false preachers. Nor does the Bible ask us to pray for them. Rather, it admonishes us to rebuke them sharply (Titus 1:13), stop their mouths (Titus 1:11), expose them (Ephesians 5:11; 3 John 1:10), refuse them and not welcome them into our house (2 John 1:9), reject them (Titus 3:10), hand them over to

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Satan (1 Timothy 1:20), and to turn away from them (Romans 16:17; 1 Timothy 6:5).

This book has attempted to do just some of those things: bring the truth to this cult and expose what was done in darkness to the light. May we all draw nearer to that light as we continue to walk closer to Jesus each and every day.

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CHAPTER 1

THIS IS WORSE THAN WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT US

DENNIS

*“Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit;
the poison of asps is under their lips:
Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness:
Their feet are swift to shed blood:
Destruction and misery are in their ways:
And the way of peace have they not known:
There is no fear of God before their eyes.”*

—Romans 3:13–18

I was born into a Christian family. Most of my family had roots in the Ozarks, but the Dust Bowl era had scattered many across the country. We moved often and usually connected with relatives in the area. My grandfather, three of his brothers, and my dad had all been Pentecostal preachers. My mom’s side was mostly Baptist, but my larger family included Nazarenes and Presbyterians.

When I was young, we read three chapters from the Old Testament and two from the New Testament every evening, going around the table, taking turns reading a verse. My younger brothers had to sit there and listen until they learned to read, and then they started taking

turns too, while I learned patience, sort of. We only read from the King James Version and went through the Bible in a year. Doctrine was often debated in our home.

I memorized Bible verses and always won contests about Bible knowledge. I was unusual and so was my memory. I could pay attention in class and get good grades. I was mostly bored. Besides the Ozarks, we made our home in Arizona and the West Coast states at different times while I was growing up. The Sonora Desert, Klamath Basin, Willamette Valley, northeast Oregon, and eastern Washington have very different geologies, climate, flora and wildlife. I was always the new guy because we moved every two or three years.

All five of us were born in different states. I went to the same junior high school all three years—that was a record. Different schools, different accents, different curricula, always public school based on my address. Different churches too. When we lived near my grandpa, we mostly went to his church, but we also attended Assembly of God churches until we started going to Open Bible in Klamath Falls. That's where my dad decided to switch churches and go to Bible school. We moved to Eugene, Oregon, where Open Bible had a Bible school.

As I grew older, I'd become more skeptical about the Bible and more interested in science. But when I learned in seventh grade biology that no one had ever observed spontaneous generation, I lost faith in science too.

I discovered languages. My first-grade teacher was Mexican, and I was fascinated by the idea of speaking another language. Unfortunately, the US wasn't a great place to study languages back then—especially before high school. So I taught myself the Greek and Russian alphabets that year when I found a table in a dictionary. Some of the Greek had come up in math and science, so I was already familiar with that, and a lot of Russian is based on Greek. But the next year, I took modern Greek, and the next, Latin.

I grew angrier with Christianity as I got older. It seemed to me that the reason I wasn't allowed to have fun was always because of God. I just wanted to be left alone. Later, I was drawn to Eastern religions and

psychedelics. We often discussed this topic in school at the time and it was anything but boring. I was a bit young to be involved, but the ideology behind it appealed to me. It sounds cliché, but the Beatles' songs had a lot to do with it. They seemed simple yet profound, terse yet deep. I started getting high after becoming convinced that our health class teacher didn't know anything about drugs and was just repeating propaganda. From what I'd learned, I wanted to try pot, speed, and acid. That was in the spring of '72. By that summer, I just wanted to stay high.

A year later, in the early summer of 1973, I had an existential epiphany in a park. I realized that the search for the meaning of life was futile because there was no meaning. Everything would eventually burn up or burn out, and nothing mattered in the long run. The cosmic joke was on us because we were looking for a meaning that didn't exist. Although I can state it simply, I felt it profoundly. Life was a repeating cycle of temporary conditions. Everything was nothing. I felt profoundly empty.

This meant that life was futilely boring. Supernatural power was a valid distraction in a bleak situation, and satanism was the way to gain supernatural power and get people to leave me alone. I didn't actually believe the devil existed any more than that God existed, but I was convinced that believing in something could cause things that I couldn't explain. In the months that followed, I learned that the devil is real, and I realized there had to be a God to keep the devil from destroying all life.

By the close of the summer of 1973, I was born from above. I literally saw the light. Like a laser, the beam didn't diverge, but unlike a laser, it was white. Every wave in the electromagnetic spectrum in the entire universe seemed to be in that single beam, and nothing else existed at all. I heard a voice and floated into the light, and my mind was flooded with Bible texts I'd learned all my life. The light was Jesus. All I could do was keep saying, "Of course," and I felt incomprehensible peace.

It was like living the book of Isaiah and watching Mark write his Gospel, and realizing that not everything is nothing. I learned that

which is eternal is the something in the otherwise nothingness, and the meaning that was absent in the drab diversity of constant change. It all made sense and was completely unexpected. I had never heard of this and didn't know it was possible, but it answered everything for me. The God I didn't believe in was real. Ironically, I'd been a thorn in the side of any Christian who dared talk to me about God all throughout the Jesus People movement. As the movement was ending, I became part of it. Equally ironic is the fact that after these experiences, I still fell for what was to follow.

My first service in a Fellowship church was Victory Chapel in Colorado Springs in 1978. I'd joined the Army in 1977 after two years of college and washing dishes for minimum wage and was finally stationed at Ft. Carson to an artillery unit after a year of military schools and waiting for orders in between. I'd been going to Open Bible Church in town at first, but I had problems with my car, and it was all the way on the other side of town from the base. After missing too many services, I went to Victory Chapel because it was near the bus station downtown, and a bus went past the barracks where I lived.

I loved Victory Chapel, especially Ron Jones, the pastor there. He was from Kentucky, just across the Mississippi River from Missouri, so he was easy for me to relate to. The church reminded me of churches I'd been to in the past. I'd seen churches put on plays for Christmas, but Victory Chapel had a drama team that put on relevant imaginative skits between songs every Saturday. They also played the kind of music I liked. They had seriously talented musicians. (Some were musicians at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs.)

But mostly, I liked the sermons. They were gritty and real, not comparisons of different doctrinal perspectives. The pastor stated matters plainly—not intentionally offending anyone but also not afraid to. They pointed out the craziness that had taken a hold in a lot of churches since the sixties, which was an already disturbing trend. They also had moments where everyone would break out praying in tongues simultaneously for a certain period of time, which I really liked. The Fellowship was described almost as a logical continuation of the Jesus movement. I appreciated their roots. And everything had a

purpose. The skits, sermons, and music were all part of an evangelistic strategy. They took initiative instead of waiting around for God to move, which seemed like a great idea at the time.

Over time, I grew even more enthusiastic. I was really impressed with the vision. Wayman Mitchell had a vision that inspired him to build a church and then plant other Fellowship churches that would evangelize the world. I took this to literally mean a vision like Isaiah or Paul because of my own experiences. I had also heard about David Wilkerson's vision, which I also took literally. I knew such a thing was possible. I never took his references to the vision as a mere metaphor. It now appears I should have. It never occurred to me until long after the fact, that Wayman would himself abandon that vision a short time after I first heard about it. I thought that it was a good thing The Fellowship had upright leaders, because the shift toward centralization and (Fellowship) orthodoxy seemed vulnerable to abuse. But since Wayman Mitchell and his disciples were upright, it was okay.

I moved around a lot because of the Army. In 1980, I went to school at Ft. Huachuca in Arizona and attended The Fellowship Church in Sierra Vista. Bill Coolidge was pastor there, and I really liked his perspective. There, I locked in—made the decision that I wanted to remain part of The Fellowship.

The church in Sierra Vista was a lot like Victory Chapel in Colorado Springs. One of the things that had bothered me about Assembly of God, Open Bible, or Foursquare (non-Fellowship Foursquare) churches is that even though they were part of the same denomination, the churches varied a lot. The overall atmosphere could be remarkably different, even among different Assembly of God churches in the same town, which I'd seen in Spokane and Virginia. This was usually because of the individual pastors in charge.

But The Fellowship seemed the same no matter what church you were in. Some churches were bigger; they might even speak different languages. But every church I visited seemed the same, consistent in a good way.

I returned to Colorado Springs later in 1980, back to Ron Jones's church, but was assigned to a different unit. He preached fairly often on revivals of the past, how many moves of God seemed to die out over three or four generations at most, leaving dead organizations behind. Tragic.

I'd witnessed this trend already in the years before I came into contact with The Fellowship. Historically, Jones was right. I didn't want to see this happen with The Fellowship; I wanted to do everything possible to keep that from happening.

Europe

But in 1982, I was looking at an assignment in Europe. Although my orders said Germany, I was assigned to a unit in the Netherlands. (The battalion headquarters was in Germany, but my unit was in the Netherlands). Ironically, I received a call offering to get me out of the Army and into school by fall. I could keep my rank and pay if I would sign up for ROTC and return as an officer for four years, but I had no plans to stay in the Army, and I couldn't keep Russian as my major. I hated my job and kept trying to change it. I didn't care much for the Army either but wanted to go to Europe. By this time, I'd had four years of German, two of Russian, and a year each of modern Greek, Latin, French, and Koine (NT Greek), as well as linguistics classes. My Defense Aptitude Language Battery (DLAB) score was 148. The highest score possible is 164. I've never met anyone else with a score as high as mine. Someone even started calling me "sir" after seeing my score. Now I had an opportunity to apply what I knew and learn Dutch on the ground.

So now I was in the Zwolle church, which had just become part of The Fellowship and was one of the only two Fellowship churches in Europe. A year later (1983), Zwolle hosted the first European conference, and then there were five churches in Europe.

That was an exciting time, and for most of the people in the Zwolle church, it was the first time they'd witnessed the reality of church planting and churches working together to evangelize, in this case, Europe. I even played bass in a band.

I took a lot of pictures because I felt like I was documenting something, including of many people who later became pastors in the Netherlands. Many of the other photos were baptism photos. The Netherlands is, in many ways, the hardest military assignment I had. A 55.5-hour work week wasn't enough. We were extremely short-handed and had long supply routes (which I usually had to travel three times a week). I had 24-hour duty twice a week and every other weekend. I once worked 53 hours straight with no sleep, and 110 hours was my longest work week, but 70 hours a week was pretty routine.

My heart rhythm has never stabilized due to lack of sleep. I now have a pacemaker. Still, I extended my tour and ended up staying 4.5 years because I was thinking about getting out and staying in the Netherlands and spending more time in the church.

I met my wife soon after that first European conference in 1983. We were married in the Zwolle church in '85.

In December '86, my wife and I went to the States, back to Victory Chapel in Colorado Springs where I first became part of The Fellowship. Wayman had recommended that I stay in the Army while I was in the Netherlands when I said I didn't feel called to pioneer. I had only asked Rudy van Diermen because I was wondering how difficult it would be. But he asked Wayman who gave an answer that was a major disappointment, but if Wayman himself thought so, what could I say? So I re-enlisted, and we moved to Colorado, this time to an infantry unit. Both our daughters were born there before we returned to Europe, this time to Germany in '89.

That was the first time in eleven years I didn't live near a Fellowship church. For the next eight years, we went to conferences in Zwolle twice a year and tried going to German (or Belgian) churches in our area in the meantime. We also moved eight times in ten years because