



Ed & Annette Eckart, Bridge for Peace



## How It All Began

By Annette M. Eckart

In 1986, vague pains swept through my hands, knees, and ankles. The diagnosis: heavy sudden onset rheumatoid arthritis. Pain, weakness, and fatigue increased, as did the prescription medication to manage the symptoms. Drugs were moderately successful in relieving some effects of the arthritis. I was both frightened of the anti-inflammatory pills and grateful for them. Side effects included possible liver damage, but I was grateful for the mobility the drugs

gave me.

My responsibilities as a sales manager for a Wall Street firm had involved recruiting and training. I also had my own financial services business. Arthritis forced me to reduce my hours and work mostly from home. The relentless autoimmune spread within me and had the potential to affect my eyes, skin, lungs, heart, nervous system, and blood. As the incurable disease advanced, my medication increased.

Life felt like an out-of-control plunge down a rugged mountainside. Each day I plummeted faster. Mentally, physically, and emotionally I was battered by uncompromising obstacles. I felt certain the landing would shatter me.

Desperate, Ed and I attended a healing service in a Patchogue school auditorium. We purposely arrived late because I could not sit for more than half an hour. Ed opened the door. I didn't have the strength to push it. The hall smelled of fresh paste wax. Standing fans whirred in the corners. Metal folding chairs covered the basketball court markings on the newly polished floor. I groaned inside when I saw the hard seats—they would make the night more difficult.

A man announced, "As you come for prayer, please form two lines." We walked forward. An usher directed us to a Franciscan brother wearing sandals. I told my story and he said, "A friend of mine had arthritis. He received prayer and was healed over the summer. He's totally well."

As he spoke, I felt unusually light inside.

He put his hand on my shoulder and prayed in the name of Jesus. We thanked him and returned to our seats. After a few moments of prayer we left the service, because sitting increased my suffering.

The pain in my extremities did not change that night. However, I remember the exact moment I noticed a subtle difference. Nearly a week had passed.

Morning sunlight filtered through our wooden blinds. Dressed in robe and slippers, I stood at the kitchen counter and opened the utensil drawer. An awareness rose up in me. The heaviness in my joints seemed less. I paused to listen to the faintest whisper from the core of my body: something is new.

Seven months later, I was totally free from arthritis. No more medication, testing, or doctor appointments. I returned to my full-time schedule in the spring of 1988.



I was driving home from work a few weeks after my miraculous recovery. Fluffy clouds drifted through blue sky on the clear April day. I drove the straight road, accelerating into the 50 mph zone. A Hyundai at the light ahead rocketed into the lane in front of me.

I jammed on the brake and swerved into the westbound lane. Tires screeched. I smelled the burning rubber. My body tensed waiting for impact. The Hyundai slammed my Honda. The sickening sound of twisting metal ricocheted around me. Then, an unearthly silence. My hands remained pressed against the steering wheel, arms locked, foot on the brake.

Police sirens pierced the stillness. Red warning lights flashed as emergency vehicles jammed the intersection. In a moment, I reentered the world of medical exams.

“You’re not a candidate for surgery. Learn to live with the pain,” the orthopedist said, “Tests show you’re having seizures...” the neurologist said, prescribing Phenobarbital. Another physician disagreed and counseled against the powerful medication. An osteopath prescribed codeine.

Yet another doctor cautioned, “You’ll become addicted—like other ‘back patients.’” The physicians disagreed on many things, but agreed on one thing. I would remain totally disabled.

At times terror would grip me while I rested in bed, wondering if the arthritis would return. God’s healing is real and the arthritis never returned. The Holy Spirit carefully trained me through scripture verses followed by practical experience in life-lab, an internship with God.

Jesus said, the Holy Spirit “will make everything plain to you.” (John 14:25, MSG). Our wondrous God teaches us, with our numerous limitations, to understand in a small way His great plan. When Ed came home from work, we spent evenings in prayer and God increased our understanding.

In 1988, I heard the Lord say He wanted us to build a healing center. “Yes, Lord,” I said. When Ed came home, he agreed immediately. Though I was bedridden, the directive didn’t seem unusual.

We didn’t know where the center would be located. Fear tinged our speculations. Maybe God would send us to China. I felt the Lord impress upon me, “Ask when you’re both ready to hear, but come together, United. Meanwhile, angels are watching over the land, beautifying it. As you pray, you are growing interiorly more beautiful.”

Weeks later, I sat on our bedroom floor, Bible in my lap and asked, “Where, Lord?” God inspired me to read Ezekiel 47. “...wade across the stream...wade across the stream...wade across again...it was now a river which I could not cross a river impossible to cross. He then said, “Do you see, son of man?” “Yes, Lord, I understand. It’s Wading River.”

Wading River was fifteen miles from our home. Twelve years ago, we’d camped at a state park there, but we knew nothing else about the area. Carole and Joe, friends familiar with the neighborhood, did some preliminary investigation and found a possibility. Robin, a realtor, drove us to the site.

Ed and I held hands as we followed her onto the land that was for sale. When my sneakers touched the grass, I felt a current like electricity in the soles of my feet. My eyes opened wide and I squeezed Ed’s hand at the same moment he pressed mine.

“Would you step over here?” Robin asked. “I’d like to tell you about this tree.” She pointed to a London Plane that towered above the circa 1770 house next door to the lot for sale. The broad white trunk was splotted with brown and pieces of bark surrounded the base.

“There was a wedding here in the 1700’s. People came from London brining seeds for these trees.” We noticed there was more than one London Plane around the house. “The story goes that London was an ugly city in the 1700’s and the angels asked God if they could beautify it.”

God obviously said yes.



“To show their gratitude to God for allowing them to plant, angels wash the trees. That’s why they shed their bark everyday.” She stretched her arms out, glanced around, and finished with a dramatic flourish. “So, the angels are here watching over the land.”

My eyes widened. Amazed, I stared at her. She had no idea God had told us angels were caring for the land. Ed must have been

equally bug-eyed, because Robin started to defend herself.

“I’m not crazy,” she said, agitated. “I just heard that story tonight.”

Awe washed over me. God arranged for Robin to hear the legend that night as a message for us. This was the land we were to purchase. We tallied our resources. Ed accessed retirement account funds to purchase the land. Carole and Joe lent us money in the interim while we waited for Ed’s paperwork to be processed. We thanked God for the privilege to serve Him with the capital He had given us. However, the thought of financing a house—a big house, scared me.

We bought the house and dedicated it to God. “It’s Yours, Lord, build whatever You want.”

“Maybe God will call someone else to build,” I said to Ed as we looked over the land.

“Yes. We’ll give them this place to build on,” he said. For three minutes, while we talked about the idea, I felt relief. We tried to fool ourselves, but it was ineffective.

Grapevines and wild roses grew along the property’s front edge, close to the busy road. Styrofoam cups and food wrappers thrown from car windows were entangled in the plants. We wanted God’s land neat, so Ed collected trash into a garbage bag. I stayed near, offering moral support.

Looking around, I noticed purple grace hyacinths and white snowdrops poking their petals through the decomposing leaves. I stared at them and frowned.

“Honey,” I said. Ed looked up. I pointed to the tiny flowers. “Are they on the property?” He shook his head. “No, they’re over the line.” He returned to picking up papers.

The clusters of flowers tugged at me. I eyed the tiny plants with suspicion and wondered why the Lord turned my eyes over there. The early spring flowers seemed to smile with a secret. I wasn’t smiling back. I wondered why there were no flowers on our side of the property line.

We had absolutely no interest in the land next door. However, our neighbor, Mrs. Gosman, had wanted to purchase it.

Mrs. Gosman’s land shared our western boundary line. We’d bought our lot from her. The London Plane tree that Robin showed us stood beside Mrs. Gosman’s home. We often knocked on her door to say hello when we stopped at the property. One day, we she answered and we visited with her in her living room.

“I tried to buy the land to your east,” she said.

A ninety-year-old lady owned it. Her lawyer advised against selling, because of capital gain taxes. She’s since passed and it’s in her estate. I think three people are involved in the settlement.”

Later, I recalled our conversation with Mrs. Gosman. Ed turned the key in our door. I was still preoccupied, perplexed about those flowers. We sat at the kitchen table sipping tea. I said, “I’d better ask the Lord and settle this.”

Ed knew I hurt from the car trip. “Go ahead. Lie down. I’ll start supper.” He managed everything. Watching my husband shoulder the entire load frustrated me. I felt useless.

I lay on the sofa with my white-covered Bible. Opening gilded pages, my eyes fell on Isaiah 49:8, “I will restore the land and assign you the estates that lie waste.”

I reread the passage. Stunned, I walked into the kitchen. “Ed, you have to hear this. God says, ‘I will assign you the estates that lie waste!’”



Mrs. Gosman had told us the land was in an estate—and we'd never even asked about it! And it was most certainly lying "waste." We agreed not to do anything about building until God settled this second piece of land, one way or another.

God was guiding us and He wasn't saying anything else about acquiring the property. So we waited. We did not pursue the second piece of land, but listened. When God wanted to speak about it, He would.

God had been training me to ask and wait for a response. Incapacitated, I wouldn't dare move without God's counsel. I was a poor judge of my abilities. To attend weekday services meant driving fourteen-minutes both there and back and sitting in a wooden pew—these were major challenges for me. The Holy Spirit alone knew if I could make it.

One morning I asked, "Can I go, Lord?" I sensed His, "Yes." I saw Bette Brady there. She had often invited me to her home prayer group. This time, the Lord gave approval and I attended. Bette's group began with 10:00 a.m. Bible study, and then she served lunch, spreading the dining room table with chicken, tuna, and macaroni salads. She flipped grilled cheese sandwiches to order and simmered homemade soup, filling the house with savory fragrances. After lavish desserts, we prayed with one another until 5:00 p.m.

I became a regular. Bette kept a pillow to ease my pain when I sat at the table and no one minded if I had to lie on the sofa. As we lay hands on each other, healings began to take place. Ladies upward of fifty and into their eighties attended. I was thirty-six, but Bette often asked me to lead meetings.

Soon, Bette invited me to join her and Eleanor in behind-the-scenes leadership. Together, we sought the Lord's counsel for the group's direction.

A young woman diagnosed with cancerous brain tumors came for healing prayer. We prayed with her and the scans showed her tumors began to shrink.

After surgery, my aunt's eyes remained sensitive to light and she was unable to see clearly at any distance. We prayed for her at Bette's and her eyes were healed. Stomach problems, stiff joints, and emotions were healed. I often felt heat, tingling sensations, and vibrations in my hands. I learned that sometimes the Holy Spirit may give physical signs of His presence.

God's voice had become familiar and I expected to hear God's direction for my life. The Holy Spirit began to speak to me through Jeremiah 1, "...I have put My words in your mouth."

While praying over women, I expressed the thoughts that came to mind. The accurate words astounded the ladies. They said, "It's as if you knew me all my life."

I felt timid and often hesitated, but these dear women recognized, and encouraged the Spirit's gifts operating through me. God healed and delivered His beloved daughters from many emotional wounds, as He ministered through me. At the same time, God trained me in this new work. God's words strong and solid flowed through me—a weak and broken vessel. As I spoke, my ears heard, and I was built up in the Spirit.

The ladies asked what God was doing through Ed and me. They visited the property, and interceded for the house to be built.

In the spring of 1990, the international company Ed worked for decided to move. They asked Ed to relocate to Atlanta. The offer came with an increase in salary, educational opportunities, and the programs manager position. They insisted that we travel to Atlanta, look at housing, and get a sense of the area before we made a decision.

Atlanta was spruced up for the Olympics with lush gardens, roadside sculpture, and efficient highways. The company had a realtor ready to show us around. For the sale of our modest Long Island home, we could purchase a house with a front and back staircase, Greek columns in the living room, and an additional fireplace in the master bath above the Jacuzzi tub. The south was economically attractive, which made it an enticing proposal.

The night before we were to give Ed's company an answer, I had a dream. I faced a wrinkled, white-bearded prophet, with radiant robes skimming the sidewalk. He raised his arm



level with his shoulder, pointing to a neglected lot. Sparse clumps of straggly weeds struggled to survive in the sandy soil. Shards of glass littered the ground and reflected sunlight. The area stretched into the distance and became an empty wilderness. Silently, he waited for my agreement to journey through the pathless wasteland.

“But why can’t we go to Atlanta?” I said. “The smooth paved roads are well lit.” As I spoke, Atlanta’s twelve-lane highway appeared. Modern lights hung on the road’s edge, hundreds of cars sped safely along.

Again, he pointed to the deserted lot. Silent. Waiting.

“But look at all of the people traveling on that road.”

A third time, he raised his arm, gnarled finger pointing to the barren vista.

“Oooh, you mean we’re not going to Atlanta.”

The North American map appeared. A bold black line ran south to north. West of Atlanta, the line split into two directional arrows that pointed out possibilities. One arrow turned right, to Atlanta. The other continued north, far above the city. The high road.

I received the clear message. If we went to Atlanta, there was no connecting road back to true north—the highest path God had chosen for us. I understood we’d still have salvation and a nice life if we chose Atlanta, but we would miss God’s best.

A final scene appeared. A globe of ethereal colors slowly rotated before my eyes. In the morning, we discussed it. Ed felt certain. He made the phone call.

“Thanks, Jerry,” he told his boss “but I’ve decided to decline the offer.”

After Ed said the words, we both felt a shaking, like an interior earthquake. The shift felt scary, exciting, and very right.

Ed tied up company details in New York. In July 1991, he locked the company’s doors for the last time. At the same moment, God closed the door on Ed’s former international career, positioning him for something new.

That summer, members of Wading River prayer group invited us to attend meetings held on the same day as Bette’s group. Soon, they asked us to join the leadership. Ed and I would serve together. My limitations didn’t allow me to continue in both places, so after a time, and with much sadness, I left Bette’s group.

Through months of Ed’s unemployment, we prayed for meaningful work. I let my finance licenses expire, sensing God’s direction. The scriptural word was consistent, both in our personal prayer lives and in our group, “Trust Me.” In the parking lot after the meeting, our experienced prayer group leader advised us, “Yes, rely on the Lord, but that doesn’t mean in finances.”

Prickles of doubt threatened to grow into fear as I listened. Medical bills added to normal living expenses created a big challenge. Our leader’s counsel sent us deeper into scripture. We found that God expected us to depend on Him in everything, and finances were not an exception. Our leader was wrong. We learned to test teachings, comparing them to what the Scriptures taught.

After five months, God opened a door and Ed began World Mission Crafts, a market for fair trade items from missionaries, the Peace Corp, United Nation projects, and similar organizations. World Mission Crafts provided income for struggling artisans, but not for us.

Two letters came in the mail at the same time. One advised us that Ed’s aunt had died and she left him a small inheritance. The other was a brochure advertising a pilgrimage to Israel. We sensed the Holy Spirit’s “go.” The inheritance was enough for us to book the trip. Of course, we “needed” the money for other things, but trust in finances was the lesson. In November 1992, we landed in Ben-Gurion airport.

On the tour bus, we noticed an American family—mother, father and adult son. The woman’s foot was bandaged. She couldn’t walk. She gripped her son’s and husband’s shoulders, and between them, they carried her on and off the bus.



We sat in the last seat—Ed on the aisle, I by the window. The Midwestern family sat behind us on the bench seat that took the entire width of the bus. She elevated her leg resting it on the seat cushion.

One day, our group prepared to travel from Jerusalem quarters to a Galilee hotel. American luggage overflowed the bus's cargo hold. Guides stacked suitcases on the bench seat and in the aisle space

toward the rear, eliminating the extra bench space.

The Midwestern family spoke in low anxious tones. Where could Mom elevate her leg? Her son rearranged the bags so Mom could prop her foot on a suitcase in the aisle alongside Ed.

The foot looked enormous wrapped in white bandages. We couldn't ignore it. We stared, then searched each other's eyes. Again, we stared. We both thought, "We could pray for healing," but neither spoke.

Finally, we shrugged and whispered together. Ed asked, "Would you mind if we prayed for your foot?"

She blinked. After a moment she said, "No, not at all. Thank you very much."

"What's wrong with it?" Ed asked.

"I'm diabetic. An infection developed and it's close to entering my bone. There are three doctors on the pilgrimage. They say it's dangerous and I should fly home." Tears filled her eyes, her voice choked with emotion, "But I don't want to leave."

We extended our hands over the foot.

After a few moments she said, "I feel heat and a pins and needles sensation!" Encouraged, we continued. Enthusiasm filled her "Amen," and she thanked us.

At breakfast, her husband ran up to our table. "The foot is healed. No swelling, no redness, no infection!" His wife followed, walking perfectly normally, all bandages gone. It was an undeniable miracle, with several doctors to verify it.

In January 1992, at the invitation of Ed's contact through World Mission Crafts, we traveled to Pakistan to assist the Oriental rug cooperative and encourage the Christian community. Children stood in a long line to receive our blessing. God began to show us how Bridge for Peace and World Mission Crafts would work together.

Ed and I assisted at a Wading River healing seminar that spring. Our prayer group invited author Theresa Boucher to speak. I was so excited as I sat with Ed at the registration table.

"This is the first healing course we're registering people for in Wading River," I said.

"It won't be the last," he said.

At day's finish, I helped Theresa with her coat and said, "Thank you for coming."

"It was strange," she said. "When I said the last prayer, I had a sense of something else, but I didn't know how to bring it forward. I had a sense that God wants a healing center here in Wading River."

I went completely still. I was the only one to hear her impression. I couldn't wait to tell Ed. Soon, God would use that very same church hall to speak another astonishing word to us.

We were on our way to a New Year's Eve church party in Wading River in 1993. I looked at the bare maples from the Toyota window and wondered if "healing to the nations" meant justice and economic healing. Nothing seemed to be happening with Bridge for Peace, and World Mission Crafts demanded enormous energy.

Local churches advertised for vendors, but Ed didn't want World Mission Crafts to participate in those fairs, where people might view his handcrafts as "more stuff." He wanted to educate through stories of artisan's struggles and Christian persecutions. Fair trade was largely unheard of then and most churches didn't understand the concept. In that atmosphere, booking World Mission Craft Fairs was a huge task.

Communications into developing nations were difficult and expensive. I began to wonder if World Mission Crafts was the healing ministry God had given us. We were building a Bridge for Peace through Ed's work and God was bringing "healing to the nations" through World



Mission Crafts. When Ed took the key from the ignition, I put the questions behind me; I wouldn't resolve them that evening. Or so I thought.

Festive balloons and long covered tables filled the church hall. Don Brisson approached me at the New Year's Eve celebration. "I've heard you're going to build something in Wading River. Would you mind

telling me about it?"

Though I'd seen Don at different events, we hadn't met. I found his inquiry curious. Ed and I rarely discussed the project. When we did, we called it a house of prayer, because healing seemed too sensational. I shared some of God's leadings with Don and he replied, "So you're building a healing center." His understanding surprised me.

The crowd began the midnight countdown, "Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen..."

"When this is over, I want to tell you something," Don said.

The Time Square ball dropped and the New Year officially arrived. After kisses and hugs I told Ed about my brief conversation with Don. Minutes later, Don told his story.

"Six years ago, two people came to the prayer group that I was leading here in Wading River. We never saw them before. They stood up and prophesied that God wanted a healing center here in Wading River. We never saw them again. Everyone in the group ran out and took healing courses, but nothing every happened. That's why I'm interested in what you're doing."

In my spirit I heard the Lord say, "I said physical healing and I meant physical healing."

The New Year was launched and my questions were answered. Ed and I traveled far and wide seeking help for my health problems from doctors and therapists. Many of the physicians who treated me had pioneered new modalities and authored books on their discoveries. Eventually, I was invited to speak to doctors and therapists at seminars in Florida and New York.

At the seminars, my routine was to lie in the hotel bed until Ed said, "It's time." We'd walk to the conference room, find an unobtrusive spot in the back and I'd lie on the floor until the emcee introduced me. These coping skills enabled me to make it through my half hour presentation.

We continued attending every healing service available. I remember watching a man rise from his wheelchair and walk. My astonishment proved that though I believed in miracles, my mind struggled with the "unnatural" instantaneous reversal of a situation. A crippled man restored to walking was incomprehensible. The supernatural *is* unfathomable to human understanding.

God showed us His power. Trained us. Made miracles a part of our expectations. Ed and I taught ourselves to stop saying, "unbelievable," and say, "totally believable," because we serve a miracle working God. And God sent us mentors.

Fishnet Ministries sponsored several healing weekends on Long Island with Francis and Judith MacNutt. Ed and I attended, and healing prayer was offered. In years of attending healing services, the Lord had shown me He would arrange for the right person to pray with me.

As I headed for the healing teams this particular night, the Lord said, "That man." I looked and saw him dressed in blue jeans, longish hair, and a moustache. He shifted from foot to foot and held a small glass bottle of amber anointing oil. He flicked his wrist and turned the bottle upside down in preparation for the next person in his long line to come forward. I got in line.

A lady usher approached me. "Would you like to step into this other line?"

"No, thanks. I'll wait."

I learned the man's name was Pastor Mike Chapman. Months later, we were reintroduced by mutual friends. Rev. Mike and his wife Linda became prayer partners, confidants and mentors. They held weekly healing services at their church in Brentwood. (Several years



passed before I told Rev. Mike how the Lord had introduced us at Fishnet Ministries.) In 1995, Mike phoned Ed. He invited us to a six-week discipleship-training program he was hosting at his church.

Ed was unable to attend; pioneering World Mission Crafts demanded all of his attention. But I had heard about the seminar and knew God had directed me to go. The sessions began the next week.

Ed put a lawn chair in my Honda's trunk. An aluminum back-yard chair was impossible for me to manage. When I arrived, a kind person removed it and set it up in the hall. I attended the sessions in a semi-reclining position. Seven years after the accident, I still could not sit up for long. Even my car seat was sharply reclined when I drove to keep the pain at a tolerable level.

The course ran from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Once I got home, I went straight to bed. My throat was always swollen because of my depressed immune system. After three weeks I became sick, totally wiped out for ten days.

The morning I returned to class, a woman read Ezekiel 47! I asked the Lord for discernment. Was I to tell about the land God led us to through that scripture? Finally, I shared with the group. Our leader, Herry Stube, decided the class would pray on the Wading River property.

Believers from the course swarmed over the land in intercession. Herry said in his Indonesian accent, "God says don't worry nothing about this land. I will do it. And God says when there is no Word in the land, there will be a Word here" [Amos 8:12].

On the last training day, we returned from the street and Linda spoke about her daughter. "Rachel had a scripture, Jeremiah 32. It's too long to read the whole thing. In it God says go buy the land."

The moment I heard the words I knew God was speaking to Ed and me. The time was right to pursue the "estate that lie waste."

Ed confirmed it. He called Joy Bryant, our realtor friend from the Wading River prayer group. She estimated the half-acre price would be \$80,000 and worried about the cost.

"Joy, we don't have any cash flow, so the price doesn't matter," Ed said. "We're obeying the Lord, that's all." Joy nodded agreement. We held hands and prayed for God's guidance. Joy would find the owners.

Ed continued his work in World Mission Crafts and God sent helpers for the labor-intensive project. Through scripture and dreams we heard "Africa." A team began to form.

In 1996, the Kenyan director of Youth with a Mission welcomed our team to Africa and arranged ministry for us in Nairobi and Mombasa. Through World Mission Crafts, we were invited to address an Economic Congress in the capital city and visit Kisii in the "bush."

Meanwhile, Joy communicated with the owners of the land that grew smiling grape hyacinths and snow crocuses. She reported back, "They want to know what you'll do with it. I told them you're going to build a house of prayer." Even though we had owned the land for six years, I still found Joy's disclosure a bit unsettling. We rarely discussed our plans outside of our closest friends.

"I'll send you an article Newsday printed about World Mission Crafts so they can become more familiar with our work," Ed said.

"Great!" Joy faxed the story to the siblings who owned the property. The story reported on our involvement in Appalachia and Africa. Soon Joy had exciting news.

"The sister has supported efforts to help Appalachia, and one brother was a life-long missionary in Africa. They told me, 'We want them to have the land. How's forty thousand?'"

Half the market value! The three of us were overjoyed. But where would we get the money?

Around that time, I'd received a baffling call from an insurance company. The woman said, "This is not a statement of obligation, but we would like to confirm some details. We may have a responsibility to you." I had no clue what she meant, but gave the information.



A week later, a check came for \$39,000 plus from my disability carrier. I had forgotten I had coverage and had never even thought to put in a claim. Ed deposited it, got a cashier's check, and we purchased the land free and clear. God was on the move and about to take me deeper.

Another New Year's Eve celebration became pivotal in the development of Bridge for Peace. On December 31, 1999, amidst warnings of impending catastrophe, we traveled to Virginia to an international Christian campground where God had called us. We met a couple from Australia who had a healing ministry. We became quite close with them and, in 2000, they lived with us for several weeks. At the end of their stay, they invited us to Australia and we went.

We ministered in churches and prayer groups and God poured out miraculous healings. We went back in 2001, and again in 2002, and Bridge for Peace Australia was born. God expanded our work and influence, and by 2006 we were working in Uganda. We ministered from the Congo border to Kasese, Uganda. After one woman was healed, the crowds swelled to 5,000 people. We saw God deliver people from witchcraft. The deaf heard, the dumb spoke, the crippled walked, the paralyzed were restored. Broken bones were healed, mental confusion healed, couples living together chose to marry, and many were baptized. We taught people how to pray for each other.

Jennifer, a local leader, helped to start Bridge for Peace Africa. Bridge for Peace mission teams have impacted Asia, Africa, Australia, North America, Central America, Europe, the Caribbean, and Oceania with "healing to the nations."

Plans to construct our home and Bridge for Peace administrative office in Wading River are moving forward. God promises to give us a "window on the world" for intercession. Bridge for Peace will continue to be an interdenominational mobile ministry equipping others to go out to the nations and spread the Good News. We expect international interns to stay with us and learn. This is our pattern. We are an incorporated non-profit organization totally supported by people who believe in our work.

We give all glory to Jesus, our Bridge for Peace. I am the cripple who walked. I am the sick one He healed. When Ed and I faced despair, Jesus showed us hope.

With every breath left within us, with all the love God will pour through us, we will serve Jesus through Bridge for Peace reaching out to this wounded world and proclaiming "healing to the nations" through the blood of Jesus Christ.

## EPILOGUE

It's 2009, we've moved in this March, and we give glory to God for the house He's built in Wading River! He proved Himself faithful in every trial. For instance, there was the day the builder ran out of rocks.

We planned to situate the house on the lower level of the sloping land. Bridge for Peace Convocation – a week long prayer meeting with 5 hours of prayer every day – was in session.

"Holy Spirit," I prayed, "we submit the plans for situating the house on the land to You." Placing the marked survey in the center of our prayer circle I continued, "We invite You, Holy Spirit, to make any corrections."

Ed felt the surveyor would soon be arriving to drive in stakes marking out the footprint of the house. However, when the land was tested for percolation (necessary for the septic system) the surveyor discovered the house needed to be resituated. Two ten foot retaining walls had to be constructed because of the necessary extensive excavation into the slope. Bill, our divinely appointed contractor, advised Ed, "We've run out of rocks."



I've heard it said, "No one runs out of rocks in Wading River." One property owner hit massive rocks in excavation and abandoned construction due to the prohibitive cost of removing boulders.

We were advised that rocks cost about a dollar a pound. Some of our rocks weighed five hundred pounds! I said, "We're done. We're not buying rocks." Then Ed and I took the situation to prayer. We felt

God said, "Who will go for Us and build a rock wall?"

"Okay, Lord. If that's what You want. We're Your agents." We needed over 8,000 pounds of rocks. I thought we might run out of money to complete the house, but if God wanted rocks we'd get rocks.

Our friend Patrick said, "My buddy has a rock truck. I'm sure he'll haul them for you. I know people in the business, I'll get you a good price."

Wow! We were encouraged. And I remembered an incident from the Jamaica mission 2007. The team was ministering in an orphanage in Black River. We asked the small children to draw a picture of a bridge in order to explain to them Jesus as their Bridge for Peace.

A five year old boy sketched frantically and then vigorously colored in his picture of three vehicles traveling over the river on the local bridge. He stood up proudly to describe "the chicken truck, the pizza car and the rock truck." I had never heard of a rock truck! That little boy had already seen a connection between the rock truck and Bridge for Peace.

The next week, Patrick told us, "This guy owes me money. I'm going to deduct the price of the rocks off his bill." He made a gift of the boulders! The beautiful rock wall outside the windows of the ministry area is a constant reminder to us. Listen and obey to see the marvelous works of God, and give testimony to God's faithfulness.

So many dear people helped build the house, donating hours to put in ceramic tile, paint rooms, and prepare meals for workers. Our thanks to all who have supported Bridge for Peace through the "cut a beam" project, donating for the building of the house. (2Kings6:1-2)

There is still work to be done in Wading River. Our friends Mary and John visited us for the first time recently. I had to pick and choose a few testimonies to tell. (It would be impossible to share all of the exciting episodes of what the Lord had done.) As we walked up the steps to the "upper room" I said, "This is the future."

Opening the door, the smell of pine lumber greeted us, light spilled in from the dormers and we walked in wonder. They were awestruck seeing the house for the first time. Ed and I are still continually amazed by it. John noticed ceiling and wall beams with names and scriptures inscribed on them. "These are wonderful!"

I explained, "Downstairs, the wall and ceiling beams have scriptures on them. Over the entry door is written, 'Peace be to all who enter here.' It's all under the sheet-rock now. Eventually, the same will happen with the beams up here. In the concrete foundation of the house is a copy of our ground breaking service, proclaiming scriptural Names of God – Good Shepherd, Comforter, Counselor, Father, Holy Trinity and more."

God does what He says He will do for His perfect purposes. I cannot adequately express how very much I love Him, my gratitude, my joy, my passion for Him. If I spent all of my time writing I could not record all of the miracles we have seen. He opens blind eyes, heals deaf ears. He tenderly touches the brokenhearted. He provides and fulfills His Word.

I could never record the fulfillment of the many scriptural and prophetic Words God has given us. It is impossible to list all of the wonders He has performed for Ed and me. God has done astonishing things for me and I praise His precious Name.

**GLORY BE TO JESUS CHRIST OUR BRIDGE FOR PEACE.**