

Ministry Update - 2nd Quarter, 2007

Ministry on the Internet

We received several e-mails from a Christian brother in Colorado, and were able to guide him to some Bible studies on our web site to help answer his questions. He wrote, "Thank you for your reply on Romans 6 re: crucifying the flesh . On behalf of me and the Knight Family here in Fort Collins, Colorado we would like to thank you for your ministry and your web studies. It has really opened my outlook to the truth about rightly dividing the word. I'm learning the truth though by studying the Word myself and I thank God He guided me to your web site. I do notice if one doesn't study themselves to be approved, they can take any teaching and accept it as truth. All I know is I'm going to preach JESUS CHRIST who was crucified for our sins, was buried, on the third day RISEN from the grave, was seen by the disciples then ascended to heaven sitting at the right hand of GOD. Alleluia!!! We are ALL one body in the Body of CHRIST as CHRIST is the HEAD. Amen. Thanks again for your response and for your ministry, may God richly Bless your Ministry and the Hooper family. Brother Ocean V. Knight (yes, I guess Colorado has their Ocean, too!)" The web site is

Ministry in Counseling & Twelve Step Recovery Meetings

Testimony of Youbert Davood (updated 5/7/07) -

"Dear Brothers & Sisters in Christ, I have been attending LLMR meetings for about four years now. When I would show up consistently, I felt the Lord working in my life. Having Pastor Tom and Dottie, my spiritual parents, there to guide and counsel me was immeasurably helpful and necessary for my growth and development as a young Christian. When I failed to attend the meetings regularly, it usually meant I was backsliding. That was just the case in early January of this year. I was working as a valet parking attendant on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. I was strong in my faith and told all my co-workers about Jesus. I gave them tracts and was generous and very friendly with everyone. Tom and Dottie had helped me quit smoking pot through prayer and Bible study several months before I got hired at this job. It was in November of 2006 that I began working there. Sometime in January, I started to smell marijuana in many of the luxury cars I was parking. At the same time, I got lazy in the area of prayer and Bible reading. I started to believe the lie that I could smoke pot here and there and still be a good Christian. I have always had an extreme nature, and so occasional smoking quickly turned into daily obsessive use. Just as rapidly, I relapsed in the other two strongholds in my life: anger and lust. I stopped attending church and LLMR meetings. I started hanging out with old pot-mad friends, and found some new "stoner" friends, too. My life quickly spiraled out of control. I got fired from my job for losing the keys to a Mercedes-Benz. I got road rage and challenged people to fights. My anger and anxiety got so severe that I could hardly breathe. I had to quit smoking pot! That brought on severe withdrawal symptoms. I finally mustered enough strength to go to Tom and Dottie's for prayer for deliverance. I could barely walk or go out in public because I was so anxious and would run out of breath. I went to the emergency room four times in as many weeks. I was under heavy demonic oppression. I knew as a Christian I can't be demon-possessed, but it was obvious I was demonized. After Tom and Dottie prayed for me on Friday, April 27th, I felt the Lord starting to heal me, but I was far from healed. Two days later, I was still miserable, paranoid, and barely able to breathe. Psalm 55:4-5 describes exactly how I felt: "My heart is severely pained within me, and the terrors of death have fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling have come upon me, and horror has overwhelmed me." That Sunday after church, there was a church picnic. I saw Pastor Tom there, and sat by his feet hoping he could help me somehow. The Holy Spirit spoke through him as he told me to praise God even for my pain and affliction. His words reminded me of one of my favorite verses: "My son, do not despise the chastening of the Lord, nor detest His correction; for whom the Lord loves He disciplines, just as a father the son in whom he delights." (Proverbs 3:11). Later that day, when I dropped my friend Vinnie off after the picnic, he suggested we pray. When it was my turn to pray, I praised God for my misery

and pain, and thanked Him for using it to draw me back to him. Thirty minutes later, I was completely healed. Thank You, Lord, for having mercy on me your prodigal son, and thank You Tom and Dottie for your prayers and wise counsel. Love always, Youbert"

Monthly Evangelistic Outreach to Venice Beach

Saturday, April 7, 2007 -

Saturday morning, we had a good-sized group show up to take the lunches and go out on the outreach. We had Tom, me Loren, her friend Chrysalis, Angela, Youbert, Amy, Yvonne, Dwayne, John, Gordon and Amelia. This time, we gave away all 73 lunches before we got halfway up the Boardwalk. With more people, we were able to scatter out to the beach area, and Youbert and John went down the side streets and alleys, so we found more people and gave out the lunches in a short period of time. We still continued all the way up the Boardwalk and down again, passing out the gospel tracts. This was Amy's first time, and Angela hadn't been in a while, and they both thought people were very receptive. We had some tracts just for Easter, and they went fast, plus the usual assortment of Chick tracts we hand out. I had fun giving out the new Chick tract titled "Set Free" to teenagers, kids on skate boards (one kid just grabbed it out of my hand as he sped by), the people in the tattoo parlors, and the clients waiting to see the fortunetellers and tarot card readers. The people involved in the various forms of divination down at the Boardwalk are usually so hardened they won't take a tract, but their customers can be reached before they get to that heart-hardened state. Amy gave tracts and lunches to Cheryl, Mike and Montana, who were sitting on a bench, and although they reeked of booze, they asked for extra tracts. Dwayne met up with a bunch of young people from England, and they had evidently been camping out on the beach and were hungry and in need of some lunches. They may have been on a trip, and just run out of money, but they said they were hungry, so Dwayne gave them lunches. Each lunch bag has a gospel tract, so maybe the Lord wanted to reach them that way. No one harassed us this time, but Yvonne had one slight incident of a couple giving her rude hand gestures, so she just said, "Well, excuse me!" and gave a lunch to another man sitting down on the sidewalk near them, and he took it gladly, and even thanked God! We gave tracts to a man with a bicycle, who was down at the boardwalk with his kids. Later, he heard us say to one homeless person that we had run out of lunches, and the man with the bicycle said, "Oh! You give out food, too?" We said that we did, but had already given all 73 lunches away, and he said, "That's cool!" We gave out so many tracts, that my bag was almost empty, and that almost never happens! We gave out lots in Spanish, too, and I gave one in German. A lady who looked like a tourist (she was taking pictures of everything), took a tract in English, but when I asked if she spoke another language, she said she spoke German. I just reached into one of the pockets of my big bag, and there was a tract in German, right there!

Saturday, May 5, 2007 -

All I can say is, "Wow! Wow! Wow!" Today's outreach was terrific! We saw people being so open to taking the tracts, and gave out more tracts than usual, even though we had fewer people in our group to go out. We had Tom, me, Loren, Shannon, Amy, Amelia, Gordon, Youbert, Vince, John and Dwayne. John said he didn't even have to go up to most of the homeless people for the lunches, but they recognized him and came up to him. We gave out about 70 lunches, and made up six or eight extras for giving out during the next month. They all have a gospel tract inside, too. We split up into two groups, with one group going down closer to the beach, and the rest of us staying on Ocean Front Walk ("The Boardwalk"). My group was running out of lunches about halfway up the Boardwalk, when we came across a group of young "Hippies" camping out on the grass. They even had two babies in their group. We apologized for only having three lunches left, but they said, "Don't apologize, we really appreciate this", and they began to pass around food to everyone in their group. Later, on our way back, we brought them two more lunches that the other part of our team still had, and they distributed them to one another also.

We passed out a lot of Chick tracts that are particularly good for teenagers and young adults: "No Fear?" and "Party Girl", and they were well received. I even handed them to young people working in some of the food places, and said, "Here's a little book you can read whenever you have a break." There was a group of four or five people sitting on some benches, and when I offered a tract to one young woman, she said, "No thanks, I believe in the Goddess." The other people on the bench took tracts, and one man asked for one in Spanish, so I guess she changed her mind, because she said she would take one after all. I gave her, "No Fear?" which has a strong salvation message, and talks about hell. That won't go well with her goddess beliefs, but you never know, maybe this was God speaking to her heart, and she will do a turn-around, and get saved! Then, we met a guy who told us his name is C.W., and he asked if we could give him a Bible. We told him we had some in our car, but he'd have to follow us all the way back to the car to get it. He followed us for a while, but then said he was having trouble walking, and needed to rest a bit. When we got back to the car, we couldn't see him coming, so Amy and Amelia offered to walk back and find him to give him the Bible. They did find him, and talked to him a little, finding out he has AIDS. Amelia and Amy asked if he would like them to pray for him, and when they prayed with him, Amelia said she saw tears running down his face. After we got back to the house, Tom heard a guy going by with a grocery cart, collecting cans, and Youbert took a lunch and ran after him to give it to him. The guy said, "Thank you, praise the Lord!"

Saturday, June 2, 2007 -

For our monthly Venice Beach outreach, those who were on the team this time were: Tom, me, Loren, Yvonne, Angela, Youbert, Gordon, Amelia, Dwayne, Kathy, John, and Alycia. We had 72 lunches, as usual, and ran out of them before reaching the end of the Boardwalk. We may try to make up more lunches next time, especially as now it is summer, and there may be even more people down at the Boardwalk. We handed out several hundred gospel tracts in English and Spanish, and I was able to give one out in Italian, and another one in Chinese. We spoke with one young man who took one in English, but he said he also spoke Croatian. One young man came up to us with a tract in his hand, and asked if we were the ones handing them out. We said we were, and asked what he wanted. He said he needed a lunch, and we just happened to have one left, so we gave it to him. We asked him if he wanted to keep the tract, and he said he hadn't read it yet, so we encouraged him to read it and gave him another one, too. Yvonne had fun with giving out the lunches. She went up to some men who were wrapped up in sleeping bags, and said, "Here's a lunch from God!" She said they woke up rather surprised, but were thankful to have the food. It was the first time on one of our outreaches for both Kathy and Alycia, and they said they really enjoyed it. Alycia was particularly moved by how many of the homeless people were not only thankful to get some food, but were amazed that someone would come up to them, and actually seek them out to give them a lunch.

Prison Ministry

Our prison ministry continues to grow, so much, that Dottie is no longer working, and is doing the ministry full-time. It's impossible to give an accurate number, because new ones are being added all the time, and some get released from prison and no longer write, but we must be actively corresponding with close to 150 inmates on a regular basis. Those who continue with the program and complete the entire Twelve Steps are fewer, and many who complete the Twelve Step program go on to do our Bible studies in Ephesians, Romans, Gospel of John, and now we're working on a James Bible study. Those inmates who received a Certificate of Completion for this quarter are: Johnny Bennett, John Young, Tracy West, Carmen Hillis, Samuel Vidaurri, Chan Park, and Clarence Coyer. Some of those who are doing one of the other Bible studies are: Matthew Chappell, David Basile, Roger Miller, Daniel Holland, Ryan Ketcherside, John Young, Arnoldo Treviño, Sal Muratella, Clarence Barnes, Michael Spellman, Karen Ristau, Roy Mata, Terrence Grayson, Anthony Jimenez, and Donald O'Brien.

Dottie is answering about 40 to 50 letters each week, plus sending the "Serenity" Bibles to new people and the Certificates of Completion to those completing the 12-Steps. Almost every letter has lessons in it that must be corrected, and then she gets whatever lessons or papers they'll need next, and keeps track of all of that on the computer so that we aren't sending duplicates to people.

Karen Ristau, at Leo Chesney Correctional Facility in Live Oak, Calif. -

"Hello! Thank you so much for the Bible studies. I have 147 days left of this part of my life and am having the "battle of the wills" like never before. I cry, I laugh, I get angry and I resist. However, I have not used drugs and I have not acted on my feelings, because, as my first sponsor says, "Feelings are like stray cats; if you don't feed them, they go away." I'm tired, but content, and thank you from my heart for doing your ministry. I so look forward to the next study. I pray for you both daily, that you reach thousands like me. You've captured my heart, or..... Jesus did. Love, Karen"

Billy Mayberry, at Avenal State Prison -

"I must tell you this message on "The Dangers of the New Age Movement" is just what I needed at this time. Lately, I've been on this sincere search for more and more truth, and right on time I receive all the answers to help me see more clearly. Thank you so much, the both of you. Jesus Christ is without a doubt my Lord and Savior. After reading your letter last night, I was thinking to myself how much I'd really love to hear Tom preach. I'm sure he's very inspirational, and without a doubt, very knowledgeable of God's word. Since corresponding with you guys, I've gained so much insight as to the true meaning of many unanswered questions I had. Again, thank you!"

Jimmy Hailey, Placer County Jail, Auburn, Calif. -

"Hi! I am sitting here studying the Bible and the "How to Stop Worrying" paper you gave me (I go to court tomorrow). Anyway, I was taking a break and I looked over at my Bible, and the front cover started to flutter, like there was a breeze in the room. I looked and it did it again! So, I picked up the Bible and just sort of opened it to wherever it was going to open. It opened to Isaiah chapter 7, so I looked and the words from 7:4 (NLT) said, 'Tell him to stop worrying.' So, I said, 'Okay, God.' Then I looked at the bottom of the paragraph, and it said in verse 7:9, 'If you want Me to protect you, learn to believe what I say!' Anyways, I thought 'Wow!' Then I thought I'd better write this down, because this is important and I don't want to forget this. This is just too coincidental to NOT be God!"

Alton Burns, Calipatria State Prison -

"Greetings to you! I would like to begin my letter off by first telling you, 'Thank the Lord for good people like you, how you open up your helps for people locked down such as myself.' I've been through many, many bad days in my life of 26 years here on this earth. So much that I can't even recall any specific memory of my childhood where I felt completely safe and happy, or truly happy at all..... at this time, I've felt lost and like I was looking and searching for answers about things within myself that I felt, but could not explain..... I never really believed in God. I'm just now at a point in my life where I'm acknowledging openly that there is a God within some place existing. I have no one to share these things with; my mother is somewhere out there - I don't know if she is still even alive. The whole point of this letter is that I feel like it's a giant-size hole deep at the core of my soul. Like a part is lost or has been stolen from me by life, and I don't know if I'm ever going to get this piece of me back, seeing how it's a part that I am unable to identify. Enough to say, that's it. I don't know what to call it, I just feel it and sense the missing piece. I don't know if it's God that could help me or who could help me. I just know it's all bad, so I'm writing and without purpose, or reason that I could understand for doing so. I got this hook up from someone on the yard.

They just told me something about a religious pen-pal. I can't recall everything that was spoken to me word for word."

We wrote to Alton immediately, and sent him a number of gospel tracts, and told him we would be happy to write to him. Please pray for him in his search for God.