

#1 *New York Times* Bestselling Author

MIKE EVANS

Your Road Map to Happiness

**WHAT I
LEARNED
AS A**

MORON



P.O. Box 30000, PHOENIX, AZ 85046

What I Learned as a Moron

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Dedicated to those who have been bullied as a child

As a child, my favorite thing to do was hiding from bullies. There were so many bullies in my life that it would be impossible to name all of them.

I have a piece of pencil lead in my left hand from a bully in the fifth grade who tried to stab me in the face with his pencil. I always went to school late because I knew the bullies would beat me up. They did. I was bullied over dozens of things. I was very skinny as a kid, so I used to wear two pairs of socks and two pairs of pants to school because the kids would laugh at me and say, "You're so skinny you must have to jump around in the shower to get wet. You're so skinny that if you stuck out your tongue you would look like a zipper."

Well, I was that skinny. When I tried to get into the Army at 17 I failed the physical. I only weighed 111 pounds and was five foot, eleven inches tall. The minimum was 132 pounds. I went home and saw a sports magazine from Ryan's Sporting Goods with the picture of a muscle-bound man with his beautiful girlfriend kicking sand in the face of a skinny kid at the beach. I was the skinny kid.

The advertisement was to buy weights and build muscles. I did just that. I went down to Ryan's Sporting Goods and bought four five-pound weights and three stretch belts. I put 10 pounds near my right leg, suspended from the stretch belts, 10 pounds near my left leg, and bought a pair of boxer shorts to hide the weights.

I went back to take the physical again 30 days later. I

was walking with little steps and the sergeant said, “Boy, take a step like a man.” I did and the weights clanged. I fell to my knees with tears streaming down my face.

When I got on the scale, it read 132. The sergeant said, “Isn’t it amazing? I told you to go home and eat bananas. You must have eaten a lot of them because you weigh exactly 132 pounds.” He laughed.

Being bullied is no laughing matter, especially when the biggest bully in your life is your father and you have nowhere to hide from him. Bullying is a cruel and terrible thing. If you’re being bullied, it’s not your fault. No one deserves to be bullied. Bullying happens at all ages and levels of life. Bullying is a global epidemic.

Everyone has a bullying story. Bullies come in all forms. They can be a parent, a president, or a peer. You can be bullied for the color of your skin or the style of your hair or your looks or your nationality. The bully I lived with was my father. He was relentless. The only word he ever called me besides curse words was moron. I heard the word moron thousands of times.

I sat down with my 10-year-old granddaughter recently. I told her my story of how I was struggling at the age of 10 and how she could turn her fire into fuel and her pain into power, purpose, and passion. She was facing a test called the STAR test in which she was given a low chance of passing it. She didn’t simply pass it. She crushed it. I asked her, “Brooke. How did you do that?”

She smiled and said, “I turned my fire into fuel and my pain into power.” I pray the same will happen with you.

CONTENTS

Foreword	9
Author's Note: <i>What I Learned as a Moron</i>	13
Warning.....	31
Introduction.....	43
Chapter 1.....	53
Chapter 2.....	65
Chapter 3.....	75
Chapter 4.....	83
PART ONE: <i>Major in Mentors</i>	
Chapter 5.....	99
Chapter 6.....	107
Chapter 7.....	115
Chapter 8.....	125
Chapter 9.....	137
Chapter 10.....	151
Chapter 11.....	163
Chapter 12	173
PART TWO: <i>Commit Your Life to a Cause Greater Than Yourself</i>	
Chapter 13.....	195

Chapter 14.....	203
Chapter 15.....	213
Chapter 16.....	225
Chapter 17.....	235

PART THREE: *Put All of Your Faith in God*

Chapter 18.....	249
Chapter 19.....	263
Chapter 20.....	273
Chapter 21.....	289

PART FOUR: *Celebrate Suffering and Sacrifice*

Chapter 22.....	305
Chapter 23.....	311
Chapter 24	321
Chapter 25.....	331
Chapter 26.....	341
Chapter 27.....	353

Endnotes.....	369
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Scriptures.....	379
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F O R E W O R D

If ever there was a book that I believe you should read, it's *What I Learned as a Moron*. I've had the privilege of not only being a pastor but I've also had the privilege of knowing Mike Evans closer than any pastor in America for several decades now, and also being with him face to face in many meetings with world leaders. I've never met a person who had been abused and bullied more by his own father who has such astonishing confidence and has literally impacted the world.

Mike could not defend one Jew, his mother, against a Jew-hater, his father, who strangled him and left him for dead at 11 when he attempted to defend his mother from his father's abuse. His pain was turned into power, purpose, and passion. No person has done more to combat antisemitism than Mike through his Ten Boom museum in Holland, of which I served on the board, and his Friends of Zion Heritage Center in Jerusalem, and his 109 books, and thousands of events over the years, including his Facebook page that is the largest in religion globally and was created to combat antisemitism through the Jerusalem Prayer Team.

Mike Evans has ministered face to face to more than 20 million people. He was the first minister to preach the gospel in the Kremlin Palace in Moscow and the first to hold a national crusade in the Killing Fields of Cambodia. The list of lives that Mike Evans has impacted is endless. From sports figures like boxing champion

Evander Holyfield, NFL football player Deion Sanders, and NBA legend Michael Jordan, to entertainers like Steven Tyler, Jon Voight, Pat Boone, Mel Gibson, and Jay Leno, to more than 50 ambassadors throughout the world, and more world leaders and diplomats than I could even name.

Some of the leaders he has served have included President George W. Bush, President Donald Trump, Henry Kissinger, the Presidents of the Philippines, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Brazil, and Georgia, Prince Albert of Monaco, the Crown Prince of Dubai Sheikh Hamdan bin Mohammed, the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia Mohammed bin Salman Al Saud, King Abdullah II bin Al-Hussein of Jordan, President Abdel Sisi of Egypt, and virtually all of Israel's Prime Ministers and many of Israel's Presidents.

I don't know of any minister of the gospel who has impacted more world leaders and the nation of Israel than Mike Evans has.

There is no Christian in the world closer to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and the late President of Israel Shimon Peres than Mike Evans. The revelation of living for God is not a sermon. It is a message that Mike Evans has lived out and I've had the privilege of seeing it face to face.

I pray that this book, *What I Learned as a Moron*, will transform your life the same way it transformed Mike's so that you fully understand why you were born and how you can be led and fed by the Holy Spirit to fulfill your assignment and finish strong for the glory of God.

—Pastor Mike Atkins

AUTHOR'S NOTE

What I Learned as a Moron

The only word my father ever called me as a child was moron. He said it thousands of times and I believed it. I never went to high school because I thought I was a moron. Going to grade school was humiliating. I had failing grades. I even failed kindergarten.

I even failed an IQ test which only confirmed I was in fact a moron. I never read a word. I simply checked the boxes.

I picked tobacco with migrants at 13 and 14 making 20 cents an hour. I worked three jobs at the age of 15: construction from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., bagging groceries from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., and waxing floors Friday and Saturday nights from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m.

My mother was an Orthodox Jew. At the age of four, I was watching cartoons and after they ended, Billy Graham came on. She rushed over and shut the TV off and said, "Never watch this again. Christians hate Jews. Christians killed Jews. Billy Graham, Adolf Hitler, and the Pope are all Christians. Jesus died. Don't dig him up.

"I named you after your great grandfather, Rabbi Mikel Katznelson, who was burned to death in his synagogue with 2,000 Jews. Christians boarded up the windows and the doors

of the synagogue and lit it on fire screaming, ‘Christ-killers! Christ-killers!’”

As a child, I was beaten up for being a kike. I came home the first time crying, saying, “They beat me up for being a kite.”

My mother said, “No, it’s a Yiddish word. It means Christ’s killer.”

When I was young, we were very poor. We lived in the projects. I used to go to the dump for food. Most people don’t know what white chocolate is. It’s black chocolate that goes bad and the stores throw it out.

Years later I would push my mother’s grocery cart home from the A&P grocery store on Friday nights. She didn’t drive.

On the way home, professing Christians would throw eggs and tomatoes at her screaming, “Jew witch.”

My father got drunk every Friday night. He would walk to the Twilight Cafe. He was an angry drunk. He’d get home between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m. Saturday mornings, and would always sit my mother down in a chair at the bottom of the stairs, screaming at her and slapping her in the face, calling her a Jewish whore and saying that I was not his son. He claimed that she had an affair with a Jewish man. She wore sunglasses a lot because of her black eyes.

I would sit on the top of the stairs crying, feeling it was my fault and wishing that I had never been born.

I felt that she was being beaten up because of me.

My father never called me son, never said I love you, and never affirmed me. The only words he called me were moron and curse words.

He began abusing me at the age of four. I ran away from home

the first time only two blocks to the park with no shoes on. It was in the fall. Leaves were everywhere.

There were elderly people from a nursing home feeding pigeons. One of the nurses saw me crying and handed me bread crumbs and said, "Here little boy. Feed the pigeons."

I threw the bread crumbs down and ran off screaming, "I don't want to feed the pigeons."

My father went to church every Sunday. they called him Brother Bob. He had a big Thompson Chain Reference Bible.

At the age of eight, I found a jackknife in the snow. I was so excited that I showed it to my father. He said, "You're a liar. God hates liars."

He took me down to the basement, stripped off all my clothes, took an extension cord, and began beating me and screaming, "I will beat you to death unless you tell me the truth. God hates liars." He almost succeeded. He locked me into a dirt cellar filled with cobwebs and rats. I was covered with my own blood.

On a Monday when I was 11 the teacher told the class, "Tomorrow I want you to tell the class what you want to be when you grow up?" I showed up late hoping they would not get to me because I had a terrible stuttering problem and my only goal was to be alive at 20. I was sitting by the red bell by the door.

It was my turn just before the bell rang. I said, stuttering, "20." Everyone started laughing.

What happens to children like me with no hope. They end up dead or in prison or a mental institution or as drunks or alcoholics sleeping in the gutters. I had zero self-esteem. Hundreds of fears. I could not look a person in the eye.

Hope is the oxygen of the soul. When a child never hears I love you, or a word of affirmation, even the word son, but only curse words and moron, that child is doomed in the natural.

At the Vatican with the ninth president of the State of Israel, Shimon Peres, the international chairman of my Friends of Zion Museum, he told Pope Francis, “Michael was named after his great grandfather, Rabbi Mikel Katznelson who was burned to death in his synagogue with 2,000 Jews.”

The Pope said in his broken English, “You are a Jewish man. Tell me how you came to Jesus Christ.”

I shared my story with the Pope and Shimon Peres. They both began weeping. At the end, the Pope took my hand and said, “Pray for me.”

This is what I shared with the Pope.

I woke up around 2 a.m. hearing my mother crying. As I sat on the top of the stairs as I had many times before, my father was calling her a Jewish whore. I got my courage up and screamed, “Stop it!”

He ran up the stairs and picked me up over his head by my throat and strangled me. As I looked into his raging, bloodshot eyes, I knew my life was over and that I’d never live to be 20.

When I became conscious after my father strangled me, I woke up in a fetal position. I had vomited all over myself. I shook my fist at God, and in anger screamed, “Why was I born?” I was angry that I was alive. My mother was getting beaten up every week because of me, I thought, and my father hated me. I should have never been born.

Suddenly, the brightest light I’d ever seen filled the room.

I thought it was my father with a spotlight coming in to finish me off, so I threw my hands up to protect my face. But it was quiet. He was never quiet.

I decided to peek through my fingers. Suddenly, I saw two nail-scarred wrists. No, the scars were not in the hands. I thought I must have gone nuts. I don't believe in Jesus. What's this? I looked up and saw the most beautiful eyes that I had ever seen.

Every color in the rainbow was in those eyes. And they were smiling eyes. You could see eternity through those eyes and angels. They were like magnets, you couldn't take your eyes off those eyes. I'd never seen a man smile until I saw the eyes of Jesus.

He looked at me with such amazing love. And he spoke and said, "Son." I'd never heard the word son. Then he said, "I love you." I'd never heard the words I love you. Then he said, "I have a great plan for your life." And he left.

But that was not the only thing that left. My speech impediment left, and my stomach ulcer left.

The only thing that didn't change was that in the morning I noticed the outline of every finger of my father's hand on my neck because he squeezed so tight that the blood went through between his fingers.

But because of hope, my pain that night was turned into power, purpose, and passion. My fire was turned into fuel.

I knew instantly why I had been born. I could not defend one Jew against a Jew-hater. I was born to defend all the Jews.

In January of this year, I was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize for my life's work of combating antisemitism.

The first principle I learned as a moron is to . . .

1. MAJOR IN MENTORS

In 1980 I was walking through the Fairmont Hotel in Dallas Texas when a man pulled on the back of my jacket in the lobby. I had never met him before. He spoke and said, “Don’t be discouraged. Peace, peace, peace. You are the seed of Abraham. I know what your father did to you, but I am your heavenly Father and have a great plan for your life. I will give you the nation of Israel. Isaiah 43:18-19.”

That man was John Osteen. He became my mentor and a father figure to me. He was the first man on Earth to believe in me.

He had no idea who I was nor how discouraged I was. I was suffering from posttraumatic stress, a major neurological condition that I was told was incurable, tachycardia, and panic attacks. I thought it was over. I never told anyone the pain I was in, not even God. I loved Jesus but was scared of God because he was a Father. My only frame of reference of a father was my abusive father.

I drove home that day weeping and meditating on the promise John Osteen gave me from Isaiah 43:18-19: “Do not remember the former things, Nor consider the things of old. Behold, I will do a new thing, Now it shall spring forth; Shall we not know it? I will even make a road in the wilderness And rivers in the desert.”

I sent a fax the next day to Prime Minister Begin of Israel, whom I did not know at the time, and asked him to meet with me. The Prime Minister said yes.

In the meeting, The prime minister asked me, “Why did you come?” I repeated the question because I didn’t know why God had told me to come but didn’t tell me why.

He talked for 10 minutes. Then he asked me again, “Why did you come?” I repeated the question, “Why did I come?”

He talked for another 10 minutes. Then he said, “Don’t repeat the question.” I said, “Mr. Prime Minister, I don’t know why I came. I only know that God sent me.”

He looked at me in astonishment and turned to his chief of staff and said “Can you believe it? He’s the first man who has ever come to me and said God sent him but he doesn’t know why.” You have finally met an honest man shake his hand

Then the Prime Minister said Mike, do me a favor. The moment God tells you why, come back and tell me.”

It was my birthday, the 30th of June 1980. Before I left I said, “I came to build a bridge.”

He laughed and said, “The Brooklyn Bridge?”

I said, “No, a bridge of love between Bible-believing Christians and Bible-believing Jews.”

He said, “We shall build that bridge together.”

On the fourth of July, as I was praying, the Spirit of God spoke to me to go to the home of Benzion Netanyahu whose son Jonathan had been killed leading the Entebbe raid in Uganda. It was the anniversary of his death. I felt I was to comfort the family. I didn’t know them. Benzion invited me in for tea. Shortly his second son arrived, Benjamin Netanyahu. He was 28 years old, grieving his brother’s death. He was selling furniture for a company called RIM.

I prayed over him and said “Jonathan loved David. You loved Jonathan. Out of the ashes of your despair will come strength from God and you will be the prime minister of Israel.”

He looked at me and said to his father in Hebrew, “You let a moron in the house.” His father Benzion said, “Not an ordinary moron. This is the authentic moron.”

I went back to Prime Minister Begin on July 5 and told him I met the Prime Minister of Israel yesterday. He said, “You are mistaken. You met me on June 30.”

I said, “It’s not you,” and shared with him the prophecy and asked him to give Benjamin Netanyahu a job in the government. He agreed and asked Reuben Hecht his senior advisor to offer him a position.

Days later Reuben Hecht was giving a lecture on Babylonian art. At the end of the lecture, the distinguished elderly man asked if anyone had a question. I asked a question, but it was a political question. He cut me off and said, “Young man, that’s not an appropriate question.”

Then at the end of his lecture, he came up to me, took me by the arm, and said, “Come with me.” He took me to the top floor of a big building where his office was. I had no idea who the man was. He was a senior adviser to the Prime Minister of Israel. He was a billionaire.

And he said, “Young man, that’s a very good question you asked me.” And he kept saying to me, “Don’t call me Dr. Hecht.” Since I was so young, I kept calling him Dr. Hecht. He said, “Call me by my first name, Reuben.”

As we got ready to leave, I shook his hand with both of mine and I said, “It’s so great to be with you today, Joseph.”

He raised his voice and said, “You did that intentionally. That’s not my name. It’s Ruben.”

I said, “I’m sorry. It’s jetlag. I apologize.”

“No, don’t apologize. You did it intentionally. Sit down. The year was 1943. My father was a shipbuilder in Belgium. He was dying. He took my hand and his last words were, ‘Joseph, Joseph, the nation will be born and you will feed them bread.’ And he died. No human being knows the story except my wife, Edith. You called me Joseph.”

Reuben became my mentor and opened up the whole nation of Israel for me. He brought me into Menachem Begin’s cabinet at a very young age. He took me to the founder of Israel intelligence Mossad who also mentored me.

Your ability to succeed is not determined by the things you know but by the things you do not know.

When you know what you don’t know it creates hunger which is the fuel that ignites astonishing inventions.

When you recognize that, you’ll seek mentors in your life that have wisdom and gifts that you don’t have. Those who do not seek mentors are filled with pride.

Pride is the anesthesia that deadens the pain of stupidity. A man can become too big in his own eyes to be used by God but never too small.

Mentors can turn your equity into currency, and your favor into influence. Mentors give you a gift, a lifetime of wisdom that you could never obtain. The sum total of your ability to succeed is determined by the things you do not know. What you know is constant. That’s why mentors are so important.

For example, when I built the Friends of Zion Heritage Center in Jerusalem, my bridge of love, I needed an international chairman.

I asked a pastor friend named Robert Morris, who founded Gateway Church, but God said, “You don’t need a pastor; you need a president.”

The ninth President of Israel Shimon Peres, the most beloved Jew on earth, became my international chairman and opened amazing doors. I wanted to give my Friend of Zion award to world leaders. It’s been given now to more than 20 world leaders, including two U.S. presidents. It’s one of the most prestigious awards given in the State of Israel.

After Shimon Peres and I met with Pope Francis, over dinner that night he said to me, “Mike, I feel like you and I are family. So I researched you. And I realized we are family we both go back to a wooden synagogue.

“Everything I’ve done in my life was because of my inspiration, my mentor, my hero. It was my grandfather, a cantor rabbi, and my Talmud teacher Rabbi Metzner, but he had a hero. It was the chief rabbi of the synagogue. Your great grandfather, Rabbi Mikel Katznelson. Yes, your great grandfather and my grandfather were burned to death in the same synagogue. Only God could have put us together. We are in fact family. We need to write a book together on the wooden synagogue.”

The second principle I learned as a moron is to . . .

2. COMMIT YOUR LIFE TO A CAUSE GREATER THAN YOURSELF

It’s the key to happiness. If I had focused on myself I would have been one of the most miserable, unhappy human beings on the

planet. Instead, I am the most blessed and happiest man I've ever met. That revelation transformed me from a victim into a victor.

The two greatest days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why you were born. You were created to be part of a God-inspired cause greater than yourself. I have had the privilege of being part of hundreds of causes greater than myself since 11.

I had a dream of building the Friends of Zion Heritage Center. It was the bridge I described to Prime Minister Begin to be light and salt to the nation of Israel and to pastor the nation.

The Friends of Zion Heritage Center campus is a city block in Jerusalem located 600 meters from the Temple Mount. This year in Ukraine, Friends of Zion, through my son Michael's leadership, has brought Holocaust survivors to Israel and 240 metric tons of food to hungry congregations filled with refugees in the bombed cities in Ukraine. That's enough food for 500,000 hungry refugees. Friends of Zion is the brightest light in Israel comforting the house of Israel.

Many told me to "stay safe" when they heard I was going to Ukraine. I responded, "No thank you. Safety does not concern me. It's about being part of a cause greater than myself. That's the safest place on earth."

I got 18 rejections from publishers on my first book, so I published it myself and made a TV special on it. That book sold 330,000 copies between July and December in 1980 months after John Osteen give me a word of hope.

That was 18 award-winning book infomercials ago. I have been told I am the pioneer of book infomercials. I don't know if

that's so but I do know the 111 books I have written have helped fund my kingdom projects for decades.

The book I wrote that was rejected by 18 publishers was *Israel: America's Key to Survival*. It was endorsed by the Prime Minister of Israel.

I gave him the first copy I told him, "You can't endorse it you haven't read a page."

He said, "Don't worry about it. If they criticize me, I'm a short Prime Minister. I'll stand on the newspapers and it will make me look taller. Besides, today's news is wrapped in tomorrow's fish."

The third principle I learned as a moron is to . . .

3. PUT ALL OF YOUR FAITH IN GOD

You have two choices in life, to seek man's affirmation or God's affirmation. That can only come when you put all of your faith in God.

I received supernatural hope at 11. I've spent my life seeking that divine hope over and over again, and I have received it. No, Jesus never came back to speak with me but the voice of His words in the Bible became as real to me as his words at the age of 11.

Joseph put all his faith in God. His brothers threw him into a pit and sold him as a slave. He was falsely accused and put in prison. That was his path to the palace. Joseph went to jail to become prime minister, not Yale.

Jeremiah the suffering prophet was beaten and put in stocks and sank in the mud of an empty well and his scrolls were burned

because of his words. Yet he still put all his faith in God and kept giving the word of the Lord.

Jerusalem's founding mayor Teddy Kollek knew that I liked Jeremiah. He took me to his cave. It has a different name today: Golgotha. Jeremiah's assignment was at the very spot where the blood of Christ would flow.

The fourth principle I learned as a moron is to . . .

4. CELEBRATE SUFFERING AND SACRIFICE

I am not talking about desiring suffering and sacrifice, but when it comes to see it through the eyes of your mighty God as a stepping stone and not a stumbling block.

The Bible says, "Though the fig tree does not bud and there are no grapes on the vines, though the olive crop fails and the fields produce no food, though there are no sheep in the pen and no cattle in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will be joyful in God my Savior" (Habakkuk 3:17-18).

Do you want to be a victim or a victor? Do you want to be comfortable or a conqueror?

Jesus is coming back as the King of kings. If you want to be a king, you're going to have to be willing to commit yourself to sacrifice and suffering. Kings process pain and pleasure differently.

The Bible says Jesus "learned obedience by the things which He suffered" (Hebrews 5:8).

Scripture adds, "And after you have suffered a little while, the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ,

will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you” (1 Peter 5:10).

The apostle Paul said, “For this light momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory, beyond all comprehension” (2 Corinthians 4:17).

In his cell in chains he said, “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me” (Philippians 4:13). He looked at his own death sentence and suffering for Christ and said this.

When you’re lied about and betrayed and you forgive and remain silent rather than attempt to destroy the person who is slandering you, you still love them and suffer for Christ’s sake. The price of admission to change the world is unspeakable evil and betrayal and when it comes you cannot play the victim.

Are the things you’re living for worth Christ dying for? Are you willing to live your life in the light of eternity? The apostle Paul said that he wanted to know Christ and the fellowship of His suffering. If you truly want to change the world, then celebrate suffering and sacrifice. Seek the Jesus who shows up in the flames of fire.

It is in the quiet crucible of your personal suffering that your noblest dreams are born. God’s greatest gifts are given in compensation for what you’ve been through. You’re going to be betrayed. You’re going to be rejected by those you’ve loved the most if you choose the narrow path.

How much rejection and pain and disappointment can you tolerate before you turn your back on the Savior? Beginning strong is not a sign of a surrendered life. Finishing strong is.

When things are going well, we see Christ as a conquering Savior. But when things go badly, do you still see Him that way?

To be an overcomer you must have something to overcome. If you don't have an opponent, you don't have a victory.

Most who celebrate with you on the mountain will not be with you in the fire. Everyone wants a theology that celebrates those who get fire protection. How about a theology that celebrates those who choose to suffer in the fire and embraces a God who walks through the fire with us?

In one week the crowds went from celebrating the Savior with their Hosannas to despising and rejecting Him. As the prophet Isaiah said, they hid their faces from Him.

Jesus never hid suffering from His followers. He told them that if you follow Me you're going to have to take up My cross. The cross was a curse word. It was a symbol of shame.

The Jesus I have found is more powerful in your suffering than in your celebrations. Sometimes He stills the storms, but most of the time He stills us in the midst of the storms. His word to you and me and this generation is to take up My cross and follow Me.

Revelations born from suffering for Christ are the engines of God that fuel His eternal purposes on Earth. It will cause you to see what He sees, hear what He hears, and do what He does.

The former Jerusalem Mayor Nir Barkat grabbed my neck and shouted in my ear after I shared my testimony of suffering as a child with the nation of Israel. "Why did you share it?"

The Christian life is not about winning and being number one. It's about Jesus being number one. If I have to protect my name at all costs, my reputation at all costs, my career at all costs, my income at all costs, and my influence at all costs, it will lead to a self-inspired narrative (S.I.N.).

The Christian life is about surrendering all of our life for His glory and His story. That's what I have learned as a moron.

The Spirit of God spoke to me to humble myself in the presence of my father. It would be the only way he would come to Christ and the only way his power over me would be broken.

I went to New Hampshire and found him in a bar trying to pick up a lady younger than my sisters, calling her a baby doll. When he saw me, he started mocking me, calling me a moron. "Hey, moron," he shouted. Then he said to everyone there, "It's a preacher, a moron preacher. Preach, preacher, preach."

I took him to his trailer in the woods and put him to bed. In the morning when he sobered up I got down on my knees and told him, "I want you to put your hands on my head and pray for me. I'm going to confess my sins in your presence."

He begged me not to do it and said when he saw me on my knees, "I've committed the unpardonable sin for what I did to you. I can never be saved."

He started weeping uncontrollably. I could feel his tears on the back of my neck I said, "You haven't committed the unpardonable sin. I forgive you. God forgives you."

Just before my father died he told me about a dream he said he had hundreds of times about black stones. He said his grandfather gave two to his father, his father gave two to him, and when he tried to give them to me he couldn't. Instead, in my hands were white stones. He said, "What does it mean?"

I said, "The black stones are generational curses. Your grandfather was an abusive drunk. Your father was an abusive drunk. You became an abusive drunk. The white stones are generational

blessings. My son, his son, and his son's son will never know the black stones. The curse has been broken." He wept.

This year my son Michael David Evans II became President of the Friends of Zion Heritage Center and Museum. My grandson Michael David Evans III interned at a Jerusalem law firm this summer. He's 11. He told me, "I want to lead Friends of Zion 40 years from now." That's the power of generational blessing, and that's what I learned as a moron.

W A R N I N G

Before you read this book, I want to make it perfectly clear to you that the person you're reading about was the most broken, bullied, abused person I had ever met: me. I was convinced that I was a moron because I had been that thousands of times by my own father, but I learned how to turn the pain into power, purpose, and passion and fire into fuel.

In the natural, I would have ended up a drug addict or alcoholic or in prison or a mental institution and for sure would have died decades ago. Please don't think highly of me, but only of my God who took such a broken life and restored my soul. Know this: If He did it for me, He can do it for you. He's an equal opportunity employer.

When my father strangled me and I became conscious I was in a rage, not because my father strangled me but because I was still alive. It made no sense that I should have been born. My mother was being abused. I thought it was because of me, because my father thought she had an affair with a Jewish man and I wasn't his son.

My father hated me. He never called me son, never said I love you, and only called me a moron. I screamed in the dark at God with my fist clenched in anger, "God, why was I born?" I'm sharing this with you because I don't want you to think for a second that I'm some amazing human being. I'm not. I was completely broken

and in pain when the Lord appeared to me face to face at 11 and told me He loved me and had a great plan for my life. He healed me instantly of a speech impediment, a stomach ulcer, and delivered me from hundreds of fears.

I was gloriously saved, called, filled, and I didn't know the theology of any of it. I can tell you this, that the times where I've had the greatest favor have been the times when I've been the weakest. It was when I was broken and bleeding and could not understand the suffering. I know what it is to be under attack in my physical body, in my family and my ministry. I am a man with wounds and scars.

When I went into the ministry I was very intimidated because every preacher I met seemed to be perfect. I knew how messed up I was. I never told my wife until I was 32 years old the real story of my life and my family because I had been suffering from post-traumatic stress from the abuse of my father and it was breaking my health. I was having panic attacks. One day in prayer the Lord said to me, "I want you to know me, the fellowship of my suffering, and the power of my resurrection."

I used to hate reading the Major Prophets in the Old Testament because there was so much judgment. My father was so mean that I didn't want to hear any more about judgment. I remember saying to the Lord, "Lord, I've already suffered too much. I don't want to know you and the fellowship of Your suffering."

Then He said, "You can't know me then in the power of My resurrection."

I said to the Lord, "What's the fellowship of your suffering?"

He said, "When you can get to the place that you admit

everything that you're not." That was very painful for me because there was so much I was not. It was going to take quite a bit of time. The Lord said to me, "When you're willing to acknowledge what you're not, then you can know Me in the power of My resurrection."

I'll never forget what the Holy Spirit revealed to me. When I finally came to that place in my brokenness, in my shame, and in my pain to freely admit what I was not, the Lord said, "I'm attracted to you. And what attracts Me to you most is not what you are, it's what you're not."

The Bible says He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities, and by His stripes, we are healed. When I finally came to that place, I'll never forget what the Lord said to me. He said, "The sum total of your ability to succeed is going to be determined by the things you do not know."

I had to think about that revelation. There were so many things I did not know. How in the world would my success be determined by the things I did not know? Then it hit me. Luke 2:52. It says that Jesus increased in favor with God and with men. There were people who knew things I didn't know. If I had favor with them, I could succeed. So in essence, my inabilities, the revelation of what I was not, was an enormous key to my future success.

I'd like to give you an example of turning your fire into fuel, your pain into power, purpose, and passion. In December 1990, at the age of 44, I went to Saudi Arabia I had just come out of a hospital bed after an eight and a half hour surgery. I was in excruciating pain. Plus, the pain medicine caused me to be depressed. There's no possibility in the natural that I should have gotten on the plane

and flown to Saudi Arabia. But I said to the Lord, “Lord, I’m in such pain. I can’t stand what I’m seeing.”

And I’ll never forget what He said. “See something else. Do something great for me. It’s the key to happiness, committing your life to a cause greater than yourself.”

I argued with the Lord. I said, “Lord, I can’t go to Saudi Arabia, I don’t have a visa.”

He said, “You didn’t apply.”

I said, “Billy Graham never got to go.”

He said, “He never applied either.” I flew to Saudi Arabia, in my brokenness, and in my pain. I went out on the streets of Tehran to preach. It gathered a crowd just before I started preaching. I said, we’re going to sing a song. There was only one problem. I can’t sing. By the way, it’s against the law to preach the gospel in Saudi Arabia. Even worse, they will cut your head off for doing it on Thursdays. All of a sudden, some MPs saw me and came flying towards me. I didn’t see them.

They were going to arrest me before I was beheaded. They didn’t want an incident. But when one MP noticed what I had said, he stopped and started singing. He was the most beautiful baritone voice I had ever heard. I didn’t know he was there and he started singing, “My eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.”

I cried my eyes out, because I knew God had sent him. I preached my heart out to those people. I walked back to my hotel and asked, “Lord, where do I go tomorrow?”

The Holy Spirit said, “Go to the Gulf Meridian Hotel (which was the command headquarters join operation forces) and stick out

your hand to the first man coming through the revolving doors and say, ‘May I go with you?’”

The first man coming through the doors was a Saudi wearing a gown. I stuck up my hand. Remember, I was a broken man. I just come out of a hospital bed. My hair was shaved on the back. I still had suture marks on my neck from the neck surgery. I was a pathetic sight to behold. But I stuck up my hand and asked, “May I go with you?”

He looked at me startled and said, “Who are you? What is your name? Where are you from?” I told him. He said, “You want to go with me?” He asked three times and I said yes three times.

He said, “Be here tomorrow morning at six o’clock, you will go with me.” I arrived at 5:30 in the dark and sat in the lobby. At 6:15, 12 Jeeps drove up and the fourth Jeep was the commander of the multinational forces. He was also head of the Saudi Royal Air Force. He was the governor of the Haran and he was a prince. His name was Mohammad. He was going to the Kuwaiti border to give the invasion plans to the Egyptian third arm in the Syrian High Command. He thought I knew where he was going so he took me with them. I knew nothing. I was just a broken, hurting human being. In the midst of my brokenness, God was willing to use me because I was willing to be honest and acknowledge everything I wasn’t. The surge of God’s glory was the gift of faith.

On the helicopter, I started sharing Christ with him. He looked at me and laughed and he said, “You know what you’re trying to do? You’re trying to convert me. We cut heads off on Thursday for this.”

I said, “I’m sorry, my schedule is full on Thursday. I have no time to have my head cut off.” He laughed.

He said, “I like you. You’re a funny guy.” He took me with him as he inspected the troops. He was a sight to behold. I was inspecting the Syrian Third Army and Egyptian High Command, both enemies of Israel, and here I am a Jew who is a believer in Jesus standing next to a Muslim general and Prince inspecting the troops.

Then we went into the tent with the commanders where he gave the invasion plan. I was his guest, and he told me at the end, “I must introduce my guests. You have to say a few words.” I said to him. I’m going to say a few words. And the words I spoke were the words of life. He was my interpreter as I shared the message of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, with the Syrian Third Army and Egyptian High Command leaders. When we finished, he looked at me and laughed.

He said, “I can’t believe you just did that. I should cut your head off with my own sword. But I like you. What do you want to do now?”

We were in the middle of the desert. What could I possibly be doing? And then I said, “I want to preach to the 82nd airborne. They’re embedded on the Kuwait border.”

He said, “I can’t take you there but the French Foreign Legion can.” So he called to French Foreign Legion helicopters. They had no doors on them. They took me down there and the chaplain was crying when I told him who I was and why I came.

He said, “This is unbelievable. I can’t believe that the Saudi Prince brought you in here.”

That night, dirty and exhausted as I got back to the hotel, all the Kuwaiti princes were sitting with their worry beads in their

hand in the lobby. As I started to pass them, the Spirit of God came upon me. I held my big hand up with my five fingers. I said, “Behold the five fingers of my hand. I am sent here by my Lord and Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, to prophesy unto you, that within five days’ time, you will have your country back without hardly shedding any blood.”

The Kuwaiti princes looked at me and said, “If this comes to pass, then you are truly a prophet of God and we will invite you to come to Kuwait and share the message of your Jesus with the royal family.”

No matter where you are today, as you’re reading this book, I want to encourage you. If you’re discouraged, if you’re depressed, if you’re fearful, I’ve been there. If you’re weak, I’ve been there. If you’re broke, I’ve been there. If you’ve been betrayed, I’ve been there.

At the age of 32, I seemed to be doing fantastic. I was written up in Time Magazine, I had preached in Arrowhead Stadium to 45,000 people, and at Giants Stadium to 60,000 people, but I was suffering unspeakable agony from post-traumatic stress from my childhood.

Few understand the pain people go through with post-traumatic stress unless they have experienced it personally. I told no one. Because of holding all of that pain I began having what’s called tachycardia. My heart rate would surge and I began having panic attacks. They began when I was on TV in Atlanta at a press conference when the cameras were on me. The microphone was in my hand and I began shaking. It was terribly embarrassing.

The next six times I was preaching in churches the panic attacks happened with a microphone in my hand. Combine with the tachycardia and panic attacks, I developed a very rare neurological disease called spasmodic torticollis (also called cervical dystonia). It was from a gene among Ashkenazi Jews, which of course my background was Ashkenazi. It put the muscles in my neck into spasms 24 hours a day and my neck had terrible tremors.

When it first started happening, no one could diagnose it. Many doctors told me that I needed to go to a psychiatrist and that I obviously had some type of emotional problems as a child. Well, they were right that I did, but the spasmodic torticollis was not a mental condition. It was a neurological condition. I was in such agony that for 14 months I stopped preaching and would sit on the back steps of my ministry depressed and crying. I was ashamed that I was so weak and had let so many people down in my mind, including my darling wife and my staff at that time, which was over 35 people, along with my partners and my ministry peers.

I thought it was completely over for me. I didn't believe I could ever recover from the crisis I was facing. The stress became so severe that I started getting chest pains as if someone was stabbing me through the heart, and ended up in a cardiology ward. I'll never forget the first few days in that ward. There was a man who was screaming, terrified and fearful, yelling, "God help me!" Every couple of days the nurses would close the curtains on my room. I knew why they were doing it. Someone had died.

The man who was screaming, "God help me," wouldn't stop. Other people in the cardiology ward were screaming from their rooms for him to stop. I finally went into his room and put my hand

on his arm. The moment I did he almost came out of his skin in fear. He thought God had shown up.

I told him, "I can tell you how you can get help from God." There in his room, I led him to the Lord Jesus Christ. The tears flowed down his face. Shortly thereafter he fell asleep I went back to my room.

The nurses were quite upset at me because I had disconnected from my heart monitor. They connected me back up and I fell asleep in an hour. When I woke up, I heard that same guy yelling, "Jesus help me! Jesus help me!" I started laughing till I was crying.

When I got out of the cardiology ward, I told Carolyn I needed to go to my father and ask his forgiveness. The pain and agony of his abuse were eating me alive like acid. In the natural it made no sense. My father was the one who needed to ask forgiveness, not me. But the Lord told me to manifest radical obedience and radical humility.

I drove down to New Hampshire looking for him. He was at a bar sitting next to a young lady that was younger than my own sister. He was half drunk, trying to pick her up, sweet-talking her and calling her baby. When he saw me, he turned to the other drunks in the bar and said, "Hey, my son the preacher is here. Preach, preach, preach," he chanted, and started laughing at me.

I took my father home to his trailer in the woods. I told him, "I'm going to get down on my knees and humble myself in your presence. I want to ask for your forgiveness. Then I want you to put your hands on my head and pray for me and forgive me."

My father said several times, “Don’t do this,” but I did. I knelt down. He started hesitating. I said, “Put your hands on my head and pray for me. I ask for your forgiveness. I humble myself.”

All of a sudden, a man whose heart was like a stone started to break and I could feel hot tears flowing down my neck from his face. I heard him say, “I belong in the darkest hell for what I did to you as a child. God can never forgive me. I committed the unpardonable sin. I hated you because I saw the hand of Jesus on your life and I couldn’t stand being in your presence.”

That night with tears streaming down his face, I led him in the sinner’s prayer. Something supernatural happened that night. The generational curse that was on his grandfather went on his father and on him. I told him that the generational curse is broken. And my son and his son will never know that curse, but only the generational blessings. He wept as I said it.

Radical forgiveness, radical humility, and radical obedience set me free and delivered me from the darkest hell of pain and agony. I was desperately trying to get man’s approval through my works, which I could never get from my father. I had been working seven days a week, 14 to 16 hours a day for years on end.

The Lord spoke to me and said, “I want you to preach, plan, pray, and play. Divide your week into four quadrants. Use 25% of your time preaching, 25% of your time planning, 25% of your time praying, and 25% of your time playing.”

I didn’t play as a child. I started working at eight years of age when I had was laughed at because of holes in my pants and paint on my sneakers. When I told my father, he said, “Get a job and buy yourself some.” I began shoveling snow, cutting grass, and

delivering newspapers for a shopping center. By 15 I was working 100 hours a week for a construction company from eight to four, bagging groceries from six to nine, and waxing floors on Friday and Saturday nights.

I had never played and yet the Lord told me, “I want you to play.” I’m sharing the most intimate details of my life to help you because I don’t want you to think I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth and that I had the strength and the gifts to achieve what I’ve achieved. I want you to understand that I was the most unlikely person to be used the way God has used me. I want to encourage you to know that God did it for me and He can do it for you.

INTRODUCTION

*Faith sees the invisible, believes the unbelievable,
and receives the impossible.¹*

As you get ready to read *What I Learned as a Moron* I want to ask you a question. What will be important in your life 100 years from now?

The answer is quite simple. Only the things that you do that echo throughout eternity. As I'm writing this I am just completing reading through the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation in 21 days along with a 21-day Daniel fast. It feels like a spiritual IV.

I went to my dermatologist this morning. Before she met with me, her assistant came into the room. I felt the Spirit of God on me and I looked at the young lady named Ruby. "Ruby," I asked her. "Do you have peace with God?"

She said, "No, I don't. I don't know how to have peace with God."

I had the wonderful privilege over the next few minutes of leading Ruby to the Lord Jesus Christ as the tears streamed down her face that she was gloriously born again. Seconds later, the

doctor walked in, who happens to also be a believer. I told her, “I’d like to introduce you to your new sister in the Lord.”

The most important thing in life is being filled with the Holy Spirit and being led by the Holy Spirit. My prayer is that you will understand this revelation and find favor with God and with man from the Scripture in Luke 2:52.

On my very first trip to Israel in 1972, I was part of a tour that was having a lecture about Babylonian art. I was not interested at all in Babylonian art, but I endured that lecture. The lecture was given by a very distinguished elderly man with a white goatee by the name of Dr. Hecht. At the end of the lecture, he asked the tour group, “Do you have any questions?”

Several had questions about Babylonian art. I spoke up and said, “If Israel is weakened, will not radical Islam strike America and more specifically, New York City, and its tallest building the Empire State Building?”

He looked at me in disdain and said, “Young man, that’s not an appropriate question. This is about Babylonian art.” I apologized.

When the lecture ended, he came up to me and said, “Come with me.” He took me up to his office and asked me questions about who I was and why I asked such a question. I kept calling him Dr. Hecht. He kept saying, “Don’t call me Dr. Hecht. Call me back by my first name, Reuben.”

He said, “I liked your question, but it wasn’t appropriate for Babylonian art. Why did you ask that question?”

I told him that everything in the Middle East is based upon phallic symbols, and America’s largest phallic symbol is New York and its tallest building. The world was pressuring Israel to give up

land for peace. My concern was that Israel was the firewall keeping radical Islam from striking the West.

We had a wonderful conversation, but he kept saying to me, “Stop calling me Dr. Hecht. Call me Ruben.” He was older and I was quite young and I felt it was disrespectful.

When he started to leave I reached out and shook his hand and said, “Great being with you today, Joseph.”

He loudly said, “I told you my name was Reuben.”

I said, “I apologize. It was a mistake. It was jet lag.”

“No,” he said. “It wasn’t jet lag. You did it intentionally. Sit down.”

I sat down and he told me a story. He said, “The year was 1943 in Belgium. My father was a shipbuilder, and he was dying. He took my hand as he breathed his last breath. He said, ‘Joseph, Joseph, the nation of Israel will be born and you will feed it bread,’ and he died. Joseph in the Bible fed the nation of Israel bread, so I sold the shipping business and started the granary of Israel. No human being knows this story except my wife, Edith. I have no children and I told her to tell no one. How was it possible that you knew the story of Joseph?”

I said, “I didn’t know it. The Spirit of God knew.”

Reuben Hecht became a spiritual mentor and father to me. He opened up the entire nation and brought me into Prime Minister Menachem Begin’s cabinet. He was the senior advisor of the prime minister and a billionaire. That, without a doubt, was the favor of God.

I want to share a few more stories with you about favor to inspire you to hunger and thirst for this wonderful gift from heaven.

Living in the favor of God comes with a gift called the gift of faith. It opens incredible doors.

The Middle East peace summit took place in 1991 in Madrid, and the Spirit of the Lord told me to go there. Astonishingly, I got in as a journalist in the first seat in the first row. In the room were the most powerful leaders of the world, including Mikhail Gorbachev, President Herbert Walker Bush, and most of the Arab leaders of the world at that time.

As I was getting ready to come in, I noticed they had a huge statue being taken out of the palace and it depicted a king slaying a demon. It was a bronze statue. I asked someone, “Why are they removing it?”

They said, “Because it’s not appropriate. This is a peace conference.” I noticed that Prime Minister Shamir who was leading the Israeli delegation was sitting next to a very young Israeli who was his communication minister Benjamin Netanyahu. During a break, shockingly, the Egyptian ambassador came up to me and started talking to me like he and I were old friends. I had never met him before.

I said to the Egyptian ambassador, “Why don’t you do what your most famous prime minister and foreign minister did?”

He said, “We have never had a prime minister who was also a foreign minister at the same time.”

I said yes, “You did. His name was Joseph. And he forgave his brothers. He looked at me astonished. In seconds, the Syrian Foreign Minister walked up thinking that I must be a very close friend of the Egyptian ambassador and he began talking to me.

He said, “I want to show you a picture.” He showed me a

picture of Prime Minister Shamir back in the days when Shamir was fighting the British when they were keeping Jews from coming to the country of Israel. He said, "I'm going to show this picture tomorrow at three o'clock, and accuse Shamir of being a terrorist. Spread the word around."

Benjamin Netanyahu was watching the foreign minister show me the picture. He put his hand up to his ear asking me to call him. I did.

He said, "What was he showing you?" I told him what the picture was and what the plan was. The next day was Friday, which is the day the Arabs consider the holy day. They call it Jum'ah, but all the Arabs were there.

At around two o'clock, Prime Minister Shamir stood up and said, "You know, I'm an Orthodox Jew and we need to be back in Israel before the Shabbat. I leave this meeting with my delegation and wish you all well." Then he left the room.

After he left, the foreign minister of Syria got up to speak but the only thing he could speak to was an empty chair because Shamir wasn't there. You see, it was a favor driven moment. God led me to be in the right place at the right time. The opportunity of a lifetime has to be seized in the lifetime of the opportunity, but it can only be seized if we're Spirit-led.

In 1972, the same year that I went to Israel, I met Corrie Ten Boom. It seemed by accident. I was in Texarkana, Arkansas, and I saw this elderly lady carrying her bag into a hotel. I ran up to carry it for her and she said, "It's okay young man. I'm a tramp for the Lord. But if you wish to carry it, you must have soup with me."

I had soup with Corrie Ten Boom. She asked me to tell her my story. I told her my personal testimony and she wept. Then she told me her story and I wept. I asked Corrie, "Is there any prayer you've ever prayed that hasn't been answered yet?"

She said, "Only one. That the Beje would be a witness for the Lord." The Beje was the name she used for the Ten Boom house in Holland.

When Corrie died, the Spirit of God spoke to me to go to Holland and purchase the house to answer that prayer. When I asked the owner of the house, who was an unbeliever, if he would sell it, he told me no.

I asked him, "Can I pray?"

He said, "Pray if you like."

As I prayed, all the clocks went off. It was at noon. He said to me, "Do you know what day today is?"

I answered, "No."

He said, "It's the 15th of April." That meant nothing to me. I didn't know why the date was special. Then he explained it to me.

He said, "That was the day that Corrie was born and the day she died. Yes, I will sell you the clock shop."

Not only did he sell it to me, but I purchased all of the Ten Boom articles that were in it from when she was alive from family members and turned it into a glorious witness for the Lord to answer Corrie's prayer that she shared with me that day about the Ten Boom clock shop.

The story that Corrie shared with me in Texarkana came back. She told me she was 51 and she was in a concentration camp. She was sad because it was going to be her birthday the next day. She

said to the Lord, “Do you have a birthday gift for me? My father always has a big birthday party.”

She said the Lord spoke to her in her spirit and said, “Yes, the last verse of the 91st Psalm.”

The verse reads, “With long life shall I satisfy you.”

The next day, Corrie turned 52. All the women Corrie’s age were executed shortly thereafter, but Corrie was released by a clerical error. She lived 40 more years. She was 51 when the Lord gave her that birthday gift, the last verse of Psalm 91: “With long life shall I satisfy you.” She lived to be 91. The birthday gift God gave her was 40 more years of life and ministry to change the world.

It’s not possible to have this kind of favor in our own power. It’s the favor of God. It only comes to people who are hungry and thirsty for a favor driven life.

Many years ago, God spoke to my heart to go into the third world, into war zones, into very difficult places, and share the gospel. He told me He was going to open up Africa and then said I was to go to Mexico to a certain hotel and pray. I told my wife and she looked at me kind of funny. She didn’t say anything because she knows that the Holy Spirit has directed me in unusual ways. But this was very unusual. God was going to open Africa to me by me taking a trip to a certain hotel in Mexico.

I traveled to the hotel and was walking down the sidewalk in the back of the hotel one morning, praying as a couple was walking toward me. I had never met them and didn’t know them. Yet the Spirit of God led me to say to the woman, “I’ll help you with that African president that you are concerned about.” So I said it to the woman.

The woman looked at her husband and asked, “Did you talk to him?”

He said, “No, I don’t know him.”

She looked at me again and asked, “You’re going to help me with the African president that I’m concerned about? I say yes. She said, “My name is Maureen Reagan Revell. I’m the chairwoman of the Republican Party. My father is President Ronald Reagan. I’ve just met with all the key African presidents. One of them named Yoweri Museveni needs my help desperately but I can’t help him. He wants to come to America and get the support of the United States but he needs a press conference in Washington, D.C., and I can’t set it up. Can you?”

I said, “Absolutely.” I walked up to my room and called the Executive Director of the National Religious Broadcasting Association, Ben Armstrong. I said, “Ben, my friend, would you have Ugandan President Museveni as one of the speakers on the platform the day that President Ronald Reagan speaks at the Hilton Hotel?” He said yes.

Maureen Reagan brought not only Museveni, but his entire cabinet came with them to the Hilton Hotel. I hosted them in my suite. It was an astonishing meeting. He was doing it to honor me for opening the door.

I asked President Museveni if he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He said, “No, I have no respect for Christians. Evangelists came into my country and did very wicked things.”

I got on my knees and said, “I humbly ask for forgiveness.”

He looked at me and said, “Why are you on your knees? It wasn’t you.”

I said, “Yes, if it was my brother, he was me and I want to repent.”

Museveni asked, “What do I have to do to get you off your knees? Accept Jesus as my Savior?” I said yes.

I led Museveni to the Lord Jesus Christ in that room. The most astonishing thing then happened. He stood up and turned to the Anglican Archbishop and said to him, “You preach Jesus on Sundays but on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, your people go to the witch doctors and have fetishes on their wrist and their waist and you do nothing about it. You don’t stop them from going to the witch doctors. Your father is a devil. I commend you to repent and accept Jesus. Now!”

I had never heard a human being speak like this. But sure enough, the Anglican Archbishop repented, just as Museveni had said. I whispered in his ear and asked, “Isn’t that a little bit too strong?”

He whispered in my ear and asked, “What would Jesus do?”

I said, “Carry on.”

He went to the Roman Catholic Archbishop, shouting at him to repent, and he did.

I’m sharing these astonishing stories to get your hopes up. I am the most unlikely person that God could ever use. When you read this book, you’ll understand my testimony and know that it’s not because of me. It’s truly God’s favor. The most powerful gift in the Bible was the gift of faith. It’s the gift that Jesus operated in more than any other gift. It’s my prayer that the Holy Spirit will put such a hunger in your heart for a favor driven life and the gift of faith that your life will be transformed by it and you’ll never be the same.

When you start experiencing the God's favor, you'll experience a divine affirmation. I experienced it this morning when I led Ruby to the Lord Jesus Christ. I'm also experiencing it right now as I'm sharing with you. May God bless you, anoint you, and transform your life. Remember, one word from God can change your life forever!



MICHAEL DAVID EVANS, the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author, is an award-winning journalist/Middle East analyst. Dr. Evans has appeared on hundreds of network television and radio shows including *Good Morning America*, *Crossfire* and *Nightline*, and *The Rush Limbaugh Show*, and on Fox Network, *CNN World News*, NBC, ABC, and CBS. His articles have been published in the *Wall Street Journal*, *USA Today*, *Washington Times*, *Jerusalem Post* and newspapers worldwide. More than twenty-five million copies of his books are in print, and he is the award-winning producer of nine documentaries based on his books.

Dr. Evans is considered one of the world's leading experts on Israel and the Middle East, and is one of the most sought-after speakers on that subject. He is the chairman of the board of the ten Boom Holocaust Museum in Haarlem, Holland, and is the founder of Israel's first Christian museum located in the Friends of Zion Heritage Center in Jerusalem.

Dr. Evans has authored 111 books including: *History of Christian Zionism*, *Showdown with Nuclear Iran*, *Atomic Iran*, *The Next Move Beyond Iraq*, *The Final Move Beyond Iraq*, and *Countdown*. His body of work also includes the novels *Seven Days*, *GameChanger*, *The Samson Option*, *The Four Horsemen*, *The Locket*, *Born Again: 1967*, and *The Columbus Code*.



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