

Testimony of Billy Roberts (Buckwalter)
12-09-2018

My name is Billy Roberts, and I'm a minister at the Springfield Restoration Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. I would like to share with you my testimony about drag racing, particularly top fuel drag racing funny cars and dragsters.

Back in the year 2007, I had an open vision while at Cheddar's restaurant in Springfield, Missouri on South Glenstone. While I was there, sitting outside of the bar area, I could look through the windows that separate the main eating area from the bar. I could still look at the TV screens in the bar area from where I was. It was evening and we were seated and about to begin our meal and I was watching the TV screen to see what was playing. It was NHRA top fuel drag racing.

Suddenly, the Lord began to open up my mind of understanding, and I saw in an open vision the book of Nahum, chapter 2 verses 3 and 4, come off the pages. Now Nahum 2:3-4 is very amazing as it says, "The shield of his mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet; the chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation, and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

That's what I saw. I saw that very clearly in an open vision of what it is--a nighttime race. I don't remember exactly where they were racing, but I was shown that the nighttime race revealed the torches there on the side of the car. It looked like torches at nighttime on both sides, so clearly it was absolutely amazing how that looked like torches and it just jumped out at my mind. Those verses came alive as they were racing down side by side, jostling one against another in the broad ways as the prophecy describes.

I thought, 'Whoa! That is awesome!' And so the spirit of God opened my mind and showed me what it was talking about was not particularly car wrecks or cars that we drive on the roads today, even though it could be interpreted as that, but more specifically it was talking about NHRA drag racing.

Phil Eldred had mentioned that scripture to me way back in the 1995 or 1996 timeframe because I do work on wrecked cars. He knew I'd be interested that there is a scripture in the Bible that talks about cars on the streets and so forth and so on, and he began to explain to me how 'they jostle one against another in the broad ways' referred to car accidents, and 'they shall seem like the torches' could be because the engine gives off a combustion and smoke and there's fire going on inside, and they move fast. I was fascinated at the time and thought it was really cool that scripture talked about car accidents in our time. But seeing this in 2007, took me to a higher level and a deeper understanding of these verses in Nahum.

It was amazing. It was so real, and I just sat in awe at that scripture, and I just was amazed how it was revealed to me while sitting there at Cheddar's, getting ready to eat our food. So anyway, I just sat on that scripture for a number of years, thinking how beautiful that was, and how I knew a little bit more about it from that experience of the open vision that I had at Cheddar's, back in 2007.

Now things began to be more prevalent in my mind of understanding. I knew that there were some things about Nahum chapter 2 that I wanted to learn a little bit more about. I wanted to find out more about the shield and what the shield was; the valiant men; that word scarlet. I wanted to know what those things referred to. I did know from my vision that the prophecy of Nahum chapter 2, in particular verse 3, says 'in the day of his preparation'. Now that was shown to me as referring to the day that the Lord Jesus Christ prepares to do a great and marvelous work, building up the kingdom of God on this earth, which Scriptures refer to as Zion or the New Jerusalem. In the day of His preparation that He comes as a prophet like Moses, and does a great work, that's what was explained to me in my mind of understanding in the open vision.

Now just this year, 2018, I wanted to learn a little bit more about this vision I'd been given 11 years ago. My son, Kyle, and my son-in-law, Brett, decided to go to the NHRA drag races in St. Louis, Missouri, which were set on September 21st, 22nd and 23rd. We were just going to go up for the Friday and Saturday races, then come back because on Sunday I have church obligations. While driving up there on Friday, I was making an appointment for my eyes. About a year ago I was diagnosed with sugar diabetes (*Type 2 Diabetes*) and the previous week I had been to the doctor and found out my eyes had been damaged from it. So on the way up to St. Louis, I was making a phone call to an eye specialist that would be checking my eyes out for possible surgery, similar to what my sister, Wendy, had on her eyes also as a result of sugar diabetes. The appointment was set for the following Wednesday. (*This will come into play later.*)

While on the way up there, we were talking about Nahum chapter 2, and I shared a little bit with Brett. As Kyle sat in the front seat and Brett sat in the back seat, I shared with them about my vision back in 2007 and I said, "I'd like for us to pay attention. I don't know what the shield is; I don't know what the valiant men in scarlet are. I don't know what this means, so I will look a little bit closer while we're up there. Maybe we can see some things that the Scripture would reveal to us."

So we went up there and we watched the drag racing and it was amazing. It was an amazing day because of what happened. It rained before we got to St. Louis and the drag races, which were actually held on the Illinois side, in Madison, were postponed from the rain. It set everything back a little further and so this actually was a miracle from God because when it came around to Friday evening, they were drag racing in the nighttime exactly the way I saw it in 2007 at Cheddar's. So I was able to see these top fuel funny cars and dragsters run at nighttime and right before my face was Nahum 2:3-4. 'They shall seem like torches.' This was so real. It was amazing.

One of the things that jumped out at my mind at this time was the big television screen they had towards the end of the finish line there. It was called the Sunoco Vision Screen and I thought, 'Well, they got it right there. There it is right before my eyes. It has the word vision.' The book of Nahum is the one that had the vision about this drag racing and chapter 1 says, "The burden of Nineveh. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite." So this was right before my face, I began to see Nahum's vision right in front of me and I was seeing it in person.

So we watched the drag races Friday night and Brett got to experience for the first time what it felt like to have a top fuel funny car and dragster actually go down the track and to feel the power that comes from these cars that God has created. It's absolutely earthshaking. Words can't put it into writing how that feels. To feel it, is more the true expression of it. It shakes your whole body and it would blow your eardrums out if you continued to listen to these cars rip by at over 330 mph from a dead stop to a thousand feet. It is absolutely ground shaking. This was quite an experience to have Brett go along for this, and to experience the drag racing on this nature. He was very, very impressed. It's definitely a memorable moment in his life.

After the drag races that evening, we went to our motel, the Drury Inn in Collinsville, Illinois. I had a separate room from Kyle and Brett, and I was woken up early Saturday morning, September 22. I was woken up by the spirit of God whispering into my mind that he had a message for the Racers for Christ chaplain there in St. Louis and I was to contact him. I didn't know who this person was or what their name was. All I knew was that it was the Racers for Christ chaplain and I was given a message to share with that individual. The message was that God loved him and cared about him, and I was also to share Nahum chapter 2:3-4.

So I wrote it down on a little piece of paper there from the Drury Inn on the note pad they leave for you, and I wrote out the message that the spirit of God put into my mind and heart. I also wrote down Nahum 2:3-4 and explained what the verses meant to the best of my knowledge. Then the spirit of God began to pour out into my mind again that I needed to contact him that day and just let him know that God loves him and cares about him.

I've had experiences like this before and I call it the spirit of God, because He puts things into my mind so clearly and so fresh and so amazing. It's not something that I can sit there and come up with. It's a divine, heavenly feeling that comes in your mind. It's a power beyond description. It is God Himself.

We got out there to the track and it was about 11:00. The races didn't start running until about 12:30 or 1:00. So, once we got to the track, I told Kyle and Brett that I needed to find the Racers for Christ chaplain. We split up and they wanted to go check out some stuff and go to one of the NHRA tents where they sell a lot of souvenirs and memorabilia. We said we'd meet over there before the top fuel funny cars and dragsters

started running at about 1:00. We had just gotten general admission tickets and didn't have assigned seats, so we decided to meet back there where we were talking and go find seats in the stands together.

They left and I started walking down one of the ways between the semi-trucks where the top fuel racers were and I had taken about 7 to 10 steps when all of a sudden, this golf cart comes flying right up in front of me and stops. It had angel wings all over the sides of it and there were two females in it with angel wings all over their shirts. I thought, 'Well, this must be the Racers for Christ. That's cool! I didn't have to go far to find them!'

So I asked the lady that was driving, "Are you with the Racers for Christ?"

She said, "No, no, we're not with the Racers for Christ, but we do know the Racers for Christ."

I said, "I'm trying to find the chaplain for the Racers for Christ. I have got to talk with him. I had an experience and I've got to find him."

She said, "Oh yeah, he's running around here in a little golf cart that's got like the American flag up and down the cart. You cannot miss him. You'll find him."

"I've got a message to share with him," I said.

"I know, that's good," she said.

I thought that was strange that she said she knew, but I didn't realize at the time that these were literally two angels of God. I'll tell you a little more about that later in my testimony.

She said, "He's in that little white cart that has the American flags on it. You can't miss him. You'll find him. Just keep looking for him."

So I spent the next four hours in between the races trying to find the chaplain. I never could find him. I went over to the tent where they hold their chapel meetings, which is actually the Army tent of Don Schumacher racing, and I asked people around there where the Racers for Christ chaplain was. They said he was right around there somewhere, but there were thousands and thousands of people that were walking up and down the pit sides and people were coming and going. There were hundreds of golf carts running all over the place, going from point to point. It was quite overwhelming. I was constantly looking for that little cart with a flag on it that had been described to me earlier, but during the next four hours, I couldn't find the chaplain for the Racers for Christ.

I'd actually gone down to the end of the drag strip, thinking maybe there was something

at the end there that had to do with the shield being made red. Maybe a shield or something with it that would stop the cars there at the end of the drag strip, because on Friday night there was an incident where one of the racecars, not a top fuel dragster or funny car, but one of the pro-mods that for some reason, his parachute did not come out and so he smashed into the end of the track. I did not know, because I hadn't ever been to the end of the drag strip, but there is actually a netting that they created over the years to catch the cars if their parachutes don't open. They had sand pits, sand barrels, and two or three nets to slow them down and help protect them in case of an accident. I did not know this until I actually walked down there.

I did not know that was a restricted area. I had branched off before I walked down there earlier when I had gone into the restroom. I didn't realize it at the time, but looking back, I know that what happened was the sign that said Restricted Area was by the restroom, but when I came out, I used another door and I couldn't see the sign from there. I thought when I walked by the sign to go inside the restroom that it meant where the racers came out at the end of the strip there at the finish line. I didn't realize it meant everything from that point on.

So there I was, walking down in a restricted area and I was just walking past security people that were all the way down there at security points. It was the strangest thing because they never stopped me. It was like they never even saw me. It was amazing. I walked by one security guard that had his credentials around his neck on a necklace and I could have reached out and taken it off of him I was so close, and he never said anything at all to me. It was like the Spirit of God caused their eyes to be blind as I walked all the way down to the very end.

At that time, the top fuel motorcycles had just run and they were lining up at the end of the drag strip together. I didn't know it, but they have a tradition where they all line up together after they race and come back to the pit areas all together. I walked right on by the top fuel motorcycle people and at least three or four security personnel and they never asked me what I was doing there or even said a word to me. I was just walking down through there so I could see the end of the drag strip to see if I could be enlightened anymore about Nahum chapter 2. I walked by all those people and I stood there at the end of the track for quite a while, looking for something red. I saw the sand pits, the sand barrels, and the nets, but I didn't see anything red that could explain the part of the scripture that said 'the shield shall be made red.' I was trying to figure out what that might mean, so I was looking for quite a while.

Suddenly a security guard yells over at me, "Hey what are you doing over there? You're not supposed to be back here."

He was at the very end, off to the right and I was just standing there looking at the end of the drag strip. This was the first time anyone had said anything to me. I was just studying the end there, the sand pits, the nets, and the 55 gallon plastic barrels that I figured were filled with sand. They had those there just in case the racecars' parachutes

failed, it would help slow them down when they hit the sand and then they would hit the nets. This is what had happened the night before when the pro-mod had gone down there and slammed into one of those nets. I wanted to see what it looked like.

Then the security guard came over to me and said, "Man, what are you doing over here? Let me see your tickets. Where's your credentials?"

I said, "I don't have any credentials. Here's my pass."

He said, "That's not a pass. General admission tickets! What in the world are you doing down here? You're not supposed to be down here!"

He got on his radio and started talking to personnel, "Why'd you guys let this guy down here that doesn't have credentials? He only has a pit pass. How'd he get by you guys?"

So he began to tell me to get out of there and go by the big circle track they have there. He told me to go along the side of that and go back because I was not where I was supposed to be.

"This is a restricted area!" He said.

Now, mind you, I had just walked down the whole drag strip, passing several security points. I'd walked right by the guards so closely I could have reached out and taken one of their credentials from their neck. I was that close, but they never saw me. It is my personal testimony that I believe God blinded their eyes so they could not see me, so I could go down to the track and see the end of it. Only after I had seen the end of the track and what was there, did the security guard see me and scold me for being there.

"What are you doing over here?" He asked.

I said, "Well last night when one of the pro-mods wrecked, it tore that net out and I was wanting to see that net and what was at the end of the track."

He said, "Well they already replaced that net. You don't need to be back here. You're not even supposed to be back here. This is a restricted area. So get on over here along by where the circle track begins and you go along that walkway by the circle track and on that direction. Don't you dare go back the way you came. Don't you dare go back that way."

I said, "Not a problem."

He got on his little radio and started scolding the living daylights out of the people up and down the track for letting me get past them. I began to realize that, beyond a shadow of a doubt, it had to be divine intervention that I was able to go down there to the end of the track and see what was there. But, I didn't see anything red when I was down there, so I didn't understand about 'the shield is made red'. That still wasn't

revealed to me at that time.

So I started my journey back towards the pit area, but a different way this time. I went along by the circle track, which is like they have for Indy cars or NASCAR, which is a separate facility from the drag strip. I started walking along the fenced area where there was a walkway to get back to the drag strip.

There it was out in the middle of the circle track field area. I looked at it and I thought, 'What in the world is that? Oh my goodness!'

It was the Racers for Christ's motorhome with a trailer behind it and it said Racers for Christ on the sides of the trailer. There inside the circle track field area was where a lot of the racers had their semi-trucks and motorhomes and trailers they use to pull their cars. I was walking down the west side of the circle track and there in the midst of them I could see the motorhome and trailer for Racers for Christ.

I thought if I couldn't find the chaplain, worst case scenario, I could go back there and leave a note on his motorhome door and he would get it that way. So I felt that was a miracle that I had found where he was staying, at least I knew I could get a message to him that way. I have to give glory to the Almighty God because I believe it was divine intervention that I was able to pass all those security guards. I consider it to be along the same lines as when the angels were in Sodom and protected Lot by blinding the eyes of the mob as told in Genesis 19.

So anyway, this was Saturday the 22nd and I had spent almost four hours trying to find the chaplain for Racers for Christ. I made my way back to the pit area and checked in showing my ticket to get back in. I went back to the army tent where they would be having their chapel meeting Sunday morning. I thought maybe I might just possibly catch this person over there. It was getting late and I decided I was going to make one last pass around to see if I could find that golf cart with the American flag on it, then I would go back over where Brett and Kyle were on the general admission side.

So I was making my last pass and I was going back through the food alley to make my way from the pit side over to the general admission side. As I was making my turn, I looked off to the right and after four hours, there he was. It was a man in a golf cart that was exactly like the ladies in the Angel cart had described to me earlier. He had somebody with him and he was about 30 to 40 yards off from me by the oval track.

He had somebody with him and I thought, 'Oh, I'd better get over there. This is my chance.'

So I hightailed it directly for them. He stopped right in front of the circle track entrance gate area and somebody got out of the cart, then he was starting to make a U-turn to head back to the end of the drag strip.

I hollered at him, "Hey, stop!"

He stopped his golf cart, which was exactly as it had been described to me. It had a big American flag on it and the Racers for Christ logo on it, which is RFC in the formation of a fish.

I said, "Hey, are you the chaplain?"

He said, "Oh yes, I'm the chaplain for the Racers for Christ."

I said, "I'm Billy Roberts and I'm a minister for Jesus Christ and I've got a message for you."

He said, "Sit down here on my cart. What's going on?"

So I sat down, "I'm Billy Roberts. I'm a minister for Jesus Christ."

He said, "I'm Scotty. Scotty Wilson. Kevin is my real name, but I go by Scotty. You can call me Scott, or Scotty, or Kevin, but I normally go by Scotty. So what's going on?"

I said, "I am a minister for Jesus Christ and I was woken up this morning with the spirit of God with a message for you. The Lord told me to tell you that He loves you and that you are of great importance to Him. I'd like to share with you a scripture. Are you aware that there's a scripture in the Bible that talks about drag racing top fuel racers?"

"No. There is?"

"Yes."

He said, "Just wait a minute. There's no way in the world that you could have known this." He started weeping, "I was depressed. I am so depressed right now, I'm just ready to pack my bags up and leave. I am so discouraged and depressed."

He didn't go into the details of why, but he said he was ready to throw his hands up and just walk away from the NHRA Racers for Christ situation. I don't know why he felt that way because he didn't go into detail.

He said, "God has sent you to encourage me." We began to cry together and praise the Lord for His mercy and kindness and he began to share, "This is divine intervention. God sent you to me. I was depressed and ready to throw in the towel. I'm ready to walk away."

I told him I'd spent four hours trying to find him and that I'd found his camper and trailer inside the center of the oval track. He said that was where he was staying. I told him I'd just passed it and that I had a message to give him and I pulled out the piece of paper

where I'd written down Nahum 2:3-4. I'd actually made a duplicate copy to keep for myself which I still have. So I gave it to him and talked about the meaning of the torches on the sides of the chariots and how it was top fuel funny cars and dragsters.

He said, "Wow, this is quite interesting."

So I told him about my experience at Cheddar's back in 2007 and how God had explained it to me and he was really fascinated and we became instantly bonded as believers in Christ Jesus.

He explained, "Well, the reason why you haven't found me, Billy, is I have been at the end of the track. That's my responsibility as a chaplain for Christ, is to be at the end of the track. We have one guy on the starting line. There's just two of us here, one at the starting line and one at the finish line. We pray with the racecar drivers at the starting line because we don't know...this is their job, see. They're professional drivers and this is their job. It's no different than when you go to work and pray to God for safety. So we pray with them at the starting line and we're also there at the finish line, in case of an accident or even death, that we could be there to comfort the family; the racers' teams and so forth."

So he explained to me that he'd been at the end of the track in an area where I had not been able to see him when I had walked down through there. It just happened that he had been bringing somebody back on his golf cart when I was making my final pass to go to the other side. He was dropping his passenger off at exactly the time I was walking through, before he returned to the end of the track. He said it had to be divine intervention that God timed it so we would meet and I could share this with him. We were both filled with humility, as we sat and cried together on that little golf cart.

He gave me one of his cards and he wrote down my phone number and I told him how wonderful it had been talking with him. We gave each other a big hug and praised the Lord, just rejoicing in His almighty power in bringing us together. He thanked me for listening to that still small voice, that so many times in my life I haven't listened to. This time I was obedient to the Holy Spirit and he was excited to know about the scripture in the Bible that talked about top fuel dragsters and funny cars. After sharing that with him, we spent about 15 or 20 minutes talking, and he said he needed to go back to the end of the drag strip. As we were talking, the other Racers for Christ guy drove his golf cart by, so he pointed him out to me.

It was really a neat experience to sit there and visit with Scotty. God is amazing. Here was Scotty, at his wits end, and I had no way of knowing that. He said he'd been with them for nine years and he's a volunteer and he's just gotten frustrated. He's just there to encourage the racers and point them to Jesus Christ. Sometimes he's praying with them at the starting line, sometimes he's there at the finish, in case something happens. So we parted ways, and that's how I met Scotty Wilson.

I went back over and watched the rest of the races with Kyle and Brett, then we drove home that night since I had church obligations on Sunday. Scotty stayed through Sunday because one of the chaplains stays there until all the racers are packed up and gone, which is usually Monday. It is absolutely amazing, their dedication for Christ and sharing with the racers there.

Tuesday rolled around and I contacted Scotty and asked him how the races went on Sunday. I told him I was at church, so I didn't watch them.

He said, "Oh Billy! You didn't see what happened! I've got to tell about what happened."

He went on to tell me that the final race of the funny car came down to this one gentleman and also Robert Hight, who is John Force's son-in-law. As Robert Hight crossed the finish line, the body of his funny car blew off and went shooting through the air. It miraculously went weaving through the air, missing people and missing objects. In fact, it missed the Sunoco Vision TV screen at the end of the track.

After I got home Tuesday night, I got on my computer and watched the video of it, just as he described.

He said, "It was a miracle. I was at the end of the track on Sunday when this happened and it was right smack in front of me. John Force came racing down the track with his golf cart and he stopped. He was just a few feet in front of me and he just put his head down and started crying."

This is how things happen in drag racing. People lose their lives, and Robert Hight, John's son-in-law, could very well have lost his life that day in this accident. So he was weeping because he knew that. But he was preserved and protected by the Almighty hand of God. Scotty said he just sat there watching John weeping like a little baby, thanking God and praising him for sparing Robert's life. He said it was truly a miracle seeing that humongous body floating through the air, smashing down to the ground without hurting anybody.

Now, I did not know at the time any historical events that had happened in the NHRA, but since then I've learned a lot and I understand now why this was more moving or emotional with John Force. I will talk about that at another time.

Scotty said, "Now Billy, let me tell you, I've got to tell you this. This is hard to put in words what happened, but I've got to tell you this. I was at the starting line before I went down to the finish line and while I was at the starting line, waiting for the cars to get ready to make their passes, there was a golf cart there with some angels that came up."

Now, Scotty didn't know anything about my experience Saturday with the golf cart that

had angel wings on it and the women in the angel wing shirts.

He said, "You will not believe this. These two women came up in this golf cart and said did you talk to that guy yesterday that was walking around here looking for you? Did you talk with him? He said he had a message for you. Did he tell you the message he had for you? Did you talk with him?"

Scotty told them that yes, I had found him and that we had sat down on his golf cart and talked. They told him that was good because I had been looking for Scotty, I was on a mission and I was supposed to do that.

Scotty said, "I looked down on one of the ladies name tag and, I hope you're sitting down, Billy, for this one."

I said, "What was it?"

He said, "The name of that person, her name was Angel."

Scotty had no idea on this green earth that God has made about my experience Saturday with these women. He had no way of knowing. So that's my testimony of how we met. He lives in Illinois and since that time we have been brought closer as brothers in Christ. We have kept in contact and shared with each other and it has been an awe-inspiring relationship that the Lord has brought us into through this experience.

So, back to the testimony about my eyes. That Sunday after the races, because I had the appointment scheduled for Wednesday with the eye specialist, for what I believed would end in laser surgery like my sister, Wendy, had on her eyes, I asked for my name to be put on the prayer board before the congregation. I also had Elders Bucky Buckner and Phil Eldred administer to me. Wednesday rolled around and I went to the doctor's office and they numbed my eyes up, ran some tests real quick, then put me in another room. My wife, Tammy, was with me and I was just asking the Lord that I would have a good recovery without a lot of downtime, since I'm self-employed, owning a body shop.

The doctor and a nurse came in and he was looking at some of the charts, then he looked in my eyes, then he was telling her what he saw. He looked in my eyes again and I was trying to get myself ready for this. One thing that bothers me is that years ago I had a piece of metal in my eye and when I had that worked on, they had gone too far and poked my eye, so I wasn't sure exactly what to anticipate this time. He was talking to the nurse in surgical terminology that I didn't understand.

I told him I was basically ready for the surgery and asked when we would begin. He looked at me and told me there wouldn't be any surgery on my eyes that day. I was confused because that's why my eyes had been numbed. He told me that's why they kept checking my eyes. They could not find anything in my eyes that would require one iota of surgery.

Now mind you, my eyes were all numbed up and he was telling me this information in my anticipation of this surgery on my eyes. He was telling me that there is nothing in my eyes that required surgery. Take note, brothers and sisters in Christ, that a notable miracle has happened in Springfield, Missouri with a humble body shop owner named Billy Roberts. My eyes have been healed by the Almighty God. I testify to you by the indwellings of the Holy Spirit that this is a miracle. Nobody could perform this miracle but our Savior Jesus Christ. And so I bear record this day to you that my eyes have been healed by the mercifulness of God that He lives and this happened to me and that the servants of the most high God, two of them are Bucky Buckner and Phil Eldred and the Holy Spirit has answered our prayers and I praise Him forever more. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and I praise Him, our Savior, Jesus Christ.

I'm still in amazement. I believe in miracles and I always have, but sometimes as a minister of Jesus Christ, I feel so unworthy because we're always ministering to people and we always pray for miracles in other people's lives, when we see them going through hardships and trials. This was a trial in my life and I know God can perform miracles, but I just wanted a quick recovery from surgery so I could continue to support my family. Well, He gave me a quick recovery—He gave me a healing of my eyes and I praise Him for it.

From this point on, I must share with you that I began to have a spiritual awakening and I've been having visions. I've been woken up in the wee hours of the morning, and they will come in the daytime while I'm at work. I'll write things down as visions come. I began to study out about Nahum 2:3-4 in more detail.

While we were up there in St. Louis, it was actually revealed to Kyle, my son, the meaning of the shield. He showed me that the NHRA logo is in the shape of an oval and the outside part of it is red. I realized this is the type of shield the ancient Assyrians would have used when they went out for battle, so this is the shape Nahum would have seen as a shield. If you simply turned it up and down, it became a shield. So that piece was revealed to Kyle through the Holy Spirit.

So after my eyes were healed, I believe my spiritual eyes have been awakened. I have been having many visions and I have been having dreams. I had been praying for many months, starting about the first part of July, asking God to show me more about His kingdom. We're told there will be visions and dreams in the latter days and if His kingdom will come shortly, then those days are here. So I had made that a specific matter of prayer. Take note, God does hear you very specifically. So this is when the visions started happening.

The visions have been about drag racing and I have been shown specific people in the prophecy that are drag racers. Not only from Nahum chapter 2, but also I've been shown many visions about the Book of Jonah, in particular chapters 3 and 4. As I would

be woken up in the wee hours of the morning, I would get up and write these things down and began to do research on the people He would bring to my mind. He would show me many things about these people and their names and how this is all in prophecy. I began to be taught by the Spirit of God in the early morning hours at our house in Willard.

It was amazing, because there was no way in the world that I could actually formulate these things from a neutral perspective. I knew nothing about historical drag racing. Nothing about the history of drag racing. All I knew was that back in 1990, we were living in North Carolina and one of my friends that I went out there with was a drag racing enthusiast. His name is Gary and we moved out to North Carolina with him and his wife. Tammy and I didn't have any children at the time, and we moved out to Jacksonville, North Carolina.

While we were there in 1990, Gary asked me to go to the drag races in Rockingham, North Carolina. They call it The Rock for short. This was the first time I had ever seen NHRA drag racing and I saw John Force do a burnout halfway down the track. I'd never seen anything like that. I was raised on a farm in Drury, Missouri; went to high school in Dora, with 12 kids in my class. I had never seen anything like this, so it was very impressive to me. I also saw Shirley Muldowney race while I was there. I knew about John Force and the fact that he has daughters who are racing at this time because my friend, Gary, told me about him. Gary had a little '62 Corvette at the time that he drag raced and I had done some body work for him. In 1990 when I saw the top fuel dragsters for the first time, they were getting close to the 300 mph mark. Since then, we have gone to Forbes Field in Topeka, Kansas, to watch them race from time to time as well. Historically speaking, though, I knew nothing about drag racing or the NHRA. I didn't even know where their headquarters were located.

So, after my eyes were healed, I began to have a series of visions and I began to study out these scriptures. I would be woken up in the early morning hours and God began to show me what these verses meant. He began to show me Nahum chapter 2, the entire chapter. I believe in prayer and am a very prayerful person. I always get on my knees and pray for guidance and direction. I pray many times throughout the day. People will come to my mind and I pray for them. Sometimes I'll find out later that something happened to them or they were protected from something—that's just how God works. I especially make my scripture study a matter of prayer, because understanding scripture requires the spirit of God as He reveals it. I refuse to trust the arm of flesh, but I will trust the Almighty God.

James 1:5 says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

I believe that scripture—ask, seek, and knock. So in the early morning hours, God began to teach me by the power of His Holy Spirit, not of my will, but His will. He began to show me about these drag racers and the scriptures about them. I have been

absolutely mind boggled, overwhelmed, thrilled, excited, energized, and just pumped up. How beautiful it is what God is doing with drag racing. It all boils down to Nahum 2:3 which talks about the day of His preparation. Whose preparation? The day the Lord prepares His kingdom to be on earth. That's the day of preparation—when He begins His work as the prophet like Moses. It is so meaningful because now I realize that drag racing is a forerunner, or precursor, or harbinger as a sign that God is going to set up His kingdom on earth. Drag racing is a way of getting our attention to be aware of the day we are living in.

These top fuel funny cars and dragsters go from a dead stop to 336 mph in 1000 feet. I didn't even know that they shortened the track. I always thought it was a still a quarter-mile. I didn't know the reason why they shortened the track. Since then, I've learned.

I continued to be woken up in the early morning hours for about two weeks after the drag races in St. Louis. Then one morning, I was woken up and I heard the voice of God speaking into my mind telling me to write a book. He said, *I want you to write a book.* I said, *OK. I'm just a frame machine operator, a body shop owner, I'm not an author, but if you want me to, I'm here. I'll write a book.*

He said, *I want you to write a book. I want you to put this stuff in the book. Put this in a book because these drag racers, I want you to call them to me. I've given them the talents and the abilities to race these cars and this is all a shadow, a type, a sign of my coming very shortly and I'm using drag racing. The drag racers need to know about me. The drag racing realm. The community of drag racing people need to know their Lord and Savior, so I want you to put this in a book and get it to these drag racers to call them to me, Jesus Christ.*

So I agreed, even though I'm not an author. He said He'd provide the people I needed to get it going, so I just trusted Him. I never set out to put a book together, but this has been the most humbling experience I've had in my life, to sit here in my home underneath the umbrella of the spirit of God and to have Him literally sit here and teach me by His spirit about these verses in Nahum chapter 2, the Book of Jonah, Isaiah 36 and 37, and other verses in Kings and Chronicles. So I share my testimony in humility. This is going to take a little bit, but I want you to hear my testimony of the goodness and the greatness of God, that He is alive, that He is the King of Kings. He is the Lord of Lords, and He does speak to people in dreams and visions. I bear testimony and record to you this day that this is true, and that you must pray and ask the Lord that He would reveal this to you, even as He's revealing it to me, that you might prepare your hearts and your minds to receive the Lord when He begins His great and marvelous work among the children of men.

So I submitted myself to Him, that He would guide me, so none of this would come from me. He began to teach me and show me many things about drag racing because, as I

have said, I knew nothing about drag racing history. In fact, I'm saddened in my heart to tell you that I was unaware that the same year I had my experience in Cheddar's, 2007, a precious drag racer by the name of Eric Medlen passed away. I would like to reach out to his family and tell his father, John, and his mother, Mary, and the whole John Force racing team, that my heart goes out to you in your loss.

As I began to work on this book, I began to learn about the history of drag racing. God will show me something in my mind, and I'll go search out that information. This is how I have learned to search things out in Scripture.

During my search, I learned that the world finals of the NHRA were going to be held in Pomona, California, in November, the 8th through 11th of 2018. I kept feeling that God was putting into my heart that I should go. Now, I always want to be sure that something is truly from God and not just me thinking something. I want to make sure beyond a shadow of a doubt that I'm listening to that still small voice, because I don't want to be responsible for misleading people. That's important to me. I want to share only the truth with people to bring them closer to Jesus Christ. So, I just kept feeling in my heart that God wanted me to go to California.

We went out to California a few years ago as a family and my daughter, Hailey, has been wanting to go back again, but my wife, Tammy, didn't care for it with all the hustle and bustle and traffic, so she didn't want to go. Kyle said he would go, though, so we made arrangements and got the tickets and reservations and a rental car for the three of us. After all those arrangements were made, Kyle changed his mind and decided he couldn't go. So, since we needed another running partner, I asked Haley's boyfriend, Freddie, if he'd like to go with us. He talked it over with his parents and we went out to dinner with them so they could meet us and they gave their approval for him to join us on our trip to Pomona.

I remember when I was eight years old, we went to visit my Uncle Jess, who lived in La Habra, California. He took me to watch the Los Angeles Dodgers play, and I remember him telling me I should come back and watch the fast cars race. I always enjoyed power. He had an amazing ski boat that I loved and I remember him telling me about the loud, fast cars that raced in Pomona. So it had always been a dream of mine to go watch them race out there, and now here I was at 50 years old and with this opportunity to go watch the NHRA world finals there. It was absolutely amazing.

So it all came together and went click-click-click, except for Tammy and Kyle not going. That was the only thing that threw a wrench into the situation, but I accepted that it would just be Haley, Freddie, and I going out there. We did run into a little dilemma with our airline. We normally fly out of Kansas City because we use Frontier Airlines. They have flown out of Branson off and on in the past, but we thought we would have to drive to either Kansas City or St. Louis to catch a flight. But lo and behold, this is just how God works, Frontier had just picked up seasonal service again out of Branson. When we checked, we found that if we flew out of Kansas City, we would have an 8 to 11 hour

layover in Denver. But in Branson, the only flight out is on Wednesday night, with a return on Monday. That layover was only an hour to an hour and twenty minutes in Denver! What a miracle!

I was ready. I was excited! So we drove down to the Branson airport, which is just south of Branson off of highway 65. I was driving, and Tammy was along with us so she could take the car back home. Since I was excited, I was going too fast. I admit it, I was speeding. I had the cruise set on 79. I got pulled over and got a speeding ticket. I confessed to the officer and it was kind of ironic because I asked him if he knew a friend of mine I'd gone to high school with who is a highway patrolman and he did. It was one of those 'small world' moments. So, I was already drag racing before I even got there, I was so excited about going to these world finals in Pomona, California.

This is where things get interesting. We caught our flight out of Branson to Denver, then got the connecting flight to LAX. I had hoped we could fly into John Wayne Airport in Santa Ana, California, but there were no connecting flights available. We'd flown through there on our previous trip when we went to San Diego and I liked it there because it was a smaller airport. I'd never been through an airport bigger than Denver, but we had to take what was available, so that meant stepping up and flying into LAX in Los Angeles. Our flight out of Branson was during the evening of Wednesday November 7th and we arrived in Los Angeles around 12:30 Thursday morning November 8th. During our flight because we couldn't have our phones on, we were unaware there was a shooting in Thousand Oaks, California which is right next to Pomona where we would be staying for the next few days at the Doubletree Hotel.

We arrived and went to Avis rental car and because it was Haley's dream to drive a Jeep Wrangler four-door, that's what we rented. She loves Jeep Wranglers the way I love Chevy Nova's, so just to do something special for her and add another highlight to the trip, that's what we rented so she could drive it. Neither she or Freddie had ever been to a top fuel drag race and he had never seen the ocean, so these were new experiences for them. So after we rented the red Jeep Wrangler, we started the drive to Pomona and I drove while they navigated with their phones and we arrived at our hotel around 2:30 in the morning.

Let me give you little bit more information here that I haven't shared with you yet. You see, I had shared with Scotty Wilson that I was going to Pomona, California to watch the world finals. In fact, I invited Scotty to go. He had other obligations and couldn't join us, but I told him that I'd like to be able to share my testimony while I was out there. I thought maybe I could share with them what I had found in Nahum. Scotty said he knew the chaplain with the Racers for Christ on the professional side and he gave me his number. His name was Craig and he suggested I call him ahead of time and tell him what I wanted to do while I was out there. So I gave Craig a call and told him I knew Scotty and he was happy to hear from me and told me once I arrived in California I should call him so we could meet up and he could hear my testimony. I told him I'd love to share it at the chapel service while I was there and he said we could meet and then

we'd see how things went.

So I had Craig's number and I knew that he was my contact point. I knew that all the big racers that believe in Christ would attend the Racers for Christ Chapel meeting on Sunday morning and I hoped to use that opportunity to share with them my vision about Nahum and drag racing.

We got up and went to eat the breakfast buffet they had there at the hotel and it was such a blessing from God. Since I have diabetes, it's important for me to have a good breakfast and they were so kind, they even made special omelets for me. I sent a message to Tammy, and there's a two hour difference between California and Missouri, but at the time I wasn't sure about that. So, I sent her a text saying it was 6:35 a.m. there and asking what time it was in Missouri. She told me 8:35.

Now, something amazing happened. Just about two or three minutes before I sent her that text, the Camp Fires started in California.

Now let me tell you a little bit more about that situation. While I was at home in Willard, Missouri, I was shown a vision about John Force and Jonah chapter 3 in the Old Testament. Most of you probably know the story of Jonah being swallowed by the big fish, or whale, and spending three days and three nights in its belly. That was a sign of when Jesus came the first time. Jesus Christ is the unchangeable God and He chose Jonah as a sign the first time He came, so He is choosing Jonah again when He comes the second time. The things that happened in the book of Jonah are a sign of when Jesus starts His work again.

Jonah 3:4 says, "And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

I know I'm getting ahead of the ballgame here a bit, but I was shown in visions that John Force is the main one that God is using in drag racing. He's the forerunner, or the modern day Jonah. He became a member of the NHRA in 1978 and began racing that year. He has an amazing family and I'll share some of those stories later. Before I went out to California, I was shown some things that I even shared with the people at church the Sunday before I left, November 4th. God put it into my heart to share with them in particular Isaiah 1:7 and Leviticus 26 where it talks about cities being burned and about destruction. I tried to share gently and carefully, but I had seen the word 'overthrown' which is used in Genesis 19 when the Lord used fire and brimstone to overthrow Sodom and Gomorrah. This is what I had seen in my vision about California before I went out there.

The significant part here is that from 1978 until 2018 is 40 years. In scripture, 40 days can be interpreted as 40 years. For example, when Joshua and Caleb and the other men that went with them went to search out the promised land, they walked for 40 days. The Lord said that the children of Israel would wander in the wilderness for 40 years,

each year representing a day that Joshua and Caleb searched. Those races in November would be John Force's final races in the 40th year of his racing career.

So the same day that started his final races in his 40th year, the Camp Fire started in California. Then just a few hours later the Woolsey Fire and the Hill Fire started right by where we were staying in Pomona. These three fires happened on the same day and I testify to you that by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, He shared with me a vision of this before I went to California. I did not know at the time it was going on that they had started, I found that out later. The 40 years of John Force's racing career was a type and shadow of the prophecy in Jonah that says 'yet 40 days and Nineveh shall be overthrown.'

So, we had our breakfast and it was around 7:30 or so in the morning that Thursday and I suggested we go to the drag strip, since I'd never been there before. I thought it would be good to get familiar with the area. Just a little information here, the drag racers arrive Monday through Wednesday, then they use Thursday to actually get ready for the races. That's when they get everything set up and prepared. The races don't start until Friday. Because of the flight schedule, we had to arrive a day early, so that gave us a free day before the finals started. I wanted Haley to be able to live out her dream of driving a Jeep Wrangler through Hollywood. Since Freddie had never been to the ocean, we wanted him to get to do that. I also wanted to go to Long Beach to see where Lions Drag Strip, one of the first in Southern California, had been. It was there from 1955 to 1972 and this was where a lot of the top fuel funny cars and dragsters started out. It's no longer a drag strip, as the prophecy in Nahum says there would be something else there on top of it. But I wanted to go see that for myself.

The other place I wanted to go was the museum in Yorba Linda, which is where John Force and his family live. I wanted to go to his museum there because when I was still home, I'd had several visions of things that were inside the John Force Museum. I'd never been there before, but I'd had these visions and I wanted to go and actually see them.

So here's what happened. We wanted to go to the drag strip in Pomona to see it and I wanted to try to make contact with Craig, the Racers for Christ chaplain. I thought contacting him early on Thursday would be best since there was no racing. I wasn't sure how many days they had chapel services, so I wanted to talk to him early. Scotty had given me a red Racers for Christ hat and he had sent me a necklace with a couple of the Racers for Christ fish on it. I had Tammy make me a little piece of paper with my name on it to slip in there so I could wear it around my neck. Now these were not credentials. I want to be clear that I am not a chaplain for Racers for Christ. I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and I'm here to encourage racers and point them to Christ, but I only went out there to share my testimony, not as a chaplain. So I put the hat on, the necklace with the Racers for Christ RFC fish with my name in it, and before we got in the Jeep, I took some photos of myself and sent them via text to Scotty, who was back in Illinois. I just said, 'Hey, we're out here, here we are.' He replied back, 'Looking good,

boy, looking good.’ This is just before we headed to find the drag strip in Pomona.

This is where things started getting interesting. Mind you, I still did not know at the time about the shooting that had occurred in Thousand Oaks at a bar where a gunman had opened fire and killed 12 people. Because of this, the people in the area and the Los Angeles Police Department were on high alert. I’d been on a plane, then went to the hotel in the early morning hours and gone to bed, then gotten up early for breakfast and not seen or heard any news, so I was unaware of what had happened. Haley wanted to drive, so I let her drive and Freddie rode in the passenger seat, and I got in the back seat. So I asked Freddie to use his phone to look up the directions to the drag strip. So he looked it up and started relaying instructions to Haley as she drove.

We came to this building and I was asking what went wrong because that wasn’t the drag strip. He had typed in NHRA drag strip, but instead it had directed us to the NHRA headquarters in Glendora, which is in the Pomona area. It was about 8:00 in the morning by then. I had forgotten to bring my copy of the schedule of events for the weekend with me because I had left it at home. So I decided that since we were at the headquarters, I’d just go inside and see if I could get a copy of the schedule while we were there. So, I went on inside and it was really cool because they had a dragster in there off in the distance and on the wall was the lights they call the Christmas tree. That’s what they use to start the race. I had been shown in a vision what that represents, so I was looking at that.

There was a receptionist there at a desk and she asked if she could help me, so I told her I was looking for a schedule of the events for the weekend. She was looking around to find one and some other ladies were coming inside, so I went to open the door for them. She asked one of them if they had copies of the schedule and one of them offered to go to her office and make me a copy. I told her I’d appreciate it, so I waited there and talked to the receptionist. While I was waiting a man started in and I went to open the door for him and I realized it was Glen Cromwell, the president of the NHRA.

I went back to the receptionist and told her how neat that was because I was such a fan of drag racing. Then I said, “You know, God is using drag racing...” I stopped myself because I realized I’d said the word God. I asked her, “Do you believe in God?”

She said, “Yes.”

“So you’re a Christian?”

“Yes.”

So I told her I was, as well, and I began to share a little bit with her about why I had come to California and how I was putting a book together about how God is using drag racing. I talked about Brittany Force winning the world championship in 2017 and pointed out how God was blessing the women drivers. As I shared, she told me that she

and her mother would both love to read a copy of my book when I get it done and I told her it was coming together. I went on to share about what I had learned about the Christmas tree staging light system they use and how it is a type and shadow of Jesus Christ. There is a light at the top that is pre-stage, then a staging light, then the lights go down really quickly to the green and you take off and go. I explained that when we are conceived, that's the pre-stage part of the light system. Then the staging is when we are born. Then the lights go to the bottom quickly and that's kind of how life is. Then you go. Then that little red light at the bottom comes on if you leave too soon or make a mistake. I began to share with her the spiritual aspect, that when we make mistakes that little red dot comes on, like a type and shadow of Jesus blood that atones for our sins. He's the sacrifice and His blood atones for our sins.

Then she began to tell me about Antron Brown, who is a top fuel dragster driver for Don Schumacher racing, and how he would be speaking at Staples Arena that week at a basketball game, I believe that's what she said the event was. I told her how cool that was that God was using him to call people back to Christ and to share Christ with people in such a large crowd setting.

Then they brought me the copy of the schedule, so I thanked them and told her it was great visiting with her and wished her a great day, then left. What I did not know was that while I was there visiting with her, they had me on video and they were recording everything. This was when things changed behind the scenes that I didn't know about.

So we left, Haley was driving, and Freddie got the right address put in so we could retrace our path and get back to find the race track. We got there and looked around and I tried to find Craig but couldn't. I asked around and no one had seen him. I tried calling several times, left messages, but got no response.

Since it was cloudy, we decided to go to Yorba Linda to see the John Force Racing Museum, then we could go from there to Long Beach to see where the old Lions drag strip was, before we went to the ocean so Freddie could see it for the first time. So we got to Yorba Linda and found the museum around 9:30, but the sign said it didn't open until 10:00. We had passed a Chick-fil-A, so we went back there and got some snacks to kill a little time, then drove back to the museum and drove through the gates. We then realized we had used the back entrance, so Haley and Freddie got out and walked around to find the main entrance while I took the Jeep to find a parking place.

This is where things got really fun. Keep in mind the timing of all this and how perfect it was. One of the main reasons for the trip to California was so I could meet John Force and speak with him. I was hoping to do that at the races over the weekend. Originally we had planned to go to the ocean first on Thursday, but because of the clouds, we delayed that and went to the museum first. They were just getting the doors open to the museum and we were waiting to buy our tickets.

As we were standing there, a man with a British or possibly Australian accent flew

through the door announcing that John Force was in the parking lot and everyone should get out there to take photos. I looked out the window and I could see a white Chevrolet pickup that had just pulled up and John Force was getting out. There were people around him in this group and they were getting photos of him. I was ecstatic. I gave Freddie my phone and told him to get pictures of me with John Force. I was excited that he was right there and felt like it was a miracle from God. Perfect timing.

We went out there and the other group of people were all together and wanted a picture of all of them with John, so Freddie took a picture for them, then he took one of John for me, and another of John with me.

I told him that I was in the process of writing a book and that I'd been having visions about him and his family, and I told him I'd like his permission to use his name in the book. He stopped and looked at me and asked if it was a spiritual book. I told him it was.

He said, "Oh my God. You're the one."

I don't know what he meant by that, but I began to tell him some things about the book I was putting together and why I wanted permission to use his name. He told me he didn't have time to talk about it right then because he was on his way to the track to get things ready, but he said he wanted to talk to me while I was out there. He told me to come to his race car area at the track and he could give me 10 or 15 minutes to talk then. He said he was really busy since it was the finals, but he wanted to talk so he wanted me to stop by there and he could give me a little time. I told him that was no problem.

I stood there and watched as John backed his truck out and drove around toward the back of the building. I was still watching because I was awestruck, thinking that I had just met the modern day Jonah of drag racing. I saw his brake lights come on and he stopped at the back of the building. There was a metal side door there and out of the door came another unbelievable person. It was Robert Hight, John's son-in-law, who is the 2017 NHRA funny car world champion. There was a red pickup truck there too, and before Robert could get completely out of the door, the group from England or Australia and some other people that were coming out saw him and recognized him and grabbed him to get photos taken with him. I told Freddie to come over and get a picture of me with Robert. John had driven off by that point.

Now, remember that back in St. Louis, Robert was the driver that won, but also had that bad accident at the end of the drag strip. He had broken his collarbone at that time. I went to give him a hug and he cautioned me that it still hurt. While we were talking, he recognized me as the one who had been talking with John a few minutes earlier. He asked if I was the one putting the book together. I said I was and he told me to stay right there. He went in the main entrance and I waited for a few minutes, then I was so excited I thought maybe I had misunderstood, so I went inside. He was just coming out and he told me to come back with him and he took me to an office, which I didn't know

at the time, but it was the office of Stephen Cole. He is kind of the right-hand man for John Force.

Robert told me that John was on the speaker phone in Stephen Cole's office and he wanted to talk to me. I was amazed. It turned out, that's what John was doing when I saw his brake lights. He was calling Robert and Stephen and telling them to come out to the parking lot to find me. So he took me into the office and it was Robert, Stephen Cole, and someone else in the office. They told me to have a seat and they turned up the speaker phone.

John's voice said, "Hey, are you that guy that was out there in the parking lot with that Racers for Christ hat on?"

I said, "Yep."

He said, "Are you with those people that are from Australia or England or something?"

I said, "No, I'm not. I'm out here with my daughter and her boyfriend to watch the drag racing and to celebrate your 40th year of drag racing in the NHRA."

"Now let me ask a question, you said you're writing a book, right?"

"Yeah."

"You said it's a spiritual book, right?"

"That's what I said."

He said it again, "Oh my God, you're the one."

Now, I didn't know what he meant by that, but apparently when I had been sharing some things with him, some of the things I said were things only he and God knew about. That's why he called them and told them to get me on the phone with him.

He said, "Now listen here. I will be really busy this weekend with my sponsors, but I want to give you 10, 15, 20 minutes of my time to talk with you about this book. You can't...well, we'll talk about it later. You can't use my name in this book. I can't lose my sponsors."

I didn't know what that meant, but he told me later and I'll explain that in a little bit. But I talked with Robert and he asked who I was and I explained to him about myself and my visions and told him I had hoped to share my testimony with the racers while I was out there. He said they knew Craig well and I told them that was who I had been trying to get hold of but hadn't been able to as yet. He said he was sure it wouldn't be a problem for me to share my testimony because he knew Craig. He told me he had to get out to

the track but that he wanted me to go through the museum and enjoy it and we said our goodbyes. I was in awe.

John had told them to make sure and get all my information before I left, so they took my name and number and Stephen gave me one of his business cards. In the back of my mind, I had a feeling that before John met with me, he would have some of his people check me out a little and maybe contact me by phone. He's a very famous race car driver and celebrity, so it made sense that he would want to be sure about me, since I was a complete stranger up until that day. I was excited about it though, and I understood they probably needed to check me out to make sure I was not a threat to anybody.

Meanwhile, Hailey had been waiting in the vehicle and Freddie had been waiting just outside the museum. Neither one of them knew what had been going on inside. So I went back out and got them and told them to come in so we could go through the museum. As we went through the museum, I was overwhelmed. I saw so many things that I had been shown in visions before leaving home. I was humbled and I began to weep with joy at the magnitude of our Savior. I had Freddie take pictures while we were there because there were so many things in the museum I had been shown through visions.

If you don't believe there's a God and He is real, I'm here to testify to you He is and He can work a miracle in anybody's life because he was doing it with me out there at that time. It was overwhelming. Meanwhile, outside something was happening. Fires were blazing in California. However, as we came out of the museum, the sun began to break through.

What I didn't know at the time was that back at the NHRA headquarters, I had scared the living daylights out of the people because I talked about Jesus. I had talked about repentance, about blood, the blood of His sacrifice and atonement. Because of what had happened the previous night in Thousand Oaks, with the mass shooting, the people at the NHRA headquarters were scared. Suddenly, I was a suspect of terrorism. They had contacted a special police force unit and told them about me, so they were on high alert to locate me. Yes, this was all because I said blood, sacrifice, atonement, repent, and Jesus in a public setting at the NHRA headquarters. I had been talking with a Christian woman who had told me she was a Christian, or I would not have had the conversation. Looking back, I understand that this didn't come from her, but rather from somebody else in the organization that didn't believe in God.

So that was going on while we drove from Yorba Linda to Hollywood, so Haley could drive through there in the Jeep like she wanted, then on to Long Beach to see the old Lions drag strip. It's now actually train tracks where they bring in cargo containers from all over the world. At one time Long Beach was the largest port in America for cargo containers, but now I think it is second to New York City. The Lions drag strip was there from 1955 until 1972, then it set vacant for ten years, but now there is a cargo container

facility there. In my vision I had while still at home, I had overlooked the drag strip and I could see where there were railroad cars carrying cargo containers on top of where the drag strip had been. This related to the prophecy in Nahum, which I will get to later. It was absolutely amazing to see in person. There was a little bridge that we walked out on to get pictures and when we got up there and looked out, I realized that was the vantage point of my vision. Another miracle.

We finished up there then we took Freddie to a little beach nearby with a public area so he could see the ocean for the first time. We got out of our vehicle and climbed down some rocks so we could reach the edge of the ocean. Seeing the look on Freddie's face as the water splashed over his feet while he walked through the sand was priceless. It was a humbling experience to witness. That water as you look out goes on forever, just like the Kingdom of God.

After being at the beach for a while, we decided to go back to Pomona. I was looking forward to the races, especially since Haley had never been to top fuel drag racing in person. She is very artistic and she had agreed to do the artwork for the book I was putting together, so seeing it firsthand would be valuable. I had warned both she and Freddie that they would need earmuffs because of the noise, but they didn't believe me.

So we decided to go ahead and kind of settle in for the day and enjoy the rest the evening. It was around 2:45 and we were hungry, so we stopped at In-N-Out Burger. We'd loved eating there when we'd been in California before, so Hailey wanted to eat there on our way back to Pomona. There was a lot more traffic at that time of day than earlier, so we had to navigate through all that.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, the authorities were looking for me. I was a 'high risk profile terrorist' in their eyes. This all stems from the Thousand Oaks shooting that happened just hours before as we were getting into Los Angeles, because Thousand Oaks is right next to Pomona. Because I said the words blood sacrifice, atonement, and repent in Jesus back at the NHRA headquarters there was a special police force unit searching for me. About that time the Hill fires and Woolsey fires were starting, too. We hadn't been watching the news, so we didn't know about any of this.

I might point your attention to my experience that I had before I went out there. This is the 40th year of John Force in drag racing and this is the final race series which was starting that day. This was his big ending of his 40th year, and I saw fire out there in my vision before I went out. So God is very, very precise here. Three fires started in one day and we now know that these are the worst fires in not only California history, but in American history. These were not arson fires. These were started from above. In I Kings it talks about the fire of the Lord.

We got back to our motel and I was tired. I'd been up a long time and there had been a lot of excitement and we had the time change, so I was wiped out. Hailey and Freddie

wanted to go to the pool, so I told them to go on ahead and I was going to take a nap.

I had no sooner lain down than I was out like a light and I began to have another vision. It was made known that something was going to happen, but I didn't know what. I woke right up and I got on the phone to Phil Eldred back in Springfield and told him I felt something was about to happen and asked him to pray for me. I lay back down and was trying to get back to sleep when Haley and Freddie came back from the pool. It was getting kind of late by then, so I suggested we go get something to eat. In the back of my mind, I was expecting Stephen Cole or someone that spoke for John Force to call me.

So we all got changed and made our way down to the restaurant there at the motel a little after 6:30. It was a really nice place and we were seated and just after we ordered our food, my phone rang. I was facing west, where I could see the mountains and the highway. Freddie was across from me, facing east, so he could see behind me. Haley was to my right. My phone rang and it popped up as 'no name number'. I thought that was weird. I answered, "Hello, this is Billy, can I help you?" There was no one there, and I thought that was strange.

Hailey and Freddie are pretty good with technology because they are more of the gadget generation than I am. I still don't understand how some of this works. So I asked Freddie if he could try dialing the number back to see who it was, since the number and name didn't come up. I thought maybe it was Stephen Cole or someone from John Force's racing team trying to get hold of me. He tried, but he couldn't tap through it, so we couldn't return the call.

He had no sooner said that, when he told me the police were there. They were behind me, so he could see them. Then my phone rang a second time. I answered the same way, because I also use my cell phone for my business, so I thought it also could be someone trying to get hold of me regarding shop work. Nobody there again. As soon as I set my phone down, the cops were right there at my table.

It was Captain Medlin. He asked if I was Billy Roberts and I said I was and he asked if they could talk to me outside for a moment, so I told them sure. I grabbed my phone to go with them. I was certain they were there to check me out before I talked to John Force. So I went outside with them and left Haley and Freddie at the dinner table, wondering what was going on.

Once we were outside, Captain Medlin stood there with his arms across his chest and said, "You're Billy Roberts, right?"

I said, "Yes, I am."

"Do you know why we're here?"

“Yes, I know exactly why you’re here,” I said.

He looked at me strangely and said, “No. Do *you* know why we are here?”

I said, “Yes, I know exactly why you’re here. I’m going to be talking with John Force tomorrow and possibly interviewing him because I’m putting a together a book and if I was a popular celebrity like John Force, I would want to know about the person that was interviewing me. I would want to do some background checking, and yes, that’s why you’re here.”

“Well,” he said, “that’s part of the reason why we’re here.”

“Really, I know. That’s the reason you’re here.”

He said, “No, that’s only part of it. The real reason why we’re here is that you are a high risk suspect, possibly terrorist.”

I just about fell over, “WHAT?”

He said, “Yes. Were you at the NHRA headquarters today?”

I said, “Yes.”

“Who was the one that was driving that car?”

“That was my daughter.”

“Who was in the passenger seat?”

“That was my daughter’s boyfriend in the front seat. I was in the back.”

They had me all on video surveillance.

Now I want to point something out. If you’re a Jewish person, because by then it was after 6:00 p.m., so instead of being November 8th, it had turned to November 9th. So it’s the 9th day of the 11th month. Think about that—nine eleven.

He wanted to know why I was at the NHRA headquarters and I told them I was there to get a schedule for the events at the drag racing in Pomona that weekend.

He said they were there because, in his words, I had scared the hell out of these people and they were fearful for their lives. They thought I was a terrorist and they did not want me to go to the races in Pomona. They stopped my tickets. They found out who I was, I’m guessing, by the license number on the rental car and through that company. He told me they were with a special police force unit that searched for terrorists or others

who were wanted for high risk. That was their specialty.

He said the people at the NHRA headquarters were scared out of their wits about me because I had talked about Jesus, repentance, blood and blood sacrifice, and the blood atonement of our Savior, and because of the shooting that had happened in Thousand Oaks. Now, remember, I didn't know about the shootings yet, nor about the fires.

They asked if they could search my room. I said yes and I offered them my cell phone and my billfold. They looked through my phone to see who I was contacting and asked to search my vehicle. I told them they could, but the keys were in my room and I offered that we go up there right away. Meanwhile, they had gone back in the restaurant and gotten Hailey and Freddie to tell them what was going on. They questioned them about me and what was going on.

They told me that I was a threat to the NHRA racers because I talked about Brittany Force and Antron Brown by name. Because I talked about the Lord in a public setting, they were really scared about me.

We all went up to my room, including about four officers, and I told them to check everything out because I had nothing to hide. They did not have a search warrant, they just asked and I agreed because I knew I had nothing to hide. They went through the luggage and the room and I gave them the keys and told them which vehicle it was and let them go down to search the Jeep without us.

While I had thought they were going to check me out for John Force, instead, Satan had been working in the background getting all these people worked up about me and scared. They had completely misread me.

By that time, it was getting dark. Officer Medlin said the people at the NHRA just met me and they hired these guys to come and find him to look for me because they had completely misread me.

He said, "I'm a Christian. They have just carried this thing a little bit too far. Let me tell you what some of the red flags are that came up. First of all, if you were a bad criminal guy; if you were a terrorist, you would not be answering your phone to a no name number and you did it twice."

I said, "Yeah, I've got nothing to hide. I'm a minister, a body shop owner. I'm writing a book. I'm here to see a drag race. My daughter's never seen a drag race. Neither has her boyfriend, and we're going to have fun."

He said, "Billy, they do not want you out there tomorrow, Friday, or Saturday. They do not want you at the drag races. You're done."

I said, "You're kidding me."

"I'm telling you you're done. They have revoked your tickets. They do not want you out there. You are a threat to the drag racers."

I said, "You've gotta be kidding me. I have come all this way and you're telling me I cannot go to the drag races."

"I'm telling you, you cannot go. Otherwise, we will arrest you and throw you in jail if you show up."

"Are you serious? There's no way! Can you tell them I owe them an apology for them misreading me? I'm not going to apologize for what I said."

He said, "Let me call my boss real quick."

Officer Medlin was really a wonderful man. I've even got a picture of us together. He called his boss and left a message, so we stayed in the room and talked.

I told him, "I'm a minister. I'm not here to hurt anybody. I'm here to see a drag race--the world finals--my dream, and you're telling me I can't go. No way."

"Well, I have to wait to hear back from my boss and I'll tell him what's going on."

He had no sooner gotten those words out of his mouth when his phone rang. He was standing up in between the two beds, and Hailey and Freddie were sitting on the bed next to me. There was another officer at the door, just inside.

He looked at me and said, "You need to start praying right now." He went outside to take the call.

I bowed my head and started praying, telling God I didn't know or understand what was going on and asking for His will and for Him to control the situation. Asking Him to soften their hearts to understand that I wasn't a terrorist. I believed God wanted me out there, so I was leaving it in His hands.

He came back in and said, "OK. Here's what's going on, Billy. Here's what we're going to do. This is just a different case. I think they just overreacted because what we're finding after we've looked at your phones and see the people you're calling, you've let us search your room and your vehicle and we can't find anything that's given us clues that you are the person they're suspecting you are..."

I said, "I'm not. I'm not here to hurt anybody. I wouldn't have even said anything at the NHRA headquarters had not the woman said she believed in God and was a Christian. I would never have said anything about the Christmas tree and it being a type of Jesus Christ."

“This is what’s going on. You’re going to have to apologize to them.”

I said, “I’m willing to go. That’s what I want to do. Let’s go right now.”

He said, “No, we’re not going to do it right now. I feel they misread you, too. There’s no red flags, nothing indicating that you’re a bad person here. Trust me, if you were a bad person there would be red flags screaming at us right now, ‘Handcuff this guy’. I’ve talked to my boss and we have found you, which is what we were hired to do. Now here’s what’s going to happen...”

He explained that he had a meeting the next morning, which was Friday, and he wanted me to meet them at the track and gave me a specific gate to meet at. He said the NHRA and the track owner wanted to talk with me. I told him I’d apologize and that I really wanted us to be able to attend the races. He said they’d explain the whole situation and see what happened, but that he couldn’t guarantee anything. It would be in their hands because at that time, I was still not allowed at the races. If I came in without their approval, I’d be arrested. I thanked him for doing what he had and at least getting me a chance.

So we got up bright and early Friday morning and went to the grounds for the Los Angeles County Fair, which is called Fairplex. This is where the NHRA drag strip is located. We got there about 8:15 and pulled up to a gate to ask how to find gate number one, where I had been told to go. It was actually amazing because as it turned out, this gate was a better place to go because there were some officers there and they took me down to the Fairplex police substation which was right in sight and where I needed to go.

When I told the officer there I was looking for Officer Medlin and gate number one, he told me to stay right there because they had been told to meet with me and that Officer Medlin was on his way over. He asked to search my car and I let them. They never patted me down to check for weapons, but they checked my car. Another officer told me they wanted me to come to the substation to talk, so they gave me a police escort down to the substation.

He took me inside and the track owner was there and he introduced himself to me. He said he wanted to talk to me and get to know who I was and I said that was fine. We went into the room where all their surveillance screens were for the Fairplex and there were some other officers in there, plus the one escorting me and Officer Medlin. So I walked in and there was Glenn Cromwell!

He looked at me and said, “Oh! You’re the guy that opened up the door for me over at the headquarters yesterday morning!”

I said, “Yeah, I knew that was you.”

There was also a lady and another guy there, so I introduced myself to everyone and shook their hands. They offered me something to drink and I accepted a bottle of water. I started to sit down next to the track owner, but Glenn Cromwell asked me to sit next to him, so I did. So he was on my right, the track owner was on my left, and across from me was an officer to my left and Medlin to my right. Between them was another little table and that's where the woman, who had the NHRA logo on her shirt, and the other man were sitting. Then there were other officers outside.

So the track owner said, "Billy, let me tell you something. My mother was from Springfield, Missouri."

I said, "Really? It's a small world."

He said, "Let me tell you, if you were not from Springfield, Missouri, we would not be having this conversation right now. This would've been a done deal, but because you're from Springfield, Missouri and my mother just loved Springfield, Missouri. I couldn't get her to move out here from Springfield. She was head over heels for Springfield. That's the only reason why I considered even talking with you right now."

"Really? I like Springfield. It's been a blessing to be there. It's a good town."

Glenn Cromwell said, "Billy, we have some questions we'd like to ask you. We'd like to know who you are. Tell me who you are and what you do for a living. Why are you here?"

He went almost word for word verbatim out of Jonah Chapter one. They asked Jonah the same questions that they asked me.

Jonah 1:8, "Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us; What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?"

So after I explained who I was, where I was from, and why I was there, the woman across from me had a transcript of what I had said when I spoke with the receptionist at NHRA headquarters and she began firing questions at me.

She started, "What did you mean by the repent?"

"What?"

"What did you mean by the word repent?"

So I used my cousin as an illustration and told her the story of how she had been addicted to drugs for many years of her life but that she had given up the drugs and

changed. She turned her life around and is now doing good things with it. I explained that is what repentance is like. That when I fall short, because I sin every day, I have to stop doing those things and start doing good. I explained that it is the blood of Jesus that covers my sins, that He is our Savior.

Then she got really aggressive and started asking, "What do you mean by blood?"

Glenn finally told her to settle down because she was getting so aggressive. She was so fired up, I strongly suspect she is the one that saw that surveillance footage of me and it was her that reported me. She asked what I meant by the words atonement and sacrifice. She said I was scaring them and that they had not slept all night long.

I said, "I am so sorry. You all totally misread me. When I talk about atonement, I'm a minister. We talk about this at church. I live in the Bible Belt and we talk about Jesus every day. I own a body shop and we talk about Him at work with my customers."

She said, "Well, we don't talk about that in public here."

"Wow."

Even throughout this, they would not say 'God', or 'Lord', or 'Jesus'. They referred to 'the subject you were talking about'. So after their questions, I apologized to them several times, telling them I was sorry they had misread me. I didn't apologize for what I had said, but I made sure to say I was sorry they misread me. They thanked me for meeting with them and telling them about myself and then asked me to leave by police escort back to the gate. I shook their hands and thanked them.

I have to mention here that while I had been answering questions, I had noticed several of them struggling to keep their eyes open and some of them actually dozing off. I can understand that because as I teach Sunday School, I see the same things occasionally. People are tired or sometimes just the word of God has a soothing way of relaxing people. I think these folks were tired because she repeated several times how they had been too scared to sleep.

I thought this was especially interesting because of what it says in Jonah 1:6, "So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

They had not slept, yet they had sent the authorities to search me out and to search my hotel room where I would be sleeping.

In Jonah 1:3, it also says, "...so he paid the fare thereof..."

I had to pay the fare to go to the races, because I purchased my tickets. Not only did I pay the fare, but the Lord brought it to my mind that the races were taking place at the

Fairplex. How cool!

Then in Jonah 1:14 it says, "Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood; for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee."

These people I was dealing with in California were scare out of their wits of me, because of the shooting that had just happened and because they don't believe in God. I didn't realize that until later. They called me in because I had said the word blood at the NHRA headquarters. They thought I was a terrorist. God allowed this to happen.

While they were discussing things and deciding what to do about me and whether or not to allow me to attend the races, I was with the officer who escorted me out and we began to talk. He's a Christian, too. He said he couldn't imagine that they wouldn't let me attend the races. He said he'd be shocked if they decided to keep me out.

When we got back up with the other officers, he asked if they could search my vehicle with a dog and I told them absolutely. So I gave them the keys and they brought the dog and searched, I suppose for explosives or drugs, and couldn't find anything. While they were searching, I started visiting with one of the other officers. I told him I was amazed by all this because all I did was talk about Jesus.

He said, "I know. These people are a little different out here in California. People out here honestly do not know their right hand from their left hand."

I asked, "What did you just say?"

He repeated, "California people are a little different breed. They just don't know their right hand from their left hand."

I thought to myself, 'Oh my goodness!' I didn't say anything to him, but he had literally just quoted Jonah 4:11, "And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

Now that officer had no way of knowing that the book I'm putting together is about a prophecy from Jonah. God was allowing me to experience all of this while I was out there.

They finished checking my vehicle and the track owner and Officer Medlin came driving up. The track owner told me that because I had specifically spoken of these people earlier, they did not want me to go around the racecar lots of Antron Brown, Brittany Force, or John Force. They wanted my decision. I was out there to talk to John Force about this book and they were boxing me out of his area, so I had to decide what to do.

I wanted to see the races. I had travelled a long way, so I agreed to their conditions. They asked for my tickets and took me to an area where they changed my general admission tickets out for reserved seats which were assigned so they could monitor me more easily while I watched the races.

So, Freddie, Hailey and I had our new tickets, but they had been waiting for a long time while all this was going on, so they were hungry. We decided to go get them something to eat before watching the races. I had Stephen Cole's number, so I called him to tell him that we were there, but that I could not come around them.

"What do you mean you can't come around us?" He asked.

I explained to him what I had been told about not going around certain lots and how they thought I was a threat.

He said, "You've got to be kidding! John wants to talk with you."

I said, "I know..."

He said, "No, I mean he is here, he wants to talk to you." So he put John Force on the phone.

John said, "Billy where are you at?"

"I'm here but I can't go over there. They said I'm a threat to the racers because I believe in Jesus. I believe it's His blood that atones for my sins, and that he's a sacrifice for my sins. I believe that we must repent of our sins and that Jesus is my Savior. This is why I can't come see you."

He said, "This is crazy. You haven't even done anything."

I said, "I know it."

He said, "This is nonsense."

He told me he'd get back with me, but that he had to go get ready for the races. There were only about 2 or 2 ½ hours before the races were supposed to start.

So while Hailey and Freddie took their seats and started watching some of the smaller cars race, I went to look for Craig. I still hadn't been able to reach him and he hadn't returned any of my calls. I thought that was kind of bizarre, so I went to the Army tent where they hold their chapel meetings. He wasn't there, so I walked down by the pit area and saw the Racers for Christ cart. I got all excited, but it wasn't Craig driving it. It was a man named Mark with his wife and he told me they did the children's Racers for

Christ ministry. I told him I'd been trying to get ahold of Craig and he said he's really hard to catch, but he knew how I could reach him.

He gave me a flyer and explained that there would be an auction that night for Racers for Christ at the Army tent at 5:30. He said if I came, Craig would be there and I could talk to him. I shared a little of my testimony with Mark and explained why I was trying to talk to Craig and he said that was fine and if I just came to the auction, I'd be able to catch him then. I thanked him and his wife. I swung by the Army tent one last time just in case Craig had returned, but he hadn't, so I knew I needed to get to my seat because the races were about to start that I wanted to see.

On a little side note, after the officers left Thursday night, because I wasn't sure what the outcome of all this would be, I decided I should start fasting and praying. I had taken my consecrated oil out there with me, so I washed my face and anointed my head with oil and began fasting and praying and putting it all in the Lord's hands. I'd gone into the bathroom and prayed for quite some time. So, because of this, I was getting hungry. I have to be careful since I'm diabetic and I hadn't eaten or taken my medicine, so by that point, I was starting to get a little dizzy. I thanked the Lord for answering my prayers and letting us get into the races and then I decided I should get something to eat. On the way to the hotdog stand, I got an idea of how I could still meet with John Force. I called up Stephen Cole, suggesting that John could meet me at Robert Hight's lot since that wasn't listed as places I couldn't go. He liked the idea and said he'd talk to John and let me know. While I was paying for my food, I felt my phone going off in my back pocket. It was Stephen.

He said, "Where are you at?"

I said, "Well I can see your trailer from here. I'm getting a hot dog and some French fries and water."

He said, "Hurry up and get that taken care of."

I said, "What's going on?"

"John has about 15 or 20 minutes here right now and he wants to talk with you."

"Good. I'll meet you guys over at Robert Hight's trailer."

He said, "No."

"What?"

"You're going to come over here to John's trailer."

"Stephen, I told you I was banned from coming over there. I cannot come on John's lot."

“I don’t care what they told you, John wants to talk with you now.”

So what would you have done? After coming all that distance and having the chance to talk to the man who is the main focus of a book you are writing? Jesus Christ is the main focus, but the center of what is going on here on earth is John Force. If you had promised not to go on his lot, yet he was asking you to do just that, what would you have done? Well, I did what I think most people would do in that situation. I broke the rule. I went after my passions.

Stephen asked if I was wearing my red hat and I said I was. He told me to come on over and he’d be at the gate to John’s lot. I headed over and realized what they had done. Because John is such a big celebrity in the racing world, crowds gather around him like a stampede of elephants to get autographs. So John was on the opposite side of his lot surrounded by a crowd of people and he was signing autographs. I was able to just kind of get lost in the crowd and Stephen saw my red hat and kind of motioned to me in a way only I would notice, so I could slip around and he could take me through. He made sure I was facing so that the security people couldn’t see who I was as he took me back. He motioned to John to let him know I was there, so then John stopped signing autographs and met us back there and we went around to another area. It had all been a decoy to get me safely through.

I told them I wasn’t supposed to be there, but John said, “I don’t know what these NHRA people’s problem is. You haven’t done anything and I want to talk to you. If they come over here, I’m telling them I told you to come over here.”

I said, “Well, you’re gonna have to tell them that. I’ll tell you right now, they told me not to come over here. I’m breaking the rule right now.”

“I don’t give a hoot. You ain’t done nothing. You’re not hurting me.”

“I know, I’m just a minister trying to put a book together.”

He said, “I know. It’s crazy. The NHRA people are just crazy, coming up with the stupidest rules.”

“I know, but I told them I would not come over here.”

“Well, I’ll tell them I want you to come here.”

So he took me back and told me to sit down and had me facing east so no one could see my face and he could face west and watch over me as we talked. He explained to me that when I put the book together, I wouldn’t be able to use his name because of the sponsors they had. Even though he is a Christian, those sponsors aren’t and would take away their money if his name was used in relation to anything about God. Without

sponsors, his team of four cars wouldn't be able to race. I told him we'd figure out another way.

As we were talking, he suddenly told me we needed to go. He must have seen security coming. There were several semi-trucks there to haul the different race cars, so he led me through, zig-zagging around, opening doors to block the view. He took me into one, telling me he wanted me to meet his daughters. He introduced me to Courtney and she gave me a firm handshake and said her dad had been telling them about me. Then he took me zipping around through trucks again to find Brittany. Of course, I'd been specifically forbidden from being around her, but he insisted. When we went to her trailer, he got one of his crew members to stand guard. She was in her dressing room, but he got her to come to the door and introduced us. I was in awe that I was able to meet the second woman in NHRA history to win a world championship.

He took me out the back way, going east on a little walkway for the racers to use so I wouldn't be out in plain sight. John and I were walking, but Stephen was helping to watch to be sure no one saw me. John told me he had to get back to his sponsors, but that he would get back to me even though he was really busy. Then he gave me a big, amazing bear hug, like a father would give to his own son. He told me to hurry out so no one would catch me back there.

I got out, all excited about what had happened. I decided I should try one more time to see if I could find Craig on my way through. Also, there was an underlying question I had regarding a man named Alan Johnson who was a motor tuner that had joined John Force's racing team. I wanted to know if God had inspired him to join the team, because it was after he joined that they had enjoyed such amazing success. So I went back that direction, hoping to talk to him.

As I got there, nobody was around except for the motor guys who were done with their work and just hanging out, leaning on tables. I motioned to one of those mechanics to come over to me. He put his finger up and said to stop for just a minute, but I didn't quite hear, so I took two steps. He was trying to warn me that there were officers behind me, but at that point I'd taken two steps in the wrong direction and they nabbed me.

I had just wanted to question Alan Johnson about his motivation for joining John Force's racing team, rather than anyone else's. These are the things you can't find out on the Internet or reading articles. You have to ask a person something like that.

The officer said, "I thought we told you not to come around here."

That's where things went sour. The races hadn't even started yet. They contacted Officer Medlin and detained me until he got there.

He looked at me and said, "We told you not to come by John Force's lot."

I said, "First of all, this is a set up. First you told me not to be around Brittany, then you told me Antron Brown, then John Force, when you knew I was going to be talking with John Force."

He said, "Shut up. We told you not to come over here. Don't you dare make a big scene. Get over here."

He started to take me from John Force's lot over into Brittany's lot.

I said, "Wait a minute, you told me we're not supposed to go to Brittany's lot."

"Shut up," he said, taking me over there.

They called the track owner over and I tried to explain to him I had been there to talk to Alan Johnson, but he wouldn't let me explain. They kept telling me to shut up. I began to beg them to let me watch the races, asking them to sit with me to see I wasn't a terrorist. They refused but told me there was one other person they wanted me to meet.

They went and got Craig, the chaplain for Racers for Christ. I gave him a big bear hug and told him I'd been trying to get hold of him and he said he knew I had. I told him I wanted to share my testimony about Nahum chapter 2 and he very firmly told me that was not going to happen.

Officer Medlin asked about my necklace and where I got it. I explained my wife had made it for me so I could show my support for Racers for Christ. He wanted to look at it, then he accused me of being deceitful and untruthful, posing as a chaplain. I told them that I had never claimed to be a chaplain with Racers for Christ, but had told them repeatedly that I was a minister of Jesus Christ from Springfield. They kept my necklace, the one Scotty had sent me.

I tried getting down on one knee and begging them to let me stay and the track owner got very angry and told me not to embarrass him. I asked them to at least let Hailey and Freddie stay, because by that time they had located them and brought them down there. But even though it was not at all their fault that I had taken two steps in the wrong direction, there was not going to be any mercy shown. Their minds were made up. They even took my portable Willard Tiger's seat and earmuffs and disposed of them.

They escorted us to our vehicle and told me if we came back, they would arrest me and throw me in jail.

The Lord revealed to me all this happened to fulfill prophecy and allow me to see what Jonah had gone through.

Jonah 1:7-8: "And they said everyone to his fellow, Come, and let us cast lots, that we

may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us...”

Lots. What had they done to me? They had cast me out of ‘lots’. Brittany Force’s, Antron Brown’s, and John Force’s. They had used those ‘lots’ against me. It had been on John’s lot where they had picked me up. John is the modern day Jonah in this type and shadow. All of this had taken place in the modern day Nineveh.

Jonah 1:12: “And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.”

They cast me out because of the tempest that had come upon them from the NHRA. It wasn’t going to be calm until they had cast me out.

All of these scriptures took on new meaning to me after experiencing this. The Lord allowed this to happen so I would have that understanding. I am able to see how much these people need Jesus in their lives.

It didn’t stop there. We went ahead and had some fun in Los Angeles, but on Sunday morning, I felt like I’d worked hard for the money I’d spent on those tickets, close to \$500, and I either wanted a refund or to be able to watch the finals. My fighting spirit kicked in, so I drove down to the Fairplex by myself. I knew I couldn’t actually go onto the grounds, though. I prayed that God would guide and direct me. There was an Expedition parked there right off the road that was still on public property, not on the Fairplex. I was able to pull up next to him. I asked him if he would go down and tell the officers I needed them to come talk to me because there was a problem. He told me he was waiting on his brother and couldn’t leave his vehicle. His brother was approaching, so he told me when he pulled out, I could take his spot. Now that was a gift from God. There were five lanes of traffic backed up trying to get in and God provided me a spot to park outside the facility. So I pulled in the spot as he left and I turned my flashers on.

I got out of my car, but I knew I had to stay out of the Fairplex property, so that meant I had to keep to the road. I went up to a man in a Ford truck with his window up and tried to show him my ticket to get his attention. I wanted to ask him to send an officer to speak with me. He probably thought I was trying to sell him a ticket, because he wouldn’t even look at me. But the guy behind him had his window down. So I went back to him. I asked him to send an officer down to talk to me because I had a problem with my ticket and they wouldn’t let me in. I went and stood by my vehicle and not two minutes later, a cop car came flying up there. By the time it was all said and done, there were nine officers around me. One of them was the officer that had escorted me down to the substation on Friday. He recognized me. I told them I was there to reason with them. I explained that I wanted to either get to see the races or get my money back after

traveling all that distance and spending so much money to get there. I pointed out that my religious rights were being violated and I had done nothing wrong.

Meanwhile, they had called the track owner. He wouldn't come close to me. He wouldn't talk to me. But he did tell the officers that they would refund my money. Praise God. I told those officers that this battle had been a spiritual one and I thanked them for their protection, because we had been surrounded by officers the whole time we'd been there since we'd been under surveillance, and I told them I appreciated them doing their jobs. I gave one of them a hug and asked him to give that hug to Officer Medlin for me and he said he would.

If I had it to do all over, I would do it again. If the Lord leads me back to California, I will go again. Those people need Jesus in their lives. They need someone to take them the gospel of Jesus Christ, which calls us to repent, be baptized of water and of the Holy Spirit. If He calls me to take them that message, then 'Here am I Lord, send me.'

I testify to you this is what happened to me and I ask a continued interest in your prayers that the Lord will guide and direct and lead me in the name of Jesus. The only name that every knee will bow to, and every tongue will confess, that He is Lord and God Almighty. That is my prayer to you this day.

Thank you.