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WORLD FAMOUS PREACHER

New Mexico State University, February 8, 2010

I started in the middle of the 11:20 break. Someone immediately got on the phone to tell a friend that I was on campus. I did not gather a crowd. But I felt I

preached long enough for word to get around campus that I had returned. My car was parked in a lot close to the preaching area; therefore, I went back to listen to the Rush Limbaugh show. When I came back to start preaching at 12:10, several had gathered in anticipation of the preaching. I drew a crowd of about 50 which remained constant until 2:30. I was unable to get as much dialogue going as I would like. Students mostly just listened. I heard one sinner explain to his friends that, "He is famous all over the world."

Typically, several times throughout the day I ask, "How many are Christians? I ask the question different ways: "Has anyone been born again?" "Who is following Jesus?" "Who is obeying Jesus?" "How many expect to go to Heaven when you die?"

Usually, there are several that will claim to be Christians, but rarely do they claim to obey Jesus. Today, no one even confessed to being a Christian until I had been preaching for over two hours. I remembered him from last year. He listened for over 30 minutes not saying anything pro or con. In years past on this campus usually a lot of Christian hypocrites oppose me, but they were not to be seen today, maybe tomorrow.

At 2:30, I lost over half the crowd and the class break was not large enough to pick up new students. For the last 30 minutes I had a dozen boys listening. They left about 3 PM. A Christian girl engaged me in a conversation concerning baptism. I discerned that she was apostolic since she referred to Acts 2:38. She was upset with those who think they are saved simply because they repeat a sinner's prayer. I agreed that we should obey the Lord and follow him in baptism, that we should obey him in all things. I avoided the issue of baptismal regeneration which I suspected she believed.

Meanwhile, the Associate Dean of Students was waiting patiently with her assistant to talk to me. She said they supported a free speech, but asked that I follow two guidelines: not to stand in the middle of the sidewalk and potentially block traffic and that I not single people out. I was agreeable to her guidelines. The Dean said she would be out tomorrow to check on things.

I decided it was too late in the afternoon to gather another crowd; so I returned to my car at 3:30 PM. A male student approached me at in the parking lot and said that he had heard me speak at Sacramento State. He said that I interacted with the students in a likeable way.

THE PROPHET OF PAIN

New Mexico State University, February 9, 2010

Tearfully, a young girl stepped into the center circle of about 100 mostly offended students, and pulled up a sign which someone had stuck in the ground which read, “Do not feed the troll.”

She pleaded with the crowd, “Please be nice. Can’t you give this man some respect? Just be nice. Why can’t you be nice?” The girl was distraught, but bold in standing against the mockers. The crowd turned their venom against her.

“For the zeal of thine house hath eaten **me** up; and the reproaches of them that reproached thee are **fallen upon me (Psalm 69:9).**”

When we are zealous for the cause of Christ, the same kind of sinners and hypocrites who reproached him will reproach us. When we boldly cry out against sin, the wicked will hate us as they hated our Lord. Professing Christians will either remain silent or side with the mockers against me. Occasionally, like this nice girl, some will speak on my behalf and on behalf of the gospel. The reproaches that fell on Christ, and that daily fall upon me, will fall upon anyone who is properly taking a stand for the truth. I loved this girl for she was suffering for my sake; and even more importantly, she was experiencing reproach for the gospel’s sake.

The day had started out quietly. At the first break I did not draw an audience but several passed by and cursed me, or gave me an obscene gesture or suggested that I get a job. Others, much amused, stopped to take a picture of me as I was holding my YDH sign.

I was feeling like David expressed in Psalm 69: “³I am weary of my crying: my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. [I was thinking why do I do this?] ⁴They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head: they that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty.” [I am one against thousands. But I must say I like the odds, because I know that God is on my side.]

When I started again as the next break two students in a threatening manner got in my face and cursed me with every name in the book. However, God used these incidents to draw a crowd of about 25 but as classes started most of them left. However, six students gathered around me and I was having a good conversation with several. The Trinity was the main issue.

The Dean of Students, who had talked to me yesterday, was standing by watching; and I could tell was patiently waiting for a break in the dialogue to talk to me. Finally, she asked politely to interrupt. She commended me for having a good quiet discussion going; however, she said she was still getting complaints and asked me to move further back on the grass so that students would not block the sidewalk. I complied and the students followed me.

Meanwhile, a boisterous fellow, Cameron, carrying a Satanic Bible sat down to question me. But he was not really listening to my answers. Gradually the crowd began to build back up and became increasingly heated with an almost mob mentality at times. One on the males, who had threatened me earlier, I could tell, was planning something off to the side with some of his cronies. I think others must have sensed that he was up to something for soon the police arrived, which evidently discouraged any possible violence.

Psalm 69 goes on to say, "I became a proverb to them. They that sit in the gate speak against me; and I was the song of the drunkards. . .¹⁹Thou hast known my reproach, and my shame, and my dishonour: mine adversaries are all before thee.²⁰Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none."

Jesus had none to comfort him at Calvary. Thankfully, the nice girl took pity upon me, which encouraged me. Open air preaching daily gives a man the opportunity to identify with the sufferings of Christ. "By faith Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure in Egypt (Hebrews 11:26)."

Many hear the prophets of prosperity. And these, too, are messengers of Truth; God does want us to prosper in a material way; however, these are the lesser riches. God gave the Jews the gold of Egypt and promised them a land rich in mineral resources. Sadly, most reject the greater riches which are reproaches for Jesus' sake. These are greater treasures because persecution and tribulation for the gospel's sake builds Christian character. Men must also hear the prophets of pain.

John Wesley said, "Field preaching is my cross." Campus preaching is my cross. Sometimes a crowd can get so rowdy, as it did at times today, that one cannot be heard, he can only endure, which is a witness in itself. There is a shame in bearing one's cross which the victim despises even as Jesus despised the shame of his cross, but for the joy that was set before him he persevered.

Suffering for righteous' sake works for our sanctification and helps us to have the mind of Christ. 1 Peter 4:1: "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the

flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin.”

Sin has no appeal when one is suffering for the cause of Christ and the furtherance of the gospel. And surely the gospel was advanced today. Late in that afternoon a few other Christians spoke boldly on behalf of Christ. One man said, “Brother Jed is right we all deserve Hell; but I have received God’s grace and forgiveness.”

The mockers turned against him. I stepped aside because some still wanted to talk to me. I moved away from the student, who was defending the faith. Several students sat down around me, including Cameron, who was more subdued now. Another pagan looking fellow, Lindsey, who claimed that he had been a Christian for a while but became an atheist because God did not answer his prayers, said that he has listened to me day after day for the last three years when I have visited NMSU.

I left campus at 5:30, the Lord had redeemed the day. I rejoiced that I was able to suffer for the cause of Christ. Psalm 69 closed on a high note, “The seed also of his servants shall inherit Zion: and they that love his name shall dwell therein.”

But the wicked shall be turned into Hell.

NO BATTLE TODAY

Western New Mexico University, February 10, 2010

As far as I know, I am the first preacher to visit this campus. Western only has 2000 students and appeared to be a commuter campus. I took my stand outside the Student Union, but there was no class break with any significant number of students passing. I held my staff crucifix and challenged individual students as they came in and out of the Union. But I got little response. After about 90 minutes, I gave up. It was also a cold day. I probably should have stayed at New Mexico State another day, although the weather was iffy there also. For years I have been considering preaching at WNMU. Now that I have scouted the territory, I will not return.

I did enjoy the drive through the Land of Enchantment to Silver City and then I-10 W to Tucson. Arizona is my favorite place to be in the winter. Tomorrow and Friday, I will preach at UA. Cindy and the girls will join me on Monday and we will minister together all week at UA.

I received the following facebook message from Amanda in response from my notice that I would be at UA tomorrow. “Brother Jed, I cannot put into words how sorry I am to be a graduate of the UA and in a different state right now. For the rest of the week, my little Wildcat heart is going to be right on that grassy hill with the rest of the students.”

They don’t forget.

“EXTREME CHEST CONCEALER CHEST BINDER”

University of Arizona, February 11, 2010

The headline of the Arizona Daily Wildcat read, “Waiting for himself: UA student adjusts body to match self-image.” The picture of Ryan Manon and the article covered most of the front page. According to the piece, Manon “wasn’t always male. Biologically speaking, he was born female.” Of course, this is Satan’s deception (Tucson psychiatrist, Dr. Anne B. Stericker) to think that a person can change from being born female to become a male through his own decisions and by “testosterone hormone therapy.” Manon considered “top surgery,” that is a double mastectomy. But she (the article referred to Manon as he) settled for an “Extreme Chest Concealer Chest Binder,” which compresses breast tissue, giving the appearance of a flat male chest.” Manon admits that the binder is “hot, tight and uncomfortable.”

One of the first things I like to do when arriving on campus is to check the student paper to see if there is any story or issue which I can put in a Biblical perspective. Three times throughout the afternoon I held up the paper to mock this pervert and the gay way. At 12 years old Manon told his mother he was gay. I do not know whether he considers himself gay now or not because the article referred to Manon’s “girlfriend,” who must be a lesbian or whatever.

This is the sort of confusion that I have to deal with regularly on campus. Manon is a molecular and cellular biology senior. This monster should not be given a degree. He should not even be permitted to run free in society.

The audience was lively and generally good humored today. One boy stood holding high a poster showing two underwear clad lesbians kissing. He claimed that this was a picture of true love. I recognized many familiar faces in the crowd. One might say I even have a fan club of sinners at UA. Sex was the biggest issue.

At 4:30 I introduced my host in Tucson, Mike O., who heard me back in the beginning at the University of Illinois. He gave a testimony and reminded the students of the sacrifices I have made to bring the love of God to the students.

At 5 PM I called upon another old friend in Tucson, Roy S., who usually comes out to campus whenever I am in town. He has had some experience in open-air preaching. I went to the garage to get my car and come back to pick up Mike. Mike told me that Roy was still preaching. Mike related that he had six good conversations with students who figured out that he was with me. This was a dynamic first day at UA with six more days to go.

THE SATAN SYNDROME

University of Arizona, February 12, 2010

When I arrived to the grassy knoll where students gather as I preach, a man with a cowboy hat and dungarees was preaching from a bench in the area. His preaching was a basic gospel message, but he was not connecting with the students. A Baptist pastor was with him and passing out tracts. The preacher stopped about 5 minutes after I arrived. I perceived that he was not expecting people to stop and listen. Mike communicated with the pastor, who was initially negative to my preaching; but after Mike explained my methods and style, he was more positive. There is an art in learning to capture people's attention.

I immediately connected with a few people who were sitting on the grassy knoll. I did have an advantage over the other preacher in that many students know me or have heard of me. The guy who held the poster of the lesbians yesterday was out all day again today, but he was more subdued, and he did not have his poster. He was more inclined to engage in intelligent dialogue today.

Late in the afternoon I was speaking soberly to the students convincing them that they were captives of Satan. I told them that I was a soldier of Christ sent to the campus to set them free from their captor, the devil.

As I was explaining these things I illustrated my point with the story of Jaycee Dugan who was kidnapped in South Lake Tahoe when she was 11 years old by Phil Garrido and his wife. Dugan conceived two children by Garrido during her 18 years of captivity.

Two years after her confinement Dugan wrote in her journal “I don’t want to hurt him ... sometimes I think my very presence hurts him ... so how can I ever tell him I want to be free. I will never cause him pain if it’s in my power to prevent it. FREE.”

Over the years there were countless opportunities for her to escape; but she never made the effort. At the end even when she and her captors were in police custody, she did not reveal that she had been kidnapped. She told police that her name was Alyssa, and she was from Minnesota and had been hiding from an abusive husband for five years. She related to the police that Garrido was a “good guy,” and good to her children. Only after Garrido confessed to his crime, did she reveal that she was the long lost Jaycee Dugan.

I explained to the students, “You have been kidnapped by the devil; you have been his captive for so long that you have come to identify with him and love him. You are fearful of offending him should you escape from his wiles and snares. You refuse to confess that you belong to God. Come to your senses; remember your loving Father, who imparted life to you and nourished you.”

2 Timothy 2:23-24 says, we are to instruct those who oppose themselves that they might acknowledge the truth. Sinners oppose their own best interests; they willfully reject the truth. We are to teach them so that they “will come to their senses and escape from the trap of the devil, who has taken them captive to do his will,” that God might grant unto them repentance.

Sinners know the truth; but they refuse to acknowledge the truth. They have become accustom to their captivity and content in their forlorn condition of living in backyard shacks without modern conveniences, when they could be live in the palace of their true Heavenly Father.

Like Dugan, sinners in the loneliness of their captivity sometimes long for freedom. Yet, they refuse to take the simple steps of walking away from their captor, the devil. After Dugan came of age, she worked in Garrido’s printing business and had access to a telephone and the internet; but she made no attempt to contact the police or her parents. She had become so caught up in her false identity

that after Garrido confessed to the police she and her children cried at hearing of Garrido's arrest.

Most youth, unless they have been brought up in a Christian home and are instructed in the Christian faith, are sitting ducks for the devil. He easily snares them with his lies and deceits by making sin appealing. Actually, all men have for a time been held captive by the devil and oppose their own interests and fall prey to the wiles the enemy and the sinfulness of sin. Men soon become so wrapped up in the sin, that they forget that they have a wonderful inheritance as the children of God.

A syndrome is a group of signs and symptoms that occur together and characterize a particular abnormality. Jaycee Dugan's abnormality has been described as the Stockholm Syndrome. Likewise, there are signs and symptoms which characterize the sinner who constantly acts contrary to his self interests, opposes what he intuitively knows to be true, refuses to listen to the dictates of conscience and reason and rejects Biblical revelation. He exchanges the truth of God for the lies of the devil.

It required the astute intervention of the police to bind Dugan's captor and for an officer to confront her with the truth of her actual identity to bring her to confess that she was the actual daughter of her mother and step father that she might return to her real home. Sinners are deceived into thinking the abnormal is the normal, they have the Satan Syndrome. Only the preaching of the word of God and the intervention of the Holy Spirit can bring them home to the LORD who has been pursuing them since they were lost.

Shortly, after 4 PM I called upon Mike to testify. He ended up talking with one seeker, as Roy S. was witnessing to another sinner. Roy sat among the students for most of the afternoon and Mike stood on the sidelines talking to others all afternoon. We left campus about 4:30 PM.

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