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THE MAN IN THE ARENA

University of Oregon, May 24, 2010

I did not get started in the amphitheater until 12:45 in the center in front of the stage. Three beasts, who I doubted were students, were quickly in my face. They

were full of the devil and they coveted my staff crucifix. For a while I thought they could be trouble, but they left within fifteen minutes. A queer looking fellow, who refused to acknowledge right from wrong, man from woman or up from down, was in my face for another 10 minutes. He claimed to have dropped out of U.O. These confrontations helped to gradually draw a crowd of up to forty people who were seated in a semi circle on the amphitheater steps. Six to eight campus atheists gathered on the amphitheater stage holding signs. One girl held a sign which said, "Atheists love you." I asked her to define love. Of course, she could not, so she said, "You define love." I defined it as benevolence and self-sacrifice which are disciplines. These atheists were not particularly vocal or argumentative. But they added to the scene with their signs. Once the initial weirdoes, who confronted me, left, the crowd was attentive and inquisitive throughout the afternoon. One Christian girl early in the day came up and complimented me for my stand. I was thankful to have a least one person acknowledge that I am spending myself in a worthy cause.

The weather was cloudy and in the sixties for most of the afternoon. After 4 PM, the sun broke through. I preached until 5PM by then I was down to just a few listeners. There were a number of photographers around me during the afternoon.

“THEY WOULD HAVE NONE OF MY REPROOF”

University of Oregon, May 25, 2010

The amphitheater was occupied for the afternoon by a group broadcasting loud music. Location is critical in open-air preaching. I preached in the area above the amphitheater; however, the music was still a distraction. I preached for five 10-15 minute segments but did not succeed in gathering an audience, which made for a frustrating day. However, I must have done some good for I made some people mad.

Several expressed their disapproval by either giving me the finger or else a dirty look. Two verbally expressed their displeasure with my preaching. One was a boy with dreadlocks, who claimed that by condemning people I was discouraging them and that some might even commit suicide after my warning that they were an abomination.

I asked him, “Is it wrong for the atheists to tell people that there is no life after death? Robbing men of hope beyond the grave would discourage old folks or the terminally ill. Might not such discouraging information cause the elderly to fall in despair and maybe even go ahead and end it all, especially if they were suffering?”

He answered, “Atheists do not tell people that there is no life after death.”

At 1:50 a dozen atheists gathered close to where I was preaching. Their leader held up an old rubber boot and mockingly encouraged his fellow infidels to worship the boot. These God haters would respond by saying, “Amen.” After about 10 minutes of this distraction I stopped preaching since I did not have an audience. The boot preacher went on and on blaspheming salvation, church, prayer, etc.

God will get the last laugh, “I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the LORD (Pro 1:26-29).”

One young man sat down beside as the blasphemers mocked. He said, “I would rather listen to you than them.”

The skies were turning dark and it looked like a downpour of rain was coming so I decided to call it a day at 2:30, when the atheists closed out their bad news meeting.

BEDLAM ESCAPEES

Portland State University, May 26, 2010

As my host Duke R. and I drove to campus it rained. Shortly after our arrival on campus, two Russian Pentecostal boys started preaching as I was waiting for a class break. They preached about 20 minutes and left. Then Daniel Lee started reading from the Torah. Daniel teaches that believers in the Messiah ought to keep the whole Law of Moses. While Daniel was reading, a loud mouth started haranguing nonsense. I approached Daniel and he asked if I wanted to preach. So I took the platform. Another disturbance got attention as a female with a pink and

white Mohawk haircut and wearing pink leotards got heated argument with some men, who had evidently called her, “a fat bitch.” It was as though two inmates from Bedlam were unleashed on campus.

The white Mohican squaw jumped up on the platform of the amphitheater from which I was speaking. I told her, “You need to get a new beautician. How do you ever get any dates?” She informed me that she had a number of boys that she serviced in a perverted way. I said, “I doubt if any of them ever take you home to meet their parents.” Later she put on a black dress over her leotards. I responded, “Well, you look better.” She replied, “I am a witch.”

Eventually a modestly dressed girl with a meek spirit asked, “May I have the platform for 15 minutes to read a poem I wrote?” I needed a break from the madness so I yielded to her. Her poem had a settling effect on the loud mouth and the witch. The modest girl’s poem was well written and read with appropriate emotion.

I started preaching again at a class break and eventually had 25 students sitting in the amphitheater despite the fact that it was raining off and on. I could tell that a number of students were trying to concentrate on what I was teaching despite the fact the loud mouth was haranguing his nonsense again.

Daniel Lee had a small group around him which included a Muslim, a Jew and Duke. I personally addressed a smoking girl in the crowd who appeared to be listening attentively and asked her about her religious background. She had been baptized in the Lutheran church as an infant, but she was never confirmed. I gave her reasons to have faith in God. Meanwhile, an iconoclast objected to my crucifix as an idol. I explained that I am not an iconoclast but that I believe religious symbols serve as a teaching tool. He seemed satisfied with my answers to his objections. Then he tried to claim that Jesus was a communist, which developed into a discussion of the role of civil government and issues of capitalism and socialism, especially the health care issues. As I defended free markets, limited government and individual responsibility, his response was, “We live in a new world order that is the way things used to be done, but those values will not work anymore.”

Loud mouth from Bedlam was sitting off at a distance and he continuously interrupted our discussion with his harangues. Finally, the iconoclast said, “This man is very smart and he is making some good arguments. We are trying to listen.” A few other students also objected to the loud mouth, who claimed that he was bipolar. I said to him, “You are not bipolar. You are using that medical diagnoses to excuse your rude, anti-social and irresponsible behavior.”

“Who do you think you are my psychiatrist?” He asked.

The iconoclast finally left in frustration over the loud mouth’s interruptions. I continued exhorting the Lutheran baptized sinner until after 3 PM. By then, most everyone had left. I thought that we were blessed to get in almost three hours of preaching despite the bad weather. Now the rain clouds were coming back so I decided to leave campus and miss the heavy automobile traffic.

I noted more students smoking on this campus than what I see on other campuses.

“SEEING WE HAVE THIS MINISTRY”

Portland State University, May 27, 2010

Duke R. and I arrived on campus and a loud band was playing on the platform of the amphitheater. They could be heard all over the mall. Ron Rohman and his wife met me on campus. Ron preached for about 15 minutes down the street away from the music. Then I took a turn for 15 minutes. Competing with the music idolatry was too much, especially after I learned the music would go on until 7 PM. We left campus at 2 PM. Ron and his wife also distributed tracts.

Ron is my age. He was converted on the streets of Berkeley in 1970. He heard Holy Hubert and Ray Chisholm during those days. Ron has remained faithful to the street ministry ever since. He has been preaching on the streets of Portland for decades. There are those who start well by preaching in the streets. But as they get credibility in the churches, their street ministry eventually fades away. Ron has remained faithful to his calling. His parting remark was, “This generation wants to be entertained; few are interested in serious thought.”

Paul, years after he had received his apostleship, encouraged a young pastor evangelist, “I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry (1 Timothy 1:12).” Later, Paul wrote to the church at Corinth, “Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not (2 Cor 4:1).” The same grace by which Paul was called and anointed kept him through all his trials and tribulations so that he never lost heart. He fought the good fight until the very end.

I was reached on the streets of Terre Haute, IN, by Pastor Clyde Swalls in 1972. Shortly, thereafter, the Lord put me on the campuses. Throughout almost four decades, God has enabled me by his mercy to not to faint but to be daily faithful to this work. Days like today in which circumstances make it all but impossible to be heard are a temptation to seek a more socially acceptable ministry. From time to time over the years I have had days like this. But tomorrow is another day. By the grace of God I shall persevere unto the end.

RAIN, RAIN AND MORE RAIN

Portland State University, May 28, 2010

Duke and his wife, Jeannie, both of whom are 80 years old accompanied me to campus. The weather prediction looked promising only 40% chance of rain. However, there was a light rain as we drove to Portland and continued when we arrived on campus. Not only that, but there seemed to be few students on campus, probably because of the holiday weekend. There was a socialist table set up, but the socialists did not get as much attention as we did. Duke passed out over 30 tracts in the 90 minutes we were on campus. One man sat down for ten minutes and read the lengthy tract. Duke and Jeannie witnessed to the socialists for 10 minutes. I talked for about 15 minutes with the loud mouth from Wednesday about the Book of Revelation and the Council of Nicaea. There is so much disinformation out there concerning the Council of Nicaea.

Weather wise and otherwise (battling loud music and other distractions) this may have been the worse week of the year for preaching. The Portland State outreach was largely a wash out. But one never knows. Perhaps the loud mouth, or the Lutheran baptized girl, or the iconoclast, or someone who read one of Duke's tracts or some unnoticed listener will get saved as a result of a seed sown in their heart over the last three dreary days. Duke informed me that in Oregon a 40% change of rain really means 70% compared to other parts of the country.

A BURNING SACRIFICE

Western Washington University, June 1, 2010,

Because of problems finding parking, I was unable to start preaching until the end of the noon break. I did not get anyone to stop. The weather was cloudy and about 60, but at least there was no rain. I read the Bible while waiting for the next break. However, within fifteen minutes a student asked me when I was going to start speaking again. I decided that now was a good time. I did get some interaction going, but the student who wanted me to preach was frivolous in his questions. He left but returned later in the day still frivolous.

A female brought up the injustice of the story of Jephthah in burning his daughter alive on the altar. I answered that did not literally happen. The student read aloud the passage in Judges 11 from her electronic device. I explained that Jephthah offered his daughter to the Lord's service in she was put into a convent and spent all her days as a virgin after she and her companions for two months lamented what was to be her perpetual virginity and the fact that she would never have a husband or children and that she would live a life of isolation from friends and family. The student and the others refused to accept my explanation because they are trying to find fault with God and the Bible instead of pursuing truth by carefully reading the Scriptures. The NT Book of Hebrews lists Jephthah as a man of faith. The mighty warrior, Jephthah, had faith that God would accept his daughter's virginity as a sacrifice instead of the literal fulfillment of his vow to make a burnt offering, much like the story of Abraham when God provided a lamb in the place of Isaac. Jephthah's daughter is a type of Isaac and also a type of Christ as Jesus said in the Garden, "Not my will, but thine be done." The daughter said, "My father do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth." All true believers are to present their bodies as living and burning (with zeal) sacrifices unto the Lord. This is but our reasonable service. Jephthah's daughter had a NT understanding of sacrifice. Our holy and loving God wants the sacrifice of a holy life, not literal burnt offerings whether of man or beast.

The few people that were listening had left by the time of the next break when I again failed to gather a crowd. Also I was unsuccessful in gaining anyone's attention at the 1:50 break. I decided that if I did not gather an audience at the 2:50 break then I would call it a day. About 2:55 a lad stood in front of me and asked, "OK, what do you want to tell me?"

I briefly answered, "You must forsake your sins and follow the Lord Jesus Christ."

He said, "Until I was 18 I was going to be a Catholic priest but then I discovered my bisexuality and Buddhism."

I decided for the time being I would ignore the bisexuality issue because I did not want to go into the homosexuality issue yet. But I knew that I had a live wire with

this bisexual Buddhist. He was very loud and dramatically (literally) dancing as he spoke. I asked, "Why did you choose Buddhism over Christianity?"

He did not seem to understand Buddhism so I explained that Buddhism denies the reality of matter and the individual soul. The physical world and personality are illusions. He did not have a problem with that. All this led to a discussion of comparative religions and epistemology, which is what we know and how we know it. Another theatrical type soon arrived who was also a live wire which helped to draw the attention of 20-25 students. The discussion remained on a relative high plane for the rest of the day. I preached until almost 6 PM. Several students commended me and encouraged me in my stand. For three hours I burned in the center of Red Square at WWU, but not like the Buddhist Monks, who immolated themselves in protest of the Viet Nam War. God struck a fire in me as I presented my body as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

THIS IS URGENT!

Central Washington University, June 2, 2010

I drove through the Cascade Mountains in a driving rain. But once I got close to plateau close to the town of Ellensburg the rain ceased. At the first break about 6-10 people stopped. I warned one fellow who was smoking that he would not have to light up in Hell-- that he would be able to inhale and exhale throughout eternity. His response was "f___ religion." Later he professed to be a Christian. I asked him, "How can you be a Christian and say "f___ religion?"

He answered, "I retract that statement."

I commended him for his humility in publically acknowledging his wrong. It can make a difference when we rebuke and correct people for their language. Some do still have a sense of shame although it is getting harder and harder to find those that do.

After I had given evidence for the existence of God, another fellow asked, "If you can prove God's existence where does faith come into the picture?"

I answered, "That is does not take faith to believe the yonder building had a builder. Buildings require a builder. It does take faith to believe that the building will not collapse if you walk into it. God's existence is a necessary truth. The Universe is more complex than the building. If the building needed a builder, how much more does the Universe need a builder, which is so much more multifaceted

than a building? Saving faith is not simply acknowledging a Creator. Anyone but a fool knows God exists. Faith is trust in the Creator of the Universe, committing oneself to him and believing that he will hold you up. It doesn't take faith to believe that the airplane had a manufacturer; that is obvious. It does take faith to believe that the plane will take you to your destination if you board it. If you board the gospel ship, your Heavenly Pilot will take you to your Heavenly destination as long as you rely upon him, although it may well be a bumpy flight at times. ”

About 12:30 a police car drove by and the policeman said, "I see you are back."

By now the crowd had reached fifty and things were relatively subdued until a big fellow with a Bible, who had heard of my teaching on Human Sexuality 101, asked about oral or anal sex in the marriage bed. I answered sodomy is sodomy whether expressed with the opposite sex or the same sex in marriage or without marriage. He read from Hebrews 13:4 claiming it said, “The marriage bed cannot be defiled.” He claimed that this means anything goes in the marriage bed. He finally showed the verse to me on his electronic Bible in the New American Standard, which actually says, “Marriage is to be held in honor among all, and the marriage bed is to be undefiled; for fornicators and adulterers God will judge.” I pointed out that in the context of the whole verse St. Paul is teaching that the marriage bed is not to be defiled with fornication or adultery. The verse does not excuse perversion in the marriage bed. Intercourse is primarily for reproduction, not to gratify perverted pleasures.

I have looked at several translations and I have not found one which say the marriage bed “cannot” be defiled.

After about a prolonged argument over Hebrews 13:4, he asked, “What does Ephesians 1:13 say?” I answered, “You were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise.” I went on to say that this seal can be broken by sin. Men have to continue in the faith. He then started to plead for once saved, always saved and we can't help but sin, etc. He read the latter part of Romans 7 and 1 John 1:8. He left a few times only to come back and plead for more sin. At one point he left and returned to claim that everything is predetermined. He refused to listen to any rebuttal of his non contextual reading and his sin excusing interpretation on the Scriptures. [One thing we can be sure about, we are reading something into the Scriptures that is not there if our analysis excuses sin.] The big fellow preached onto the students and even pleaded that they come to Jesus, but not in repentance. He had no life changing gospel to offer. One girl interjected, “The Bible says he will take you just as you are.” [One other thing for sure, he will not leave you as you are if you have truly come to him.]

About 3 PM it started raining and I lost all but a dozen students to the shower. As I tore down one excuse after another to sin, one by one everyone else eventually walked away except for two boys both of whom were Christians. One boy was a part of the Chi Alpha Ministry of the Assemblies of God. He raised an interesting question, "If all the Christian groups were to leave campus, would it be noticed by the student body?" He concluded that he feared that few students would notice even if Chi Alpha left campus. He believed that there was a lack of "urgency" among the Christians on campus.

I commended that man for his insight. But I asked him, "Do you have this sense of urgency?" He shrugged.

I said, "I know of nothing that shows a greater sense of urgency than preaching. That is why Jesus said, "What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops (Matt 10:27)." I exhorted the young man to find his housetop and proclaim the urgent message. The time is at hand.

At 4 PM I wrapped things up and drove back to Seattle through the rains and mountains.

DISGUSTING, DEBASED, DEPRAVED, DEGENERATE AND DEBILITATING

University of Washington, June 3, 2010

A large group of Palestinians waving their flag was having a vigil on the steps of Red Square protesting Israel's boarding of the Flotilla. On the other side of the square there was a group in support of Israel, who not only held the Israel flag but an American flag. The Palestinians had no American flag. I stood between the groups to tell them that they both needed to accept Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord before there would be any peace in the Middle East. The little strip of Gaza is insignificant in the light of eternity. I support the ones who wave the American flag over the ones that are mostly in the US to cause trouble. The Palestinians had about twice as many standing with them as the Jews had.

However, virtually no one was paying attention to either group. On the other hand numerous students gathered around me quickly. I pointed out that Jew and Palestinian conflicts could be traced back to the conflict between Isaac and Ishmael and Sarah and Hagar. Jews are of Isaac, the son of the promise, and Palestinians are of Ishmael, the wild man. I did not get involved too deeply in this issue.

Since there was little interest among the student body and I did not care to stir up a conflict with the sons of the wild man, especially since I have not paid that much attention to the recent boarding of the flotilla. It can be dangerous to talk too much about an issue one has not studied.

Students were attentive today and not argumentative. I was in the apologetic mode for much of the afternoon and spoke from some of my notes on defending Christianity basic truth claims. I also preached from my notes on Hell. There were at least three lesbians in the crowd and two homosexuals. I quoted Gore Vidal (b. 1925) American novelist and essayist who came out of the closet decades ago before it was fashionable, **“There is no such thing as a homosexual or a heterosexual person. There are only homo -- or heterosexual acts. Most people are a mixture of impulses if not practices,”** said Vidal.

Everyone talks about so-called gay rights, but few people ever talk about what these perverts actually do. What they do is disgusting, debased, degenerate, degrading and debilitating. To associate sodomy in any way with love is absurd and wicked. It is rooted in lust. Why do so few people see this? So many so called straight people are not straight at all, but they dishonor their own bodies through uncleanness (masturbation) and immodest dress. They dishonor their tongues with filthy talk, their ears by listening to filth and their eyes by watching filth. They not only do the same things that the so-called homosexuals do but they take pleasure in them that do them (Rom 1:32).” There is so much confusion on this issue that a retired Lutheran minister told me when I was having breakfast with him in Columbus that he thought there was a “third sex.” I fear that God’s patience and long suffering is about to explode in anger and wrath.

People would come and go throughout the afternoon. At 3 PM I only had a few left and I thought I might stop early. But a new group came and I ended up preaching until 6 PM.

LAST DISPATCH

University of Washington, June 4, 2010

A woman who appeared to be close to my age and had that liberal look of Hillary Clinton passed by and bawled, “You ought to be ashamed of yourself!”

Well, this ministry can be humiliating. All week I have been mediating on 1 Cor 4:13, “Being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day.”

A few students were already sitting on the Red Square steps. I opened my Bible and started reading from Proverbs 1:20 to explain the motivation of the liberal woman, "They would none of my counsel: they despised all my reprove (v.30)."

Then I decided to read and teach from the first part of Proverbs 1. Next I did expository teaching from Proverbs 3. When I got to verse 5, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." A nice looking young man quoted for me verse 6. It turned out that he was a lapsed Pentecostal. I quizzed him as to why he turned away from the faith. He did not know. I suggested perhaps that it was masturbation, then women. He agreed, "That might be it."

As I was teaching I thought that I needed to do more of opening up Proverbs and teaching from Solomon's wisdom on campus. After all, the book is essentially the instruction of a father to his son. Few of these students have had fathers who instructed them in righteous living.

By now I had a dozen listening. I usually try to give some attention to the ones who ask no questions or make no comments. I looked at one girl who had been listening for some time who I thought I recognized from other days. I asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"No," she replied.

I inquired, "Why not?"

"It doesn't work for me. But I enjoy listening to you," she replied.

Unfortunately, as I started a conversation with her, a male invited her to lunch so that I did not get to pursue as to why Christianity did not work for her. Though, I was encouraged to hear that my ministry captured her attention.

This Friday was my seventh day at UW and the last day of classes before finals. I was not anticipating large crowds. I suppose I never had more than 25 listening at one time. But the ones who were there were subdued except for the two pretty lesbians, who were there my first day of preaching and listened everyday for a considerable amount of time. I have had a considerable amount of interaction with them over the days. They were often in each other arms. Today they led two girls, who claimed not to be lesbian, in a song which spoke of the perverse things that lesbians do seven days of the week, frequently wagging their tongues throughout the song. [And the liberal woman tells me I ought to be ashamed.] These girls are without shame. I touched a nerve in the bitterer lesbian and she started shouting angrily at me for the first time. Nevertheless, when she left she said goodbye.

About 3:30 my host Fred L. came to campus. Just before he arrived I got into an argument with a group of Christians on the holiness issue. I was tearing down every excuse that Christians have to sin. After a while it started sprinkling so I decided to call on Fred since I wanted the students to hear from him. He began by telling my testimony, which developed into him relating his own testimony because he also had been a hippy. From about 4:30 to 6 PM it rained off and on. Yet a group stayed with me and another group around Fred despite the showers.

One elderly gentleman sat on the steps for over 30 minutes. I finally asked him what he believed. He said he had gone to a Lutheran Church a few times in his life. He was a retired chemical engineer who was taking classes at the University. He must have been at least 75. I reminded him that he had little time left. "You need to make sure you end up in Heaven and not the other place," I warned. "You need to start going to church, better yet, start reading the Bible. Start with the Gospel of John then Matthew."

When he found out I was from Indiana, he wanted to talk about Bobby Knight. I soon perceived that his life now revolved around sports. Eventually, I turned back to deal with the youth. And the old gentleman left. Then five minutes later he returned to stand beside me for several minutes. When I gave him my attention again, he asked me, "What are the names of those books in the Bible you wanted me to read?" He wrote them down on the missionary card with my contact information which I had given him. He said the he would read the books.

Pray for the old gent. He seems to have gone through life completely oblivious to the spiritual side. It is as if no one had ever talked to him about his soul. I sensed that it was one of those divine appointments that he came by today. For him to be that open at his age, I suspect that it is a result of God answering someone's prayers from his life, perhaps from long ago, some saint, who has already gone on to be with the Lord perhaps.

My ministry in Washington and Oregon was hindered by the weather. Numerous natives informed me that they could not remember a worse May. It rained almost every day and the temperature usually hovered in the high fifties or low sixties. Nevertheless, I only had one day in Portland where I was pretty much shut down by the rain. It was a good three weeks in the NW despite the weather. Fred and Ardie L. were gracious hosts who served me royally in Washington and my friends of thirty years, including years in Illinois, Duke and Jeannie L., were also a great blessing in Oregon. Victory Chapel helped with a generous offering and two nights in a motel when I was in Portland. So I only had a motel expense for one night in Eugene and virtually no food expenses. It is really wondrous the faithful

friends which God has raised up which enable me to continue this ministry year after year. **Thank you all much!**

This ends my last dispatch from the front-lines for this school year. The Lord willing I will return to the campus front August 19 at the University of Kansas. I can hardly wait.

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