

~ God's Will: To Do a Job ~

Our will for the horse is that we are able to use them to do a job. Even if that job is going down a trail on a pleasure ride, or only riding around the round pen, we are still using them to do a job. God wants the same thing for us, to do a job. Jesus wants to lead and wants us to follow. The Lord gave me a vision of this concept one day as I was praying.

After I had gotten sick and I started spending a great deal of time in the Holy Spirit, the Lord began to speak to me. The vision I am about to tell you is one of the first ones that the Lord gave to me.

One time as I was praying I saw myself back in Nevada. I spent my early childhood on a million and a quarter acre ranch in the northeast corner of Nevada. As I was praying, I saw myself riding out underneath the archway of one of the ranches I grew up on, the Wine Cup. Jesus was leading me and I couldn't have been more than about 2 or 3 years old. I looked like I did when I was just starting to ride. I was riding a little kid's saddle with stirrups that didn't even clear the saddle pad, on a big, old, gentle horse. I was not big enough to direct my horse so Jesus was leading me to make sure that I didn't get into any trouble.

As I rode out under the archway with Jesus leading me, I couldn't have been any happier. I remembered being an excited little kid thinking it doesn't get any better than this. Jesus led me out under the archway and onto a map of the United States and then across the map. While He was leading me, I was bursting with excitement to be with my Father. I couldn't help but to point at the Lord and try to get everyone to look at Him, I was so proud to be with my Father. As He led me across the map, I began to get people to look at my Father and other little kids started falling in behind us. The further He led me, I began to grow and mature in size, and more kids started following. The further we went, the older I got, and the older the kids got behind me, and the more little kids started following the string of people led by Jesus. Jesus was telling me that He had a job for me, if I would only let Him lead me. If I would let Him lead me, I could live my life with the same excitement felt by that little kid in the vision, bursting with joy just to be riding with my Father.

When the Lord showed me this, I was excited to have the opportunity to be led by Christ. After this vision, I spent most of my time either reading my Bible, at Bible study, or listening to music praising the Lord. I was going to school at Treasure Valley Community College at the time. I would get up and go to class, then come home and spend the rest of the day with the Lord. During this time I was not very social about visiting with people about worldly things. I wanted to spend all my time with the Lord or talking to people about God. I started a Bible study with the same guy that had prayed over me when I had gotten sick and the Lord began to move. The focus of the Bible study was not so much a place to come and learn about God, but to come and hear from God himself. The Holy Spirit moved in amazing ways and lives were being changed.

I wanted to spend all my time with the Lord. Up until this point in my life I had always believed in God and tried to serve Him. However, He was not very real in my life. He was my God, but not my friend. After I became sick and God began to speak to me, He became as real

as any friend I had ever had. I could see Him, hear Him, and feel His presence. We could have conversations, **“For we are the temple of the living God. As God has said: ‘I will live with them and walk among them, and I will be their God, and they will be my people’” (2 Corinthians 6:16)**. I read of people having relationships like this in the Bible, but I did not think it was possible to have this kind of relationship now.

However, the Bible tells us we are capable of even more than the men in the Old Testament, **“And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect” (Hebrews 11:39-40)**. Hebrews 11:39 and 40 tells us that we are capable of having more than Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Joseph, Moses, Sampson, David, Samuel, and all the prophets. We are capable of having *even* more than Moses. More than the man that talked to God and became so consumed in God’s mighty presence that His glory beamed off his face and the people could not look upon him. **“And it came to pass, when Moses came down from mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in Moses’ hand, when he came down from the mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with him” (Exodus 34:29)**. **“But when Moses went in before the LORD to speak with him, he took the veil off, until he came out. And he came out, and spoke unto the children of Israel that which he was commanded. And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses that the skin of Moses’ face shone: and Moses put the veil upon his face again, until he went in to speak with him” (Exodus 34:34-35)**. I know that this is hard to fathom. However, Paul tells us we are able to receive even more than Moses did. Moses never received the promise. Moses could never reach perfection in Christ Jesus. Not only are we able to be closer to God than Moses, but God can even use us more than He did His own Son. All we have to do is believe and ask. **“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son” (John 14:12-13)**.

One day as I was praying, I was feeling a little hungry. I didn’t have a lot of money going to school, and I had been trying to tithe as much as I could and had just tithed the last little bit of cash I had on me. As I prayed, I thought it would sure be nice to have a “Bacon Ultimate Cheeseburger” at Jack in the Box, but I didn’t have any money. God told me to go look behind the seat in my pickup. I went outside and looked behind my seat, and found my checkbook that had been lost for 6 months with a hundred dollar bill stuck in it. God told me if I would let Him lead me, He would supply me with all my needs, **“. . .and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well” (Matthew 6:32-33)**.

During my last semester at Treasure Valley Community College I was taking 45 credits. I had been accepted to MSU and was trying to get a degree out of TVCC before I went to Bozeman the next fall. The teachers were great and were trying to work with me. I was going to about 35 credits worth of classes and the other 10 credits the teachers were working with me so I could write papers or test out of them.

One morning I woke up with a very sore back. I prayed to the Lord to ask why my back hurt

so badly. I knew I didn't do anything to it, and the 2 air mattresses stacked up on top of each other that I spent the school year on, were surprisingly comfortable. The Lord told me that I was carrying too big of a load. Studying for the classes was taking up all my time and I wasn't having very much time to spend with the Lord. I thought that if I was going to be an instrument for God, His ability would probably not be limited by me having a 2-year ranch management degree from TVCC. I needed some direction for the next step in my life.

I went over to Timothy St. George's. He was the man who had been leading our Bible studies and I prayed to the Lord. The times with Timothy were amazing. It was amazing because he would usually talk for a while and then enter into a time of praise and worship when the Lord would speak to me. The amazing thing was that I learned more about God with Timothy than any other person I have ever been around. However, I did not learn it from Timothy. When Timothy would be talking I would be so filled with the Holy Spirit that I could not pay attention to much of anything He was talking about. When I would go home I would remember which part of the Bible he had been talking from and the Lord would speak to me through the Scripture.

While I was searching for direction at Timothy's, whether I should go to school or not, I also had another thing I was struggling with. I wanted to give God my all, everything I had. However, I had a girlfriend at the time that I thought I wanted to marry and God wanted me to marry. However, I had just read a scripture which said it is better to not marry, **"It is good for a man not to marry" (1 Corinthians 7:1)**. If we are single our life is devoted totally to God, but if we get married it is split between God and our wife, **"An unmarried man is concerned about the Lord's affairs—how he can please the Lord. But a married man is concerned about the affairs of this world—how he can please his wife—and his interests are divided" (1 Corinthians 7:32-34)**.

I had liked different girls from time to time and had prayed from the time I was 6 years old that the Lord would find me a good-looking Christian cowgirl (that was my exact prayer for 12 years). (Amaia told me later that she had been praying from the time she was in the third grade for the Lord to find her a good Christian man and for it to be Wade Black.) The girl I was dating was a great girl, a good Christian, good family, and was quite the looker to boot. She lacked a little on the cowgirl aspect, but was very interested in it and picked it up very quickly. My cousin told me that was better anyway. I could then help teach her everything she knew about horses and cows, and we would not have any disputes about what the right and wrong way to do something was. Because bless her poor little heart, right or wrong the only way she would know would be my way.

With the different girls I had liked in the past, my feelings for them would usually fade when I got around other good-looking girls. However, for Amaia it was different. I prayed for over 6 months that if Amaia was the one, I would have feelings for her and only her and if she was not the one, I would not have any feelings for her. She was a good girl and if she was not the one, I did not want to get too serious and end up hurting her in the end.

The more I prayed this prayer, the more my love for her grew and the more my interest in other girls started to fade. I finally decided that Amaia was the one when I went to the High

School National finals in Springfield, Illinois to ride saddle broncs. Before I left, she said she would fast for me the days I rode and would be praying for me. I thought that was a pretty neat and selfless thing to do. The praying was sweet, but the not eating? Wow, that must have been some kind of love. Wrestling season had just gotten over. I would have been more than willing to pray for someone, but just the thought of not eating for a day made me hungry.

The whole time I was at Nationals surrounded by good-looking girls, they could just as well have been 80-year-old women, because my heart was totally sold out to Amaia. I would compare the girls to Amaia and she had them all beat. The entire time I was at Nationals, I was not in the least bit interested in any of the girls, but just wanted to get back home to Amaia. I had never felt that before and it was at that moment that I knew Amaia was the one. God had answered my prayer, “If Amaia was the one, I would have feelings for her and only her.”

A year later I still loved Amaia and wanted to marry her. However, if God was trying to tell me not to marry her and love only Him, I wanted to be obedient to what the Lord wanted me to do. While I was praying, I thought of Abraham putting his son Isaac on the altar, **“When they reached the place God had told him about, Abraham built an altar there and arranged the wood on it. He bound his son Isaac and laid him on the altar, on top of the wood” (Genesis 22:9).** I was willing to give up Amaia to be close to God, but the thought of it filled me with sadness. When I told the Lord I was willing to give up everything to serve Him, He told me to **“Eat and drink of Him for three days.”**

I obeyed the Lord and decided to take a few days off from school to go to a cow camp in Jordan Valley, OR, to fast and pray to the Lord for 3 days. I went to find direction and answers to my questions. When I left Timothy’s I was overflowing with the Holy Spirit, and remember thinking, “Lord, I am busting at the seams, I need somebody to share your goodness with.” As I said this pulling on the freeway, I passed a hitchhiker on the side of the road. The Lord told me to pick him up, so I did.

I ended up driving an hour and half past my exit so I could continue to visit with him. When I picked him up he was rude and crude, and wanted to talk about the wild college life. I said a prayer, became filled with the Holy Spirit and I began to speak to him about the Lord. He was hesitant at first. He told me about the times he spent in prison and all the bad things he had done. Then he kind of braced up changing his whole demeanor and barked out “I worshiped Satan for a while.”

I wasn’t really sure how to respond to that, so I just said, “Oh yeah, how’d that treat ya?” He told me it wasn’t very good and explained some of the things that had happened that really freaked him out. I then told him more about God and the Bible, and how God could forgive anyone of their sins. I told him the story of Paul, and how he had killed Christians and God still forgave him.

The man then told me how he was dying with cancer and was hitchhiking to find his son and daughter whom he had not talked with for years. He wanted to tell them goodbye before he died. I drove as far as I felt like I was supposed to drive and gave the man my Bible. I would have prayed with the man, but for some reason I felt like that was all I was supposed to do, open the

door, show him the way and I guess Jesus was going to lead him in.

After that experience I couldn't think of anything more I would like to do with my life, than to give dying men life. The whole experience baffled me, it was amazing and extremely fulfilling.

I decided to take some time off from school and head up to a cow camp in Jordan Valley, OR, to "eat and drink" of God "for 3 days." The experience of telling my advisor was something else. When I began to speak to him, I could feel the Holy Spirit come on me and I could tell he knew there was something different about me. I asked him if he believed in God and if he had ever read the Bible. He told me that he did believe in God and had read the Bible. I then told him that I needed to go to the mountain like Moses did to find out what God wanted me to do with my life. Needless to say I left my advisor, who was an old cowman, a little speechless. All he could say was, "Wow, I had no idea." He repeated that again and then said goodbye and that was all he was able to sputter out.

When I left school I went to the ranch of Ted and Dorothy Payne. Dorothy is an amazing woman of God and has had a tremendous impact on my life both directly and indirectly. I went to the mountain to see God. I read in the Bible how Moses had climbed the mountain and it was on top of the mountain that he had heard from God. I also remembered in Scripture where it had said we are to come boldly to the throne, **"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Hebrews 4:16 KJV)**. In other scripture it said if our father in earth knows how to give good gifts how much more will our Father in heaven, **"If you, then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good gifts to those who ask him! (Matthew 7:11)**, and that we are supposed to ask, seek and knock. **"Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened" (Matthew 7:7-8)**. All I wanted was to know God. I wanted to experience God as Moses did and know God's will for my life. I was willing to leave everything behind if the Lord told me to. I was laying my entire life down at the Lord's feet. If He told me to go to Mars to minister to the Martians, I would have had my bags packed the next day.

MOUNTAIN TOP EXPERIENCE

The Payne's ranch is located on South Mountain about 30 miles southeast of Jordan Valley, OR. When I arrived at their ranch they needed help moving some cows, so I figured I would lend them a hand. I helped them for a couple of days, and then drove out to a remote cow camp to spend time with the Lord and begin fasting and praying. After the first day of not drinking anything, I quickly began to realize that I did not drink very much the couple of days I had helped them move cows and came into my fasting dehydrated. The not eating wasn't bad. I was a wrestler and was used to not eating, but by the second night I was beginning to get pretty thirsty. My throat was dry and I was developing cottonmouth.

I laid there in my bed, trying to pray to the Lord. However, I couldn't help thinking how nice it would be to get a glass of water. I had a thought come into my mind. I remembered someone

telling me that it was kind of odd that the Lord had told me to “eat and drink” of Him for 3 days. The person had spent many times praying and fasting to the Lord and the Lord had never told them to not drink. The person was not trying to lead me against the will of God; they were merely stating a fact. However, what they had said slowly began to pique my interest as I lay there dreaming about how good a nice cold glass of cool mountain water would feel sliding down my dry throat.

I began to tell myself, “What will one little glass of water hurt?” Maybe I did misinterpret what the Lord told me to do. Maybe I was supposed to just “eat” of Him for 3 days. I prayed to the Lord and asked Him if it would be ok if I got up and had one glass of water. I heard a “yes.” Believe it or not, that was the exact answer I had been hoping for. So with little hesitation, I got up and took a few long pulls from a gallon of water I had in the camp. The water felt great on my dry throat, and I could have easily drunk more, but I didn’t.

I lay down for a while and was temporarily satisfied. Within only a couple of minutes I began to feel sick, and within less than 5 minutes I had to go outside and puke. After puking up all the water I just drank and what little bit of food I had in my stomach, I began to realize, maybe the Lord really did mean “eat and drink” of Him for 3 days. I thought ok, point taken, no more drinking. I took a little drink of water to wash out the puke taste in my mouth and went back to bed. I no more than reached my bed than I had to go back outside to puke up a kidney. At this point I had nothing more in my stomach, leading to the dry heaves.

After I had finished “calling some dinosaurs,” I went back to bed thinking, “Good to know, when the Lord says something, He *really* means it.” When He had told me to eat and drink of Him for 3 days I was filled with the Holy Spirit, and I had heard from the Lord. When I had asked the Lord if it was ok to get a drink of water, I was consumed with my flesh thinking how great it would be to get a drink of water. It was not the Lord I had heard from, but an evil spirit. This is why Paul tells us to test the spirits, **“Dear friends, do not believe every spirit, but test the spirits to see whether they are from God, because many false prophets have gone out into the world. This is how you can recognize the Spirit of God: Every spirit that acknowledges that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is from God, but every spirit that does not acknowledge Jesus is not from God” (1 John 4:1-3).** All we have to say is, “Did Jesus come in the flesh?” If what we heard was not from the Lord, the spirit will not confess that He did. We can tell the spirit to flee in Jesus’ name and it will leave us alone.

I was tricked by Satan’s oldest trick in the book. He made me question what the Lord had told me and began speaking to my flesh. He made me think that surely one little drink of water wouldn’t hurt anything. I was tricked, just like Eve was in the Garden of Eden. I didn’t mean to deliberately disobey what the Lord had told me. However, Satan was able to tempt me when my flesh was weak and he was able to deceive me. Satan tried to do the same thing to Jesus when He fasted and prayed in the wilderness, **“Then Jesus was led by the Spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil. After fasting forty days and forty nights, he was hungry. The tempter came to him and said, ‘If you are the Son of God, tell these stones to become bread’” (Matthew 4:1-3).**

Whenever the Lord tells us something and we are obedient in following what He has told us,

it is almost inevitable that Satan will come and try to get us questioning what we have heard. Most of the time he will not try to lead us 180 degrees from what we have heard from the Lord, he merely tries to tweak it, slightly leading us off track. We can learn from Samuel, **“Then Saul said to Samuel, ‘I have sinned. I violated the LORD's command and your instructions. I was afraid of the people and so I gave in to them. Now I beg you, forgive my sin and come back with me, so that I may worship the LORD.’ But Samuel said to him, ‘I will not go back with you. You have rejected the word of the LORD, and the LORD has rejected you as king over Israel!’” (1 Samuel 15:24-26)**, that doing 99% of what the Lord has told us and only leaving out 1% will still have consequences. Do not be deceived by Satan when things get heated. Believe what God has told you and stand on faith. This is faith, believing what God has told you.

After I had gotten sick for the second time, I went back to bed and the remainder of the night wasn't too bad. I was thirsty, but did not let Satan shift my focus to the thirst. I stayed focused on God. I worshiped the Lord for a while, became full of the Holy Spirit, and fell right to sleep. I spent the next morning reading my Bible and praying. I read the entire New Testament, except for Revelation, while I was on the mountain. The Lord had not really spoken to me too much the first 2 days. I thought about how Jesus rose the third day and thought I would probably hear from Him on the third day. I prayed to the Lord the morning of the third day asking Him to reveal Himself to me.

The afternoon of the third day, the Lord told me to go to the mountain and He would give me a gift. The cow camp where I had been staying was next to a mountain, so I began to hike. I was a little weak so it took me quite a while to hike up the mountain. I was tired from not eating and drinking, but I was also not in very good shape from having the Epstein Bar Virus for 4 years. On my way to the top, I had to stop many times to catch my air and regain strength. I would stop and pray, regroup and then continue climbing. When I reached the top of the mountain, the Lord told me I could have a bite of snow. It felt good to have a bite of snow and I took a little piece to suck on as I hiked down the mountain. I must admit however, the bite of snow was not exactly the gift I had in mind.

When I got down from the mountain and back to the cow camp it was late afternoon. I climbed in my pickup and turned on some worship music and began to worship the Lord. I probably worshiped the Lord for about 15 minutes. I felt the presence of the Lord get stronger and stronger until everything went black and then white. I was then left with total peace. I kept my eyes closed and saw a caterpillar crawling along a branch on a tree. The caterpillar turned into a butterfly and flew off the branch and I heard “Transformation.” Then I heard “Take your wife and preach the Gospel.” This caught me way off guard. I asked the Lord if He wanted me to marry Amaia and He said “Yes.” While He was talking to me, I thought I would ask when He wanted me to marry Amaia. I immediately heard July 14th, 2004.

God has the ability to speak life into His people. I was weak and tired when I laid down to pray to the Lord, but hearing His voice re-energized my body, **“For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy” (Luke 1:44)**. I could have flown off that mountain. It was on the third day that the Lord had spoken to me and as I drove off the mountain I heard “Go to the mountain and I will give you a gift.” The Lord did

give me a gift by going to the mountain. He gave me a lovely wife to preach the Gospel with.

Coming off the Mountain

I left the cow camp and drove back down to Ted and Dorothy's house. I spoke to Dorothy a little bit and then drove back down to Homedale to talk to Amaia. Dorothy could tell that I had heard from God. I did not look like a man that had not eaten for 3 days (I drank after I left the cow camp, the fast was over). I looked like a little kid who had just seen Santa Claus flying over his house with reindeer. I am not trying to say that what I did was out of the ordinary and could have only been done by God. I know there are people, especially cowboys and wrestlers, who go without eating and drinking for days. However, when our body has not received nourishment it becomes weak and tired, not re-energized. After I had heard from God, a bolt of energy came in me like a bolt of electricity, which could have only come from God. People go without eating and drinking for days. However, at the end they do not look like people that have just drank 5 Red Bulls and had a big lunch.

I drove off the mountain and headed back to Homedale, as high as a kite. As soon as I got in cell phone service, I called Amaia and said I was picking her up and taking her to Jack in the Box. I couldn't wait to tell Amaia the good news. However, I must admit, I was awfully excited about that "Bacon Ultimate Cheeseburger." I picked up Amaia and told her what had happened up on the mountain. I was expecting a, "Wow, Wade! Sounds good, let's get it done!" High five, yeah team! However, the response I got was not quite as enthusiastic.

I pretty well told Amaia how it was. I told her we were getting married and told her the date we were getting married on. It was in the spring of 2003 and Amaia was still a senior in high school. (Yeah, I know, I was a bit of a cradle robber.) Amaia's reaction to what I told her was exactly what mine would have been, if the situation had been reversed. She didn't say I was totally crazy and try to beat me off with a stick. However, she was not exactly sold on the whole idea of getting married one year out of high school, at age 19. It wasn't like she hadn't planned to marry me, just the time frame was a little soon and sudden.

She didn't say, "No way in heck." She just had to obviously pray about it. At the time I didn't really see what the big deal was. God told me to "take my wife and preach the Gospel." He gave me a date. I was going to take my girlfriend, make her my wife, and preach the Gospel. I didn't see a problem. Needless to say, I had a lot to learn about the opposite sex and not making things happen by my will, but waiting for God to let them happen.

When I get my mind set on something, I go 100 miles an hour and run over anything in the way to get it. This is something I need to learn to work on, letting things happen instead of making things happen. My mother tells me I have always been like this. When I was younger I would be jumping around, not paying attention, breaking things, trying to get done what I thought needed done. My mother would finally have enough and say, "Sit down! You're like a bull in a china closet!"

I didn't have a clue what that meant. I remember sitting down one day after my mother had just told me that and looking into the china closet. The china closet had glass doors so I could

see inside. I looked at a bowl and thought, “What does me jumping around breaking stuff have to do with that bowl sitting in the china closet?” The whole concept baffled me and never really made sense until I was probably in junior high, yeah, not the brightest.

For the first time in my life I had gotten direction for my life. The Lord had told me what He wanted me to do with my life, told me who He wanted me to marry and even gave me a date for the wedding. I had the direction, but I would soon learn that direction sometimes needs life (Holy Spirit) and time, to make it come to pass. I will carry on with Amaia’s and my story later on in the book, in the “Direction and Life” chapter.