

John,

I guess It's been over 20 years now since we've talked. To be honest, I miss you a lot. You're the only brother I have. John, I have made a lot of mistakes over the years and one of them is not having showed up to be with dad when he was dying. It's not that I didn't love or care about dad. The fact is, I was in a bad head space at that time and just couldn't make the right choice.

I do hope that we could talk to each other one day, but I also want you to know that I respect your space and don't want to try and push myself into your life uninvited. It is for this reason that even though I have a strong desire to communicate with you, I don't try and contact you every day.

I will wait for you to establish communication with me at a time which you choose but hope you won't mind me saying hi and checking in with you from time to time.

The story below reflects parts pf my life. I thought I would send you this story so you could understand me a little better.

Take care John, I hope this letter finds you well,

Your brother, Randy...

One warm and sunny day in 1972 Anjie and I were very excited. We had just received the news that we had been invited by some close friends to go to California. We began begging our mother to let us go and finely although somewhat reluctantly, she agreed.

At the time, we were living in a small trailer in the countryside near Keen Texas and the air was fresh. I can't remember seeing any nearby neighbors, but I do remember that the cows used to eat grass in our yard. As a kid of 8 years old, I was often out exploring the things of nature and enjoyed my life.

The day soon arrived that Anjie and I were to take our journey to California, and we were full of anticipation as to what we would see and learn. I can remember one day on the beach, a man showed me something that looked like a crystal full of sea water in the shape of a seashell. He had found many of them that he would dig out of the sand. To this day I have no idea what they were.

After about two weeks, our mother and her father arrived in California to take Anjie and I back to our countryside home in Texas. Our mother spent a few days enjoying the beauty of the California cost with us before we began our journey back home.

Early one morning, we all got ready to go and were soon on our way. I can remember us stopping at a rest stop along the way at which time I professed my deepest love to my mother with the statement that I would die for her. My mother was my life which was totally wrapped up in the deepest love for her.

I can't remember if it was later that same day, but I do remember that it was very late at night and very dark too. At the time, my mother was driving, and it was my turn to sit up

front between my mother and her father (my grandfather). You see, Anjie and I would take turns sitting up front next to our mother who we loved so deeply.

Suddenly, I saw the bright lights of an oncoming car and was very afraid. In an instant, everything went black as if sudden death had occurred. When I came into consciousness, I found that I was still alive but understood that something very serious had occurred. I knew that we had been hit very hard by that car and my mother was in a very serious condition. I could see that she was in a lot of pain and that her right leg was badly broken.

Her father began trying to comfort her in earnest and encourage her to repent of her sins. As he was doing this, I was crying without remedy for there was nothing that could comfort me. I noticed that my lower lip had a hole completely through it and blood was pouring out and everything was an awful mess. I didn't know it at the time, but I would never see my mother alive again.

Perhaps I blacked out again, I'm not sure, but the next thing I remembered was being in a hospital room alone. I remember crying for what seemed like hours, mommy, mommy, mommy! After some time, a nurse entered my room and told me the sad news that my mother had died. As soon as she entered the room, she left in a burst of tears being unable to face my great sorrow. For days, I did nothing but cry over the awful loss of my mother, the one I loved so deeply.

The following three days after the accident, I was unable to walk, and I suppose it was thought that I would be a paraplegic, but after those days, I was healed and able to walk again. However, I was not yet out of danger of dying. Shortly after I was out of the hospital I was struck with meningitis and very nearly died. My life was very difficult and challenging for some time after the passing of my mother.

Now that I had no mother, I went to live with my mothers' mother (my grandmother). I don't remember how long Anjie and I lived with her, but I remember it wasn't longer than a year. At some point, dad came and took us to live with him where we would remain for a few years.

It wasn't long before we learned that dad had some problems that lead to abusive treatment of Anjie and I. When our grandmother found out, she took us back to live with her for a time. Later we would go to live with our grandfather for a few years, but he was also abusive and again we were taken to live with our grandmother.

It soon became clear to me that our grandmother was unable to take care of us and none of our other family members wanted to take on the burden of raising us, so it was decided that we would be placed in foster homes. This solution didn't last for very long and after living in the homes of two or three foster parents, Anjie and I were separated to live far apart from each other.

I was now 13 and was sent to live on a ranch in Nebraska that housed other boys like me who came out of bad situations. Many of these boys were very unfriendly and it wasn't long before I learned some very bad and life changing habits that would lead me into a life of sin. I learned how to hate and how to watch out for myself, I learned how to masturbate too.

The one who was supposed to be as a father to us boys showed us pornographic videos which we were all too eager to watch. You can't imagine how damaging these things became to my life, but I can tell you that after the experiences of those years, I would live the next 17 years in the practice of fornication in every form that felt good to me.

Not only fornication but I also got into drug use too. I began carrying a gun and was ready to shoot anyone that I felt threatened by. I got into trouble with the law and went to jail too. I wanted to commit suicide on several occasions during those years and there were times that I almost died when I wasn't seeking to commit suicide. One such time was when I was smoking crack cocaine in an extreme and excessive way and it almost ended my life.

The next day when I awoke and found myself still alive, I was totally done with that drug and never touched it again.

I was 27 years old when I met my first girlfriend. She was an American born Korean girl and I was so excited with her. Our relationship only lasted 7 months and then suddenly, it ended. My girlfriend chose to engage in a new relationship with another man.

Second to the death of my mother, the loss of my girlfriend would bring me into 3 months of deep depression. I had little desire for life or food and lived from day to day in the deepest misery.

In 1994 at the age of 29 I would meet my long-lost cousin (Morgan) who I hadn't seen in many years. He came to live with me for a short time and my life would begin to change. One day, Morgan talked to me about things of a religious nature which deeply impressed me. In fact, it brought about a decision in me to burn all the pornographic magazines and movies that I had in my collection.

Later that year I was to take a job at a ministry called "Our Firm Foundation". While there, I learned how to work in a print shop. I learned how to run a printing press and how to print things, I also learned how to operate a paper folder, cutter, and binder too. While there, I gave my heart to God and came into a conversion experience that for me was absolutely profound. I had no desire for fornication or anything else that would hurt my relationship with God. I didn't care if people hated me or wanted to hurt me either. All I really cared about was walking with Jesus and doing His will.

Sadly, this conversion experience only lasted about two years. During this time, I spent three months in Canada at a Bible College. I also spent time with my grandfather's wife in Texas and later helped my cousin Dan on a home remodeling project.

I guess it was sometime in 1997 that I met a Christian brother and proposed to him that we get into the property development business. I was to find a suitable property for remodel and soon, what I thought was a suitable place was located.

I began work on this building, but it was soon discovered that it would have to be removed and another new building erected in its place. The ultimate outcome of this brought me into a debt situation that until recently, I was forgiven of due to a lack of ability to repay.

I should also mention that during this project, I began losing my first love experience with God and soon found that I had wandered back into the world where I would remain, at least

partly, for another 20 years. I fell back into a life of fornication on various levels which was not fully broken until the springtime of 2017. I say partly because although I was struggling with fornication which included the occasional viewing of internet porn and other sexual misconduct, I still prayed and went to church. The first half of those years, I was extremely involved in acts of fornication and I guess it was my greatest struggle in life.

Something happened in the springtime of 2017 though that would change my life forever. I was so sick in and of sin and found that I couldn't bear my life. I was always angry and wanted to find new activities to take part in that would give me some new thrill as it related to my lifelong struggle.

I remember that it was during the Chinese New Year and my wife's father had come to visit. She wanted her father and I to travel with her to Shenzhen which I understood was very important to her, yet due to my struggle I asked her to excuse me. My wife was angry that I wouldn't go with her and her father during this important time, but I felt that my spiritual illness was unto death and I just didn't care for life any longer if it was to be lived in bondage to sin and Satan. I wanted to be free from this life. I told her that I was very sick unto death and needed to be alone. At the time, she didn't fully understand, and I am certain that to this day, she still doesn't fully understand what I was feeling at that time.

This was to be the first of two times in recent years that I would want to end my life. The second time I wanted to end my life was in the late summer of 2019 at the train station in Shenzhen, which is another story. These two times represent extreme struggles in my life in the battle with Spiritual Warfare.

For three days after my wife left for Shenzhen, I struggled with thoughts of suicide and made it very clear to God that if I could not live a life that had purpose and was free from bondage to sexual lust, I no longer wanted to live. I felt that to live any longer in this life of sin would be absolutely pointless and I wanted to be totally delivered or die. The struggle during those three days was absolutely overwhelming and somewhat terrifying. I was uncertain if I would live to see my lovely wife again.

You can be sure of one thing; Satan was determined to hold me fast in sin. He considered me his captive and would not easily let me go. Thankfully, God had other plans for my life, and He determined to rescue me from the clutches of Satan and sin. The path of righteousness over the last three years has been difficult for me but I have (through the power of God) remained determined to fight this spiritual battle until the victory could be mine. I have recently learned though, that this battle isn't mine to fight alone. It is only through the power of God that one can be delivered from sin.

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