

## STORY OF A PILGRIM...

In the New Testament Paul exhorts Timothy to *“study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth”*

In the church we have been told that everything we need we can get from the quote “word.” The bible however is not the word of God. I cannot get the word from the bible. There is inspired teaching there but the word of God comes only from within man when he is ready to hear it. What I am about to tell you can be found in the New Testament. However you may easily find portions of the new testament that negate it. This is exactly why Paul exhorted Timothy to “rightly divide the word of truth.”

Someone once said that *“the bible is like a violin, you can play any tune you want to on it.”* We need a degree of spiritual growth which again, comes as a result of personal contacts with that which created us who resides within our soul, and is our deepest part before we can “rightly divide” the scripture. Man is triune. He is made up of spirit, soul and body. When Jesus said that he and the Father were one, he spoke this for all men, for all of us are one with God at our deepest level.

Our salvation is in terms of reconnecting with our deepest part. Man has become disconnected from his source and salvation is in terms of a reconnecting to that source. Scripture refers to man as lost. Man is lost in terms of being disconnected only. In this age new light is coming to man to awaken him out of his slumber. No man will ever be lost forever. The original Hebrew and Greek scriptures teach this in no uncertain terms.

Our translations because of all the tampering have hidden it. If all men knew that their destiny is secure, the church would lose its control over them. Teachings of eternal punishment are nowhere to be found in the original scriptures. The following is my story with much omitted for the purpose of shortening it. I invite anyone who desires to contact me once they have read it to do so at [ronsigler@yahoo.com](mailto:ronsigler@yahoo.com)

I first experienced my initial awakening as a result of the prayer of an older lady, who because of the message that God had given her, was no longer welcomed in the churches. As I look back using hindsight, she was not deep in some ways, meaning she had not

developed any unique method of expounding on the word as some have in our day. *Her* depth was in terms of the many experiences she'd had since the young age of twelve and in later years as an independent missionary.

Today I'll just say that I measured her depth by the intimacy and deep love and devotion to Jesus Christ that is still her life today. She was never a popular figure in most of the "organized churches." This still holds true for today. I was introduced to her by a friend who was what Christianity would label a "backslidden Christian. I had left my church more or less and by the time I was 32 years old I had a lifestyle that did not bring me the peace I had been seeking {actually} I really was not too clear on what I was seeking.

Since a young age I sang and played a guitar and at thirty I had been playing in the bars since 17 and had always loved the whole party scene. At thirty however I had become totally burned out on the whole bar scene and one night walked off the bandstand never to return. Two years later found me working at an aircraft plant a has-been musician with a true alcohol problem. At this time in my life due to several problems in my second marriage I was about ready to lose my only son due to another marriage gone sour.

I've spared you many of the sorry details here. One morning as I was getting ready to leave for work the wife and I got into a heated argument. The time was early in the morning, about 6:00 am. Just as I screamed something to my wife who was at the other end of the house, I saw my five year old son standing in the hallway just outside the door of his bedroom. He was not making a sound, only standing there with big tears streaming down his little face. I went off to work with that little face chiseled in stone in my mind. Still today it's there.

All morning that day I could not see anything but my sons face as it had been when I walked out the door. The look on his face eventually resulted in me blurting out the words, "I have to stop drinking." This outburst surprised even me. Never in my life had I ever entertained the thought of living life without alcohol playing a part in it. My friend, the "backslidden Christian" suggested we visit a woman who lived on a ranch who had a ministry of deliverance. He said that if I was serious about my desire to stop drinking he would go with me to see her.

This was on a Monday morning when I agreed to go with him to get help. On the following Wednesday when we were supposed to go I was having second thoughts. I was getting thirsty again. The

insistence however of my friend, plus the memory in my mind of my son a few mornings ago convinced me I needed to go, so reluctantly I went. I'm leaving out many details here for I'm going somewhere with this and my desire is that it not be too long. I realize that testimonies like this one tend to put some people to sleep. So I went with the friend for prayer. {Telling this reminds me of an old hymn I love and it goes}

“I love to tell the story of unseen things above, of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love” etc.

So after the lady prayed for me she asked me if I felt any different. I told her no. She told me that by noon the next day I would know the joy of my salvation. I drove home that night, my mind racing as I thought about the feeling that came over me when I had driven on to her property this night and especially when I first walked into her living room. Later I was to learn what I had felt as I visited her the night, for it was a night that changed my life forever.

The next morning I awoke thinking again about what she had told me, that by noon that day, I would know the joy of my salvation. That morning in 1969 I walked into the Northrop aircraft plant to start what I assumed was going to be another typical day at work. All the while remembering what my new found friend had told me... *“By noon tomorrow you will know the joy of your salvation.”* At approximately 9:00 am that morning you could say that several things happened to me. I could not have articulated so well this experience back then that I speak of today.

There was no mistake however, not in my mind, for it was being revealed to me that my request was being granted at that time. When I first stepped into the woman's home the night before, she had asked me why I had come to see her. I told her that alcohol had me in its grip and it scared me. I then told her about seeing my son in tears because of it. She said for me to tell God what I wanted, and then she would pray for me. So I stood in her living room before several people who were there, and did what she asked. I was desperate that night and I did not mind losing my face.

Sometimes one has to come to desperation and then they connect with God. I told God that I wanted him to give me his son Jesus for I could not do what needed to be done without Christ his son in my life. The woman had then prayed for me and informed me that by noon the next day, I would know the joy of my salvation. This lady had at that time gone around the world several times on the word of the Lord and each time she started out with zero funds to make the trip.

Before she prayed for me that night she sat in her living room and told me many things in the way of miracles that God had done through her as she obeyed and went where and when she was told to go. Her stories that night were used of the Spirit to open up my unbelieving heart to receive what God wanted to do. This is what led up to the experience I had the next morning. So I went about my work thinking of the night before and how she had told me that before noon this day I would know the joy of my salvation.

At around nine am I began to hear music coming from within me. I heard choirs of angels singing within me. I did not hear this with my ears, but I heard it within. As this came more and more it was like waves of glory kept washing over me and flooding me with so much joy that I kept having to go to the men's room to praise and thank the Lord for what he was doing. I intuitively knew I had been freed from alcohol and for three months I walked in heavenly realms. Not all of us have an experience like I had.

My mother was one who was a devout lover of the Lord, yet she would tell you that she doesn't know when she became a believer, but as far back as she could remember she was a believer in Jesus Christ so I walked in the reality of the Lords love for three months during which time the presence of God was very real to me. Needless to say during this time I had little trouble with the old sin consciousness problem. Then I began to be aware something that was very unnerving.

The awareness of God's presence was slipping away. I became like a man caught in quicksand. The more I struggled to hold on to this awareness the quicker I sank down in a reality where I could no longer sense the presence. As this happened my old life with its habits began to raise its head. It was like one day I woke up and I was like Mary on the morning after the crucifixion. I felt as she must have when she cried, *"They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him."*

This was the beginning of my journey through the desert better known as the Roman's chapter seven experience. This is the chapter where Paul is relating the experience of a man who is under the law. Today we would say this was a man drowning in a sea of sin consciousness. When Paul speaks of the law of sin and death in Romans he's speaking of a man who is sin conscious. The Law of Moses was to drive home to the Jewish man his total inability to keep the law.

Because of the concepts concerning God that I had been given in the church, I went for more then twenty years in the experience of

**Romans chapter seven. Paul tells us in this chapter that the more he fought against sin the stronger grew its roots within him. For those twenty years I fought, I struggled, I prayed, I cried, I got angry and shook my fist at God, and the more I begged him to free me from my flesh the worse I seem to get. I read Paul's cry in this chapter when he cried out "who shall deliver me from this body of sin."**

**Something I did never knew in those days was that God has a revealed will and an un-revealed will. His revealed will was that I keep the law; his un-revealed will was that I break it. This law was given not so man would keep it, but that he would break it, thus realizing his need for someone greater than him to deliver him from it. I was converted in 1969 and as a result of that experience the desire to go back to church rose up in me. My mother had begun taking us to church when I was nine, my brother four. I went to four years of what was called "Saturday school." This meant that every Saturday for four years I went to this school to learn the bible and the doctrines of the church.**

**I hated it but at this age I believed that I needed to do what my mother said that God would be pleased with. We all in those days believed in the God of the Bible. This was the God who loved you when you obeyed him but could become angry and wipe you out or send you to hell if you displeased him. I was always told that God sends no one to hell, that you send yourself there by your disobedience etc. *In later years I began to wonder about all I'd been told concerning Gods nature.* I continued going to Saturday school, finished and then was confirmed into the church.**

**I never felt like God was on my side because it seemed as though I always liked to do all the things that I was taught that Good didn't like. I had studied the catechism and the church doctrines and was confirmed into the church at the age of 14 yet at 17 years of age I still had never experience an awakening. It was about this time that I met up with an older man who heard me playing the guitar one day and ask me if I would like to play and earn money while doing it.**

**So I began to work the lodges and the nightclubs with him which is when I began drinking heavily. I worked with him until I was 20years old then I moved to California where I picked up where I left off with a five piece band. I worked with them for a year or so until that group broke up and I then formed my own band. We were together until 1968. I had a ball while it lasted but eventually I**

grew tired. At this time I became burned out with the night life and walked off the bandstand never to return to that lifestyle.

I spent the next year drinking at home while writing songs. Every weekend I would drink and play at home and write songs. That year I became more and more depressed. I had been taught enough about God to give me problems with my lifestyle and so I grew more despondent as time went on. Eventually the day I've spoken of here came when I saw my little boy crying. That was the last straw for me. It was the next week that I went for the prayer that changed my life forever.

So after my conversion the next morning as I've said, I knew the presence of God for three months. Before the three months were up I could sense the peace slipping away. Today I can tell you what the problem was. I had been brought up in a fundamental church since age 9. I had under my belt all the dogmas, doctrines and teachings about God that gave me a much distorted picture of him. It has taken me the biggest part of 40 years to know a God that is not even remotely like the one the church gave me.

Today I do not know the God that religion gave to me. I love the bible even though I have not read it for many years. I was however heavily into the scriptures every single day for at least 20 years looking for a solution, anything that would bring me out of the desert and into the peace I once had known. Because I was such an avid reader of the bible I became saturated with the word. So even though I've not read it for many years I have much of it in memory.

I do not use it as my authority for anything I share. What I share I've been given within. Much of it came indirectly from my twenty years of reading it in search for answers, answers which incidentally were not found in any book but came to me as the shepherd of my soul taught me through my experience of many years in the wilderness. In the 40 years I've been on this journey I have learned a great lesson.

I have learned that the one who created me desires to teach us himself directly and from within our own being. He has taught me that he would desire all who search for him, all who search for answers that he will meet their needs if they will spend just a little time each day to speak to him and to open their whole heart to him asking *him* what they want to know. I have learned that if you want to know the truth that Jesus has said would make you free, you must spend time alone with him.

The answers you seek cannot be found in any church. They will

come from within your own being. Neither will you find them in any book. We have been told by the church that if we know the bible we will be a victorious Christian. We've had two thousand years to prove that this doesn't work. It's not the knowledge of the bible I need; it's the "knowledge of the truth." I went to church after my conversion never more serious about anything in my whole life

Now I need to back up to the year 1962. During that year I married a woman for all the wrong reasons and our relationship was like world war three. I used to run my fist through the walls of our home quite frequently I would become so angry from the aggravation. Although this was before my conversion, it was a common occurrence after my conversion also. I had *{after about three months after my conversion}* drifted far away from the peace I had basked in for all this time and couldn't figure out why. Eventually my life during what the church would call backsliding days found me turned to the alcohol again.

I still loved God with all my heart but could not find the answers that would set me free from condemnation. I knew what any leader of a church would say if they knew my lifestyle. They would say, "of course you're under condemnation. Repent from your sins and you won't be condemned. At that time in my life I believed that to be free from condemnation, I would have to find deliverance from my problems. The pressures resulted in me drinking more and more.

I would go to the church when no one was there {I had a key} and pray my heart out to God for deliverance. The more I prayed, the worse I seem to get. Once when I was very angry and fed up with everything I raised my fist to God and I said, "*God in 1969 {this would have been about 1970} I gave my heart to you. You then took all my problems away. As you know, they have all come back. As you also know, I have prayed until I'm prayed out and you won't even lift a finger to help me. Why will you not take this mountain out of my path? It's so big that I cannot go over it, under it, or around it.*"?

And then from inside my mind I heard these words... "*I have left the mountain in your path to eliminate you. In the future others with your problem will cross your path. When they do, you will be able to point them in the direction they need to go*" For awhile this gave me consolation, however it was years later that I was freed from my prison of condemnation. Looking back now with hindsight I know that without a doubt God was with me during it all.

**There's a verse or two in the first epistle of John where it is written, "ye have an anointing and ye need not that any man teach you. For that anointing is truth and is no lie. Then we are told to abide in that anointing. I was so sin conscious in my early years as a Christian that to me abiding in the anointing simply meant to stop sinning. It does not!**

**Do we need teachers? Yes and no. we do not need men to give us more "law" we need more like John to tell us we have the truth already within us and it is there that you will find it. We need teachers whose only goal is to point us to where the truth really is, inside us. Today I would shout it from the house tops... You cannot find your answers anywhere but within your own heart for it is there the king dwells, you and the Father are one, and it is only from within your own being that you will find your answers.**