



In our spiritual walk there are those defining moments. We can look back and know where we were, maybe what song was playing, and most likely where we were knelt or standing when the moment happened. I've had three such moments in my life. When I was twelve in Vici Oklahoma where God called me to preach. In Jan of 2006 when God re-confirmed my call to the mission field. Lastly, in March of 2016 when God moved us from our place of ministry to a new area.

It had been a long year. We were in a building project, trying to build a studio for Siberian media. Just starting Siberian Media in 2012 took us out on the waters beyond our comfort zone, but the building project felt like we were one step from drowning almost on a daily basis. It seemed that almost every day would start with some type of crisis, and we were exhausted. At one time because all the expense we had endured trying to build the studio I had elected not to go to the area meeting being held in Israel. Then on a whim Karla looked at tickets and we could fly cheaper to Israel cheaper than to Moscow. I had no idea what God had planned for us.

We would have services on the banks of the Sea of Galilee every morning. During one of those mornings I remember the song Good, Good father being sang, and I found myself on my knees and face before God with two prayer warriors around me. During that time God was releasing us from Russia and sending us to Spain. I remember the words of one of those prayer warriors praying with, speaking about me. He said, "Our brother has had a great release".

It had always been in my heart to be a part of a community. To have a mission's family that I could: love, trust, pray, and just do life with. That great release that the prayer warrior spoke of would set us on the path to where we are now. I remember stepping out on the water sending letters to leadership about the direction we felt God was leading, and Karla mentioning there's no turning back now.

On the Saturday after I sent the letters we had a meeting with our Siberian Media staff and I was asked point blank, "are you guys coming back?". I looked at Karla kind of swallowed hard, because I had no intention of telling the staff until we knew we were approved. Something inside lead me to go ahead and share about the release I felt and the new direction we felt lead.

Fast forward almost exactly two years from that time and we find ourselves on the field in Spain, where I have found that family I longed for. The IMM family is more than I could have ever imagined. The open hearts and love that has been shown to us is beyond what I had imagined.

In recent days found myself working on a project about both history and present life with IMM. In the midst of this project there has been a phrase spoken many times, "IMM Forever".

Meaning we have found our forever family. The feeling of belonging, the presence of people who love and care about you.

I just can't help but think, about eternity and the family we'll have there. If it feels so perfect here on earth how much more will it be there. When the presence of family is exchanged for the presence of God. When the feeling of belonging turns into a praise-a-thon crying out Holy, Holy, Holy is the lord God almighty. When the feeling of love and being cared about is shown through nail scared hands wiping away every tear.

For now it is IMM forever, but then we will truly have our forever family.